T. O. C. DARLEY.

A. E. KOCH.

Seeing the New Year In.

"And here's a hand my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine."

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY 1880.

AN AMATEUR'S FIRST TRAIL.
WHAT IS IT?

GLOVE CASE.

See Description in Fashion Department.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK

AND

MAGAZINE.

BY

J. HANNUM JONES,
A. E. BROWN.

MRS. S. A. SHEILDS,
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Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

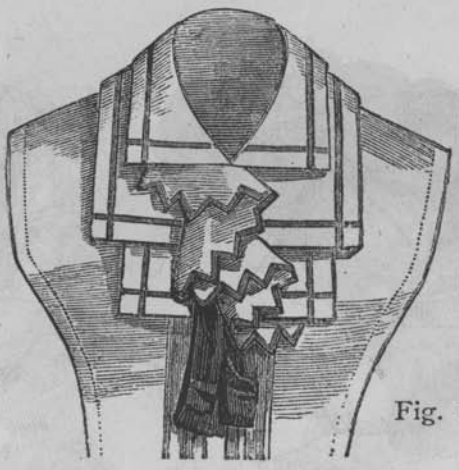
Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.



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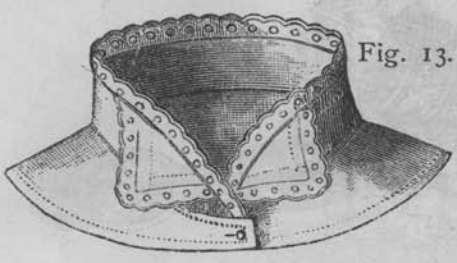

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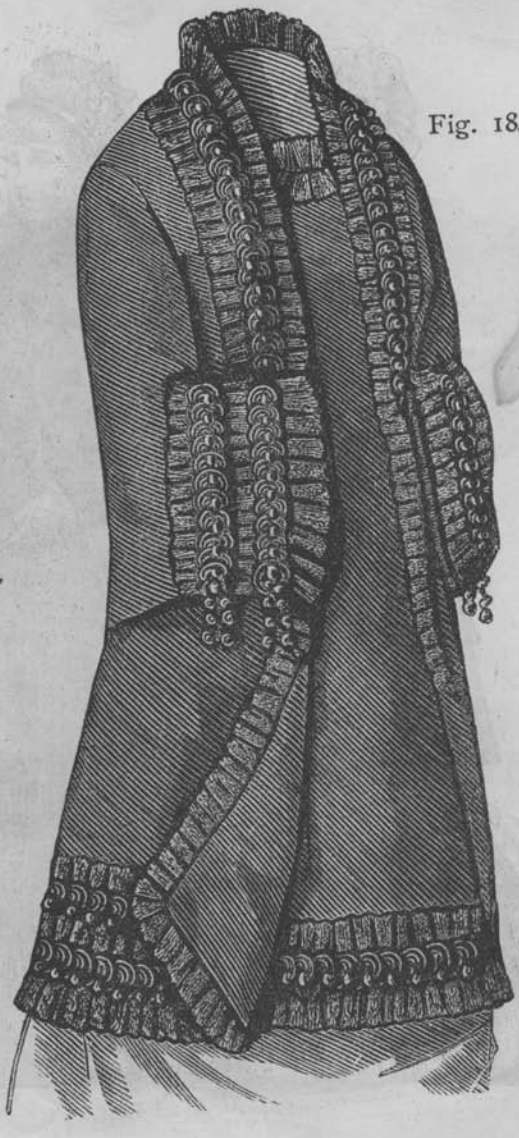
Fig. 15.

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.



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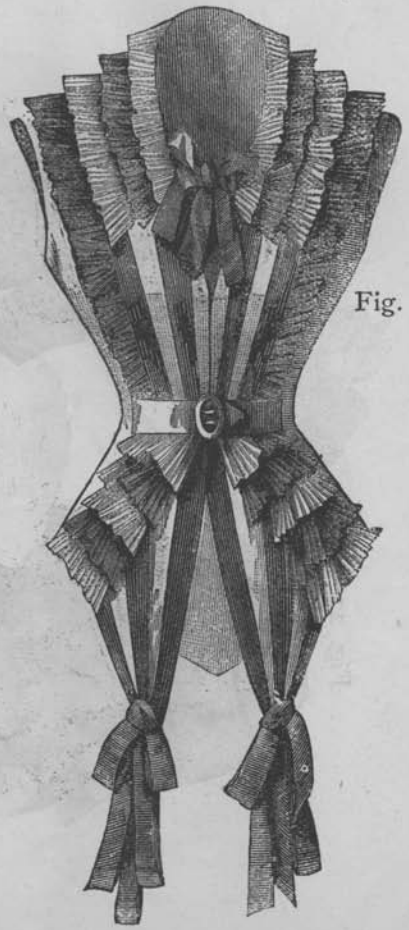

Fig. 21.

Fig. 22.

Fig. 23.

Fig. 24

Fig. 25.

Fig. 26.

Fig. 27.

FATINITZA MARCH.

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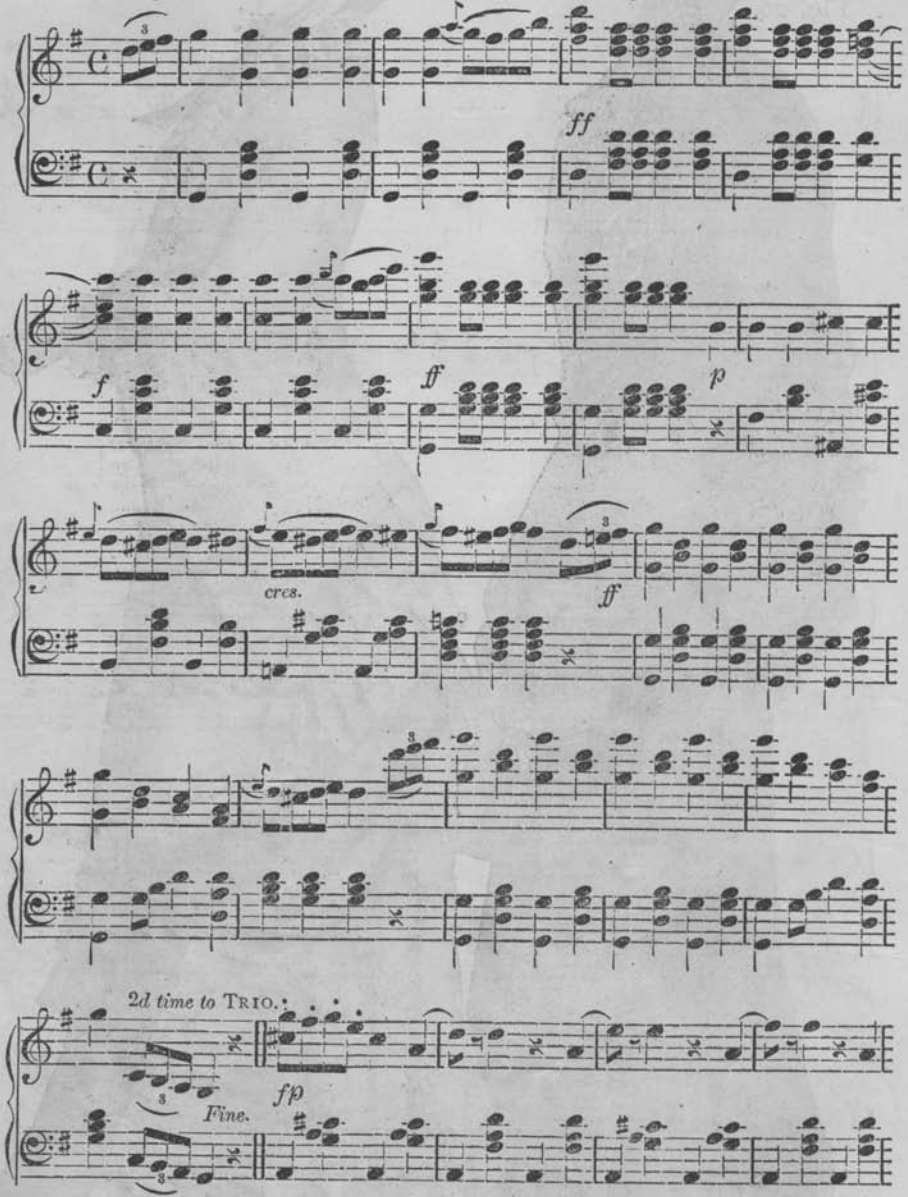
by FRANZ von SUPPE.

Allegro Marziale. Arr. by RICHARD GENEE.



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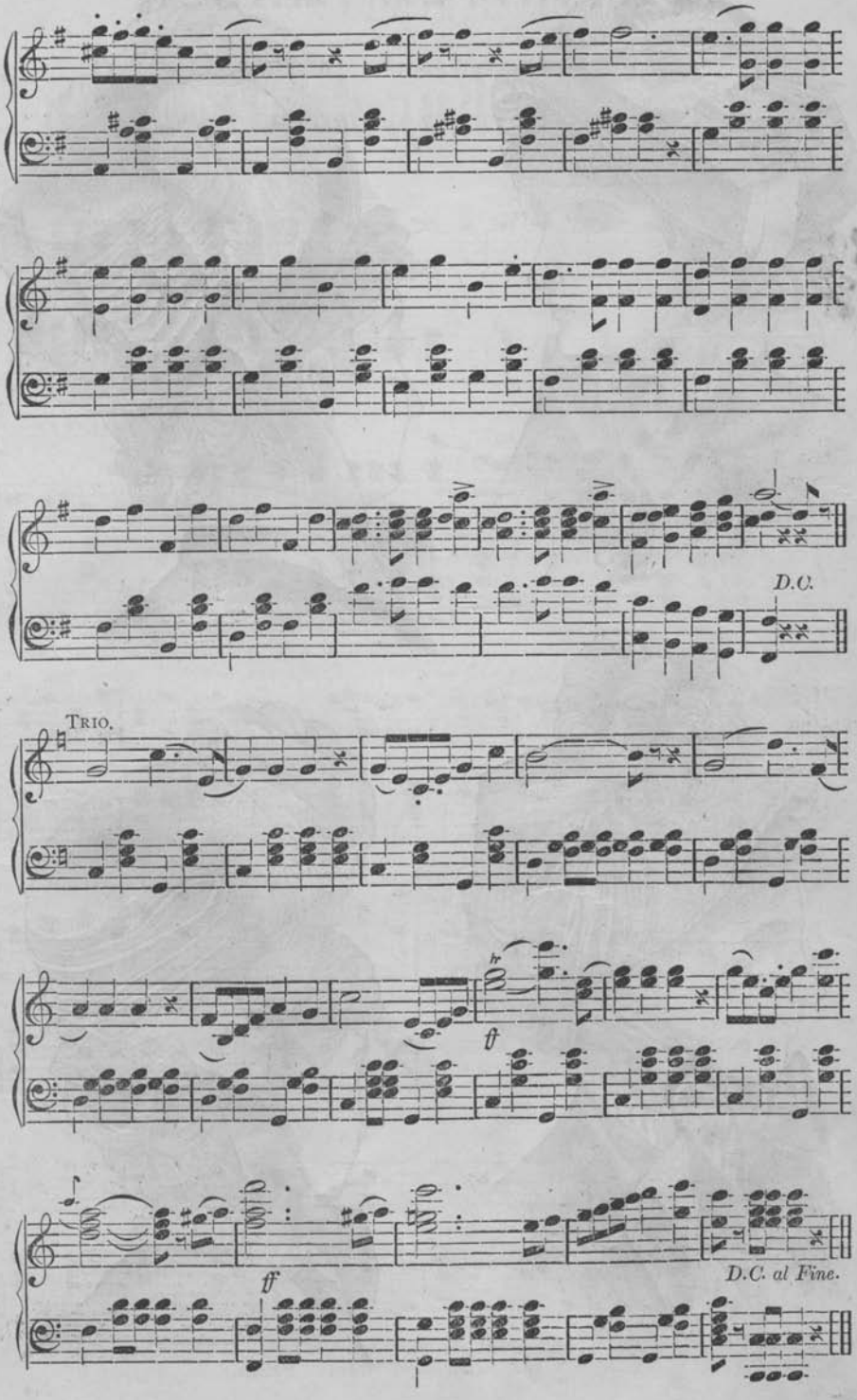
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Fig. 28.

Fig. 29.

Fig. 30.

Fig. 31.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 595.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

GEOFFREY.

A pleasant, old-fashioned country house, embowered in trees and standing amid wide gardens and grassy meadows, an air of serene comfort overspreading the whole, in the long, golden light of a summer afternoon, is the familiar picture which rises before the eyes of a young man, who at four o'clock walks up to the gate of the Vardray place, a mile or so out of the village of Kirton.

He is tired, and warm, and dusty, yet he smiles as his glance roves over the placid scene before him. How well he knows every gable of the house, every bough of the trees, every turn of the paths! How quiet the whole place is! But that is natural enough, since what sensible creature would be awake at four o'clock on a blistering July afternoon? There is certainly no place like home, he thinks, especially so when it holds the girl you love best in all the world, and when the brightest of memories cluster round its hearthstone. It is only such memories which this house holds for Geoffrey Thorne, although it is the home of his step-father—a relation seldom held in high esteem by the youthful mind. But, kind and gentle to all who come under his influence or authority, Mr. Vardray was not likely to fail in kindness to the son of his wife, particularly since Geoffrey was in himself a person likeable in the extreme. The boy had been only twelve or thirteen at the time of his mother's marriage to Mr. Vardray—himself a widower with one child, a girl three or four years younger than Geoffrey—and hence he had readily taken root in the home thus made for him, had looked forward with keen delight to spending his vacations there, and had been from that day to the present, the willing slave of pretty, imperious, spoiled Roslyn. Now he has left college, the world is all before him where to choose, and he has come home with the definite determination to win from the companion and tormentor of his youthful days, a promise to be his, when he shall have conquered fortune—a trifling preliminary, which at twenty-one seems hardly worth considering.

Up the avenue, under the branching elms he walks, and ascending a flight of steps stands on the veranda which encircles the house. All is stillness save a sound more expressive of somnolence than even stillness—a long-drawn snore. Geoffrey walks to an angle of the building and looks round on the picture which he expected—a gently swinging hammock, within which reclines the slumbering figure of Mr. Vardray, strewn with the newspapers over which he has fallen asleep. The young man does not disturb him, but entering the house by a conveniently open window, stands in the familiar sitting-room, filled with signs of household work—his mother's work-table, the children's toys, and a very straggling bundle of scarlet crochet work, that he at once identifies as Roslyn's. "I don't believe it has advanced any since Christmas!" he thinks; and then, while he is mentally debating whether he shall attempt to rouse any one in the house, there is a rustle of a dress in the hall, and a lady enters, who utters a cry of surprise and delight at seeing him.

"Geoff! my dearest boy! Why, where do you come from?" she cries. "We did not expect you until to-morrow."

"Got off a day earlier than I expected, mamma, and so just came along," he answers gaily, not merely submitting to her embrace, as is the custom of Anglo-Saxon men, but heartily

returning it. "It is delightful to be back!—and how is everybody?"

"Everybody is very well. I cannot see how you look, you are so sunburned and dusty; did you walk out from Kirton? I am so sorry! Mr. Vardray wanted to send in on the chance that you might come, but I did not think it at all possible."

"There was no need—the walk did not matter. I am a capital pedestrian, you know. Where is Roslyn—asleep?"

"Of course. I suppose I am the only person in the house who is not asleep, and it must have been some instinct of your coming which kept me awake. Tell me all about your visit to your uncle—how was it that he let you off sooner than you expected?"

"Oh, he took indigestion so badly that the doctors sent him to the Springs for sulphur-water. I could have shouted when I heard it, for I knew it meant freedom for me, and I was most awfully tired of Heathdale by that time. If the capricious old fellow should ever leave it to me, it would be a glorious place to live; but I have often been driven to wonder whether any possible pleasure to be derived from it some day could compensate for the acute boredom I have suffered there."

"For shame!" says Mrs. Vardray. "I am sure your uncle has always been very kind to you, and it should not be very acute boredom to spend one month out of twelve with him."

"By Jove, but it is—when I think of you and Roslyn here!"

"It is kind of you to put me first," says Mrs. Vardray, with a smile. "But my boy, I am afraid you think too much of Roslyn."

"Why too much?" asks Geoffrey, shortly. "A man can't think too much of the girl he hopes to make his wife, can he?"

Mrs. Vardray shakes her head.

"That is just what I mean," she says. "You are too young to be thinking of a wife at all—and very unwise to be thinking of Roslyn, who looks upon you as a mere boy."

"Indeed! Who does she consider a man, then?—old Colonel Duncan?"

"Colonel Duncan is not old—except in the opinion of twenty-one. He is a man in the prime of life, and Roslyn likes him, I think, very well."

"Roslyn *likes* everybody; the question is, does she show any signs of *loving* him?"

"How can I tell? A girl like Roslyn is not easy to read. Her head is more full of amusing herself than of anything else now."

"A very good proof that it is not full of Colonel Duncan," says Geoffrey, cheerfully. "Now mamma, being warm and dusty and a trifle tired, I think I will go and make a toilet."

"I ought to have thought of that before," says Mrs. Vardray, with compunction. "You will find your room ready."

With eyes full of pride and fondness, she watches the tall, handsome young fellow as he goes out. "I wish he did not think so much of Roslyn," she repeats to herself as he disappears, and she listens to his bounding step go lightly upstairs. "But then, if his heart is really set on her, there is no use in trying to make him wise."

She rises and moves across the floor—a slender, graceful woman, with traces of past beauty on her face—and goes out on the veranda, where she comes upon the slumbering occupant of the hammock. That the sleep of the latter is less profound than it was, is evidenced by the fact that he has ceased to snore, and as Mrs. Vardray draws near he opens his eyes.

"Confoundedly hot!" he says. "And the flies"—striking viciously at them with a paper—"torment one so that it is hardly possible to sleep! Why are you wandering about, Ellen, at this time of the afternoon?"

"Geoffrey has come," she answers, in a tone which indicates that this would explain the most erratic conduct. "Something kept me from sleeping, so I dressed and came down to the sitting-room, and there I found the dear boy."

"Indeed! What brought him earlier than he expected?"

"His uncle left Heathdale earlier than *he* expected; so Geoff came without delay. He was so eager for the pleasure of being at home."

"The pleasure is not all on his side," says Mr. Vardray. "I am glad the boy has come. Where is he?"

"Gone to make himself a little presentable; for besides traveling all day, he walked out from Kirton."

"You see you ought to have let me send! Well, this is wonderfully warm and drowsy weather, so I think I will go to sleep again, and when it grows cooler, I will rouse up and make myself presentable."

This resolution he promptly proceeds to execute, and Mrs. Vardray, thus left without any one to whom she can talk of Geoffrey, has no resource but to retire to a shady corner of the veranda, and think of him—laying many plans and building many air-castles for his future.

While she is so sitting, her work-basket by her side, her needle traveling back and forth over a hole in one of the children's stockings, she chances to look up and see a small figure, clad in white and crowned by a large shade-hat, coming across the lawn. Her first impulse is one of slight annoyance, her next to check herself, and smile pleasantly, as the new-comer—a delicate, demure maiden, whose childlike appearance is somehow compatible with the fact that she is not a child—ascends the steps and comes towards her.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Vardray," she says, in a voice as delicate and demure as her appearance.

"Good-evening, Lettice, my dear," replies Mrs. Vardray. Then, as the girl bends and kisses her, she says: "Did you not find it very warm walking over?"

"Not very—I came through the woods, and there it is so shady. Is Roslyn not down yet?"

"Not yet—Roslyn's siesta is generally of long duration, you know. You can go up and wake her if you like, and tell her that Geoffrey is here."

"Geoffrey!—has he come?" says the girl with a start, her eyes opening, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Yes, quite unexpectedly, an hour or two ago. You can imagine what a delightful surprise it was to me."

"I can imagine," says Lettice, in her soft, demure voice, "and what a delightful surprise it will be for Roslyn. I must go and tell her."

She flits lightly away, enters the wide airy hall, and passes up the broad staircase—at the head of which she comes face to face with Geoffrey himself, who, freshly attired, has issued from his room and is about to descend.

"Why, Miss Lettice, is it you?" he says, cordially putting out his hand. "How glad I am to see you again!"

"And how glad I am to see you back," says Lettice, glancing up from under her hat. "Mrs. Vardray was just telling me of your arrival, and I am going to carry the news to Roslyn."

"Tell her to come down quickly. I want to see—you both, so much. I want to hear all that you have been doing since our frolics last Christmas."

"We have been vegetating, chiefly," says Lettice, with a little shrug. It will not take long to tell what *we* have been doing, but *you*—you ought to have a great deal to tell."

"Not particularly much. I have really been studying hard, and I had my reward in coming out with pretty fair standing."

"We heard that, and were so glad."

"It was nothing to be proud of—I only aimed at the safe medium of respectability. Books are not much in my line—but I must not keep you standing here; only, by all means, come down as soon as possible."

"*With* Roslyn," says Lettice, smiling—a quiet, inscrutable little smile—"I understand, and will bring her as soon as I can."

She gives him no time for reply, but trips past him, turns down a side passage, and knocks at a door. A sleepy voice says "Come in;" she opens it and enters. In the half-light made by closed blinds, only the dim outlines are apparent, but on the white-draped bed a reclining figure turns drowsily and says:

"What is it?"

CHAPTER II.

ROSLYN.

"It is I," Lettice answered, coming to the side of the bed. "You lazy creature, wake up! How *can* you sleep so long?"

"Oh, there is no difficulty about it," says Roslyn, opening her eyes. "If I did not sleep a great deal, I should not have so much vigor when I am awake. What are you doing here at this unhallowed hour?"

"I don't call six o'clock an unhallowed hour to be anywhere. I came to see you, and it is charming to be so hospitably received. But rouse yourself—I have some news for you."

"As if I cared for any news! Please go away and let me alone."

"Shall I tell Geoffrey that? It is not very complimentary, when he has just come home and is dying to see you."

"Has Geoffrey come?" asks Roslyn, opening her eyes again, though with not much more animation.

"He has, and he begged me to bring you down as soon as I possibly could."

"Dear old Geoff!" says Roslyn. "I am glad he has come—but I could have seen him an hour hence as well as now. Has he improved, Lettice?"

"He looks a little older, perhaps—I always thought him handsome," replies Lettice.

"Handsome!—O yes; but so boyish, so without style. But one cannot find everything united in the same person, and it is certainly delightful to think of having him back again—I begin to realize that as I grow less sleepy."

"To have anybody as much at one's beck and call as he is at yours, I should think would be delightful," says Lettice, drily.

"Not anybody," says Roslyn, shaking her head decidedly. "Some people bore one very much, even by being at one's beck and call."

She rises as she speaks—throwing back with one hand a cloud of loose, dark, half-curling hair, out of which her face looks like a flower. How describe such a face? It is one of those charming brunette countenances which are perhaps more full of feeling than of thought—not that there is any lack of the latter, but that the former lies so manifestly on the surface, shining in the dark splendor of the eyes, curving the lovely mutinous lips. Delicate outline and vivid coloring are united with an exquisite finish of detail, such as belongs only to the finest type of beauty, while the expression, the spirit, the *regard*, as the French say, of the whole, possesses a piquancy akin to fascination. It is a face which in its sparkling loveliness literally effaces Lettice's pale prettiness—although a poetically inclined gentleman was once inspired to say of the two, that one reminded him of a pomegranate-flower, the other of a snowdrop.

The snowdrop sits quietly on the side of the bed and watches the pomegranate-flower array herself in a most becoming toilette—misty, corn-colored organdie, a knot of black lace at the throat, a crimson rose in the dark hair, dainty slippers on the slender feet. "If Geoffrey is boyish and without style, he is worth making an impression upon!" thinks Lettice—but she does not utter this reflection, being generally one of the people who observe much and say little. She has had a somewhat hard life, poor little Lettice, and has had to learn the wisdom of reticence. For all her childlike aspect, it is a very unchildlike knowledge of life which looks out of her grave, gray eyes; and a perception of this sometimes makes Mrs. Vardray entertain a vague distrust of her—a feeling for which she takes herself to task, and for which she endeavors to atone, by marked cordiality of manner. "Lettice sees too much and says too little," she occasionally remarks, "but then one must excuse a great deal in a girl who has such a father"—for Lettice's father is a man who is mentioned as seldom as possible to ears polite. He is a graceless adventurer, of good family but scant principle, who persuaded a foolish heiress to marry him, against the advice of all her friends. The latter, finding they could not prevent the marriage, did her the service of settling her fortune on herself; and so it chances that although the Stanhopes are always in pecuniary difficulties—the result of dark ways and tricks *not* vain on the part of the head of the household—they have so far been saved from absolute ruin.

"Ready at last?" says Lettice, as Roslyn finally turns from the mirror. "I will take off my hat before going down."

She steps to the glass and lifts her hat from a small head, covered with pale brown hair—the kind of hair which always lies smooth and silken—and which, not having the least inclination to curl, is cut in the fashionable fringe across her forehead, a style not unbecoming to her face. She looks at the reflection of herself with a little mocking air of self-contempt.

"One certainly has no temptation to vanity after watching *you*, Roslyn," she says. "I wonder if you are a lucky girl to be so pretty?—I wonder if you will make anything of it?"

"What odd ideas seem to strike you, Lettice," replies Roslyn. "I don't want to make anything of it—it is enough just to be young and happy."

"But you can't always be young, and it is not likely you'll always be happy," says Lettice. "The question is, what prize in life are you going to win with such a high card as your face."

"My face is my fortune," says the girl, gaily, "and so it will be to the end, no doubt. Don't stop to moralize. Let us go down."

She opens the door and goes out, singing as she flits down stairs, the old song Lettice's words have suggested:

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid,
What is your fortune my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
With a ha ha ha, ha ha ha, ha!'"

She gives the laugh with a bravura effect, and Geoffrey, hearing the well-known voice, rushes eagerly into the hall and meets her at the foot of the staircase.

"Geoff, dear Geoff, I am so glad to see you!" she cries, while *he* can say nothing—being struck dumb by the brightness of her beauty, and by his delight in seeing her.

"It was so nice of you to come when we were not expecting you," she goes on. "There is so much pleasure in a surprise."

"There is so much pleasure in being at home even twenty-four hours earlier than one expected," he replies. "O, Roslyn, how pretty you are!"

"Geoff, I am grieved to see that you have not improved at all in *savoir faire*—you pay just as broad compliments as ever. Shall I return your kindness by saying that you have greatly improved? Is that a mustache you are cultivating?"

"I wonder you need to ask. I consider it a very promising one. A condescending barber assured me the other day that it will be very heavy in six months."

"Why not six weeks? I detest to wait for anything—even for a moustache—to grow."

"Jack's beanstalk is the only thing that would have satisfied you in the way of growth," says Lettice, coming down the staircase as the first effusion of meeting subsides—after which they go out on the veranda, where Mr. and Mrs. Vardray and the children are assembled.

Nothing could be more lovely and peaceful than the scene at this hour, for the sun has nearly touched the horizon, and his last level rays are lying on the velvet sward like a mantle of gold. The spreading fields and distant shadowy woods are full of summer richness and beauty, and the light breeze which is playing among the trees brings many fragrant odors on its wings.

"I am glad that you are not too much spoiled by the grandeurs of Heathdale, Geoff, to appreciate our quiet charms," says Mr. Vardray, who in slippered ease is reclining in a large willow chair. "I have heard that it is a very fine place."

"Very fine indeed," says Geoff, "and about as lively as a penitentiary. Uncle James amuses himself taking medicines, you know; but there's nothing on earth for *me* to do, and I am sometimes almost driven to thoughts of suicide."

"Why don't you brace yourself with thoughts of the change you will make when it falls to

you?" says Roslyn. "I can tell you we all count wonderfully on the good time coming, when you are master of Heathdale—don't we, imps?"

"Yes," replied the children in chorus—while Rob, the eldest boy, says: "I think I'll *live* with you, Geoff."

"Much obliged," says Geoff. "But, frankly, I don't count on Heathdale at all. Apart from the uncertainty of reckoning on dead men's shoes, my uncle's prospects for long life are as good, or better than mine. Hypochondriacs always live long."

"But they must die *sometime*," says Roslyn. "Don't give up the hope of reigning at Heathdale."

"You are quite right," says Mr. Vardray. "So put Heathdale, and any thought of possessing it, as much as possible out of your mind. Nothing is so ruinous to a young man's prospects of usefulness, as to have a possible inheritance dangling just before him. 'Why should I toil, and deny myself pleasure, and lead a laborious life?' he thinks; 'I shall be rich some day.' And so when that day comes—if it comes at all—he has frittered away his life in waiting for it. You must do better than that, my boy. Your uncle, as you have said, may live thirty years longer—and I am sure you would not grudge him one day of it—while there is no telling what caprice may influence his disposition of his property at the last. Do not, therefore, suffer yourself to build any expectation or hope on it; act as if Heathdale did not exist, and make yourself independent of any man's last will and testament."

"Thank you, sir—I will!" answers Geoffrey, with rising color and kindling glance. "What you say endorses my resolution. My uncle wants me to live at Heathdale and attend to his business,—which means, have no independent existence at all—and I have told him that I could not do it, that I must adopt a profession and make a place in life for myself."

There is a moment's pause. Nobody thinks of Lettice, and Lettice's quick eyes travel round the group, and take in the different expressions of the countenances—the unqualified approval on Mr. Vardray's, the struggling disappointment on Mrs. Vardray's, the startled surprise on Roslyn's, the steadfast light on Geoffrey's. Then:

"You are right," says Mr. Vardray. "Wealth can be bought too dearly, if independence is paid for it."

"But it seems to me that his uncle—his father's only brother—has a right to provide for Geoffrey almost as if he were his father," says Mrs. Vardray. "I fear, my dear, you have been rash."

"My opinion is not worth much," cries Roslyn; "but *I* think you have been brave and wise, Geoffrey. Fancy spending your youth giving pills to Mr. Thorne!"

"Fancy spending it in any capacity subject to another man's control and whims!" says Geoffrey. "I would not endure such bondage for a dozen Heathdales! Don't look so grave, mamma. If I am not able to rise on my own merit, I had better sink and be done with it."

"That is a boy's idea," says Mrs. Vardray. "I hope I am not mercenary; but certainly—" she looks appealingly at her husband—"Heathdale should be yours; and, if you refuse to be your uncle's companion, he may find another, and so be influenced to leave the property away from you."

"So be it," says Geoffrey, cheerfully. "I can bear that prospect a great deal better than the prospect of spending the best part of my life waiting for a man to die. It would simply come to this—I should murder him at last."

"Geoffrey!"

"Sorry to shock you, mamma; but truth is mighty, and must prevail. There is the tea-bell, and if ever a hungry mortal was glad of the sound, I am."

"I should think so, after traveling all day, and walking out from Kirton," says Roslyn. "You shall have your old seat, and plenty of peaches and cream—are you still so fond of peaches?"

They go in laughing to the tea-table, a very happy, merry group, despite the uncertainty hanging over Geoffrey's prospect of inheriting Heathdale. There is generally fun of some description afloat in the household, but the arrival of their elder brother has sent the mercury of the children's spirits up to fever-heat; and Roslyn is quite ready to aid and abet them. Lettice never altogether loses her demure quietness, but to a certain extent, she, too, joins in the general mirth.

Tea over, Geoffrey goes out to smoke a cigar, and having lighted it, volunteers the information at the sitting-room window that there is lovely moonlight.

"Yes, it is far too lovely to stay indoors," says Roslyn. "Come Lettice, let us go out."

"You and Geoffrey may take me home, if you like," says Lettice. "It is time I was going, and the walk will be pleasant."

"The walk will be pleasant any time between now and midnight; there is no need for you to be in haste."

"No need, as far as you and Geoffrey are concerned; but if I wait, somebody may be sent for me, and that is useless."

Since Roslyn knows that the somebody in question will be a rude and disagreeable brother, she does not press delay, but only says:

"We can change all that, now that Geoff has come. Tell them hereafter you need never be sent for, that you have an escort here."

Lettice only smiles and gets her hat, kisses Mrs. Vardray, says good-night to Mr. Vardray, and announces herself ready. Roslyn makes no preparation, beyond gathering up the filmy skirt

of her dress, and, unheeding dew or night-air, or any other terror of the prudent, steps out into the faint moonlight and delicate starlight, the fragrance and poetry of the midsummer night.

CHAPTER III.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Attended by the tall young man, whose cigar glows in the semi-darkness like a fiery eye, the two girls take their way across the lawn and flower-garden to where a gate opens on a path that runs through the woods for half a mile, and emerges at the borders of the Stanhope demesne. In daylight it is a lovely walk, and very shaded, as Lettice averred to Mrs. Vardray in the afternoon; but after dusk has fallen, it is a little awesome—darkness is so deep along this woodland way, and the forest so full of strange sounds, the echo of waters, the murmur of leaves, the multitudinous voices of the insect world.

"What contemptible creatures girls are!" says Roslyn, meditatively, as the gate closes behind them. "How dreadfully afraid you and I would be to take this walk alone, or with each other, Lettice; while with Geoffrey to guard us, we have not a sensation of fear, but are brave as lions."

"I don't call that being contemptible," says Lettice. "Girls are so weak—what could we do if anything frightened us?"

"We could run—and Geoffrey knows that when I run nothing can catch me."

"I know you are fleet as a deer," says Geoffrey; "but Lettice is right; girls are too weak to be daring. I wonder that women possess as much courage as they do: it must be such a demoralizing thing to feel helpless."

"It is," says Lettice. "I am glad you acknowledge that when we are brave we deserve more credit than men do. I often think that if I had a man's strength I should fear nothing on earth. I once had a pistol, and while it was in my possession I felt that I could defy man or beast."

"O Lettice! Why, a good-sized grasshopper could demolish you!" cries Roslyn, laughing. "Well, I am not so brave—even if I had a pistol, I fear I should be more likely to injure myself than anything else. And I am glad Geoffrey is with me now."

"I am glad of that, too," says Lettice, quietly.

"And I most glad of all," says Geoffrey, heartily.

Then they are silent for a few minutes, after which—perhaps because the way is so overshadowed and eerie—Roslyn begins to sing, falling again into the old song which Lettice's words suggested in the evening:

"'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?'
'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said,
'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said,
With a ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

As she sings gaily, Geoffrey listens, and wonders, as Lettice did, what fortune that mignonne face will bring to its possessor. When she ceases, the thought almost unconsciously finds expression.

"So your face is your fortune, is it?" he says. "Perhaps that is truer than you think. There are few better fortunes than the face of a beautiful woman. What is your ambition, Roslyn? What do you want to win?"

"Just the question Lettice asked me this afternoon," replys Roslyn; "and I told her—what did I tell her? That I have no ambition at all, I believe. Certainly I have none. A bird has as much. Pshaw! what do we know of birds? They may entertain tremendous ideas of self-advancement, for all we know. But *I* have no desire except to be loved—I could not live without love—and to be happy."

Geoffrey's heart bounds; but before he can speak, Lettice says, with her fine little tone of mockery:

"What moderate ambition! Why, you talk like a child, Roslyn. Don't you know that of all things in this world love and happiness are most 'heavy to get and light to hold?' So far it is true that they have come to you like air and sunshine; but it is not likely that you will always hold them so securely. Geoffrey does not like such things to be said"—Geoffrey is moving impatiently—"but even he cannot keep you always in a rose-colored world."

Geoffrey to his own heart says that he will, but not venturing to trust himself to utter this resolve directly, he also sings two lines of an old song:

"'If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.'"

"As if your dying would help the matter!" says practical Lettice, with the same ring of scorn in her voice. "If she cried for the moon, could all your love get it for her? And people very often cry for the moon, and make themselves miserable because they have not got it."

"You cannot say that I have ever done so," says Roslyn. "I have, so far as I know, a very contented disposition; and when I talk of happiness, I don't mean anything great, but only enjoyment such as we often have now. Yet—" she pauses a moment, and as they chance to be just then in a comparatively open space, the moonlight falls brightly on her face, and the others see that it wears a more intent expression than they have often seen on it. "Yet," she goes on, "I think I should like one taste of ecstasy, that is, of the *highest* happiness, even if it took the savor out of all ordinary life afterwards. There is a little poem of Browning's—we were reading

it the other day, Lettice—which says what I mean in two lines:

"'We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.'

"That is what I want—the whole of life. To sigh deep, laugh free, starve, feast, despair—be happy!"

"Roslyn!" says Geoffrey. Something in the girl's voice startled him, for she has always seemed to live so lightly and gayly on the surface of existence, that he has fallen into the common error of supposing her incapable of any deep thought or feeling. "You don't know what you are wishing," he says, quickly. "To laugh, feast, and be happy, I hope will be your lot, but not the other—never the other. No creature on earth was ever more unfit for sighs than you."

"Then you must think me a very shallow creature," she says, indignantly. "What should I be if I were only able to laugh in such a world as this!"

"A flower," he says, half laughing, half tenderly; "a thing to gladden one's eyes and one's heart."

"But I am not a flower; I am a human being," she says; "and I should be a very poor one if I were not able to sound the depths as well as the heights of feeling."

"Perhaps one does include the other," says the young man, meditatively; "but I don't like such ideas in connection with you. They seem out of place; do they not, Lettice?"

"Yes, I think they do," answers Lettice, who has been as much surprised as himself. "Roslyn seems a creature made only for sunshine."

"A butterfly, in fact," says Roslyn. "I am certainly very much obliged to you both—indeed, I am so overwhelmed that I don't think I can remain in such complimentary society."

She draws her hand from Geoffrey's arm before he can detain it, and darts forward, running so rapidly and lightly that she is soon out of sight. The two so unceremoniously left quicken their pace a little, but Geoffrey says, "Don't run, Lettice; there are too many roots here."

"I should fall if I attempted to do so," says Lettice. "How is it that Roslyn can get over the ground so lightly?"

"She has eyes like—like an owl," says Geoffrey. "I never knew any one like her for seeing in the dark. What on earth has put such ideas into her head? Did Browning put them there?"

"I am afraid we did not get many ideas of any kind out of Browning," answers Lettice, laughing. "Listen!—is not that sweet?"

It is Roslyn's bird-like voice singing before them, "Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me." But they do not find, that is, they do not overtake her, until they reach the gate of the Stanhope grounds, where they find her standing.

"It is early yet," says Lettice; "won't you both come in?"

"Not to-night," says Roslyn. "I know they all at home want to see Geoff, and hear him relate his adventures."

"But mamma will be sorry if he does not come in for a minute and speak to her," says Lettice.

"Of course I must go in and speak to Mrs. Stanhope," says Geoffrey. "I won't be long, Roslyn."

They enter the gate and cross the lawn, where the moonlight falls in a soft, bright flood, which seems very brilliant in contrast with the shade of the woods from which they have emerged. In this clear light they perceive, as they draw near the house, that two men are standing on the piazza steps, and Roslyn says:

"Some visitor is with your father, Lettice; so I will not go on. I can wait for Geoffrey here."

She pauses, as she speaks, at a rustic seat under a group of trees, and Lettice—understanding and accepting the fact that her father and her father's visitors are not pleasant people to meet—says, quietly:

"Very well, I will not let Geoffrey stay more than a minute or two."

She goes with Geoffrey, and Roslyn sits down on the seat, silver moonlight lying all around, and delicate shadows falling over her. She is not thinking of herself enough to be conscious of the lovely picture she makes in the demi-obscurity, but only wonders how long Geoffrey will be detained, and, so thinking, taps her foot impatiently on the dewy grass, while her gaze follows the two figures passing toward the house. She sees that the other two figures on the steps part just before the former reach them—one standing still and shaking hands with Geoffrey, the other walking rapidly away.

When taking her seat, she forgot that it was very near the circular walk, which is the regular approach to the house; but she becomes conscious of this fact when she perceives the stranger advancing directly toward her. He passes hardly three feet from where she sits, and in passing, gives a steady look at her. She is certainly worth looking at, this beautiful girl, bending forward in the moonlight, with her fleecy draperies, her winsome face, her pretty, high-bred air—and certainly well accustomed to being looked at, too—yet she has a strange consciousness, as if she had never been looked at before, as her careless glance meets the intent regard of the most brilliant eyes she has ever encountered. Their brilliancy is all that strikes her at first; but after an instant she knows that she has also received an impression of a keen, handsome face, and a slender, graceful figure—indeed, the figure can still be scrutinized as it walks onward, though perhaps less rapidly, to the gate.

"Who can he be?" she thinks, catching her

breath quickly. Certainly, unless appearances are very deceptive, a gentleman—not one of Mr. Stanhope's usual associates—and not only a gentleman, but the most distinguished-looking, the most handsome man she has ever seen. The warm flush roused by his look of surprise and admiration, is still on her cheek as she sits motionless; and she has not stirred, but is still so sitting and wondering, when Lettice and Geoffrey return.

"You might as well have come in, Roslyn," says the former. "As you saw, papa's visitor left before we reached the house; and in any event, you know, he would not have troubled you."

"Of course I know that," Roslyn answers; "but I like the fresh air and the moonlight. Lettice, who *was* your father's visitor? I saw him as he passed along the walk, and he is a very handsome man."

"I do not know," Lettice replies. "He was a stranger to me, and I did not ask papa who he was. I will, however, if you desire."

"Do!" says Roslyn, as she rises; "and ask your father, too, what makes his eyes so wonderfully brilliant; I never saw such eyes before! Good-night."

She takes Geoffrey's arm, and they walk across the lawn to the side gate through which they entered. It is not until they are outside of this that the young fellow says, in a low, vexed tone:

"I hope Lettice will have the good sense to say nothing to her father of your having noticed and spoken of that man, Roslyn."

"Indeed!" says Roslyn, flushing quickly. "May I ask why you hope so?"

"Surely you know. Mr. Stanhope's friends are not a class of persons for you to notice, and he has himself an insolent tongue. Fancy his telling some gambler or horse-jockey that Miss Vardray inquired who he was, and admired his eyes!"

"I know a gentleman when I see him," says Roslyn. "This man was a gentleman."

"In dress and appearance, perhaps so; but the odds are very much against his being a gentleman and a friend of Mr. Stanhope's."

It is on the point of the girl's tongue to say, "There is no reason for supposing that he is a friend of Mr. Stanhope's simply because he happened to be there," but she restrains herself, and only answers, coldly, "I am not aware that you have any right to take me to task, Geoffrey; but I don't want to quarrel the first night that you are at home, so we will say no more about it."

"I did not mean to take you to task," says Geoffrey. "I only meant to warn you; you are heedless and know of no harm; but Mr. Stanhope is not to be trusted."

"I am heedless as well as a butterfly, am I? Your opinion of me seems to be very exalted."

"It *is* very exalted," says the young man, quickly. "Roslyn, don't be vexed or hurt by my blundering; don't you know we only find fault with that which is so near our heart that we want it to be perfect?"

"But I am not perfect," she cries, with a laugh; "nor likely to be; and if I were, you would find me very insipid. But no more fault-finding 'an thou lovest me;' for, as I said before, it would be too bad to quarrel the *first* night you are at home."

CHAPTER IV.

"COME YE IN PEACE HERE, OR COME YE IN WAR?"

Half a dozen miles from Verdevale—the name of the Vardrays' place—stands a much older and more stately house, which has been since its erection, a length of time covering several generations, the home of the Duncans, the family of largest wealth and most infinence in all the countryside. Of this family there have never been many representatives, and of late years these have diminished—some falling in battle, some dying from natural causes—until but one remains, the handsome, soldierly-looking man of thirty-eight or forty, well-known in all the country as Colonel Hugo Duncan, who stands in the morning sunshine on the stone steps of Cliffton—so the house is not inappropriately called, crowning as it does a bold and beautiful headland above a rushing river—drawing on his gloves preparatory to mounting the horse that is waiting for him.

Time has touched him lightly, scarcely placing a thread of silver in his close-curling chestnut locks, nor a wrinkle upon his bronzed, clear-cut face, while his hazel eyes are frank as those of a boy. A man to win any woman's heart, to be a hero in any woman's eyes, one would think, as he stands with an honorable past behind him, a prosperous future before, in the stately pride of his manhood—yet is he a hero in the eyes of the only woman he cares to please? All the world around him knows that Roslyn Vardray is that woman; but no one knows—not even those nearest to her—what Roslyn thinks of him. It puzzles Colonel Duncan himself to tell. He is not blind to his own advantages—though neither is he foolish enough to overrate their value. He knows what he is and what he can offer, and he also knows that few women would look coldly on him if he came to woo. But, unhappily for himself, he is not that very common character, a man in search of a wife, but a man who loves one woman so well that the rest of the sex is non-existent to him. She is not a coquette, pretty, wilful Roslyn, but "like the sun she shines on all alike;" and a man cannot be encouraged by kindness that is indiscriminate. As he draws on his gloves this bright, summer morning, he is considering that

he will go to see her, and for the hundredth time resolving that he will try to draw some sign from her—when glancing up, he sees a rider entering the gate.

This is by no means unusual, but he frowns a little, for it is not pleasant to be detained just when one is ready to go out; but after an instant, the frown gives way to a somewhat puzzled expression, as he sees that the person approaching is a stranger to him. A slender, handsome man, evidently a gentleman, riding a horse which he knows to be from the livery stable in Kirton, is what he sees; but who it is he does not know—still does not know when the stranger has paused, has dismounted, has left his horse in charge of a servant, and advancing towards the steps, which Colonel Duncan is descending, lifts his hat with a flashing smile.

That smile brings recognition. A kindling light answers it on the elder man's face, as he holds out his hand eagerly.

"What, Lovelace! Harry Lovelace!" he says. "Is this you?"

"Myself and no other," the young man answers. "So you know me? I did not think you would."

"I knew you only by your smile. You had that when I saw you last, a beardless youngster; and you got it from your mother. I am very glad to see you—very glad to welcome you to Cliffton. Come in."

They cross the stone-flagged portico and enter the large, lofty, and wainscoted hall, round which Lovelace looks with admiration.

"How often I have heard my mother speak of this," he says. "'The noblest hall I have ever seen in a private house,' she always said—and so it is."

"I have danced with her here often, when I was a small boy and she was a handsome young lady with whom I fancied myself in love," says Colonel Duncan, smiling. "I have not seen her for a long time—I hope she is well?"

"Very well—and still handsome, though now far from a young lady."

"Ah, time tells on us all—This way, Harry. Here is my sitting-room."

A very pleasant room, by no means cheerless nor disorderly, though a bachelor's; for men have sometimes excellent ideas of comfort, and can outstrip women in luxurious expenditure. There are no luxurious appointments here, but everything that is necessary for ease, and many tokens of a refined taste. Among the last might perhaps be reckoned the photograph of a girl—a piquant Spanish-like face—in a standing frame on the mantle, a picture which Lovelace's eye perceives the moment he enters. It is not all that he perceives, however; he takes in the whole scene, carved bookcases, inviting chairs and couches, tables littered attractively with papers, books, whips and pipes, and the wide-open casements with leafy depths of summer foliage rustling beyond. He goes to one of these and looks out over the lawn and gardens, to the green valley spreading for miles, with the river like a silver thread laced across it, to the softly-swelling hills, the shadowy forests; and he knows that as far as his eye can reach, and much farther, all these are Duncan acres.

"I have heard much of Cliffton," he says, turning to his host, "but it equals my expectations—which is more than one is able to say of many things in life. Expectation is so likely to far exceed reality."

"Almost invaribly it does so," says Colonel Duncan. "But I am glad Cliffton has not disappointed you. I am almost absurdly attached to it; but that is natural, since it has been ours so long, and I am the last of the name."

"Of the name, but not of the blood," says Lovelace. "I assure you that my mother does not forget that she was born a Duncan—neither has she allowed me to do so, but has cultivated to the best of her ability the Scotch feeling of clanship."

"It is a feeling which clings to the last drop of Scotch blood," says the elder man, smiling, "and I possess it in full force myself. It is almost needless therefore to say how glad I am to have a kinsman under my roof—and I hope you do not mean to be a transitory guest."

"I hardly know—I have no plans. It was merely by chance that, being delayed in Kirton for a day, by a train missing its connection, I remembered that Cliffton was near, and decided to come out and see yourself, if you should be here, but the place anyway."

"It was a very lucky chance that delayed you," says Colonel Duncan, cordially. "And having come, I insist that you do not go away soon. Can you not remain for a month or so? I can give you capital shooting in the autumn—and this is as cool a place as you will find to idle away the dog-days. Where were you going?—have you anything in particular to do?"

"I never have anything in particular to do," the young man replies, in a tone of the most unmistakable truth. "As for where I was going, I am under orders to join my mother at a watering-place where she is spending the summer; but I am certain she will be glad to excuse my attendance if she knows that I am here—so I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation for a few weeks, at any rate."

"That is settled, then," says Colonel Duncan, with an air of satisfaction. "I will send for your trunk, which is in Kirton, I presume"—he rings the bell as he speaks—"there are pen, ink and paper on the table, if you will write a note."

Lovelace sits down and dashes off a note, which the servant who comes in answer to the

bell receives, together with his master's orders, and goes out. Then the two kinsmen draw their chairs near one of the open windows, and proceed to make each other's acquaintance. This is a result easily accomplished, when there is real frankness on one side and every appearance of frankness on the other.

"There is very little to tell about myself," says Lovelace presently, in answer to some question. "You know that I have the misfortune to be an only child, and since my father's death my mother has naturally clung to me in a degree that has somewhat hampered my life. I have not felt free to strike out as I should have liked to do. Then we had moderate means—just enough to allow us to idle about the world without any responsibility of property, or any absolute need to work—and to put the climax on my misfortunes, I am engaged to marry my cousin, who is a great heiress."

"Most men would not consider that a misfortune," says Duncan, smiling. He is already strongly prepossessed in favor of this young man, who talks so candidly in a low, *trainante* voice, and who might be a "beauty-man," if there was not so much fire in his dark, brilliant eyes, so much suggestion of nervous force in his lithe figure and slender hands.

"No," Lovelace rejoins; "and I don't mean to be ungrateful, for my Cousin Margaret is really a very nice girl, inherits what is perhaps the finest sugar plantation in Louisiana, besides other property—but such an arrangement settles one's life in a hopeless groove. The family all wanted it, however, and my mother had set her heart on it, so I was willing to be obliging."

"And the cousin? What does she think of it?"

The other makes a careless gesture of indifference with his hands and shoulders. "Who is't can read a woman? I fancy she looks on it in the philosophical light that I do. We shall get on very well, I dare say. But—" he pauses a moment, looks out over the fair, broad prospect before him, and then, meeting his cousin's eyes, goes on—"if I had a career in life, if I had a hope for the future, out of the idle social existence in which my mother has sedulously kept me, I should not sell my freedom in such a way."

"I am sorry for you," says Duncan, frankly. "It all comes of education, I suppose. For my part, I could sooner dig for my daily bread than make a mercenary marriage."

Lovelace smiles. "Forgive me," he says, "but you have never yet dug for your daily bread—you do not know what useless hands those of a man trained to do nothing are. Enough of my affairs, however—I only wanted to tell you all that there is to know of me. Now tell me something of yourself—do you live here alone?"

"Altogether alone—but I can't say that I feel the loneliness acutely. For one thing, I have been so long used to it. Coming back from the army, I had to go to work to clear off debts, and save the old place from passing to strangers. I worked too hard to be lonely for several years, too hard to think of society, or marriage, or anything else; but thank God! I have succeeded in my object—every mortgage is paid, and not an acre sold."

He speaks quietly, but if Lovelace does not know all the story of labor and energy and self-denial which lies under those simple words, there are men, and to spare, in Eldon county, who could tell him of it, and what a hopeless task Hugo Duncan seemed to face when he inherited the property, impoverished not only by war, but by the reckless expenditure of two previous generations.

"The canny Scotch blood shows in you, I see," says Lovelace, with a laugh. "How I congratulate you!—what a proud consciousness it must be to feel that you have redeemed your fortune, saved your inheritance. But now that you are free—pardon me, but do you not begin to feel *now* that it is not good for man to be alone?"

Whether by accident, or with meaning, his glance wanders to the picture over the mantel, and a flush rises to Duncan's face.

"Perhaps—such thoughts occur to all of us, now and then, I suppose," he says, evasively. "But I am very forgetful of my duty as a host, for I have not yet ordered a chamber prepared for you. I will go and do so at once."

He leaves the room as he speaks, and Lovelace rising, walks up to the mantel and stands before the picture there.

"So that is it, is it?" he says, half aloud. "And what is your name, I wonder, my beauty of the moonlight?"

It is according to the nature of a man in love to be a little unreasonable, and although he can see Roslyn every day, and although there are few days when he does not see her, Colonel Duncan chafes somewhat at the delay of his visit, caused by the arrival of Lovelace. There is nothing to be done but to submit, however, so the morning passes away in conversation and smoking, while after an early dinner the two separate to spend the hot, languid hours of the afternoon as best they may. Colonel Duncan betakes himself with a cigar and a book to a hammock in the shade; Lovelace goes to the pleasant chamber which has been assigned him, and proceeds to the virtuous effort of writing a letter—a short extract from which will throw a little light on his plans, and the true nature of the accident which has brought him to Clifton.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE looks not with the eyes but with the mind.

SONNET.

BY T. HENRY CARTER.

The summer's golden glory now hath past,
And by the chill and short autumnal eves,
The fading flowers, the crisp and changing leaves,
We know that sullen winter cometh fast.
The twittering swallow, too, hath sung his last,
And o'er the tossing waves southward doth hie,
To bask and warble 'neath a warmer sky.
Tired nature's voice sighs in the rising blast.

The whispering woods foretell the year's decease,
In dry, short murmurs, reddening in my view.
But when these lingering summer rays shall cease,
And the last phantom leaves hang brown and few,
'Mid frozen death cometh the Prince of Peace,
And the still voice, "Lo, make I all things new."

CARYL'S NEW YEAR.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

I remember, as though it were but yesterday, how pretty Caryl looked that night after church, as she flung herself down on a footstool, and buried her face in my lap. Her hair was rumpled from being tossed by the wind; her eyes were shining, and a vivid crimson spot burned in either flushed cheek, from being so angry.

It was all because John Dakin walked home with her from evening service, and she could not ask him in. She could not do that because we were so poor; though, for that matter, he was poor enough. But we lived in dingy lodgings, and had not chairs to go around if but a single caller came, and often there were days when we had no fire in our cheerless room. There was a fire, though, that night; and, looking around, I thought to myself that the miserable little apartment was not so bad as we still might come to, if no work could be procured.

"I wouldn't mind!" I said at last, softly, soothingly. "I should have asked the doctor in if I had cared. He knows we are poor and can afford but the humblest fare."

"But I *don't* care!" flashed out Caryl, confronting me with a face that looked for all the world like a moss-rosebud bathed in dew, for the two pinky cheeks were still wet with tears. "I *don't* care, I tell you; but I am tired of poverty. I despise this scrimpy fare—always living on odds and ends, and wearing shabby-genteel clothes, and plodding about through mud and snow, while others ride in fine carriages, and dress in silks and velvets, and have good dinners every day of their life. And I hate doctors—cold-blooded people, cutting and slashing folks to pieces with no more feeling than old Tab has when she claws a mouse! What do you think John Dakin did to-night?" turning fiercely to me as I was trying to recover breath after her vehement outburst. "*Wished he had the right to care for me always!* As though it wasn't hard enough to live on half a crust now, without sharing it with him!"

"Perhaps he intended to furnish the crust himself. Then you would have not only your own half, but half of his," I ventured to suggest, mildly.

"Jane, you know better. John Dakin is lazy—rides around in that old gig of his, until, I declare, I some day expect to see it go to pieces all at once, like the deacon's 'wonderful one-hoss shay,' and there'll be the doctor seated on a stone by the wayside, gazing ruefully at the dilapidated ruins, and wondering when some one will come along to pick him up. I'm out of patience with shiftless people, and I'm going to end this worse than useless search for employment. I'll tell you what, Janey," laying her head against my clasped hands as she bent forward to whisper confidentially, "Janey, we're going to make our fortunes yet."

"Going to make our fortunes!"

I felt like laughing when I heard the child say it. Hadn't I followed her, in imagination, up and down the world in search of something to do to bring in money? At one time it was a plantation in the sunny South, where oranges and bananas and pineapples were to hang all the year overhead, only waiting our coming that we might gather in with them a harvest as golden as their tempting hue. Again, it was the discovery of some rich relative, old and infirm, who would obligingly step from off life's stage, and leave us in absolute possession of all his riches. Or we were to find a treasure lying at our very feet, which, when restored to its rightful owner, would reveal to us a prince in disguise, who had only to extend his hand to lift us from our poverty to the place which we, by our delicate sensibilities, were fitted to occupy. From the laborious employment of teaching district school and "boarding 'round," we had imagined ourselves in every attainable and unattainable position, up to ruling palatial establishments on Murray Hill; and yet we always came back at last to the dingy back-room and the plain sewing, by which we contrived to eke out a scanty living.

In consideration of these facts, I therefore said, not very enthusiastically, "What then?"

"What then! Haven't you any spirit? Don't we need a fortune bad enough? Wouldn't we bid farewell once for all to this old shell of a house, and to everything and everybody in New York, and go off to some beautiful land where we could begin life anew and there be happy? O, we'll do it, never fear! I see the way before me just as clearly as I see you sitting there, staring at me in astonishment. Listen! I am going to accept the place with Mrs. Ernstein for a while. I know I can suit, and there's nothing else offers just now. Don't look so disconsolate! It's only for the present, you know—till we can get enough

to take us away from here. And there's that sweet little place out in the country for you. It's waiting for you still, and you always said you could be happy there. Now, don't be obstinate, Jane."

What was I to say to such a pleader? True, Mrs. Ernstein had been persistent in her efforts to secure Caryl as a companion, and the girl was pleased with the offer; for Mrs. Ernstein's home was elegant, and wages were liberal. But I had always demurred. Laurie Ernstein, the handsome nephew, was an objection. He was known as a "fast young man" in his set, and his habits were anything but what I approved. Still, we must do something. The wolf was at our very door, and it was sheer folly to hold out any longer against such an imaginary obstacle—so it seemed to me that night, with my heart filled with anxious thoughts for the morrow's food and fire. We *must do something*, and what alternative was there? Motherly old Mrs. Fields had long offered me a home in the suburbs—a rural little cottage, with white walls and honeysuckles over the piazza, and flowers in the garden—with only the housekeeping cares to attend to, and the ample compensation of two dollars a week for my modest services. If Caryl and I could but exchange places, I should have resigned opposition long ago. But the idea of Caryl settling her thoughts to the compounding of soups and omelets, and roasts and puddings, was absurd; while it was no less an absurdity to think of me as filling the place of an entertaining companion to an exacting woman, who must be cheered with music, or novel-reading, or embroidery, as her fancy willed.

For once Caryl's plan was the practicable one, and before another week passed our home was broken up, and we had entered upon our new duties.

I can see Caryl now, as she looked that February morning, when we went for the last time out of the dingy tenement which had been our home for months. She had put on her best—her navy-blue dress and ribbons, and a jaunty hat with a bit of white wing at the side; and although her clothes were "shabby genteel," as she said, yet there was an air of ladyhood about her, which atoned for all the shabbiness. It seemed as though I was bidding my pet good-by forever, when I left her at Mrs. Ernstein's door and entered the car that was to take me to Mrs. Fields. But she stood waving her hand in farewell, and looking so radiant and smiling that I put all gloomy forebodings out of my mind, and tried to remember her only as I saw her then, standing in the February sunshine, with the light of girlish happiness in her face.

I was counting out knives and forks for the tea-table that afternoon, when Mrs. Fields surprised me with:

"Lay another place, Jane. John Dakin is coming home to tea."

"John Dakin! Coming *home* to tea!"

"Why, Jane! what ails thee? Had I forgotten to tell thee about John? You see his ride lies mostly on this side of the city, and he only moved out here last week, to be quiet and feel homelike, the boy said. A good boy John Dakin is. I've known him these many years, and I gladly took him into my home. And thee knows him too, Jane?"

I told Mrs. Fields what little I knew—how three years ago he had attended Caryl through a dreadful fever, and how he had often befriended us since; but I did not tell her of the strong love I knew had grown into his honest heart for my pretty, wilful sister. John Dakin should never suffer through wounded pride at her rejection, if I could prevent it.

How kind and considerate he was to me through all the happy weeks of that spring and summer! I had told him, that first evening, of Caryl's new occupation, and I fancied a frown knitted itself into his shaggy brows that never wholly went away. But he made no comment then. Afterwards, when he brought my letters from the office, he always recognized Caryl's dainty handwriting, and was sure to ask me how she was getting along. He would ask the question indifferently, but I noticed that his face was turned from me when I answered, and sometimes he would walk abruptly away when I related how happy she was, and what a gay life she was leading.

It was mid summer before Caryl came to see me. I had never told her of John Dakin; and I think she must have been surprised, at least, when she came up through the flower-borders and saw him sitting on the piazza. The afternoon had been very warm, and when he came in from a long drive among his patients, he sat down in the honeysuckle shade to rest. Mrs. Fields asked me to carry him out a glass of iced milk, and I had just handed it to him from the tray, and stopped a minute to pull a bunch of purple blossoms, when Caryl came in sight. I knew that the tall, handsome gentleman with her was Laurie Ernstein, and tried to be only coolly civil to him. But he had a wonderful way of making one forget prejudices, and was so jovial and agreeable, that I could hardly wonder that Caryl fancied him. John Dakin did not hesitate, though, to show his disapproval of her company, and only waited to touch her hand in greeting, before he went down the walk to the barn, saddled his horse, and galloped out of sight.

"Cool, wasn't it?" Caryl asked, with a blush. "Sorry to spoil a tête-a-tête, Janey, if he was making love to you. It looked like it, I must say."

I wanted to box the child's ears for hinting

such a thing of John Dakin, when she must have seen plainly the pain in his face as she swept him the most chilling courtesy and offered him only her finger tips. But there sat Laurie Ernstein, smiling down at her with a sentimental air of devotion, and I could not say a word.

After that Caryl and Laurie came often, but they never encountered the doctor again. If he saw them coming he disappeared quickly, and it would be late at night before I would hear him putting Selim in the stable and going wearily up to his room.

Caryl was in high spirits in those days, and I am sure she must have spent the whole of her earnings in ribbons, and flowers, and deckings, for the sake of the flattering compliments Laurie paid her. And all the while, I could say nothing to influence her—could only look on in helplessness, and fear for the future of my darling.

I did say something at last, though; and when I had said it, the tears rolling over my cheeks as I urged her to think of the course she was pursuing—how she could never hope to be the wife of a man of Laurie Ernstein's social prejudices, and of the sorrows that would surely follow—her answer was to draw from her bosom a mysterious little packet, and flash before my eyes a dazzling ring, which she slipped triumphantly on her slender finger, and laughingly bade me say another word if I dared.

I stared at her in astonishment. "Caryl, you do not mean to tell me—" I began.

"No, I did not mean to tell you," she laughed mockingly back, "only you would persist in knowing. That is Laurie's ring, and I have promised to marry him—sometime."

"Why don't you wear it, then, instead of carrying it about in that ridiculous fashion?" I retorted, thoroughly angry with the girl for once.

"Because it's a secret yet; no one knows, and you must never, never tell until I give you leave. I promised on my honor I would keep it, and you know I can't break my word. It's all right, though, Janey. Don't look at me so; it's only because of a little misunderstanding with his friends, and Laurie will soon set it right."

I went to John Dakin that night with my trouble.

"You told me once that you knew reasons why Laurie Ernstein was not to be trusted," I said; "will you tell me what they are? Something must be done."

He looked at me hopelessly.

"Nothing can be done," he said, and I hardly knew his voice, it was so broken. "When you attempt to meddle in such matters, you only hurry them on to a crisis. Better leave affairs to adjust themselves than to risk any rash, unpremeditated action. Your sister is impulsive and willful, and opposition could only work her harm. Let us hope she may exert an influence for good over Laurie."

I was not much comforted by the doctor's words, but what could I do? Caryl had never been wont to follow my dictates, even in the most commonplace matters. It was quite unlikely that she would listen to me now, with such a man as Laurie Ernstein to influence her course.

"Yes, I must let Caryl go her own way," I said, sadly, thinking his advice the best that could be given under the circumstances. "And, as you say, Laurie may prove more a man for her sake, if he really loves her."

After that there was a change in the doctor. He seemed older in looks and actions, and yet he never was other than genial and courteous. To me he was more of a friend than ever, and I have often wondered how I should have lived through that time of anxiety but for his ready sympathy and advice.

I was startled entirely out of my self-possession, though, when he one day asked me to be his wife.

"John Dakin!" I cried, looking up at him in astonishment. "You do not mean—you cannot mean—"

"I mean just what I say, Janey," he answered, taking my face between his hands as I had seen him take Jack's shaggy head (Jack is the dog), when he wanted to coax him into obedience. "Why should I ask you if I did not mean it? If you love no one else—and I am selfish enough to believe you have no such secrets from me—I don't see why we should not be happy after our own fashion. I will try and be kind to you, I will indeed, Janey, if you will only give me the chance."

I looked up into his earnest, honest face, and some great pleading in it made me loath to refuse him. I saw at that moment, as never before, how deep the furrows had grown in his forehead; what a wistful sadness showed about the kindly mouth; how mournfully tender were the blue eyes reading my face so intently. No, I did not love another; and now that Caryl had put herself beyond all attainment, why should not we two who were thus alone in the world, be all in all to each other? In time I should certainly learn to love him truly—as I respected him now as the most worthy of all men.

"Yes, John," I said, and I know I said it impressively; "I will give you the chance, and I will try and make your whole life happy, as I know you will make mine."

"Thank you, Janey!" He held my hand a single moment in his strong clasp; then he bent and touched my lips, as though sealing a solemn compact—the first time and the last.

After that, things went on as before. John had put on my finger a gold band with "Mizpah" engraved inside; and not unfrequently he talked to me in his plain, quiet fashion, about the home we would enjoy together, until it came to seem quite a matter of course that his home and his interests should be mine.

Caryl was inclined to laugh, at first, about my taking up with her discarded suitor, but I silenced her when she mentioned John Dakin's name, and for once the girl was subdued. Something was troubling her, too, of late. Often she did not come near the cottage for weeks, and then her visits were hurried and unsatisfactory, as though she were fearful lest I might question her plans and enjoyments.

It was an evening in early autumn, and we had a fire burning on the sitting-room hearth. It lit up the room and made it very cosy and inviting. At least I remember of John's saying so when he came in from his round among his patients. I hung away his great-coat and cap, and then sat down with my knitting, while he took the rocker at my side and read aloud from the evening paper. Presently he laid down the paper, and fell to telling me of his fancies—how in our own home we would have such an open fire always crackling in the grate when evenings were cool, and not a room should have that chilling, shut-up look he so disliked. I knitted away, and nodded assent, and ventured a word now and then about the domestic arrangements of our home "to be;" but somehow the wind outside made me nervous, and I started at every sound.

"I am sure I heard the gate," I said, as a gust swept around the house; and I laid down my work and listened.

"Nonsense! you are tired to-night, Janey." He laid his hand over mine with an assuring pressure, and I have never forgotten how tender and protecting his glance was, as he looked down into my face. "Shall I go to the door and look for the uncanny spirits that may be hovering about?"

"Yes, do!"

Again I heard what I was certain was a step—it sounded on the piazza. I arose hastily and moved forward. He smiled at my excited action, and as though humoring a child in some whim, took the lamp and moved to the door. It shook with the wind as he unlatched it, but the next gust swung it wide—and *Caryl* stepped into the room.

How beautiful the girl looked that night! I know John saw it, although he left the room abruptly when she entered. Her eyes were bright as stars, and her cheeks were redder than the reddest roses. Only an instant she hesitated; then she came swiftly forward and knelt at my feet, clasping my hands and crying:

"Oh Janey! you will not send me off! Let me stay with you—do let me stay, for I am so unhappy."

I took the poor child in my arms and comforted her, and learned all the pitiful story—for it was pitiful. Laurie had been false to his vows of love, and formally engaged himself to a captivating young belle in his own "set," and with great "expectations." Sympathy was not what she needed most. It was something to do, to take her mind off her own troubles, and (Mrs. Ernstein having refused her shelter, even for the night, when she heard of her secret engagement to Laurie) I found it for her at the earliest opportunity, and with the doctor's help.

John Dakin proved himself a friend through all our trials. Life to Caryl was a very sad burden for a time. She had made a hero of Laurie, all her hopes and aims were centered in him, and it was hard to believe he had ceased to care for her entirely. But the atmosphere of our home was not favorable to cherish bitterness or unhappiness. John it was who took her out driving, in the sunny autumn days, through the beautiful valleys and winding country roads, lying just outside the city; interested her in visiting his patients, procured her plain sewing for her unoccupied time, and spent his evenings reading aloud to us as we worked. Caryl demurred sometimes at leaving me so much at home; but I could not neglect housekeeping cares, and nothing pleased me better than to see her snugly tucked into the doctor's gig, going off by his side.

You may think that I was placing temptation in John Dakin's way. Well, I was. All my life I had lived for Caryl's happiness, and I knew what true happiness would mean for her sooner or later. I will confess that I did not give up all my own plans for the future without some regrets. But I think I understand what true love is, and I knew that I loved John Dakin more as a brother than in any other way. And I knew that his love for Caryl was the one and only real love he had ever felt. I was not going to spoil two beautiful lives through my own selfishness.

So the autumn days slipped away, and winter came. Strange what a change a few short months had wrought in Caryl! Not a sign of a broken heart was in her pretty face, as she went singing about the house, or sat humming softly to herself, as she sewed in the window recess; while as for the doctor, he carried so much sunshine among his patients that he was successful as never before. But he never dreamed that he was not perfectly true in allegiance to me. Bless you, no! I think the first inkling he had of how affairs were tending, was when he brought in a letter for Caryl one day, as we were in the kitchen together. She opened it carelessly, still laughing and making some gay speech at his expense—but the gay words died on her lips, and her cheeks paled as she drew out the contents of the envelope. Only an instant did she change tone and color, then she looked up into John's eyes and held out the cards—Laurie's wedding cards, which he actually had the impudence to send her.

"You don't care to see them?" she asked, her eyes still on his face as he withdrew his hand with a gesture of scorn, as she proffered them to

him. "Look how I shall serve them then." She went over to the range and held them suspended for a moment over the glowing coals, then they dropped, and the greedy flames seized them. "Poor Laurie!" in a tone of mock solemnity. "If he only knew how every thought of him had burned itself out and left not so much as a handful of ashes, I doubt whether he would feel flattered."

What a flash kindled in John's eyes at her words! She turned her blushing face quickly away, and pretended not to see it; but I knew very well why she commenced trilling a gay little ditty to cover her confusion, and why he went hastily out of the room, and we did not see him again that day.

Evidently the time had come for a crisis, but how to bring it about I did not know. At the slightest suspicion of John's disloyalty toward me, Caryl would fly off—no one knew where. I was not much versed in such matters, to be sure; but I had the idea that she must somehow be surprised into a knowledge of the state of her own heart, and that I must at last take him into my confidence. So I talked the matter over in a friendly fashion one day when Caryl was away. At first he was as obstinate as ever she had been; but he could not deny that his affection for her was unchanged, and then I persistently refused to marry any man whose whole heart was not absolutely mine. It took a long argument to bring him to see how in earnest I was, and I almost feared he would not give me up, so great was his sense of honor. I don't know, indeed, that he would have relinquished his claim on me to this day, had I not absolutely given him back his freedom, and left him no alternative but to accept it. Then I watched for a denouement, but none came. They were both childishly indifferent to the real state of their feelings toward each other—judging by all outward appearances—and I could see no way to help matters along.

New Year's eve came at last; a snowy, blustering night, bitterly cold. The doctor had been called away that afternoon to visit a patient at some distance in the country, and, although it was late, he had not returned. Just before he went out, I saw him bend down to Caryl as he drew on his heavy driving gloves, and ask her to fasten a refractory button. She did so, lifting her cheeks with a flush that was vastly becoming, and with a little quiver in her voice, as she said, "good-bye" when he lifted her hand to his lips for thanks.

All the evening she had been unusually restless, glancing at the clock every now and then, and lifting the curtains to see if the snow was still falling. She came over to my side after a while.

"Janey, how indifferent you are!" she said, almost pettishly, putting her head down on the arm of my chair. "Don't you think it strange the doctor hasn't come?"

"Strange? O no! He's often out later than this"—the clock had struck eleven nearly a half hour ago—"I never worry."

"*I* couldn't help it—not if I—cared for a person as you care for John Dakin." The quiver was in her voice again. "You're so queer, Janey. Sometimes I think you don't care for him at all, hardly—I mean as a—as a woman cares for the man she is going to marry." I knew she was trying bravely to keep back the tears.

"I *don't* care for him in that way, Caryl," I said, speaking cautiously. "I never really cared for him in that way, although I tried once to think I did. But that was all over long ago."

"Janey!" She sat up and looked me full in the face. I returned her gaze steadily. If there was a moment's throb at my heart-strings, no one will ever know. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"Certainly, Caryl. I would not jest about such a matter for the world."

"And you don't truly—love him?"

"Not well enough to marry him."

There was a long silence.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" she asked, at length, almost sobbing in her excitement.

"Why should I have told you?" I asked, composedly. "As long as you didn't like him—a cold-blooded—"

"You know I never meant that. Don't tease me!" going to the window again to peer anxiously out into the snowy night.

"Why you should be so uneasy about him now *I* can't imagine," I went on relentlessly. "You know you have said yourself he is lazy, and doubtless that old gig of his has gone to pieces all at once, and left him seated on a stone by the wayside gazing ruefully at the dilapidated ruins, and wondering when some one will come along to pick him up."

"Janey!" she flashed out, with all the impulsiveness of the Caryl of old. "Don't; it's wicked, *wicked* to be saying such things! John Dakin isn't lazy—I won't listen to you! I—"

Then a horse's feet came tramping up the drive, and in another minute Caryl had forgotten her indignation and was out in the hall. I heard John's hearty tones ringing out, "That's right, girls; hold the door open, and I'll unhitch Selim here, and let him go around to his stall alone."

Then there was a girl's laughing reply, and something else said, in John's voice, in a lower tone. Then all was still. I waited one minute—two—three—I had heard Selim going down to the stable—four—not a sound. The door was still ajar as she had left it, and I peeped through (I hope it was not too inquisitive, but I had sacrificed all my hopes for their happiness, and I know they never suspected me), and what do you think I saw?

Caryl's curly head and rosy cheeks hugged close to a snowy coat, while her dainty white

hands clasped themselves in the prettiest true-love knot around his shaggy sleeve; and John's plain manly face was all aglow with a light I had never seen there before.

This is what the *New Year brought* to Caryl. I have heard of gifts of gold and jewels, and many beautiful things; but I think no gift could ever equal in real beauty and worth such a love as John Dakin's, which crowned, not the New Year alone, but all the years of my darling's life.

THIRTY-EIGHT.

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,
How birthdays accumulate!
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Lilac-springs to celebrate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Birds of passage, breaths of fate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Kingdoms of the world's estate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Thrones that I must abdicate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Crowns that fall, a feather's weight.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Blossom pictures delicate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Steps through mazes intricate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight,
Steps that doubts assassinate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Failures to commemorate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Tangled visions to translate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Half-wrought labors congregate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Purposes to concentrate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Glimmering lights illuminate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Songs with love reverberate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Sounds on one chord alternate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Memories sweet to consecrate.
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Years that fade and terminate.

Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
On the verge I hesitate—
Thirty, thirty, thirty-eight
Gone! and Time has closed the gate.

If persons were as willing to be pleasant and as anxious to please in their own homes as they are in the company of their neighbors, they would have the happiest homes in the world.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN
OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.
NO. 13.

ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

BY H. G. ROWE.

On the death of John II. of Castile, his queen, Isabella of Portugal, with her two children, Alfonso, then an infant, and Isabella, a child of four, retired to the little town of Arevalo, where, in seclusion and quiet, far from the distracting feuds and intrigues of court life, she devoted herself entirely to the care and education of these younger scions of royalty, while her step-son, Henry IV., ascended the throne of Castile, and with his untried and undisciplined hands, essayed to sway the sceptre of his fathers.

Upon his ascension to the throne, Henry was hailed with no little enthusiasm by both nobles and people; his benign and condescending manner rendering him especially popular with all orders of society, while his liberal, even careless expenditure of the public funds, made him a favorite of the unreasoning masses, who fondly styled him "the Liberal," and proudly quoted on all occasions his reply to the treasurer, who remonstrated with him on his reckless extravagance:

"Kings, instead of hoarding treasure like private persons, are bound to dispense it for the happiness of their subjects. We must give to our enemies to make them friends, and to our friends to keep them so."

Scarcely however, had two years elapsed after his acsension, before his disappointed subjects, chagrined and mortified at his cowardice and inefficency in the conduct of the government, scornfully applied to him, instead of "the Liberal," the less flattering surname of "the Impotent," by which title he has ever since been known on the roll of Castilian kings.

But worse, even than cowardice and mismanagement in the eyes of the devout Castilians, was Henry's contemptuous, even insulting treatment of their religion and its institutions—a sin not easily overlooked in rulers at that time—and, before long, the larger part of the nation was in arms, to dethrone the unworthy sovereign whose public and private career were alike revolting to their instincts as men and their pride as citizens.

Too cowardly to fight, and too imbecile to reason with his discontented subjects, Henry eagerly grasped at a proposition for detaching the most powerful family in the kingdom from the confederates, and uniting it not only by ties of policy, but of blood, to himself and his cause.

Don Pedro Gison, grand master of Calatrava, was a man of middle age, a fierce and unscrupulous leader of political revolts, while his private

character was stained with the most revolting vices of the age. And yet to this monster, Henry promised the hand of his sister, Isabella, then a beautiful and innocent girl of sixteen, on condition of his deserting the confederates, and attaching himself to the royal cause.

The ambitious prelate readily consented, and a bull of dispensation was immediately procured from the pope, absolving him from his vow of celibacy, while the preparations for his nuptials were hurried forward with all the dispatch possible.

In vain Isabella protested against this terrible sacrifice, and when at length she found that the matter was actually settled beyond recall, her grief and terror almost amounted to frenzy. Confining herself to her own apartment, she abstained from food for a day and night, while, with piteous cries and tears, she implored heaven to save her from this dishonor, either by her own death or that of her detested suitor.

While bemoaning her seemingly inevitable fate to her bosom friend and confidante, the noble lady Beatriz de Bobadilla, that high-spirited matron exclaimed, determinedly:

"God will not permit it! neither will *I*."

And drawing a dagger from her bosom, she solemnly vowed to plunge it into the heart of the master of Calatrava, sooner than see her beloved mistress sacrificed to her brother's selfish policy.

From what history tells us of the character and life of this undaunted lady, it is quite probable that she would have kept her vow, had not heaven itself interposed in behalf of the imperiled princess. On his way to Madrid to celebrate his marriage, the grand master was taken suddenly ill, and after a few hours of intense suffering, died with imprecations upon his lips that he had not been spared a few weeks longer.

After the death of her young brother, Alfonso, whom the insurgents had proclaimed king, the throne of Castile was proffered by them to Isabella, who promptly refused it, declaring that while her brother Henry lived she had no right to his crown; that the terrible civil wars had already caused untold misery to the kingdom; and offering to bring about, by her own efforts, a reconciliation between the king and his rebellious subjects that should be satisfactory to both parties.

Finding her resolution unalterable, the confederates were fain to accept her mediation, and a contract was signed by Henry, promising that after his death the crown should descend to Isabella, instead of to the princess Joanna, his reputed daughter. There is no probability that the royal liar had the least idea of keeping his word. Indeed, the acts of his after life sufficiently proved that it was simply a device to soothe the discontents of his angry subjects, with whom Isabella was, even at that early age, a general favorite.

As the formally acknowledged heiress of her brother's throne, the fair Castilian had no lack of suitors among the neighboring princes, whom the fame of her beauty and worth had already reached.

Among them the brother of Edward IV., then reigning king of England, the afterward infamous Duke of Gloucester, was regarded with considerable favor by the king and council, but failed to meet with the approbation of the lady herself, who seems already to have conceived a secret preference for her handsome young kinsman, Ferdinand of Aragon, who had been for several years a suitor for her hand.

Apart, too, from his personal advantages, Ferdinand might be made the tie to bind in one the sister kingdoms of Aragon and Castile, and to the wise, far-seeing mind of Isabella, this consideration probably proved a strong argument in favor of her Aragonese suitor.

As it did not suit Henry's policy, however, to have his sister's pretensions upheld by so powerful a neighbor, he opposed the match by every means in his power, actually resorting to threats and menaces to deter her from her purpose.

But love in the royal palaces of old Castile was just as ready to laugh at locksmiths as he is to-day, and Ferdinand, in the disguise of a traveling merchant, managed to traverse, unsuspected, half the kingdom of Castile, until, by the aid of powerful friends, he reached Valladolid, where his fair mistress awaited his coming, and where their marriage was publicly celebrated in the palace where Isabella at that time had her temporary abode.

The personal appearance of this celebrated pair at the time of their marriage is thus described by a contemporary:

"Ferdinand was at that time in the eighteenth year of his age. His complexion was fair, though somewhat bronzed by constant exposure to the sun; his eye quick and cheerful; his forehead ample, and approaching to baldness. His muscular and well-proportioned frame was invigorated by the toils of war, and by the chivalrous exercises in which he delighted.

"Isabella was a year older than her lover. In stature, she was somewhat above the middle size. Her complexion was fair; her hair of a bright chestnut color, inclining to red, and her mild blue eye beamed with intelligence and sensibility."

As to the wedded happiness of this noble pair, all historians agree in pronouncing it greater than usually falls to the lot of mortals. Much of this was undoubtedly due to the womanly tact and wifely modesty that always characterized Isabella in her relations as wife, friend, and equal sovereign.

After her brother Henry's death had placed her upon the throne, Isabella, not content with instituting a series of much needed reforms in the government of her kingdom, set herself resolutely to work, in the privacy of her palace, to repair

certain defects in her own education, and thus fit herself more perfectly for the important life work stretching out before her.

Although familiar with most of the languages then in use, she had, unfortunately, failed to acquire in her girlhood a knowledge of the Latin, which was at that time the common medium of communication between learned men the world over, as well as the language employed in diplomatic intercourse between all civilized nations.

Conscious of this fact, Isabella set herself to work so earnestly to acquire a knowledge of this language that in a year, it is said, she could both read and write it with equal facility.

Like her father, this princess had a taste for collecting books, and at the founding of the convent of San Juan de los Reyes, at Toledo, she endowed it with a fine library, consisting mostly of manuscripts; while a large part of her collection contributed to fill the magnificent library of the Escurial. These volumes were, many of them, elegantly bound and illuminated—an art that the Spaniards had learned from their hereditary enemies, the Moors.

Like a wise mother, Isabella displayed the greatest solicitude in regard to the instruction and training of her children, who were taught all the sciences and accomplishments of the age, being surrounded only by those whose example and precepts would encourage them in principles of the highest and noblest morality.

Her only son, Prince John, was trained with even greater care than his sisters, in everything that would contribute to make him a wise, virtuous, and just ruler.

He was placed in a class of ten young nobles, five older, and five of the same age as himself, thus combining the advantages both of a public and private education by bringing his mind in contact with others not only of equal but greater powers than his own.

A mimic council—something like the school lyceums of the present day—was formed, over which the young prince presided, and in which questions of state policy and government were fully and freely discussed by the most experienced and wisest statesmen and scholars in the kingdom

Nor were the more elegant accomplishments neglected. The royal youth learned to play with skill and taste upon several different musical instruments, besides dancing and lance-throwing —the last a favorite diversion of the Spanish youths of rank at that time.

During the long and wearisome Moorish wars that began soon after the accession of the youthful sovereigns to their united kingdom, Isabella's high heart never failed her amidst the most discouraging reverses and mortifying failures. To her the war was not one of conquest, but of proselytism; a war of Christianity against heathenism; and while her benevolent heart bled even for the sufferings of her enemies, her belief in the righteousness of her cause, as well as in its final triumph, never for a moment wavered.

She encouraged her husband and his troops by her cheerful and courageous presence, while no hardships were too great for her womanly energy to overcome, and no day so dark that she failed to find some hopeful omen amidst its gloom.

When the subjection of the Moors was complete, and peace once more folded her wings upon the sunny fields of Spain, Isabella, in the true spirit of a queen-mother, turned her attention to the education of the young nobility of her kingdom.

Learning had long been neglected by the great families of Spain who, in the all-engrossing pursuit of arms, that had for so many years demanded all their time and thoughts, had found little leisure for the cultivation of the more elegant pursuits of literature and art.

In pursuance of her benevolent plan, the queen sent abroad for men learned in all the sciences of the day, promising them her protection and patronage if they would act the part of teachers to the ignorant, unlettered youth who thronged her court.

Among others, the talented and accomplished Italian scholar, Peter Martyr, received special marks of the royal favor, while his lectures and essays were listened to with most flattering attention by all the younger nobility, who were accustomed afterward to write reviews of them under the direction of their private tutors.

Of course, as the court set the fashion, everybody with any claim to gentility hastened to crowd the porches and lecture-rooms of the universities, much to the delight of the worthy Martyr, who thus writes from Saragossa, his headquarters:

"My house, all day long, swarms with noble youths who, reclaimed from ignoble pursuits to those of letters, are now convinced that these, so far from being a hindrance, are rather a help in the profession of arms."

Nor was it to the sterner sex alone that Isabella's enlightened policy brought opportunities for literary culture. Many of the court ladies distinguished themselves by their scholarly attainments; the queen's own private instructor in Latin being a lady, who, from her remarkable proficiency in that language, was styled "la Latina"—a title that even some of our own lady professors need not disdain to wear.

These learned ladies also practised in the gymnasium, and delivered lectures from the chairs of the universities—the latter a privilege that no other nation in Europe, at that time, accorded to its female scholars.

In the first year of Isabella's reign, the art of printing was introduced into Spain, much to the delight of its sagacious queen, who comprehend-

ing its wonderful usefulness in the diffusion of knowledge throughout the realm, encouraged it by every means in her power, causing many valuable works to be printed at her own expense, and exempting those who were employed in the business from taxation, in order to encourage an emigration of printers from other countries.

That Isabella, lofty-minded and sedate as she was, was by no means insensible to those graceful courtesies that no woman ever outlives the appreciation of, is proved by a little incident related by one of her biographers:

When the Infanta Isabella went on board the fleet that was to convey her to Portugal, to meet her betrothed, the crown prince of that country, the queen, her mother, accompanied her to the ship for a last leave-taking, lingering so long over her motherly adieus, that she took no note of the rising gale that, when she essayed to land, had already swollen the waters between the boats and the shore, so that the boatmen found it impossible to land their precious freight dry-shod—a dilemma that to a loyal Spanish subject was something too serious to be trifled with.

As they hesitated, confused and doubtful, a handsome young hidalgo, Gonsalvo by name, who was standing with the crowd on the beach, regardless of his rich suit of brocade and crimson velvet, waded manfully into the surging waters, and taking his royal mistress in his arms, bore her safely to the shore, amid the loud acclamations of the delighted populace. Isabella rewarded his quick wit and ready arm by appointing him commander of her Italian army, a post that he filled both to his own and his country's honor.

But it is to Isabella as the generous patroness of the great discoverer Columbus, that the eyes of mankind have ever turned with grateful admiration. It may seem a small thing to the geographical student of to-day that the Spanish queen should have listened favorably to the adventurous Genoese' idea of a continent on the other side of the great ocean. But when we remember the comparative ignorance as well as the superstitious dread with which people in those days regarded any new theory in science or religion, the extreme poverty of Spain at that time after so many years of Moorish warfare, and the cold indifference with which her council and even her royal consort listened to the unknown adventurer's wild project, Isabella rises almost to the dignity of an inspired prophetess, whose eyes, undimmed by the mists and shadows of fear and prejudice, looking afar into the future, beheld the New World that was to prove an undying monument to future generations of her own lofty faith and wisdom.

It was, without doubt, due in a great measure to her intimate companionship with the most boldly speculative minds of the age, that Isabella was able to understand and appreciate the daring theory of the Genoese navigator, whose belief, far from being peculiar to himself, was shared by many of the greatest scholars and thinkers of his day; although what was curious speculation in them, had become in his daring and practical mind a fixed and unalterable conviction.

There is a curious passage from one of the old Florentine poets, in which he boldly urges the truth of this theory in the following lines:

"Since to one common center all things tend,
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amidst the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But see, the sun speeds on his western path,
To glad the nations with expected light."

Although favorably inclined toward the enterprise, Isabella hesitated for a long time, while her cold and cautious counsellors pleaded the emptiness of the treasury, and the small probability of any real gain accruing to Spain, even if the adventurer's search should be successful, which they considered by no means probable—scarcely possible even.

But at length her own noble and generous heart decided the matter once for all, without further vacillation or delay, and she exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury be found inadequate."

This sacrifice was not necessary, as the requisite funds were advanced from the Aragonese revenues, although Aragon was not considered a party to the venture, let the results be what they would.

On Columbus' second expedition, the queen took care to send out a number of priests, with directions to teach the natives the great truths of Christianity.

"Above all things," was her parting adjuration, "teach the poor Indian to honor the name of Jesus."

For these Indians the tender-hearted queen seems ever to have felt the utmost solicitude. When a couple of vessels arrived from the New Colony with three hundred of them on board to be sold as slaves, Isabella indignantly exclaimed:

"By what authority does Columbus venture thus to dispose of my subjects?" while she immediately gave orders that all who held them as slaves should forthwith provide for their immediate return to their own land.

As long as she lived, Isabella was the firm friend of Columbus, and it was not until after her death that he was permitted to fall into obscurity and disgrace.

This great queen and good woman died in the fifty-fourth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her reign, after a long and wearisome illness, dur-

ing which she never intermitted in the least her loving care for her kingdom and people.

A distinguished Italian scholar, who had traveled all the way from his own land expressly to see her, asked of Ferdinand the privilege of an interview with "the woman who from a sick bed ruled the world."

In her will the dying queen gave a beautiful and touching proof of her affection for her husband in the following words:

"I beseech the king, my lord, that he will accept all my jewels, or such as he shall select, so that seeing them, he may be reminded of the singular love I always bore him while living, and that I am now waiting for him in a better world."

In Martyr's tribute to this noble woman, he sums up the list of her virtues in this well-deserved eulogium:

"She was the mirror of every virtue, the shield of the innocent, and an avenging sword to the wicked."

NO. 14.

LUCRETIA AND MARGARET DAVIDSON.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

On the 27th of September, 1808, a child was born at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain, whose short life was so remarkable for sweetness and light, as well as for early genius, that it reads like a lovely poem.

In those days poetesses in the nursery were quite out of the common way; the idea of "educating children to the profession of literature" had not yet come from the other side of the Atlantic; and that a child without the least encouragement to do so, should, of her own accord, leave her plays to read improving books, and write poetry some time before her talent was suspected, shows strength of character and unusual precocity. That she was not spoiled, too, by the evident pleasure and pride of family and friends, after her employments were discovered, is due as much, perhaps, to wise parental government, as to her naturally sweet and retiring disposition.

Lucretia Maria Davidson was the second daughter of Dr. Oliver and Margaret Davidson; and the home atmosphere was one of refinement and culture, but wealth and luxury were strangers there. At the time of her birth and early childhood, her parents' circumstances were very straitened, and her mother was an almost constant invalid. So that, in the case of the little Lucretia, circumstances were most unfavorable to any undue forcing in the way of education; and when at the age of four years she pored over books, and even tried to imitate them by drawing childish pictures of animals, very straight and stiff as to the legs, and very wooden-y about the head, and illustrated these rough attempts at art with equally crude rhymes, it was done as secretly as if it had been a crime.

The little square books with their printed writing were carefully concealed as soon as made; but the disappearance of a quire of paper from the mother's writing-table led to inquiries that were highly inconvenient to the young authoress. Tearful and blushing, she slipped away to change the hiding-place of her treasures; but alas! in an epidemic of house-cleaning, they were unexpectedly dragged to view from beneath a pile of linen. They were examined with great pleasure, and judiciously praised; but the six-year-old poetess felt that desecrating eyes had robbed them of their bloom, and secretly committed them to the flames.

It was three years later before she wrote anything that was preserved; and these were some very creditable lines, not inserted in her works, on the death of a young robin that she had tried to raise. She was only eleven years old when her earliest printed poem was written.

Dr. and Mrs. Davidson felt sadly their want of means to provide the gifted child with the education which she deserved and thirsted for; but the delicate mother made the home burden as light as possible, that the budding poetess might at least have time for reading. Such books as she wanted were scarce in the household, but she partly satisfied her inordinate appetite by borrowing—for buying volumes was an extravagance not to be thought of.

Before Lucretia was twelve years old, she had read most of the standard English poets—much of history, both sacred and profane—Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's, and Goldsmith's dramatic works—and many of the popular novels and romances of the day. She was, however, no inveterate novel-reader; many a "sweet story," the delight of circulating libraries, would be flung aside, after a short trial, in disgust; and the discriminating child would return to her solid food with fresh appetite.

What a lesson to older readers, who love not wisely but too well.

About this time our little heroine received a very pleasant surprise, in the shape of a complimentary note enclosing twenty dollars. It came from a gentleman who had seen some of her verses, and been much struck with her early genius; and probably some acquaintance with the circumstances of the family led him to conclude that such a gift would be particularly useful.

This child of twelve exclaimed rapturously, at the first sight of the money, "Oh, now I can buy some books!" Toys, confectionery, or dress (and her supplies of all these must have been scanty), did not enter into her desires—the thirst for knowledge was stronger; but a glance at her

mother's sick-bed produced a sudden revulsion of feeling; and thinking herself unpardonably selfish, she thrust the bill into her father's hand, saying, with tearful eyes:

"Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother, and I can do without books."

The parents of Lucretia Davidson, with the tenderest affection for so lovable a child, and pride in her talents, were too wise and judicious to spoil her by setting her on a pinnacle apart from ordinary cares and duties, and making her feel that her genius and attractions should be a shield from everything like discomfort; and so far was the young writer herself from thinking this, that she allowed herself to be influenced by the counsel of some meddling persons, who prophesied domestic disaster from her devotion to literary pursuits, and advised that she should be forbidden the use of pen and ink, and put upon a rigorous diet of house-work.

This was not intended for Lucretia's ears, and her parents were much too kind and enlightened to heed such interference; but having, in some way, heard of it, the womanly girl of fifteen took it seriously to heart, and quite persuaded herself that when there was so much work to be done at home, her indulgence in writing and reading was positively sinful. She made no complaint, and did not even speak of the matter; but quietly put aside her books and pen, and devoted herself for months to household occupations.

Her mother was very ill at the time, and a baby sister added to the cares as well as to the pleasures of the household; so that Lucretia's self-denial passed unobserved for some time. Her spare moments were spent in the mother's sick-room, and she proved herself a most devoted and efficient nurse; but as Mrs. Davidson became stronger, she saw with deep concern that her precious child was looking thin and unhappy.

She did not wish to tell her this; but feeling her way to the subject, she said, one day, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written anything."

The poor little authoress replied, with a burst of tears, "I gave that up long ago," she sobbed; "but never mind now, mother—it is all right."

Surprised and distressed, the fond mother gradually drew the whole story from her; and her indignation at the work of her so-called friends was extreme. Her sensitive, noble-hearted child was almost a wreck of her former bright self—yet dearer than ever for the sweet spirit of self-renunciation that had prompted the sacrifice. Her desire to lighten the cares of her parents had even conquered her love for books; but the wise mother felt that both should go hand in hand, instead of allowing one to crush out the other.

"A good, long talk" set all things right; and it was arranged that part of the day the genius of housekeeping should be in the ascendant, and the other part, the daughter of the Muses. The studies and pen were resumed with a clear conscience, and house-work done all the more deftly and cheerfully because of the reward they held out. Again Lucretia went singing about the house; and her appearance was no longer a subject of solicitude to her anxious parents.

Nature had been particularly lavish to this child of genius; and in addition to her other gifts, had endowed her with rare personal beauty. The large, dark eyes were soft and beaming, the fair complexion brilliant under the least excitement, the features fine and regular, while the withdrawal of the comb that held them, fairly enveloped her slight figure in a veil of dark ringlets.

As early as the age of fourteen, this model authoress was in request as a beauty and a belle; but her modesty shrank sensitively from anything like adulation. It was about this time that she attended her first ball; and absorbed in a book, she was utterly oblivious to the discussion going on between the mother and elder sister as to what the *debutante* should wear on this important occasion.

"What do you say, yourself?" asked the sister, turning to her. "What do you want to wear?"

"Where?" queried the reader absently, as she only half-detached herself from her book.

"Why, at the assembly, of course—are you dreaming?"

"The assembly! why, I had forgotten all about it. And it is to be to-morrow night—isn't that delightful?"

The youthful poetess danced gleefully about the room, until recalled by her elders to the practical subject of dress; when she entered into it for the time in quite a mundane fashion.

But when the eventful evening arrived, and the time had come for "doing her hair"—which was to be her sister's labor of love—Lucretia was nowhere to be found. After some search, her mother discovered her behind the large parlor stove, devouring, with the aid of the last twilight rays, a volume of poetry. She had forgotten the assembly again; but when once she was fairly there, no star shone brighter, or was more admired. She gave a glowing account of it after her return, and then went back to her books and writing as though no such interruption had occurred.

The young girl fairly thirsted for knowledge and improvement, and yearned to improve the opportunities which she saw others slighting. She should be the happiest of the happy, she said, could she only take their place. It seemed hard indeed that she could not, but her passionate desire for educational advantages was at length gratified.

She was about sixteen, when a gentleman visiting Plattsburg saw some of her poems, and learned her history. He became deeply interested

in the struggles of the young writer, and having abundant means, as well as a generous heart, he proposed sending her at once to school, and giving her every advantage of education. Lucretia could scarcely believe her good fortune, and was almost overwhelmed with joy. To be furnished at last with the key to the treasures she had so longed to get possession of, was, for a time, bewildering, but her well-balanced mind soon recovered its equilibrium, and she set about her preparations without delay.

Mrs. Willard's school, at Troy, was selected by her self-constituted guardian and approved by her friends, and here she found her aspirations fully gratified. But she also found that a routine of systematic study was harder than she had anticipated—unfitted for it as she was by pensive and solitary musings, and such draughts at the fountain of knowledge as pleased her fancy at the time.

"On her entering the seminary," says the principal, "she at once surprised us by the brilliancy and pathos of her compositions—she evinced a most exquisite sense of the beautiful in the productions of her pencil; always giving to whatever she attempted to copy certain peculiar and original touches which marked the liveliness of her conceptions, and the power of her genius to embody these conceptions. But from studies which require calm and steady investigation, efforts of memory, judgment and consecutive thinking, her mind seemed to shrink. She had no confidence in herself, and appeared to regard with dismay any requisitions of this nature."

The lovely, gifted girl was a great favorite both with teachers and scholars, and her sojourn at the seminary was a happy one, except for the terrors of a public examination. Severe study was necessary, in her own opinion, to fit her for it, and enable her not to disgrace the benefactor to whom she owed her present advantages; and in conjunction with this, the dreadful feeling of responsibility, and fear of failure, undermined her delicate constitution.

She returned home for the vacation only to fall ill, and when partially recovered, went about the house a feeble, nervous invalid. Entire change of air was recommended, and she was placed at Miss Gilbert's school, in Albany. Here she was soon attacked by severe disease, but recovered sufficiently to be taken home, where she gradually declined until August, 1825, when she died within a month of her seventeenth birth-day.

Pure, beautiful spirit! so soon released from its prison-house of clay—her soul was too delicate for "this cold world of storms and clouds." Lucretia Davidson was a victim to her own life-long conscientiousness, and the last word she uttered was the name of her benefactor. She died calmly trusting in the merits of the Saviour, whom she had loved and honored; and her stricken parents could say from their hearts "It is well with the child."

The tone of Lucretia Davidson's poetry is imaginative and melancholy. She wrote a great deal, and although at least a third of her writings had been destroyed, there remained nearly three hundred pieces. Among them were romance, poetry, and tragedy, and a number of letters to her mother. A volume was published in 1829 under the title "Amir Khan, and other poems; the remains of L. M. Davidson."

The *London Quarterly* of the same year said, in reviewing the book: "In our own language, except in the cases of Chatterton and Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of intellectual advancement."

These lines, addressed to her mother a few months before her death, are a fair specimen of the writer's poetic powers:

Oh thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lips each note of love,
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove.

To thee my lay is due, the simplest song
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbbed like thine for me?
Who would have smiled responsive?—who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and feeling grieved, like thee?

Who would have guarded with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each start of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and woe?

None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom had faded in the midnight watch;
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery;
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom—
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That woe hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

Oh, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.

It is not a little remarkable that two such children should be born into one family; and although fifteen years her junior, Margaret Miller Davidson was in many respects almost an exact counterpart of her sister Lucretia. One of the latter's sweetest poems was addressed to the infant Mar-

garet lying asleep on her lap, and on the little one seems to have fallen both the mantle of her precious genius and the doom of her early death.

The younger sister was delicate from her very birth—probably inheriting her mother's frailty of constitution at the time; and considering her highly imaginative and excitable temperament, the wonder is not that she died so soon, but that she lived so long.

Margaret Davidson was born in the same house where her sister first saw the light, on the 26th of March, 1823, and gave evidence, from the first dawnings of intellect, of being no common child. At six years old, she began unconsciously to speak in rhyme; and even at that early age, being much affected by the beauties of nature, as she stood one day beside her mother looking out on a lovely landscape, she suddenly exclaimed:

"See those lofty, those grand trees;
Their high tops waving in the breeze;
They cast their shadows on the ground,
And spread their fragrance all around."

When requested by her surprised and delighted mother to write the verse down, the little one wrote it as though it had been prose, and did not even seem to know that it flowed in rhyme; but from that time forth she wrote something of the kind every day, and brought it to her mother for approval.

The baby poetess had the same insatiable love of books that characterized her gifted sister; and her mother said of her:

"By the time she was six years old, her language assumed an elevated tone, and her mind seemed filled with poetic imagery, blended with veins of religious thought. At this period I was chiefly confined to my room by debility. She was my companion and friend; and as the greater part of my time was devoted to her instruction, she advanced rapidly in her studies. She read not only well, but elegantly. Her love of reading amounted almost to a passion, and her intelligence surpassed belief. Strangers viewed with astonishment a child, little more than six years old, reading with enthusiastic delight Thomson's Seasons, The Pleasures of Hope, Cowper's Task, the writings of Milton, Byron, and Scott, and marking, with taste and discrimination, the passages which struck her. The sacred writings were her daily study; with her little Bible on her lap, she usually seated herself near me, and then read a chapter from the holy volume. This was a duty which she was taught not to perform lightly; and we have frequently spent two hours in reading and remarking upon the contents of a chapter."

With all this, her spirits were remarkably buoyant and elastic; and the same partial biographer says: "She was like a bird on the wing; her fairy form scarcely seemed to touch the earth as she passed." As a child, she would amuse herself for hours together with her doll or her kitten in the most original ways—carrying on imaginary dialogues between her playthings, and often investing them with historical characters that were always accurately maintained.

Her devotion to the memory of her sister was wonderful, considering her extreme youth at the time of her death; and she would sit day after day on a cushion at her mother's feet, begging to hear all about her sister's life and early death—exclaiming at intervals: "Oh mamma, I will try to fill her place! Oh, teach me to be like her!"

Her strongest desire was to resemble this beautiful, gifted sister; and too literally was the desire granted. She was but eleven years old when Washington Irving, who had been much interested in the story of Lucretia, first saw her in attendance on her invalid mother, and was struck with her intellectual beauty. When she had left the room, the proud mother showed him some verses written by the little Margaret, which seemed to the great author "remarkable for such a child."

He wisely adds: "I cautioned her mother, therefore, against fostering her poetic vein; and advised such studies and pursuits as would tend to strengthen her judgment, calm and regulate the sensibilities, and enlarge that common sense which is the only safe foundation for all intellectual superstructure."

This, however, was not easy; for, as her mother said, her peculiar temperament required peculiar culture; and the increasing delicacy of her health was a source of constant anxiety and alarm. Perhaps the most beautiful trait of Margaret Davidson's lovely character was her entire and rapt devotion to this mother. There was a great disparity of years between them — Mrs. Davidson's fiftieth birthday occurring when her daughter was but fifteen—yet in mind and tastes they were thoroughly congenial.

Margaret's only school teacher was her mother; and often would she exclaim, "Oh mamma! how glad I am that you are not too ill to teach me! Surely I am the happiest girl in the world!"

The tie between them was a peculiarly tender one; and the loving child was constantly haunted by a fear of losing her much-loved parent. Meanwhile, consumption had early marked the daughter for its prey, and was making slow but certain inroads. The family residence was changed again and again in the vain hope of averting the blow; and application of every kind was strictly forbidden. But books, pen, and pencil were too near her heart to be permanently resigned; and after an obedient, but restless, season of rest, she obtained permission to return to them.

Change for the worse; change for the better; hope changed to doubt, and doubt to despair; a persistent struggle for life on the part of the dying girl, and then sweet peace and resignation. She breathed her last on her mother's bosom on the

25th of November, 1838, after a short pilgrimage of fifteen years and eight months.

The poetical remains of Margaret Davidson have been gathered into a volume, with a biography by Washington Irving; and principally from the latter the materials for the present sketch have been obtained. Like her sister Lucretia, Margaret wrote, a short time before her death, a poem to her mother, which is among her best productions. A portion of the stanzas are given below:

Oh mother, would the power were mine
To wake the strain thou lov'st to hear,
And breathe each trembling, new-born thought
Within thy fondly listening ear.
As when, in days of health and glee,
My hopes and fancies wander'd free.

But, mother, now a shade has past
Athwart my brightest visions here;
A cloud of darkest gloom has wrapt
The remnant of my brief career!
No song, no echo can I win,
The sparkling fount has died within.

The torch of earthly hope burns dim,
And fancy spreads her wings no more.
And oh! how vain and trivial seem
The pleasures that I prized before.

My soul, with trembling steps and slow,
Is struggling on through doubt and strife;
Oh! may it prove, as time rolls on,
The pathway to eternal life;—
Then when my cares and fears are o'er,
I'll sing thee as in days of yore.

[*Written expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.*]

A ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES AND EMILY READ.

Authors of "Ingremisco," "Wearithorne," "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest," "Aytoun," etc., etc.

[As some of our readers may not have read the opening chapters of the serial continued in this number, we give a brief summary of the characters and incidents previously described.

In the "Rosebud Garden" are six sisters, motherless daughters of Mr. Burnley. Margaret loves Roger Gillespie, from whom she parts in the first chapter of the story, he going to South America, while she remains in her home in Little Medlington. An explanation or formal betrothal at parting is prevented by Mr. Burnley, but the two part, lovers.

Charlotte, another daughter, has been adopted and educated by her Aunt Margaret, a woman of fashion in Baltimore, and is in love with Cyril Elliot, a nephew of her aunt's husband, who has fallen in love with Gertrude Oliver, a visitor at Mrs. Margaret Elliot's.

Delphine and Elliot Burnley are twins, and Delphine has married a wealthy old man, Mr. Burger, and gone with him to Europe.

Kate is in love with Ambrose Austin, a "ne'er do weel" who goes to Baltimore to seek his fortune.

May, the youngest sister, is but a child when the story opens.

Roger Gillespie has an aunt, Miss Alethea, who is a friend of all the girls, and who has another friend in a confirmed invalid, Bessie Archer, a girl who has seemed purified by suffering into a character almost saintly. Dr. Kearney, one of the many physicians of Little Medlington, meets Kate Burnley at Miss Alethea's, and persuades them to introduce him to Bessie Archer, in the hope of being of professional service to her. He succeeds in restoring her to health, and falls in love himself with Kate Burnley.

Bessie Archer, when convalescent, visits in Baltimore, and Ambrose meeting her there, is false to Kate and marries Bessie.

In the town of Little Medlington there appears a little German woman, who, after wandering about unable to make herself understood, meets Elliot Burnley, who speaks German. She is seeking Delphine, and claims herself to be the wife of Frederick Burger. Elliot, who worships her twin sister, persuades the woman to wait to hear from her before making herself known, and before night Dr. Kearney seeks Elliot to tell her the woman is dying and asking for her. She goes with the doctor, and is given a package of letters, which she burns after the woman dies. Some months later, she receives herself a letter, after reading which she endeavors to get some money from her father. Mr. Burnley is seized with a paralytic stroke, and Elliot thinks she has been the cause of his illness. She leaves her home, and all trace of her is lost.

But she has gone to the place of which she is told in the letter, to find the daughter of the German woman, an invalid and imbecile. As atonement for destroying the letters and keeping the secret from Delphine, Elliot devotes her life to this child, supporting her by the work of her own hands, and supplying every want of her illness and enfeebled mind.

Once, looking from her window, she sees Delphine conversing with Dr. Mahlon Mackenzie, who is attending the German girl.

Delphine becomes a widow abroad, and returns to Baltimore.

Gertrude Oliver has for years been engaged to her cousin, Geoffrey Forbes, but accepts an invitation to visit Mrs. Elliot, where she meets Cyril. Geoffrey visits her in Baltimore, is jealous of Cyril, but does not know Gertrude returns his love. Gertrude lives with her uncle, devoted to him as he is to her, and is the supposed heiress to his large estate. But upon his death, her uncle leaves his property to Geoffrey, whom he supposes Gertrude will marry.

In the meantime, Cyril has proposed to Gertrude and been refused. But after her uncle's

death, Gertrude breaks her engagement, promising, however, not to marry until Geoffrey gives his permission. In order that Gertrude may not leave her home, Geoffrey, by the advice of Charlotte Burnley, goes to Europe; and Charlotte, who has heard of Mr. Burger's dangerous illness, appears on the same steamer. Abroad, she has Geoffrey's companionship for a year, when Cyril unexpectedly meets her. She finds he is still in love with Gertrude, still determined to win her if possible, and after parting from him, she persuades Geoffrey of her love for him, and marries him, returning to America with Delphine.

At the steamer-landing they meet Gertrude engaging a stateroom for a lady with whom she is going abroad as companion. But, freed by Geoffrey's marriage, she accepts Cyril, who renews his offer as soon as he hears she is no longer bound by her promise to Geoffrey.

Delphine, returning to Baltimore a wealthy widow, becomes very popular, and is herself very much interested in Dr. Mahlon Mackenzie, the physician at a new hospital. She is anxious to persuade him to visit at her "at homes," and offers him choice wines for his sick poor.

It is at the door of the house where Elliot is hidden nursing Gretel that Delphine, talking to Dr. Mackenzie, is seen by her twin sister.

The doctor going to visit his patient finds Elliot greatly agitated, but assures her that no wealth could help the invalid, and nothing could be added to the care she already receives; while Elliot, while owning to some wrong done to the child, also adds that she does not repent of it.

At this point our readers can take up the story as it continues in this number.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I' faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome."

Many Thursday evenings pass, and Doctor Mackenzie has not made his appearance at Delphine's home. To-night it is lighted evidently for more than an ordinary evening reception; there is to be a carpet dance, in honor, as every one knows, of the arrival of a sister of Mrs. Burger's, on a visit to her. The guests have generally assembled, and "Where is your new doctor? Have you not had the courage to send him an invitation?" asks Louis de Lille.

But Delphine only laughs; she will not acknowledge that she has been neglected. "He has not needed any wine yet; when he does he will come," she says to herself.

She is right, for just then she sees Mahlon in the doorway. A faint flush overspreads her face.

"A woman sometimes succeeds," she says.

"A pretty one always—" answers Louis, having forgotten his former remark.

Delphine laughs, and goes forward to welcome her guest.

"Have you come for the wine?" she asks.

Yes, he had come only for the wine; but the sight of Delphine's drawing-rooms makes him loth to ask for it. If he could have demanded of her to sell all that she had, and give to the poor, he would not have scrupled to do so. As it is, the few bottles of wine, so prized awhile ago, seem now the merest mockery of an offering from Delphine to his poor, sick folk.

"You must tell me of your patients, presently," says Delphine promptly; "just now I would like to introduce you to some friends."

She made a judicious choice: overlooking eager glances from pretty eyes, she selects two elderly men interested in the city drainage, and Mrs. Elliot, who through her husband's will is one of the patrons of a new hospital, of which the corner-stone has just been laid, and for the ventilation of which Mahlon has been called upon by the building committee to give his views.

They are not very interesting to his neighbors on the sofa in the alcove, who indeed seem sufficiently occupied with one another just now to be indifferent to the conversation around them. One of them is a bright little old lady, and the other one is Kate.

You could tell it was Kate, even with her back turned toward you, by the quick, impulsive way she has of leaning forward; you could tell it was she, even before she spoke, with a quick glance across at the door, which only opened to admit some stranger.

"Miss Alethea, did you know Delphine has invited them?"

"Them? Whom do you mean?" asks Miss Alethea, unsuspiciously.

Kate laughs, a low ringing laugh, with not a tone of bitterness in it.

"That is just like me, Miss Alethea—finishing my thought aloud, and leaving you to guess the beginning. I mean Bessie and—Mr. Archer. Delphine says they have moved almost next door. I persuaded Delphine that it would look odd to leave them out. Besides, I prefer that they should come."

Miss Alethea says nothing, but she does not like the shifting color in the face turned frankly round on her. It is easy to see that Kate is restless, and Miss Alethea fears, nervous. She wishes she could catch the doctor and tell him her anxiety, and ask him to watch the child. Not Delphine's doctor, whom she hears just now behind her so deep in malaria that it really frightens her to draw in a long breath; but young Kearney, who has taken the trouble to come all the way from Little Medlington to B—— just to take care of

an old woman and a young one, who are not used to travel alone.

Here he comes now, while Kate is asking if Miss Alethea did not think the flowers pretty in the hall. "We are to dance in the front drawing-room, and the supper is to be in the conservatory," Kate explains.

All very nice; but Miss Alethea is thinking of something else than dancing and eating. These three years—have they really changed Kate so, and yet left her so nearly the same outwardly, except for a softened something in the frank, rosy face, and in the manner which is no longer in danger of being brusque or awkward? And Bessie—will she come, or send an excuse?

Kate has quite given them up; and Miss Alethea is glad that Doctor Kearney carries her off to dance. She is not sorry either, for her part, to have a moment of quiet observation from her sofa. Miss Alethea is not fond of Little Medlington parties, which, indeed, are apt to be failures; for how should they not be, when one fatigues one's self by dressing at an unusual hour to go out to meet people one can see any hour of the day one pleases? But here it is a different matter, and it need not be a *mauvais quart d' heure* spent in watching the prettily-dressed, animated groups.

"There are none prettier than our village girls," she is saying to herself, when there is a stir about the door-way, from a fresh arrival, and Bessie enters on Ambrose's arm. Just then the music ceases, and Kate turns, mindful of Miss Alethea, and comes this way, leaning on the doctor's arm. She starts a little when she sees Bessie, but stoops and kisses her—when will not women kiss?—and shakes hands with Ambrose, who looks as if he wished himself well out of the way.

Bessie is lovely in pale lilac. Her violet eyes are bright with excitement, though she is very cool when Doctor Kearney greets her frigidly. Miss Alethea wonders if she suspects she canceled her debt of gratitude to him when she married Ambrose.

Bessie has unwittingly taken her seat on the sofa beside Miss Alethea, and just then a servant brings Miss Alethea a cup of coffee. "I am glad your nerves are strong enough; I should be awake all night if I drank coffee," Bessie remarked, blandly.

"At my time of life one's nerves are used to shocks. Besides, I don't expect to sleep to-night," Miss Alethea answers, curtly.

Ambrose is watching, wishing to speak to her, but she avoids his eye and catches Kate's instead. Kate sees her old friend is annoyed, and as Delphine comes forward just then, Kate proposes to take Miss Alethea to the conservatory to see the roses.

"Thank you, dear; I'm not fond of roses after night. Take the doctor instead, and he can tell me about them."

However, it is a good opportunity to change her seat, which Miss Alethea does by going into the adjoining room.

Ambrose had moved away when he saw Kate coming towards Miss Alethea, and he too is in the other room. He is with a group of men by a table, on which there is a bowl of punch, and he has just filled his glass.

"Ambrose"—it is Bessie's voice just at his elbow—"Mrs. Gardette wishes to speak to you."

"In a moment," he says.

"Hush, dear, she will hear you."

And Ambrose puts down his glass untasted, and goes to speak to Mrs. Gardette, who does not seem to be expecting him.

After that Bessie takes him into the other drawing-room, out of sight of the punch. Miss Alethea doubts very much if Kate could have managed so adroitly.

Kate is a long time in the conservatory—"You ought to see the roses. The Giant of Battles is superb," the doctor says to Miss Alethea.

"I have seen a giant, too; not so tall as Goliath of Gath; indeed, quite tiny, and with violet eyes; yet not one to be overcome by a strong man, much less a stripling."

Her doctor looked perplexed; he has only seen Bessie in her weakness.

"If you will win Kate," adds Miss Alethea; "I will leave you my blessing."

"I will do my best to get the legacy," he says, and goes to find Kate. He does not seem to think it prudent to let her be out of his sight. Miss Alethea predicts that Doctor Kearney will make another wonderful cure in our village. "But I shall always bear a grudge against our doctor," she is telling herself; "for it was by his means that we lost our saint."

Delphine's doctor, meanwhile, if he had been told he could have talked so much sober common sense amidst the laughter and music around him, would have been incredulous. He would not willingly have missed the few hours spent at Mrs. Burger's house, were it only for the opening he found for giving his special views upon hospital wards.

"Then you have no belief in the moral effect of the beautiful, Doctor Mackenzie. I thought it a necessary feature in a sick-room now-a-days. A bare room must have a depressing effect upon the patient," asserts Mrs. Elliot, smiling up at him as he stands above her, and with a deprecating gesture of the white hands which, another winter evening three years ago, had set Geoffrey Forbes wondering how far they had succeeded in moulding his gauche little country girl to their town-bred airs and graces. The airs and graces are, however, quite lost on Mahlon, who is saying, bluntly:

"Cleanliness is the first requisite; therefore, the less furniture the better."

"But bare cleanliness! If you only had Delphine's taste to help you. You must cultivate Delphine, Doctor Mackenzie. She will be of immense advantage to you; she is very liberal, indeed, lavish where she is interested; and her taste is perfect. It would be a sort of charity on your part to interest her in some such work."

"I cannot imagine Mrs. Burger in a hospital-ward," says Mahlon, a little coldly, glancing over where Delphine stands, the centre of a knot of gay young people.

"It is a little difficult, if one's imagination be not strongly developed. Yet, Delphine has her vagaries; and, better still, she holds her money in her hands—no one's advice even to ask. If there is a position to be envied in this troublous life, it is Delphine's."

Mrs. Elliot speaks with some feeling. She has known what it is in her own widowhood to be trammeled; and though it made little matter to her before Cyril's marriage, while she looked forward to the property's passing to Charlotte also as his wife, now it is different. Cyril is very good, of course, and Gertrude a prettily-behaved niece-in-law once removed, if the relation might be thus defined; properly mindful, Mrs. Elliot supposes, that but for her she would never have emerged from her chrysalis state into the butterfly glories of Mrs. Cyril Elliot. Notwithstanding all which, the elder Mrs. Elliot can perceive the superior advantages of Delphine Burger's position, free to do as she will with her own, without any reversion to some nephew-in-law. Husbands' kindred generally she holds to be a mistake; though, for that matter, so was Charlotte throwing herself away upon a man who is burying her in the country, just as if he had not a fair estate of his own, and Broomielaw to boot. A girl with all her advantages! and she might have had Cyril, who is turning out a man of mark.

It does not require long for a whole paragraph of thoughts to pass through one's mind, and these have flitted through Mrs. Elliot's in the brief space while she makes her last speech to Doctor Mackenzie, and he is returning:

"From my stand-point, I see a good many flaws in the position."

"And I can see none!"

"One thing you forget—that to arrive at this perfect state, there was a death to witness," says Mahlon, gravely.

Of course that was sad, but it was not a bitter trial to Delphine. Mr. Burger was a friend of her father's, and the match was made when she was very young. I don't mean you to understand that there was the shadow of an unhappiness between them; but it was only natural that Delphine should bear the old man's death tranquilly."

"And afterwards enjoy his money."

"Why not? It was what he expected, and no one could have managed everything better than old Mr. Burger; for he left the whole of his property to Delphine to do as she pleased with, without one irritating or insulting proviso."

"If you allude to a second marriage, I should have thought it so certain that common prudence would have made him provide against it. That is, if he did not wish another man to have his fortune," says Mahlon with a shrug.

Mrs. Elliot is a little nettled by the result of her involuntary match-making proclivity. Of course, the man does not know of Delphine's relationship to herself—but then, a woman so charming as Delphine! Nothing succeeds like success with Mrs. Elliot, and she is nettled by Doctor Mackenzie's indifference, and says, a little hotly:

"Mr. Burger knew Delphine was no fool."

"You said she was not in love with her husband," remarks Mahlon, not caring to discuss Mr. Burger's intellectual status.

"But I did not say she was ever in love with any one else. That is a fallacy of your sex, the need we women have of being in love. Empty-headed girls agree with you. But Delphine's head, if not wonderfully clever, is well-filled after her own fashion,"

"After rather a frivolous fashion," Mahlon is about to say, but Delphine's approach checks him.

He is surprised to find that many of the guests have left, that actually he is among the last, and he had only intended to spend a half hour at the most.

Delphine is saying:

"There is a friend of ours, I would like to make known to you, Doctor Mackenzie—Doctor Kearney, whose paper in one of the medical reviews I heard you bring forward to Mr. Gardette a little while ago, in corroboration of some of your own views; so you might like to compare notes farther. If you will take me into the other room—"

She puts her pretty little gloved hand in his arm; and somehow, as he looks down upon her, he feels himself less strict a censor than when he was watching her in the gay group apart. That is, if there could be space in this hard, work-a-day world for things merely ornamental, one might acknowledge the right in it of anything so dainty. It is by no means unqualified praise, this, in Mahlon Mackenzie's view of the world, for he is far from being sure that there is any such space.

On their way into the other room, they pass a fair woman in lilac silk, of whose story Delphine makes a sketch, by way of interesting Doctor Mackenzie farther in Kate's doctor. It does interest him more than she supposes; his thoughts have gone straight from this luxurious apartment, to Miss Ellis's narrow garret, and the invalid

girl there. And when the two doctors leave Delphine Burger's door together, it is with the arrangement to meet at Miss Ellis's on the morrow.

But when the morrow arrived, as their fates would have it, Miss Ellis was out when the doctors came, and made their examination of the patient; with this only result, that Miss Ellis at Dr. Mackenzie's next visit had two opinions instead of one, as to the utter hopelessness of the disease from the beginning, and the impossibility of doing more for it than she had done.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Happy is the wooing that is not long in doing."

After that evening, Mahlon was one of Delphine's most constant Thursday evening guests; she was proud of the fact, for he went nowhere else, and this grave, quiet doctor had been a little difficult to attract. Not that she did altogether attract him; indeed, she sometimes repelled him, this gay, worldly little woman, so utterly unlike his ideal of what Adam's helpmate should be. But there was one strong bond between them—the hospital—the finishing of which had fallen almost entirely upon Mahlon, the building fund having been spent, and no one feeling an especial interest in the completion. Delphine gave liberally to the hospital, and was always ready to do something for his poor patients; so that Mahlon was constantly at her house—running headlong into danger, every one predicted; but if so, he was unconscious of it. For Delphine, no one was in the least anxious. A grave, quiet, literal man like Doctor Mackenzie, was not of the kind to entrap a gay, bright, imaginative person like Delphine. Besides, she always laughed at the idea of his being attentive to her, and declared that a woman must be ill unto death, for Doctor Mackenzie to feel interested in her.

It was a chance word or two which Mahlon overheard, that revealed to him that people were coupling his name with Delphine's. Most men, less fastidious than he, would have said it was nonsense, and would have thought no more about it. But he considered it a wrong to a woman to have her name so mentioned, if he did not intend if possible to marry her. Therefore it was plainly his duty to silence the gossips by avoiding Delphine. He was sorry, for he found her house pleasant. It never occurred to him that perhaps Delphine might be sorry too; no doubt, if he had thought so, he would have acted just the same; for even trifles wore the serious aspect of right or wrong, and were to be acted on accordingly, to Mahlon's thinking.

So he would make his good-bye to-night a final one, and go away without any explanation. It is late, and every one is leaving. "Wait a few moments," Delphine says. "I have something to tell you for the good of your hospital."

He cannot refuse, for there are too many bystanders; besides, it does not so much matter, since this is to be their last interview. Delphine bids her guests good-night gayly. She has no idea that there is a solemn leave-taking to go through.

"Shall I tease you with guessing, or tell you at once?" she asks, when she stands alone with Mahlon in her empty drawing-room. He looks too grave to tease, so she adds: "Old Mr. Gale has promised me a thousand for his subscription. You see I did my best to be charming, and he considered my endeavor to be worth just so much money."

If she had intended to please him, Delphine must have been chilled and disappointed by his manner of receiving her tidings. She cannot tell that he regrets this bit of begging for his hobby, as but another way for people to connect their names. Delphine is so heedless.

"I am sorry," says Mahlon, at last. "I wish you had not asked Mr. Gale."

Delphine opens her blue eyes wide with astonishment. "Do you really mean it?"

"Certainly, I mean it."

"Oh, very well. But I did not know you disliked to be helped so much as all that."

"It is not that I dislike to be helped—" answered Mahlon, growing confused.

"Only you dislike my doing it."

"For your own sake. I never could speak half-truths—may I be frank?"

"Certainly," says Delphine, wondering what this whole truth would be.

"You know I am very ignorant of your society, of its actions and its judgments. I have found it pleasant here, and I never thought of doing you a wrong."

Delphine looks bewildered for a moment, and then the blood comes in a hot flush into her face. "Will you please explain what wrong you could possibly do me?"

"It is certainly a wrong to allow any one to suppose I do not consider you in some measure sacred, set apart, as it were from other women—"

"I understand," she interrupts, the color dying out of her face. "You mean as Mr. Burger's widow."

"Yes; and I blame myself for carelessly letting our friendship be misunderstood. I can only promise not to intrude again."

"But you don't mean it," exclaims Delphine, eagerly. "If people are silly, it is nothing to us"

"Pardon me, but it is a great deal to you," he says, gravely.

"Not as much as you think. I don't care in the least," says Delphine, with a little shrug of indifference.

"But you should care—or at least I should for you."

"Bah! I can judge for myself. I know, as you say, more of the ways of society than you do, and I do not wish to lose a friend so easily."

"I am sorry you think me wrong," answers Mahlon; "but when you are older you will agree with me."

"When I am eighty, I shall doubtless not care for friends nor anything else."

Mahlon looks at her, decidedly puzzled. He cannot understand her irritability.

"Of course the loss is all on my side," he says.

"Of course, or I would not have argued the expediency of your decision. Very well; but if we cannot be friends, we can at least be on friendly terms, and your patients need not suffer. A mere hint will suffice," coldly adds Delphine.

"Thank you," he says; "in the name of my sick. You will not refuse to shake hands with me?"

"Why should I? It is a mere form."

Yet she does not refuse when Mahlon holds his out to her; and for a moment, as her hand lies so passively in his grasp, he has an odd feeling that he might hold it or drop it as he pleased. He blushes a little at the conceit, and lets Delphine go.

"Good-night," he says.

"Good-bye." And Delphine turns away, busying herself in rearranging some flowers in a vase on the mantel.

Not until Mahlon has fairly shut himself out into the hall, does he remember that he has left his hat in the drawing-room. He is inclined to go home without it, and let any chance passer-by think what they will of him. It is very hard to have these small absurdities thrust on us when we are acting the heroics. There is scarcely anything Mahlon would not do, rather than open that door; but there is no help for him, so at last he turns the lock as softly as possible.

To his great relief, Delphine is no longer standing before the mantel; she has gone.

Finding the room empty, Mahlon advances softly to the table. There he stops; for he sees a suspicious heap of silk and lace upon the sofa. If it is Delphine, she has her face so buried in the cushions, that there is no seeing it.

Mahlon's first thought is that she is tired, and is resting; but a convulsive little sob which goes shivering through her frame convinces him that it is not rest, though it may be relief which Delphine is seeking.

Tears are serious things to Mahlon. He comes of Scottish blood, and the women in his family are self-contained and reserved, and seldom give way to tears, even under pressure. He does not understand Delphine's temperament, nor conjecture that a dismal fit of crying might come from a trivial disappointment. He might have recovered his hat, and withdrawn without Delphine's knowledge; but so used is he to stop and prescribe, that he never thinks of going. He stands there quietly looking at her, waiting for the paroxysm to pass. He is not a fool—indeed, is considered very clever—yet in some things he is wonderfully dull. As he stands waiting, it never occurs to him to connect her tears with that slight act of his of shutting the door. He has wit enough to suppose their interview had something to do with Delphine's outburst of grief; but he sets it down to wounded delicacy, anger, or even a tribute of remorse to the memory of Mr. Burger. A little valerian or bromide—

Just then she sits up, pushing back from her flushed face the wavy hair which had escaped its confinement; she looks up, and sees him watching her with an expression of concern in his eyes.

Delphine's first thought is that she is dreaming, and one is never on one's guard in sleep. Then she is conscious that Mahlon's eyes drop under her gaze, and she wonders if he has seen a ghost in hers, he grows so very pale.

"I thought you had gone," she says, sharply. "Surely, with your ideas of strict propriety, you need not be reminded how late it is."

He does not answer her at once, and she resumes:

"It was so very tiresome to-night, and a good cry is such a relief. Just what a cigar is to you men at times."

Still there comes no answer.

"Is anything wrong? Any one ill, I mean," asks Delphine, growing half frightened and bewildered.

"Yes there is something wrong," says Mahlon, slowly. "I made a mistake when I said it was best for us to part. My love will be a better protection—"

Delphine holds up her hand to check him "Not to-night. To-morrow, if you choose then."

As Mahlon walks home, he is conscious of the same odd tingling through his veins, which set his heart beating so strangely when Delphine in her bewilderment looked up at him. For the first time in his life he has acted from impulse, and the sensation is pleasurable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO-MORROW may never come to us. We do not live in to-morrow. We cannot find it in any of our little deeds. The man who owns blocks of real estate and great ships on the sea does not own a single minute of to-morrow! To-morrow! It is a mysterious possibility, not yet born. It lies under the seal of midnight behind the veil of glittering constellations.—*Chapin.*

THE LITTLE TROMBONE PLAYER.

BY MARION COUTHOUY.

In one of those old-fashioned districts where the streets of Boston writhe and tangle themselves into a state of Chinese-puzzle-dom—in one of the narrowest, darkest and hilliest of them all—stands a small and somewhat shabby house, of depressing aspect. The young girl who sits at the door this languid spring afternoon, cannot properly be described as the one spot of brightness and beauty that makes "a sunshine in a shady place," for she is neither bright nor pretty, neither fresh-colored nor well-dressed. She is only a pale girl in a faded calico dress and unpardonable shoes; a girl with a small thin face and rough hands, with tangled hair untidily knotted, and a pair of wistful, childish brown eyes. She is but an apology for a heroine, it must be owned; she is a very common person, and not at all interesting—a mere waif, fed and clothed with grudging charity by an aunt, a poor woman whose own wants are by no means sumptuously supplied. Mrs. Binn (whose name and person are each unpleasantly suggestive of a past tense of the verb "to be," as if she were at present but negatively existent) is, however, an honest and respectable woman, and not unimportant in her own eyes. Her dignity is greatly upheld by the portentous announcement of "Rooms to Let," and is further enhanced by the fact that one of the said rooms is actually already *let*, and to a highly eligible person. We shall have the opportunity of passing judgment upon the latter; he is approaching the house at this moment. I cannot deny that he also is a very common person, only to be described as *eligible* on the ground of prompt and regular payment. He is a musical character of no great distinction, and there is no romance about the instrument which he is skilled to play. It is—alas!—the trombone; and he may be seen nightly, with puffed cheeks and a determined expression, caressing the mouth-piece of his brass darling, in the orchestra of a prominent theatre. He is but an insignificant unit in the sum of the evening's performance; and yet, somehow, the music would not sound so well without him. That is the way with many people and things in this world; we cannot each be the leader, or even the first violin.

Indeed, it has been hinted that to play "second fiddle" is the worst place of all, and that is a consolation for the first trombone. Herr Keppel, however, seemed in no need of consolation, being also of unromantic aspect. He was short and squarely built, and his countenance may be described as mildly fierce. He had light hair, which aspired to "stand erect and free;" he had a huge, fair mustache, which looked as if it had been thrown at him, and had lodged accidentally in its present position; and he had a most appalling Roman nose! These ferocious characteristics were dominated by a pair of mild blue eyes, which caused a grotesque combination, metaphorically suggestive of the lion and the lamb. Such was Mrs. Binn's boarder, who now politely lifted his hat as he passed little Christine on the stoop.

She moved aside, somewhat rudely shaken from an odd little day-dream, such as often possessed her solitary, uncultured, youthful mind. The yellow afternoon sunlight, slanting warmly down the street, seemed to rouse the quaint old houses from a sort of slumber, and make them open their dim eyes in vague astonishment. A thousand formless wonders were suggested by the rich light; a hint of all the glories of the wide world seemed to come with it. Christine, dowered with a wealth of fancy uncounted by herself, groped blindly through the half-gorgeous, half-shadowy region of her dreams. She thought of "the fairies," as children do; but the forms of lovely being which her little heart conceived were in reality akin rather to the angels.

"Goot-evening," says Herr Keppel, in a cheery, deep voice.

"Good-evening, sir," replies the waif, looking up at him for an instant, with her melancholy, questioning eyes.

He sees for the first time that the eyes of Mrs. Binn's little servant-niece are beautiful. "Ach Himmel!" he says to himself, as he passes in, "we see not often such *augen* in the Fatherland. But she is *bleich*—that little mädchen—she will die." His German sisters, long ago, were round-cheeked and rosy, with light blue, staring eyes. They could do hard work, but it was harder for slim Christine to labor in the household, and to take entire charge of fat, heavy, four-year-old Tommy. When Herr Keppel thought of Tommy, he frowned so prodigiously that if that uncompromising youngster had chanced to see him, the neighborhood would have been aroused by howls of fear and fury. For, in the eyes of Tommy, the German lodger was a wonder of dark and secret iniquity, a fabulous monster come to life, an ogre, a bear, and a dragon, united in one blood-curdling combination. It was all because of "that there trombone," as Mrs. Binn said; the lightest tone of that obnoxious instrument being sufficient to render Tommy hysterical and unmanageable. He was a good-natured baby ordinarily; but Herr Keppel's practising hours were the times that tried Christine's soul.

"For the land's sake, Christine!" exclaimed Mrs. Binn, suddenly appearing at the door; "is that what you've been doin' this mortal afternoon—settin' on the stoop 'sif there warn't no supper to git, 'n no table to set? Besides Tommy trainin' like Bedlam ever since he laid eyes on Mr. Keppel; and he's been clever's a kitten, too, all day, till *he* came in. What we *air* to do with that child, I don't see; for I sh'd hate to part with Mr. Keppel too, if 'twasn't for that plaguey trombon!"

Sighing, and talking, and clattering among the dishes, Mrs. Binn went on with her work, while Christine endeavored to soothe Tommy and set the table. Growing interested in the disposition of plates and cups, that over-susceptible young gentleman condescended to forget his trials, until the unfortunate and unforeseen appearance of his ogre once more sent him close to Christine's side, his eyes shining with mingled suspicion and fascination.

"Please excuse me, Mrs. Binn," said the deferential musician, with a bow. "But I did come to see if I might talk with the little chilt, that he should love me, and be no more afrait."

"Law, you're welcome to try, Mr. Keppel," said the worthy lady. "But it does seem to make him so fractious when you come in. He knows you've got somethin' to do with that there instrument. He don't admire to hear the music much;" and Mrs. Binn, who was far from "admiring to hear it" herself, smiled, somewhat grimly.

"That ist not pretty music," said the German, smiling under his great mustache. "It is not goot alone—it is to play with many others. That is a rock, my base tone—they play those others, and that is to build on it a fairy's castle, so—sehr schön!" And he lifted his arms in animated gesture.

Mrs. Binn thought he was trying to say something, but had not sufficient English at his command; therefore she smiled indulgently, and made no effort to understand; but Christine, looking up, with her childish wondering eyes, saw dimly the fairy palace of tone, rising with its gracious and airy battlements. Then, kling! it fell to the ground, shaken from its foundations by the voice of inexorable doom, in the shape of Tommy. "Go 'way!" he remarked sternly, making open attack upon his enemy for the first time, apparently rendered intrepid by despair.

"Mein kind," said the German, bending over him with a kindly smile, "I have something to show out-doors—oh fine, fine! So pretty!" Tommy, fascinated by the near approach of that alarming nose, glared at him speechless but indomitable. Herr Keppel stooped and held out both hands. "Will you come, my child?" he said, in tones so richly sweet and winning that they appealed even to Mrs. Binn.

Tommy looked straight into the mild, blue eyes; his hold on Christine's dress relaxed. Herr Keppel came nearer still, and took him in his arms, but he did not shrink. Wonderful to relate, the child suffered himself to be carried off bodily by the ogre, and gave no sign of fear, save a steadily diminishing look of suspicion, and a furtive thumb gently insinuated between his pouting lips, as if for his own reassurance and comfort. He was not yet sure, but he was relenting!

"Great Ned!" exclaimed Mrs. Binn. "Ef that don't beat all!" But she spoke to the empty air. Christine had retired to the back kitchen, had flung herself down on a wooden bench and was sobbing tumultuously. "Will you come, my child?" Those softly spoken words had unsealed a mighty fountain in her desolate, darkened heart. That was the way fathers spoke, when people *had* fathers! "Their own fathers, that love them," she cried to herself. "But there ain't nobody to love some folks!" Poor little Christine, she was a child, yet a woman.

Being often red-eyed, and even red-nosed, from cold perhaps, or "puniness," as Mrs. Binn said, Christine attracted no attention when she returned. Supper was soon ready, Mrs. Binn went out and called, or rather shrieked to her two older children, who were playing "around the corner." Mr. Binn, a heavy, good-natured man, came in from his work, and finally Mr. Keppel and Tommy returned from their seat upon the steps. The treaty was at length completed in all its terms and duly signed and sealed; Tommy had capitulated with the foe! They came in hand-in-hand, and the vanquished party even exhibited marked signs of contentment and good humor.

"Tell me 'nother story after tea!" he demanded graciously.

"I will tell you much more stories, mein kind," said the conqueror, "but not to-night. It must be that I go to-night in the orchestra. To-morrow we will haf goot stories. I will tell you of that fairy who lifs in mine trombone."

Tommy stared. Fairies and trombones were utterly irreconcilable ideas in his mind; but failing to solve the problem, he left it for time to unfold, and applied himself with unfeigned ardor to the needs of the present hour, and the delights of material refreshment.

Christine was in a strange mood. In her bare attic room that night, by the light of her poor bit of candle, she studied a little card which she had once received at Sunday-school, a glaringly tinted picture of Christ blessing little children. Then she repeated the words "Will you come, my child?" and cried herself to sleep.

Herr Keppel's good nature was not exhausted by his first effort to conciliate Tommy. His mind was a perfect treasure-house of fairy-tales, and in every leisure hour he drew upon its stories for the amusement of his new little friend. From scraps of German folk-lore, down to the Grimms and beloved Hans Andersen—in all that had ever been told about that pretty borderland of magic and mystery which is the paradise of children, he seemed to be well-versed; and his narratives took a quainter and richer coloring from his broken English, and from his own appreciative and loving fancy. For he had, like dear old Andersen himself, a large, tender, child-like heart.

"Better than all treasures
That in books are found—"

and he caught the full fragrance of exquisite

meaning with which many of those lovely tales are fraught. And Christine? how was it with her in all those days, when she sat and listened, with worlds of wonder in her wide, brown eyes? To those eyes Herr Keppel always turned, seeing a fairy there, indeed—far within their limpid depths—a beautiful winged soul, struggling upward to the light. But better than all the tales, were the songs he sang in a strange tongue. The magic, meaningless words were words of love, he said, and the harmonies were to Christine's soul like the south wind upon an opening flower. Tommy liked also to hear him sing; and, what was far better, he was somewhat reconciled to the trombone. He had been persuaded at last that a good fairy was lodged in its brazen heart, and he took a sort of awe-struck delight in the sound of her deep, thrilling voice. "She hollers awful loud, though!" he said, thoughtfully and with a touch of doubt. "But she loves little boys, Tinie?" he would ask a dozen times a day. "Oh, dearly!" said Christine; and then Tommy would stroke the shabby green bag, if it were within reach, and feel the mysterious outline of his former enemy, with thrills of fearful joy.

Mrs. Binn had taken another boarder, at Herr Keppel's recommendation. He was a young man, belonging to the same orchestra, but he bore no resemblance to the worthy trombonist. On the contrary, he was, as Mrs. Binn said, "mighty good-lookin'," after a manner that would certainly be more likely to attract her regard than the square figure and stern outline of his elder friend. Young Hess was an American of German parentage; he was tall and slim, black-eyed and Byronic; he wore his dark locks pushed back from his forehead and hanging almost to his shoulders, and when he held his violin, his little finger was always extended in a manner which he regarded as the perfection of high-bred grace.

In the heart of Tommy, however, the newcomer could not supersede his ever-patient entertainer. No one knew what Christine thought, for the weird little brown-eyed creature always shrank away from notice. But she was greatly changed—perhaps because her seventeenth birthday had come and passed. In the afternoon she was always neatly attired in the one dress she possessed, which had any pretension to prettiness, a chintz with little blue figures on a white ground, which she kept carefully washed and ironed, though she was obliged to rise very early, many a morning, to keep it in good order. Her rough, light hair was neatly braided; and her eyes, Herr Keppel thought, grew lovelier every day.

He found her at the door one evening as he was passing out, and he turned suddenly and stood facing her in the soft light. Then he spoke in a voice which it seemed that she had never heard before. "And are you well to-night, Herzliebste?" he said.

"I? Oh, I'm very well, sir," she replied, half frightened, and vaguely wondering what the strange, sweet-sounding word could mean. Herr Keppel stood still, and softly sang,

"Du bist wie eine Blume,
So schön, so reich, und hold!'

"That is a pretty song, my child," said he; "I will sing it all to you to-morrow. Schönes Liebchen—auf wiedersehen!" and he was gone.

Christine gazed after him with a great wonder—a strange light—in her eyes. Young Hess came down the steps at that moment, and as she looked up, he met her startled gaze.

"What eyes!" he cried. "Little Brownie, will you give me a kiss?" and he stooped nearer. He was not like Keppel.

"No! no!" she almost shrieked, and rushed indoors. What had happened to those two men? What had happened to herself?

The next day Herr Keppel told the story of "The Little Sea-maid," and Christine listened as she had never listened before. That wonderful story, that vivid picture of self-sacrifice and love, entranced her poor little ignorant, awakening heart. When he told of the pain which the maiden endured, night after night, for the one she loved, Christine rose suddenly, and laid both hands upon her heart.

"Is it too sad, Liebchen?" asked he, gently.

"No! oh no, it ain't sad," she cried, searching for language for her thought. "But I should think she'd a loved to do it. I'd like to 'a been her." Then she ran away, and flung herself upon her bed, and sobbed and wailed. "Oh, if I only could! I want to do it for him! I want to be hurt—I want to die! I can't do nothing—*nothing* for him! If I *only* could!"

For whom? For young Hess, it appeared, since that very day saw the beginning of a new phase in the girl's life. That sentimental personage, with his soft eyes and delicately-crooked little finger, began to make secret love to her, and was favorably, though shyly, received. The new boarder was not long in high favor with Mrs. Binn, since his payments were by no means regular. He had also, for some reason unknown, sunk in honest Keppel's estimation. That simple-hearted personage scarcely knew the meaning of the word *suspicion*, and he knew nothing of the man's attentions to Christine, but he evidently regarded Hess with grave distrust. Some information had opened his innocent, purblind eyes.

However, the hot, weary summer-time wore slowly away, and Christine grew daily more womanly, while her eyes burned with a feverish light. Keppel treated her with a tender deference scarcely owing, one would think, to Mrs. Binn's poor little over-worked niece. In his simple, foolish heart he cherished that great protecting love for her which had grown so strong; and he

thought, "I will be to her a father. She cannot love one ten—fifteen—years more old than she." And he comforted himself with his tender German love songs. But one day came a crisis in his feelings. He made a terrible discovery.

Walking slowly along the hot and dusty street, he came upon two figures standing together at a corner. He knew them, and his heart stood still. As he came up to them, they parted, and the man said, "To-morrow again, if you can. Good-bye, little pet!" Then Christine flitted like a spirit up the street; but Keppel and Hess met face to face. One glance, and the mild blue eyes and the evil black ones flashed defiance. But the two men did not speak.

"I don't care!" panted Christine, as she went home. "It was *he* made me know I must love somebody. Nobody ever cared about me—I'd—I'd 'a cared for them if they had—oh, I would! I mean to care for them that cares for me!"

"I brought him here—I brought him!" thought poor Keppel, as he walked on slowly. "I brought him to break my own heart, and—oh, my child, my child! My little love!"

He remained in the house all the next day, practicing, and talking to Tommy and to Christine. To the girl, he was very gentle, inexpressibly tender. She was eager and restless, and a strange, perplexed look crept at times into her eyes. In the afternoon she put on her shabby little hat, and stole furtively out of the house. As she did so, there was a vision of a Roman nose and a large fair mustache at the second-story window, after which, in a few moments, the figure of the little German musician issued from the front door, and followed from a distance her rapid flitting steps. She turned one corner and then another; it was like following any one in a labyrinth, the tangle of streets was so perplexing. He gained upon her steadily, however, and as she turned into Bowdoin street, he came up to her.

"Christine! Liebchen!" he said, and she turned quickly, with a faint cry. He joined her, and said:

"Where are you going?"

"Only to take a walk," she faltered, and he knew that she spoke the truth, but that she had anticipated a companion other than himself, and, as he thought, more welcome. They were now opposite a church—a plain, ugly, little stone church, but one where services were held every day in the year, morning and evening. The doors were open now.

"I would like to go in here," he said. "We must often remember to pray to the good God, that he shall remember us. *Will you come, my child?*"

Would she not follow the sound of those words to the world's end? She said, "Yes," softly, and they went in.

The church was empty; the hour for evensong had not arrived. They knelt there side by side in the cool dimness; Christine heard the beating of her heart. Only a few moments passed, and then they went out, and walked home together.

The girl did not shed a tear; she was thinking, thinking. She had been very lonely, and maddened by some wild, and, as she thought, hopeless longings. Then young Hess had appealed to her hungry, loving heart, and she had been glad to walk with him, and listen to his compliments—a new language to her in her desolation! But *now*—

They were very silent as they went home; the man was vainly trying to stem the flood-tide of his own emotions. But he had a great, warm, loving heart, which would no longer be controlled by reason. Just as they reached the door, he spoke, rapidly and brokenly:

"My little child," he said; "I can no more be still! You are in my heart so deep—I love you. You cannot love—I will go—but not forget! I cannot help that I love you always more than my own life!"

Christine turned white, and her eyes were quite wild.

"Me!" she gasped; "love *me?*"

"My heart's dearest, be not troubled; I will not trouble thee now to speak. I will not say more if you tell me no. But I will be near to help—you will have a friend—" He stopped, for she fled through the open door, and left him there—fled up the stairs, up, up, to her attic room, and shut the door.

With a patient sigh, he entered and went to seek Mrs. Binn. He had business with that lady, and his face assumed its fiercest and most imperturbable aspect, as he addressed her. She was arranging the table for tea, and grumbling at Christine's absence.

"Hallo, *Wudolph!*" shouted Tommy, who, having learned his friend's Christian name, delighted in using it with an air of complete equality and freedom, in accordance with the school of manners in which the young gentleman had received his very imperfect education. He now testified still further to the repose and elegance to which he had been trained, by twining himself around one of Rudolph's legs, in a fashion highly expressive of warm enthusiasm, but not conducive to the comfort of the recipient of these tender attentions.

Having freed himself as well as he could, the latter transacted his little business with Tommy's mother. It consisted in handing her a considerable sum of money, purporting to be from Hess, for arrears of board; and informing her that the said attractive youth had been obliged to leave Boston somewhat suddenly. No one ever knew what had passed between the two musicians on the previous night; but it was certain that Mrs. Binn had lost her second boarder.

"My grief!" she said; "ain't it unlucky? Though he didn't pay very regular, he settled up in the end. He was kind o' clever, after all! Law sakes! and it's so hard to find another person well recommended!"

Christine bore the news very well. She dreamed and moped that evening and the next morning, and was well scolded and hustled about; but she was repaid for everything at last. She came upon Rudolph Keppel in the narrow entry, face to face, with no chance of escape; and she held out her hand and tried to speak. He saw it all in her face, and said, once more:

"Will you come, my child?" and in another moment she was folded close to his kind breast.

"And do you love me well, Herz liebste?" he asked.

"Yes, oh yes! I always did, but you seemed so good and great, and I am no account, and don't know anything—" But he stopped her there. She continued afterwards, however: "I —I thought—I'd like to do some real great thing —*die*, or be hurt, like that little sea-girl did for the prince in the story." Then she drooped her shy little head, and the great eyes filled with tears. After that Rudolph found it impossible to express his feelings in English, but had recourse to his native German, which Christine could not understand, and neither, possibly, O gentle reader, can you and I, so we will pass over what he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Binn were highly pleased, and conceived a great and new respect for little Christine. Tommy expressed his approbation in his usual unreserved manner; and the course of true love ran smooth. They were very common people; we shall never associate with them again, so we will bid them farewell now, glad to leave them so happy in one another. For although they are so common, they have warm and vivid imaginations, and simple, true, and tender hearts.

RETROSPECTION.

BY M. C. S.

Once a maiden pondered long,
In a silence like a song—
In a silence filled, like sleep,
With a dream-life strange and deep.

Pondered long, with tender thought,
Out of love's rich twilight brought,
On some flowers that withered lay,
Kept to mark a bygone day.

"These were happy times," she said,
"But I mourn them—they are dead!
Nay," she cried, "sweet Past, forgive!
I remember—and they live!"

"Though the flow'rs be dead and dry,
Though the song end in a sigh,
Yet the past shall perish never,
For sweet memories live forever!"

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Housekeeping.—No. 13.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

A description has already been given of several kinds of home-made baby-houses, and the styles of architecture most convenient and suitable to the needs and capacities of young builders. An edifice composed of separate wooden boxes was minutely described as being very easily prepared, and the account left it papered and carpeted ready for the "moving in."

The dolls are presumed to have decided tastes upon the style in which they go to housekeeping, and the toy-shops present furniture of many kinds, varying in price from a few cents to many dollars. Magnificent and complete sets of satin-wood and walnut are shown upholstered with velvet, damask and other handsome fabrics. An especially dainty kind of furniture has the framework made of smooth wheels cut from the shells of black walnuts, while the framework of others is made gorgeous with tiny pearl shells. Book-cases, sideboards, wardrobes, writing tables, pianos, and other complicated articles are finished with an elaborate detail that renders them a wonder of workmanship, while some sets of highly painted wood are beautifully adorned with miniature paintings to imitate the most expensive styles of "grown-up" furniture. These dainty devices are, of course, frequently quite expensive. Much cheaper is the iron furniture, which is often quite pretty, and is admirable for its durability. A very strong and light style is manufactured from rattan, and the cheapest of all is the quaint little "penny" wooden furniture, usually painted brilliant red, which is easily dismembered, but very convenient, as any article from a bedstead or a bureau to a footstool can be replaced at the cost of a single penny.

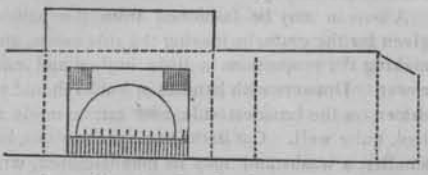
Gorgeous or graceful as these designs may be, their selection must, of course, be measured by the depth of the purse, and simply become a matter of purchase, while the best fun for the fireside is found in making the furniture at home as an exercise of invention and ingenuity.

Prudent dolls regard the heating of the house as a matter of primary importance, and direct their attention in the first place to the kitchen. This apartment is certainly improved by outside aid, and it is well to purchase a range or stove. Very neat and tiny ranges are sold at low prices, and are usually furnished with sundry pots and pans, which are, in themselves, nearly enough to furnish the kitchen with sufficient completeness. A very fair substitute for a range can, however, be made at home in the following manner: Take

a common pasteboard box, about five inches long by two and one-half inches wide and one and one-half inches in depth. Cut in one side slits to resemble a grate, and on the bottom of the box cut as many round holes as is deemed necessary for the top of the range. Cover the whole with black paper. The lid of the box, also covered with black paper, can serve as the back of the range, the rim of the lid making the required mantel-piece. Small lids with tiny handles can be made to cover the holes, and some bright red paper can be placed behind the bars of the grate to resemble fire. A few lines carefully drawn upon the black paper will sufficiently mark the oven door and valves. A plain square or round stove can be made in a similar manner, the stove pipe being merely a roll of the black paper.

For the other rooms low-down grates can be purchased. Some of these are very perfect, and, of course, expensive, as they are excellent imitations of the real marble mantel-pieces, and are furnished with fenders and fire-irons in dainty stands. A home-made substitute is easily made in paper, according to the pattern given in Figure 1. The

Fig. 1.



curved opening for the fireplace must be neatly cut, and the strip left for the fender can be tipped with gilt paper. If the whole is cut in a tinted paper, a few lines drawn in colored crayons or water-color paints will resemble the veining of marble. Black paper pellets heaped inside for coals look well, and flame can be imitated by introducing a little of the fire paper, such as is sometimes used upon cards of fine pearl buttons.

When the baby-house is assumed to be warmed by a cellar heater, the registers should be cut out of black paper, either in squares or circles, according to the requirements of the case, and pasted upon the walls and floors to resemble the model from which they are copied. The fire-board or Baltimore stoves will be found to be very ornamental, and as so many newspapers and advertising sheets give excellent pictures of these various styles of stoves, no pattern is required. The engraving can be pasted upon stiff card, the metal parts touched up with yellow paint, and bright red or fire paper introduced behind the doors or illuminating portions. If neatly cut out these stoves look exceedingly well, and are convenient, as they can be placed at will against the wall of any of the rooms. A neat little rug of colored paper, or better still, one painted or embroidered in imitation of the rugs used in grown-up parlors, will make a very handsome finish, and the effect will be found to amply repay the expenditure of a little time and labor.

The numerous publications of the florists show many brackets, hanging-baskets, and window-gardens, which, when pasted upon stiff paper and gaily painted, can be hung against the walls. A bent pin pressed into the ceiling or wall makes an excellent hook for any of these pretty little ornaments.

For lighting the house "real" candle-sticks, lamps and chandeliers can be purchased, but excellent and durable substitutes can be made by pasting the engraved presentment on card, and painting the metal parts to resemble gilding or bronze. The newspapers and advertising sheets are so abundantly supplied with good cuts, that the baby-house can be furnished with a variety of designs, and chandeliers hanging from the ceilings and side lights fixed to the walls will become great decorations.

Pictures for the walls can be selected from the immense variety of high-colored little pictures now published. Tiny landscapes and flower pieces look well, and by lucky chance an album picture may be found to present a striking resemblance to Mr. or Mrs. Doll, and serve as the portraits of the gentleman and lady of the house. These pictures should be neatly bound or framed in gilt paper and suspended by tiny cords to the walls.

Windows do not seem essential to the box-house, but if they are desired, it is only necessary to place upon the walls tiny curtains or shades and "pretend" that the window exists behind them. Looking glasses are, however, very important, as they do much to brighten the interior with their glittering reflections, and a slight expenditure in a real gilt-framed mirror will amply repay the investment by the additional perfection and brilliancy.

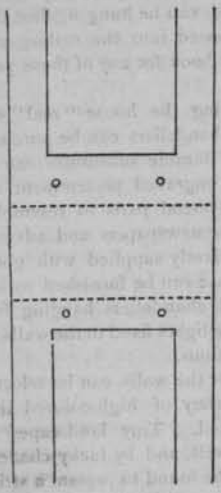
Portable articles of furniture next demand attention, and beginning, as before, with the kitchen, a dresser is of primary importance. A home-made article can be prepared by merely bending strips of cardboard into little benches; these placed on top of each other become shelves, and when fastened to upright strips at each end will serve as a dresser. If one shelf is made wider than the rest at the height of a table, the article will be more perfect. The same pattern of shelf can furnish a bookcase for the sitting-room or library, and two or three graduated ones strung on card will make hanging shelves for a bed-room. The books can be made by folding a few pieces of white paper inside a back of colored paper.

Frequently there may be found in the pockets of papa and uncle sheets of a gleaming foil, degraded to the sorry service of wrapping tobacco; this foil, if neatly smoothed and cut, can be moulded into bowls, goblets, and vases, which

will gayly adorn the kitchen dresser. The foil can also be cut into trays and plates, and with careful manipulation may furnish a set of silver.

A plain table for the kitchen can be cut from stiff paper, after the pattern given in Figure 2.

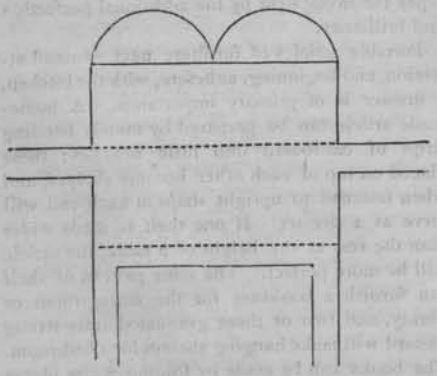
Fig. 2.



By leaving a little piece attached at each end, the drawer might be made to show at the ends; while by cutting the sides somewhat deeper, the figure might be made to represent a folding dining table with hanging leaves. If cut with a six-sided top, and four legs springing from opposite sides, an excellent parlor-table is manufactured, and the same pattern may be used as a centre able for any of the rooms.

A bench for the kitchen is shown in its simplest form in Figure 3. The same pattern will serve

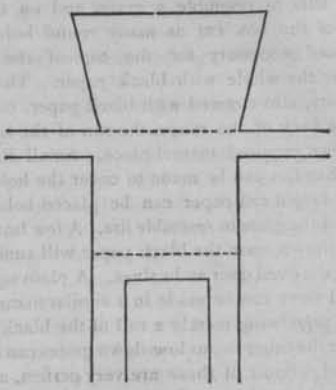
Fig. 3.



for a sofa by changing the shape of the back, and by adding a little margin to be folded downwards from the seat, after the manner that simulates the drawer given in the kitchen table.

Equally simple is the pattern given in Figure 4, which is intended for a chair. By slight variations, either in the shape of the back or in the color of the material, these sofas and chairs may

Fig. 4.



be made in sets to suit the different rooms, and help to make the furnishing more novel as well as artistic. Instead of cutting legs to the chair, the sides can be continued down and ended in a curve, which if cut carefully will add a rocking-chair to the variety.

A bureau may be fashioned from the pattern given for the grate, by leaving the side entire, and making the proportions a little higher and narrower. Drawers with handles or knobs should be drawn on the broadest side, and can be made to look quite well. Cut in the same proportions, but smaller, a washstand may be manufactured, with drawers or doors drawn upon the front.

A bedstead need only be a broad bench of cardboard, with the addition of a foot-board and head-board. Tiny bags of white paper packed with cotton serve for pillows, and white tissue-paper makes excellent bed linen, which can be trimmed according to taste with paper lace.

All the necessary articles of furniture can be manufactured from the simple patterns given, but an infinite number of small trifles can be added at will. A real or pictured clock adds much to the appearance of the kitchen and dining-room; and small stools and little chairs give the whole a more familiar aspect. A few tiny artificial flowers can be made to grow out of a little paper flower-pot, or a small empty cotton-spool can be covered with paper or painted so as to serve for a flower-pot or vase.

When made of good, firm paper or thin cardboard, these toys will be found to be unexpectedly strong, often proving much more enduring than the cheaper styles of wooden toy furniture sold in the shops. Very pretty sets of furniture, printed on card, are sold, but the patterns are much more elaborate than those given, and are too difficult for the use of young children. Some of them are admirable in design, and if made in larger sizes would serve excellently as furniture for the larger size of baby-houses.

A LIFE SORROW.

BY MAY FORNEY.

"What an exquisite face!"

We were walking through the female department of an asylum for the insane, in the interior of the State of New York. The object of my exclamation was a woman, or rather a girl, for she did not appear to be over eighteen years of age. She was seated by one of the windows; a slender, petite figure, in an attitude of mingled dejection and expectation. Her small, jeweled fingers were twisted in a nervous clasp, and her large, violet eyes seemed searching into impenetrable space. The face was turned partly from us, but we could still see the lashes of those wonderful eyes, that swept the marble cheek like a deep fringe. It is no wonder that I exclaimed, to come suddenly upon this exquisite picture in the midst of all the abhorring sights we were witnessing. I became possessed with a morbid curiosity.

"Doctor," I cried, turning to the physician who was accompanying us, "that woman has a story—will you not tell it to us?"

"She has a story," was the reply; "one into which is crowded a whole life-time of suffering and sorrow. Its incidents are best known to Mrs. Wells, our matron, who was with us four years ago, when the lady you seem interested in first came to us. She can tell you the circumstances much better than I."

He took us into a large apartment adjoining the one we were in. It was a room containing on either side a deep bow window, in the recess of one of which, was seated a lady engaged on a piece of some light embroidery. She was a tall, graceful woman, and when she arose to meet us, we all felt that we stood before a person of no ordinary culture and refinement. She had the bearing and dignity of a duchess, while kindness and truth were manifested in every movement. Before we had spoken she understood our errand, and signified her willingness to grant our request, while at the same time a certain dimness of her usually clear eyes, and an almost inperceptible quiver of her lips, showed me that the recital would quicken the emotions of even this highly organized woman.

"We do not wish to pain you," I ventured, hastily.

Her lips relaxed into a smile and framed a half inarticulate "no," while the eyes that sought mine thanked me for my consideration, with a perception that was almost startling, and which filled me with a strange confusion. I felt as if the tall, darkly-draped figure before me, was endowed with a mediumistic power that penetrated into my very thoughts. From my heart ascended a silent prayer that this woman, whom I already felt I could love and venerate devoutly, might never again cross my life to question me with her clear eyes, and make me a willing subject to her influence.

"Ladies," she finally began, in a low but vibrating voice, "the story is somewhat a lengthy one, but if you think it will not weary you, I will tell you all I know of Mrs. Clifton, with pleasure."

We assured her it would not tire us, and accordingly seated ourselves to hear the narrative. I took a seat just opposite the door, through which I could see the motionless, small figure, still in the same dejected attitude.

"It is now over four years ago," began the matron, "since I was one day summoned to the parlor. On entering I saw a gentleman, tall and handsome, perhaps a trifle past middle age. 'I have come, Mrs. Wells,' he said, 'to place my ward in your care, we fear she is suffering under a temporary aberration, and for a time at least, I should wish her to remain here under treatment. I desire her to be kept perfectly quiet, and if possible to see no one but the doctors and yourself.' This was the preparation, and a few days afterwards, when the papers had been duly drawn up and signed, the gentleman returned, bringing with him his ward, a lovely girl, then about twenty years of age!"

"Twenty years of age!" I interrupted. "Surely that girl cannot be twenty-four now?"

"Yes," continued the matron; "although in appearance still a child, she is in reality over twenty-four years old. I went out to meet them the day they arrived; she sprang lightly out of the carriage to my surprise, kissed me heartily on both cheeks, and turning to the gentleman beside her, said with a joyous laugh: 'You were right as usual, guardy; I like her to begin with.' From that moment we were friends in more than the ordinary acceptation of the term. Is it possible, I thought, as I looked earnestly into the fresh, sweet face, that the curse of madness is really upon her? but the doctors had unanimously decreed it was so.

"Well ladies," went on the matron, her voice quivering with suppressed emotion, "she soon became my very joy; I grew to wonder how I had lived out of the sunshine of her smile, away from her gay sallies, for she was very merry then, though you would scarcely think so now. She called me 'Nellie,' in honor, she said, of a dearly loved school-mate, and begged me in return to call her by her own name 'Minnie.' Strange to say, despite our strong friendship, our confidence even, it was many months before she made me cognizant of her past life.

"One day we were sitting together in this room, when Minnie, as if impressed with a sudden idea, sprang up, threw away the work she was engaged on, and took mine out of my hands in her pretty domineering way. For a moment she

seemed lost in contemplation, her sunny face clouded with a deep gloom. Seeing my eyes fixed questioningly upon her, she raised one white hand with a quick, deprecating gesture, that seemed to signify the banishment of all doubt.

"'I want to—I will talk to you, Nellie—about myself.' The sentence given in a low, pained tone, ended with a half sob; so foreign was all this to my darling's nature that my first surprise grew to alarm.

"'You are not well, dear; not to-day—some other time,' I remonstrated.

"'No, now—I must tell you about my life, before I came here—to *you*,' and in a moment the graceful little head pillowed itself on my breast, like the baby she was. 'You must know, to begin with, I am married.'

"'Married!' I cried, in unfeigned astonishment. 'Impossible!'

"'It's true, though—see,' and a slender finger circledwith a broad gold band was held up before me for inspection.

"'Tell me all about it,' I said, after a moment's pause, during which I endeavored to collect my scattered thoughts.

"'Why, you stupid old darling, you look really frightened.' For the first time, the ringing laugh I had learned to love so well, grated harshly upon my ears. 'Why shouldn't I be married? I'm past twenty, you know, and my husband is the best fellow in the world. His name is Robert Clifton; he's a naval officer, and only two months after our marriage, was ordered off to the Indies. I'm an orphan, you know, dear,' she went on, caressing my cheek with the gold-circled finger, it was strange I had not noticed before; 'My parents died when I was a baby. That was my guardian who brought me here; dear old guardy—he's always so kind to me. I'm only to stay till Robert comes back—bad, isn't it, to be shut up in an insane asylum? The thought frightened me, but now I don't mind it a bit; it's only for a little while, and then I have *you* all the time. I know it's not for long, but Nellie (put your arms around me, so), sometimes I grow so inexpressibly sad, and there comes such a strange, heavy feeling *here*.' Oh, that ring, how it burned my eyes as I saw it pressed against that throbbing little heart.

"'Why did not your guardian take you to live with him?' I inquired, wondering what excuse he had given her.

"'Why, he couldn't, you old dear,' once more the rippling laugh made me shrink. 'Dame Grundy objected; he's a bachelor, and lives in lodgings.'

"Noticing her undue excitement, I did not again allude to the subject, so this was all I heard for some time, until one day I was again summoned to the parlor to see Mr. Wheaton, Mrs. Clifton's guardian. He greeted me most kindly, thanked me impulsively for all my attention to his ward. 'In you, Minnie found what she has long needed—a mother's watchful care and love; and I think it due to you to know the history of the poor girl you have so generously befriended.'

"'Mrs. Clifton has told me that herself,' I replied, icily. The idea that this man had imprisoned his ward for base, selfish reasons, had often before occurred to me, but now it posessed my mind with a strength that would not be controlled. Mr. Wheaton seemed to read my distrust. In an instant I acknowledged and regretted my error. The form of the strong man before me bowed as if under a load of grief, and the hand that rested on the chair trembled with suppressed excitement.

"'Your feelings are perhaps natural,Mrs. Wells. I shall tell you now, what you should have known before. My ward, Minnie Shaw, married Robert Clifton much against my wishes—indeed, the marriage was a clandestine one. Not that I objected to Robert, for he was a good, honorable young man, and I had known him from a child; but, Mrs. Wells, the marriage was a crime, for Minnie is mad!'

"'Ah, Mr. Wheaton,' I cried, 'might there not be some mistake? at least, is there not some hope? I have been constantly with her for over a year, now, and have never, by word or action, discovered anything to justify so positive an assertion.'

"'Believe me, madam, the irrefutable knowledge of the terrible truth has been forced upon me a thousand times. Would to God I *were* the mistaken one! Poor Minnie came into a sad heritage. Two months after her birth, her father succumbed under business difficulties and died a maniac. The poor young mother, thus suddenly bereft of all she held most dear, drifted into a hopeless melancholy, from which she never recovered. When Minnie was first given into my charge, I thought she had escaped the horrible curse, and schooled myself to look upon her impetuous outbursts as childish freaks of passion. But when the events of after years confirmed my worst fears, I registered a solemn vow in heaven that never with my sanction should the disease be transmitted to another generation. At eighteen years years of age she was talented, strikingly beautiful, and universally beloved. The paroxysms, known to but one person besides myself—her physician—occurred but seldom, often at intervals of a whole year. At these times she was unmanageable, though at all others the sweet, confiding girl you have known. Robert Clifton, who became her husband, saw nothing but her beauty, her purity of character. My objections to their marriage were looked upon as cruel, unjust, and were, as I have told you, ruthlessly set aside. Coward that I was, I had not the courage to confront him afterwards with the fatal truth. Min-

nie's grief at so soon parting with her husband, intensified, to a dangerous degree her usual mental excitement, till at last, urged by my family physician, I placed her here, under your watchful care and consideration. I did this, Mrs. Wells, to save Robert from despair, with a hope of rescuing my darling from a fate worse than death. I come here to-day burdened with a two-fold feeling; joy at the hopeful condition of my ward, and stunned with grief at the startling intelligence received yesterday. It is you whom Minnie loves, honors, and trusts; Mrs. Wells, be generous, share your counsel with one who has need of it. The man-of-war on which Robert Clifton was an officer has been lost, and all on board have perished.'

"'My God!' I exclaimed, as I heard a stifled cry rise above the impassioned tones of the grief-stricken man before me. Involuntarily I turned. In the threshold of the door stood Minnie, her face blanched to an ashy pallor, wearing that same startled expression it still retains in intensity. She was breathing heavily, as though about to fall. I sprang towards her, but she waved me slowly aside, and going up to her guardian, she raised her large mournful eyes to his, with the stony stare of resignation; all violence, all passion had fled; she stood before him in mute despair. The darkening sun pitied her, and sent down through a misty cloud a bright beam that encircled the golden head like a halo, and pressed a kiss of sympathy upon the pallid lips that were warmed by it into animation.

"'So Robert is dead; my Robert—well, better so than to live and claim a maniac wife.'

"Yes, she had heard all, and when we picked her up—for she had swooned at her guardian's feet—the casket had lost its jewel. The form was still fair, the touch still soft and winning, but light and reason were wanting. There she remains, ladies, day after day, week after week, despondent and listless. The doctors say hopelessly, irretrievably insane."

We all arose, saddened and tearful. The matron accompanied us, and as we passed the bowed, motionless figure, she raised softly the drooping hand and caressed it. "How is my Minnie feeling to-day?" The girl's sad face was lifted to the noble one bent over it, and a smile almost celestial crossed it as she answered:

"Better, oh so much better—waiting, yes—for Robert."

We had turned to go—"See, Nellie," and the sad voice arrested us. She was still smiling and holding up her slender white hand, upon the fore-finger of which glittered a massive gold ring. To this she pointed, and breathed, rather than spoke:

"See, Nellie, mine; Robert's and mine."

In an instant a deathly pallor overspread the matron's face, and she pressed her hand convulsively to her heart.

"You are suffering," I whispered. Again the questioning eyes sought mine; again I felt the influence of this woman's strong power; and again I cowered beneath it. "That ring, only once before she referred to it, and it brought 'death.' Now it bodes no good." Her words, given in a slow, weird manner, fell upon me like a prophecy.

"I trust we may meet again, Mrs. Wells."

"No, madame, pardon me, you deceive yourself; you do not wish that." Once more that searching glance.

"But I do, sincerely; I should wish to know you better"—I grow almost pleading in my earnestness—"Ah, believe me."

"And I do believe you." She grasped my hand in a tight clasp. "Your fascination is stronger than your will; but rest assured, your generosity shall cause you no discomfort. We shall never meet again on earth, but you shall hear from me, and soon; for I shall ask your sympathy in a terrible sorrow that I feel is about to fall upon me."

Less than a week later I received a letter; it contained simply these lines:

"I ask but two boons: mercy of God, and pity of you. I am holding my darling's hand in mine, the golden circlet presses heavily against my own palm. I place it back against the poor sorrowing little heart, but listen in vain for its pulsations; Minnie has found her place, and my unrest is heavier than I can bear."

A YEAR AND A DAY.

BY THOMAS S. COLLIER.

The sun shone brightly down on the great city of New York, and its golden glory lay soft and mellow on the long lines of buildings that flanked its streets It sparkled along the ripples of the rivers that swept past the wharves where the great ships lay, and made fantastic mosaics of light and shade among the leaves of the trees that shaded the squares and parks.

It was indeed a lovely day. The sky was deep and of that purple hue that ever brings cool winds and the scent of flowers. The few clouds that floated over its broad expanse were white and fleecy, and the rich sunshine fringed them with silver. The birds were merry and full of song, and the hum of bees and insects made a melodious undertone for the roar and bustle of the busy streets.

It was morning, and there seemed to be no sign of storm or sorrow in the atmosphere, though the faces of a couple of young people who were slowly promenading along the shaded walks of one of the squares, were sadly out of tune with nature, for they were dark and troubled.

"I wonder why it is that fate should bring such things to pass," said the young man, hotly. "If

I was born to love you, why was I not born rich and with the inheritance of an old name?"

There was no reply made to this, other than that conveyed in the tightening of its clasp by the hand that rested on his arm.

"I do not like to grumble," he went on; "nor would I if there was no cause. But you know how it is, Helen, Jay Livingston has higher aims for his daughter than the bestowing of her hand and fortune on Frank Clarkson, though he was not to blame for being the son of a poor 'longshoreman, nor for having a sick mother to care for. I have tried to do my duty as a man, and for it I am denied the joys of my love."

"You shall not be denied those joys," said his companion, her eyes kindling. "I love you, and you will find rich comfort in the future, just because your manliness and love for her made your mother's last years brighter than they would otherwise have been. But now that she has gone to her long rest, you can exert your strength to its utmost, and win."

"Win? What can I do here, where a man must have both friends and money to start with any chance of success. I have neither."

"I did not say here. I know that this city is crowded; but the world is wide, and for the hands that are willing, there is always work enough."

His face brightened.

"You are right, and I will not waste my youth here; but it will be a bitter thing to go away and leave the light of your eyes, and the presence of your true and helpful love."

"My love will be with you, that you know. Listen when you are alone, and you will hear its whisper; watch for it, and you will feel its touch. But where are you going? have you any idea?"

"I had not a minute ago, but I have now. See this," and he drew a paper from his pocket, and pointed to a paragraph headed by large letters.

It read thus:

"New and rich gold fields discovered in Australia. A prospect for the brave and adventurous to grow rich." And then followed a description of the locality and its promise.

"And you will go there? How?"

"My friend, Harry Carter, is mate of a ship nearly ready to sail for Sydney; I can go in her."

"When does she sail?"

"To-morrow, I believe."

"That is indeed quick work."

"Yes, but if I would win I must work."

"You are right; and I shall not be the one to discourage you. It is time for us to part now; when shall I see you again?"

"Can you come here this evening?"

"Yes."

"Then I will be able to tell you all about my departure; and it may be I shall have to say good-bye."

"I will be here."

She gave him a bright smile, and went slowly away from him, turning at the farther end of the walk to see him watching her, and then giving him a little good-bye nod, crossed the street and was lost to sight.

Not till then did the young man turn away and hasten down town, bending his steps toward a busy wharf, where a large clipper ship was taking in cargo.

"When do you sail, Harry?" he asked of a young man standing on her bulwarks, directing the work, and who had bade him good-morning.

"To-morrow morning at six, sharp."

"Is there room on board for a passenger?"

"That depends on the passenger."

"Well, is there room for me?"

"For you?" and the astonishment this caused made the young man stop noting the number of parcels going on board. A glance at his friend's face having convinced him that he meant what he said, he continued, "Yes, there is a chance for you; but what are you going to Australia for?"

"That is too long a story to tell you now, and beside, we will have time enough to talk of it on the voyage. Look out for my things when they come down, and you can expect to see me walk aboard in the morning."

"All right, old fellow, I'm glad we are to have such good company. Send your traps down as soon as you can."

"I will," and not waiting to hear more, Clarkson turned and retraced his steps.

He was kept pretty busy all day, for he had many things to prepare; but everything had been attended to, and his trunks dispatched to the ship ere the time set for him to meet Helen Livingston came.

He was walking slowly along the paths of the square, his head down, thinking, when he felt her touch on his arm. A great light of joy filled his face as it was turned to her, and its answer came back from the beautiful eyes so dear to him.

"I am going to-morrow morning," he said, as soon as the greeting was over. "Harry has given me a place in his ship."

"I am glad you will have friendly company, and yet it is so hard to think of your going."

"Ah, but the going is what may bring us nearer, after all."

"I know, but I have one thing to ask of you, and that is for you to come to me in just a year and a day from now."

"But I may not have accomplished what I wish to."

"I cannot help that; come to me then."

"I will."

"It is all that I will ask of you, and in return you can be sure no one will be put in your place. Of course I shall hear from you during your absence?"

"Certainly, if there is any chance to send letters to you."

This finished the business part of their conversation; the rest was such as lovers always have. When they separated, Frank Clarkson felt the pressure of clinging arms about his neck, and the warmth of a loving kiss on his lips.

"Remember, in a year and a day you are to come to me," she said; and then he saw the graceful form of Helen Livingston go from him, and gradually grow dim in the gathering shadows of night.

The next morning dawned fair and beautiful, and the *Wandering Star*, with Frank Clarkson on board, was hauled out into the stream, and towed down through the Narrows.

She spread her broad sails as soon as Staten Island was passed, and being a good sailer, went speeding out to the vast blue depths, on which her passing would leave no trace.

The days went by with the usual monotony of a sea voyage. Even a storm was wanting to vary the rippled sweep of the sea, and give a dash of excitement to the sameness of their life.

"We shall pay for this yet," said Harry Carter; "and if I mistake not, before many hours have flown."

The *Wandering Star* was now off Cape Horn, having been compelled to take this route by the destination of her cargo, of which she was to leave a part in Valparaiso, and take on board some that had there been obtained for her.

She had been so favored by wind and weather, that the captain was hoping to make one of the fastest trips on record. Carter was not so sanguine, however, and while walking the deck with Clarkson one evening, made the prediction noted.

"What makes you think so?" asked his companion.

"Do you see the lead-colored haze gathering near the horizon; and do you not feel that there is a change in the temperature?"

"Yes."

"These are my signs, and the barometer will begin to fall soon."

Carter was right. The barometer did begin falling in less than an hour, and the light sails of the *Wandering Star* were taken in, and the upper yards sent down and stowed. Then all loose articles about the deck were secured, and the crew warned to be ready for a quick call.

The wind was blowing in puffs now, and was chopping about from one point to another, with an alertness that baffled the helmsman. Soon it settled into the southeast, and the puffs became heavy squalls.

The upper topsails and mainsail were now furled, and reefs put in the lower topsails and foresail. Then the jib and mizzen-topsail were taken in, and the storm-sails bent. This made everything snug, and the watch was set.

All the time the wind was growing in force, rising from low moanings that seemed to sob along the water, until it roared in a wild song through the spars and rigging of the swiftly-speeding ship.

The waves were rising, and along their curling crests the lurid phosphor-flame ran in fantastic lines. The track of the ship was a long sweep of blue flame, that shone grimly against the gathering gloom of the water. The sky, in which a few stars had dimly twinkled, changed from its pallid gray to a leaden hue that grew denser and more sombre all the time. There was no great rush of clouds, only a deepening of the storm vapor until it was heavy and black.

"It will be a fearful night, but the *Wandering Star* is a staunch craft, and the wind is fair; so we have no danger near us," said Carter to his friend, as they sat crouching under the bulwarks to keep out of the force of the wind.

"It would be bad if we were driving on toward land that was near at hand, would it not?"

"Yes indeed, but there is no land within a thousand miles of us, and the gale will be over before we go that far."

So Carter thought, and soon after this Clarkson bade him good-night, and went below.

Higher and higher rose the waves; louder and fiercer roared the gale, and on the *Wandering Star* went speeding, her course being ruled by the wind.

Carter had thought that the gale would not last long, but he was mistaken in this, for all through the next day, and for the three succeeding days, it swept the ship on, now carrying away a sail, and then splintering a mast, until there remained but the lower masts standing. These, the hull, and the foresail held firm, however, and while they lasted, all was well.

For four days the wind raged in mad fury, and then it began to die out, and hope came again. The sky was still covered by a black mass of vapor, and the waves were rolling high and foamy.

No lookout could be kept, and as no reckoning of the distance run could be made, they did not know where they were.

"Is there any land near?" said Clarkson, the day that the wind began to fall.

"No, I guess not," answered Carter. "We have not been running toward any that I know of."

"I think we are nearing some very fast," said Clarkson.

Carter laughed.

"Why?"

"I cannot say, but still I think we are."

"I hope not, with this sea running, and we not knowing anything about it."

They had been talking in the cabin during this time, Carter preparing to go on deck and take

charge there. He finished his preparations as he made the last remark, and went up the companionway, followed by Clarkson.

They had but just reached the deck, when a roar different from that of the wind fell on their ears.

"Breakers!" cried Carter. "Hard down the helm!"

The wheel sprung swiftly around, for both Carter and Clarkson had sprung to the assistance of the helmsman, but it was of no use.

The next instant, with a heavy thump and a harsh grate, the huge ship sprang on a reef, quivered a moment with the shock, and then her masts gave way with a crash that sounded high above the rush and roar of the storm.

The great waves dashed against her, and sent vast bodies of water rolling along the deck. All was confusion and darkness, and Carter, Clarkson, and the helmsman clung to the after rail, the waves often taking them off their feet.

Wearily and slow passed the hours, and as each wave struck the ship, they felt that she was growing weaker, and that she could not last long.

But morning came ere they were aware, for suddenly the clouds seemed to part in the east, and a great wave of red and orange light swept through the rift and lit the thinning vapor and the wild and tossing waves.

Carter was the first to look out from their cover.

"Land! land!" he cried, joyously. "We are safe."

And sure enough, there was land close alongside of the wrecked ship. It appeared to be a small island with a knoll rising in the centre, and having a reef running around it, a formation frequently met with in the Pacific. There were verdure and trees growing on the knoll, and their form and foliage showed them to be of tropical origin.

The waves were still running high, but a stretch of smooth water showed just inside the reef on which the *Wandering Star* was aground, and when Carter saw this he said:

"We must leave the ship as soon as we can, for she will break up in a short time. The smooth water yonder is what will save us, for we can swim across that easily."

"Where are the rest of the crew and the captain?" asked Clarkson.

"I am afraid they are lost," said Carter. "It was because we were sheltered by the rail here, that we were saved. You see the waves have swept the deck clean forward of us."

"I see."

"But we must not stay here, for the ship is going to pieces now. Can you two swim?"

On being answered in the affirmative, he went on:

"Then what we must do is this: After the next high wave, we must run forward, as the ship's bow is nearest the smooth water, and also makes a protected lee sweep, and try to reach the shore by swimming. Get off all the clothes that will retard you, and when I give the word follow me."

They obeyed him, and seeing that they were ready, he watched the waves closely.

"Now!" he cried, after a huge sea had dashed against and over the ship, making her reel and tremble, and as he spoke, he ran forward and springing on the broken bulwarks, dove into the water.

He was followed by Clarkson and the helmsman, and soon they struggled out from the frothy mass around the ship, and reached the smooth stretch inside the reef.

It was fortunate for them that the ship had driven so hard on the reef, as this had carried her nearly across it, and they were thus able to reach the smoother water near the land more easily. Once in that, they were safe, for the beach was shelving, and the distance small.

The helmsman, whose name was Parks, was the last to reach the shore, and as they had obtained a footing, they turned to look at the *Wandering Star*. As they did so, a wall of water came surging toward her, its curling crown white with flakes of foam. As it rushed on, it seemed to gather volume and power, and then it struck the ship and rolled over her in a broken mass, that was mingled with fragments of wood, boxes, and barrels.

"The ship has gone to pieces," said Carter, "and we must save what we can from her. Let the wood go, and save the boxes and barrels."

The direction of the waves carried the wreck past the island, but some of it drifted near enough to be secured and rolled up the beach. Boxes and bales were the most numerous, but a couple of chests and quite a number of barrels were saved, and when there were no more to be had, they sat down on their treasure and looked out to the reef.

There was no ship to be seen.

The huge wave had been too strong for the battered hull of the *Wandering Star* and she had broken up.

"Now we must see if any of the crew are left alive," said Carter, "though I fear the search will be fruitless."

It was so, though they did not desist from it until every part of their new domain had been thoroughly explored.

The island was a small one, with a strangely even sweep in the knoll. It was as though a huge rock had risen in the sea, round which the coral reefs had grown, collecting the driftings of the ocean until soil had formed and vegetation come.

There were bread-fruit, banana, and orange trees, and numerous shrubs of which they did not know the names. At the western side of the knoll they found a rocky formation, from which a spring of fresh water bubbled up, and ran in a thin rivulet down to the sea.

Here, too, were rocky basins, in which former storms had deposited salt water, that had been evaporated and crystallized by the sun.

Having made a thorough survey of the island, they returned to their collection of stores, and as the day was nearly gone, ripped open one of the bales, which contained cloths of different kinds, and with this made a rude shelter, by stretching it over boxes and barrels piled on top of one another, and secured it by rolling others on the ends of the strips thus used.

The next day they made an inspection of their stores, and found that one of the chests contained a quadrant and a nautical almanac.

"Now," said Carter, "we can find out in what latitude we are, and I am a bit curious to know, as I do not remember of any land such as this being on the chart."

A noon observation convinced him that in this particular he was right, and it also showed him that the *Wandering Star* had been driven at a fearful rate, through the continuance of the gale.

"This is one of those strangely formed coral islands," he said, "so common in the Pacific, and found in no other part of the globe. It is out of the track of ships, too; but a gale, or some lucky chance, may bring us rescue ere we know it. All that we can do is to be careful of our stores, and look out for sails."

"A whaler may come cruising this way," said Parks; "I saw whales breaking off to windward this morning, and where there are whales there are sure to be whalers."

"That makes it better for us; but until the whaler, or a stray ship, comes, we must wait."

And so it was, for the days grew into weeks, and the weeks to months, without bringing any succor. They were very careful of their stores, which contained flour, pork, some canned fruits and meat, clothing, and cloths. There were cases of sugar and coffee saved, and thus a little of the comfort of life mingled with their stay on the island, as they were able to give it a dash of civilized cooking, the chest of the steward being one of those saved, and it giving them some saucepans, spices, and best of all, tinder, flint, and a tin case of matches.

Still it was a weary life, and to none so much so as to Frank Clarkson, for in his mind the words, "Come to me in a year and a day," kept sounding.

How could he go to her in a year and a day? Certainly he could not leave the island until some vessel came to take him off, and six months of the year were already gone.

He could only wait, and count the days as they went by, varying the monotony by fishing from the reef, or hunting for fruit on the little knoll.

The weather continued fair for a long time after they reached their new home, but when half of the probationary year and day were gone, a great storm swept over the the island, and nearly washed their store of provisions away. When it was over, and the sun shone again, Carter said, "We must not expose our provisions to such danger again, but how are we to prevent it? That is a mystery."

"Why can't we dig a hole in the hill, and use it as a store-house?"

"So we can; I did not think of that."

Among their stores were two cases of farm and carpenter's tools, secured from the general wreck because they were thought to contain food. Thus the implements to work with, were ready at hand, and Clarkson thought that the place for them to begin their excavation, was a spot at the southern end of the knoll, where there were no trees, and but few shrubs.

Here they set to work, and ere night came, had cleared the space they wished from bushes and roots, and were able to look forward to a rapid advance on the morrow.

They were early at work, for the morning and evening were the coolest portions of the day, and best suited for labor. A half hour's shoveling brought them to a hard substance, and as Carter struck this, he said, "Why here is rock; we will have some trouble with our cave, after all."

As he spoke, Clarkson's shovel also met the resistance of a new impediment into which it penetrated a little distance.

"It is not rock," said he, "but wood of some kind."

"Wood," laughed Carter, "you will find it pretty hard wood, I think."

But Clarkson, thought differently, and worked away with added vigor, soon bringing a strip of planking in sight.

"It is wood, by Jove," cried Carter; "how came it here?"

All three men were highly excited now, and were plying their shovels with redoubled energy, each lot of earth removed showing a larger space of planking.

At last, when they had cleared about two square yards of this, they came to a small opening ornamented with carving.

Carter dropped his shovel, with a loud cry of surprise.

"What is it?" said Clarkson.

"Do you know what we have struck?"

"No."

"An old Spanish galleon."

"How came she here, under this earth?"

"I have just thought. She ran on the reef that forms the foundation of this island, nearly, if not

quite, two hundred years ago, and helped to form a bulwark for the drift to lodge against. As the island grew, the soil covered her, and then vegetation came and buried her. I know she is as old as I say by this port hole, which is after the style prevalent at the date that time would indicate."

"This is indeed a discovery, and we will have a fine cave, if the ravages of time have not spoilt it."

"Yes, we will have a fine cave, and if I mistake not, a fine fortune as well."

"I cannot understand."

"Why, it is plain enough. Most all of the ships Spain sent into the Pacific at that time were sent for treasure. It is as reasonable to suppose that this one was so freighted, as to think otherwise. At any rate, we have the time to explore her, and can thus satisfy ourselves of the nature of her cargo."

"That is so. What part of her have we unearthed?"

"The quarter, I think."

"How can we best get inside?"

"We must clear away more earth. The wind has helped us here, and it is because this was the last part covered by the sand and drift that there are no trees on it."

They again went to work with their shovels, and soon had another and a larger port hole clear. From this they removed the earth that had drifted inside, and soon Carter was able to crawl through.

"We must have some kind of a lamp," he said; "and we will need an axe or two."

Parks brought a rude lamp they had made from a tin pail and a brass tube, an invention of Clarkson's, who had thought it might attract notice at night. The oil was part of their stores, but the wick was formed by laying up shreds of cotton cloth. It gave a strong flame and made considerable light, and with this to guide them, they entered the buried hull, and began their explorations.

Quaint, carved furniture, moulding, tapestries, and ornaments of old times loomed up like ghosts in the dim light.

The sand and drift had not penetrated but a little way beyond the port, and they were thus able to move about freely, and see all the objects that time had spared. The timbers of the vessel were still strong and in place, but here and there the decks were giving way, and long, trailing roots hung pendant through the shadowy space.

A hasty search in the old chests and cabinets in the apartment, revealed quite a quantity of valuable things, and Carter held up a small casket full of gems with a triumphant cry.

"This vessel was bound home," he said; "and in the hold below the cabin we will find the treasure."

"How are we to reach it?" asked Clarkson.

"Easily. We can clear away the deck, and cut a hole through, or we may find the hatchway leading to it."

A door half open attracted Parks's attention, and leaving what treasure they had found in a convenient place, they proceeded to explore the next room.

"This is the main cabin," said Carter, after a hasty survey that revealed several doors and some table-ware.

There were sand heaps by the ports, and a more general air of decay in this apartment than in the first they entered, and they soon left it, seeking new discoveries.

A thorough search revealed the fact that the rooms opening off from the main cabin had been used as state-rooms, and that they were rich in valuables. One of the doors led out on the main deck of the vessel, where several old cannon lay heaped together in a wild confusion. The planking above was here more shattered, and the splintered fragments of a broken mast were protruding through, showing that the shock which cast the galleon on the reef had been a terrific one.

"We have seen enough for one day," said Carter, as their lamp began to flicker low. "To-morrow we will strike for the treasure."

The sun was sinking in the western sea when they emerged into the open air, and they were both tired and hungry with their labor and excitement.

The next day they cleared the room they had first entered of the sand that had drifted in, and made it a store-house. Then they sought for the hatchway leading below, and soon discovered it. In the hold thus revealed, Carter's predictions were verified, for here they found kegs and caskets heavily bound with iron, and full of precious metals and rare gems.

It took them some days to get these into the store-house, for the reef had broken through the ship's bottom, and the drift of the sea had washed in and embedded them.

When all were secure, Clarkson's mind, which had been diverted from home thoughts by the glorious prospects the discovery gave rise to, again reverted to Helen Livingston, and the time she had set for his return.

He had never taken Carter into his confidence in this matter, but did so now, and was met by a sympathy born from similar experience.

"But what are we to do?" he said. "I cannot get home if we are kept on this island; we must devise some plan to leave here."

"I have it. We will build a raft," said Carter; "and we can leave the bulk of our treasure here, to be brought off at a future day. The gems and a part of the gold will serve as ballast for the raft, and give us each a fortune, even if we never return for the rest."

"That is so, and the raft is what we must work at now. But then, how are we to reach any more desirable point by it, for it will not sail?"

"I have thought of that, and there is something to counterbalance the disadvantage of having a slow-sailing craft, for we can make sails, you know, and that is the current. I have found out by careful observation that this island is in the belt of a current setting to the southeast, and that is the direction that will lead us into the track of vessels bound from California and Australia to Europe; so we have a chance of rescue."

"So we have. We will begin the raft to-morrow."

The next day was not allowed to dawn and find them idle. Their first work was to clear a larger entrance to the old wreck, as she was the storehouse from whence to draw their material. Early and late they labored, and after a month of hard toil, their craft was ready to launch.

The old wreck had proved of inestimable value to them, for they had found many useful articles in her, and the stores saved from the *Wandering Star* supplied the rest of their needs.

The raft finished, they launched it and towed it to a place where a narrow channel led through the reef to the open sea. Here the treasure and provisions were put on board, and then they waited for morning to give them a good start.

A strong breeze from the north was blowing when Carter awoke his two companions, and after a light breakfast, led the way to the raft. They had closed the entrance to the wreck, and carefully replaced the earth, that their discovery might not become known to any chance vessel that might touch at the island, and having thus secured their remaining treasure, they bade their forced home good-bye, cast adrift the line that held their raft, hoisted the sail, and went slowly out to sea.

The wind continued fair for several days, but their craft was too bluff to sail fast. Then came a calm of a fortnight, followed by a head wind.

Clarkson's spirits were sorely tried, though Carter kept up a brave feeling; but a month went by with no sign of help.

Their provisions were running low, and the prospect of hunger began to fill them with dread. Carter was the most hopeful, and his brave words did much to encourage them, and it seemed but right that to him should come the first hope.

They had taken turns in watching and steering through the night, and Carter had the morning watch. It was a brilliant day, with rich sunlight sparkling along the rippling waves, which were rising higher each moment, the wind being on the increase. Carter had hoisted the sail in anticipation of this when he came on watch, and was feeling joyous to see the ripples that told of swifter motion, running away from the bow.

He began humming a sailor tune, and then turned his glance to windward.

Was it a bird, or the flash of a rising sail that caught his eye?

His song stopped, and for a few minutes his gaze was riveted on this new object. Then a glad cry awakened his companions.

"What is it?" they cried, springing to their feet.

"A sail! A sail!" answered Carter.

"Thank God," answered Clarkson.

The ship that was bearing down on them was a large one, and her motions soon convinced them that they were seen, for her course was changed, and ere long her dark hull loomed up just to windward of their raft, and a boat was lowered to bring them on board.

The presence of their treasure caused the raft to be taken alongside, and when this was safely removed, the three survivors of the *Wandering Star* left their curious craft, and went aboard, the raft being cast adrift.

The ship they were on was an English trader, the *Martyr*, bound from San Francisco for Liverpool. Clarkson tried to induce the captain to land them at Valparaiso, or Rio Janeiro, so that they could take steamer for home, as nine months of his time were now gone, but he refused.

"Keep your money," he said, "my cargo is an important one, and I dare not delay it by stopping at any port."

So Clarkson was obliged to submit, and see the days go fleeting by, while the *Martyr* went slowly on toward the equator.

There she caught a favorable breeze, but still it was eighty-five days after she took them on board, before they sighted the spires of Liverpool.

Clarkson hurried ashore, and made inquiries concerning the departure of the next steamer. He had still ten days to reach New York, and learned that a steamer would leave at ten the next morning. He engaged passage for his companions and himself, and returning to the *Martyr*, had their treasure transferred to the United States Consul's for safe-keeping.

Enough of it to supply them with money for several months, was disposed of, and a receipt for the balance was taken from the consul, who agreed to ship it as they gave orders.

To make sure of having no doubts rise in the minds of others regarding their good fortune, Clarkson had the amount of his treasure affirmed under the official seal of the consulate, and thus armed, waited for the sailing of the steamer.

She weighed anchor at the appointed hour, and went speeding out to the vast and trackless realms of ocean, bearing two hearts that were beating high with hope.

The days passed swiftly by, but they were all too slow for Clarkson, who paced the deck restlessly, and cast longing looks across the blue waves, toward the place where lay the consummation of his happiness.

He had no fear but that Helen Livingstone was true to him, and all that he now wished was to reach her within the appointed time, and save her pain.

The steamer was a swift vessel, but the distance was great, and the last day of his probation dawned.

He had slept better the previous night than at any other time during the voyage, and the sun was high above the horizon when the sharp cry of "Land O!" awoke him.

He was soon on deck, and Carter pointed out the thick line along the western sea, which was his land of promise.

Still it was after four o'clock ere they reached the harbor, and he had but half an hour to spare, when he sprang into a carriage, and telling the driver that he would give him three times his fare if he would reach the place before the clock struck six, bade him drive to the Livingstone mansion.

The horses were good ones, and the carriage sped swiftly up town, and stopped at the stately home of Jay Livingstone.

Clarkson paid the driver even more than he had promised, aud then ran lightly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Is Miss Livingstone in?" he asked of the servant who answered his summons.

"Yes sir," and he led the way to the parlor; "who shall I say wishes to see her, sir?"

"Tell her that the gentleman who was to come to her to-day, is here," said Clarkson.

The man departed, and Clarkson paced the floor impatiently. In his walk, he came near a folding-door that was slightly ajar, and these words arrested his attention:

"I have made every inquiry that I could, Helen, and the result is, that there has never been a word heard from the *Wandering Star* since she sailed. Her owners have long since given her up as lost."

The reply, if any would have been made, was stopped by the entrance of the servant with Clarkson's message, and the next instant a light step came rapidly toward the door, which was flung open to admit the radiant face and lithe form of Helen Livingstone.

A glad cry told her father that joy had come to her, and the next instant she was clasped in Frank Clarkson's arms.

The remainder of the story is soon told.

Frank Clarkson, with his manliness and intelligence, backed by his strangely acquired wealth, found no objections to impede the consummation of his happiness, and a brilliant wedding was soon the talk of the fashionable world of the great city. Carter wedded his bonnie little sweetheart, who had waited faithfully for him, and then took charge of a vessel fitted out to recover the remainder of the treasure. This was safely accomplished, and thus did the wealth for which men had risked their lives and lost them, two hundred years before, become the foundation of much happiness for four loving and hopeful souls.

ROSY'S WIDOWER.

AS TOLD BY ONE OF HER OWN SET.

I wrote you, didn't I, that Rosy Gray was married? No! Well, my dear, she is, and to a widower. It was the most ridiculous affair—romantic, you know—love at first sight, and all that sort of thing.

"You see, we were down at Kate Granger's last October—Lucy Burton, Rosy, and I. We had a lovely time. The weather was just perfection. The neighborhood is not *very* lively, but people do come in sometimes; and, if they don't, with such horses as Mr. Granger's, it is easy enough to go after them. One day we went over to Wragtown to play croquet with the Belknaps, and came home about eight o'clock. Tom Granger was driving us, and we were all in a perfect gale, making about ten times as much noise as we ought to have done, when we saw, through the window, the tea-table standing untouched. That was a sure sign of strange company, for, under all other circumstances, Mrs. Granger has tea punctually at six o'clock. She met us in the hall, and told us it was a gentleman from New York on business. He had telegraphed to Mr. Granger to meet him in Philadelphia that afternoon, and they had just come in from the late train. We had had tea, but Mr. Granger likes a "jolly" table, so we all turned into the dining-room, and were standing before the great wood fire, when he came in with the stranger and introduced him as Mr. Brandreth. He bowed silently, and took no further notice of us. He was very handsome, tall and fine-looking, with the most melancholy eyes I ever saw. He said "if you please" when Mr. Granger offered to help him, and "thank you" when we passed him the bread, but not another word did he utter, and very heartily tired he looked at the many we uttered. Mr. Granger paid no attention to his mood, but kept up a lively chatter over the day's doings. After tea, the gentlemen went out together, but when we went into the parlor, with our fancy work and knitting, there was Mr. Brandreth, sitting in the easiest chair, and shading his eyes with his hand. And there he sat all evening. Rosy was opposite to him. You know what a bright little thing she is, and that evening she looked particularly pretty. Driving in the cool air had given her a color, and crisped those soft little rings of hair she always wears. She was working on some brilliant scarlet thing of Mrs. Granger's, all holes and fleecy fringes, and her little white hands seemed to fly while she talked. But, in the midst of one of her gayest sallies, Mr. Brandreth rose slowly, and asked permission to retire, in the most subdued manner. Tom went with him, and came back in a minute, shrugging his shoulders and actually grinning with amusement. We hardly

waited for him to close the door, before we burst out, Rosy worse than any of us. "Did any one ever see such a stick! Worse than Hamlet! And so handsome, too!" I remarked that he was in deep mourning.

"O, perhaps he is a widower!" exclaimed Rosy, horrified, and she was quiet from that time forth. We asked Mr. Granger, but he knew nothing, beyond his standing as a business man, and that he had "a place" up the Hudson.

The next morning, he was a little, a *very little* more sociable at breakfast, and even handsomer than by lamp-light. But Mr. Granger hurried him away, and the rest of us scattered through the house, as usual. I was in Kate's room, reading, when Rosy burst in on me, exclaiming:

"O Minnie! he *is* a widower. His wife died last March."

"How did you find *that* out?" I asked.

She laughed and hesitated, but said:

"He told me so."

"Told you!" I exclaimed, perfectly surprised. "Did you ask him?"

"No, of *course* I did not! I went into the library to look for Aunt Granger's glasses, and he was there alone. He didn't even look at me at first, but, after awhile, he asked me if there was any one living in this place named Dallas, or something very like that. I told him no—at least, I had never heard of them. Then he said he might be mistaken in the name. The gentleman he meant, he had met in the Adirondacks summer before last, and, although he saw a good deal of him, they had never been regularly introduced. 'It occurred to me this morning,' he said, 'that he told me he lived near Fernwood, and I thought I would inquire. I was very much interested in him and his wife. She was very delicate, and I would like to know whether she recovered. I was there under the same circumstances, but Mrs. Brandreth was not benefited in the least. She—I lost her last March.' I declare, Minnie, he did look too sad for anything when he said that! I pitied him from the very bottom of my heart, but I could not *say* anything. What is there to be said on such a subject?"

She looked so helplessly dismayed, and the whole scene came up before me so vividly—that handsome, wonderful, great, big man, telling his sorrows to that little doll-baby thing who did not know what to do with them, that I burst into a laugh, which brought in Kate and Lucy.

"What on earth is the matter?" they both asked, and I told them.

"Rosy has interviewed the mysterious stranger, and he came out marvelously. He is a widower since last March. Go on, Rosy! Tell us all he said."

"Good gracious! Yes!" said Kate. Did he tell you *that* in so many words? Why, the man means business, I *think!*"

Rosy looked provoked.

"I sha'n't tell you anything. Minnie has no business to make fun of me that way. It was only a trifle," and she turned to leave the room. But we stopped her, and petted her, and, after a little, persuaded her to tell us all. It was as good as a play to hear it. Her old self was not quite subdued, and she entered into the spirit of it, seeing, for *once*, the ludicrous side of it, and telling it with such cunning by-play of hands and handkerchief as made it perfectly delicious.

"There I stood for two or three minutes," she said, after repeating as much as she had told me, "and he looked into the fire. Just as I was thinking of slipping off quietly, he began again: 'She was the greatest loss a wife ever was. We were so happy together, so perfectly congenial.' Here his voice trembled, and he put his hand over his eyes. 'There was nothing to mar our happiness but her delicate health. I took her everywhere, and did everything for her—'"

"Knows how to advertise!" put in Kate.

"'But it was all of no avail. She could not live. I shall never get over it—never!' and with that he pulled out his handkerchief."

"Upon my word! one might think it was April instead of November, from the showers," said Kate, dryly.

But Lucy's heart was touched until "the water stood in her eyes," as old John Bunyan would have said. She protested quite warmly against our heartlessness (for Kate and I were laughing again—it was so irresistibly comic to watch Rosy's face drawn down into a suitable seriousness).

"Well, what did he say next? Or, rather, what did *you* say? You didn't stand there like a nodding mandarin, taking it all in silently, did you?" queried Kate.

"No—o!" said Rosy, hesitating. "I *did* say something then. I said it was an *awful* thing to lose a wife!"

"My dear!" we positively shouted, "such a climax to such a story!"

Rosy grew angry in one minute, and I soon saw our fun was over then, unless we treated her with becoming gravity.

"It is really too bad, Kate!" I said. "Rosy will think we are laughing at her, when it is only her way of telling it that is so delightful. Was that all, Rosy? Did you come right out then?"

"There wasn't much more," answered Rosy, pouting. "He only said he had a lovely little girl, just four years old, so smart and so pretty, and so *good*. She is down at her grandmother's, and he writes to her every day, and she keeps his letters in a little bureau he gave her for her doll's clothes, because she likes her dear papa better than the dolls. Then he said he would like to show me her picture, and he did."

"Did he show you his wife's, too?"

"No, he hasn't one with him. He always carries one, but he sent it to be touched up."

"Did he tell you you looked like her?"

Rosy did not answer; she blushed scarlet.

"It is a singular thing," said Kate, gravely, "that, whether it is a compliment or not, widowers always begin a second courtship by some such yarn as *that*. For my part, it would never work with *me*. And you may rest easy, Rosy, with this flattering unction—I have no doubt you are twice as pretty as she was, or she must have been a very lovely woman."

Rosy dimpled all over her dainty face, with half shy, half-delighted smiles.

"Kate, you are too bad for anything!" she said, and ran out of the room. I looked at Kate.

"Dear little fool!" she said, shaking her head. "That man will marry her, I feel sure. As for him—well, *I* think of him what Dickens said of Wordsworth, 'He's a conceited old ass.'"

Kate is "strong-minded," does not care for beaux, and never had a love affair that I know of—indeed, she's not the kind of girl men like—but she is generally about right when it comes to other people's affairs of that kind.

Mr. Brandreth went away after luncheon, mournful and silent to the last, and so preoccupied he forgot his satchel. Kate discovered it.

"Now, Tom," she said, "I don't see through a glass darkly. He will be back here on his way up from Washington to-morrow. Let's spoil his little game, my dear boy, and see what move he will make next."

So Tom sent Cæsar off on his saddle-horse with the bag. When Mr. Granger came home that night, Kate told him, and he *did* enjoy it.

"Well! well! well!" he said, after a hearty laugh. "Kitty, that was too bad! I thought the fellow took it very coolly; but then, he *is* a cool chap, isn't he, Rosy?"

"*I* don't know, Uncle Granger!" said innocent Rosy. And she took all the teasing (there was plenty of it) in the same demure manner. We went home that day week. Mr. Granger came into breakfast on the last morning with an open letter and a broad smile.

"Look here!" he said, holding out the white sheet with "Brandreth & Co.," staring from the top. "Now, what do you think he says?

"D. L. GRANGER, ESQ.—*Dr. Sir:* I find I have mislaid the memoranda of the business we have in hand, and will be on to-morrow (27th) to renew them. Cannot proceed without them.

"Yours, etc., A. S. BRANDRETH."

"Memoranda, indeed! So many bales of goods at so much per bale! That *is* a joke. Hallo, Rosy! where are you off to? Here's your letter, my dear! O, I'm sure it is yours. I have no use for it in the world."

"Don't you girls go at 3:30?" questioned Tom.

"O Tom!" exclaimed Rosy; "what a shockingly inelegant speech! Ever so many mistakes in grammar, I am sure!"

"All right!" said Tom, tranquilly; "but I'm up in my arithmetic, Rosy—don't need any 'memoranda.' Are you not going at 3:30, young ladies? Then you will just meet him on the platform."

But we did not. Rosy is clever enough in some respects, and she did manage most adroitly to get us all off in the noon train. The next day I went round to get some of my things that had been packed in with hers, and lo! there sat Mr. Brandreth. He condescended to offer me a very elaborate *casual* explanation of his presence, in which Mr. Gray appeared more prominent than I ever knew him before (for Mrs. Gray holds him in terror of his life), and Rosy did not appear at all. After that, he seemed to have a thriving business in Philadelphia, and developed such an esteem for Mr. Gray and such dependence on his opinion, that Kate Granger said, it was marvelous how he had already made a fortune, and married and buried a wife without that good man to direct him. Rosy behaved very well, and was as amiable as possible until the engagement was announced; *then*, we found it best, for the sake of peace, to say no more about that interview in the library. She was married two weeks ago, and the presents were superb. His relatives, and ever so many of his first wife's family, sent lovely things, so it was agreeable all round. He is unexceptionable, of course, and they say his place up the Hudson is magnificent, but, between you and I, the more I saw of him, the more I agreed with Kate that Dickens's opinion of Wordsworth was most applicable. I don't believe it was half as much grief as a sort of stately stupidity, that made him behave in such a perfectly ridiculous manner. Kate says, widowers always *do* carry on in some outlandish style, and *some* people like it. As for Lucy Burton, I believe she would give her bang (and it is a lovely one!) to have some one fall in love with her as "romanticly" as Mr. Brandreth did with Rosy.

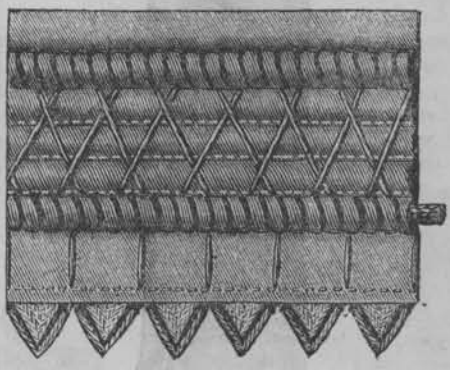
ROSY'S OPINION.

Gussie Brown wrote out all Minnie Track told her about Arthur and me, and I heard of it. She says it makes a *splendid* story, but I think it is *hateful*. The idea of making fun of Arthur! And then calling him such horrid, inelegant, unlady-like names! I never will forgive Minnie Track. Arthur says all comment is superfluous. He was perfectly aware that both Miss Track and Miss Granger were making efforts to attract him, but my simplicity was only enhanced by their proximity. He was attracted by my resemblance to Lily's mother—only, she had gray eyes and mine are brown, and her hair was straight and mine is curly, and she was tall and I am (so Arthur says) a perfect fairy. And he is perfectly splendid, and knows *everything*.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



FIGS. 1 AND 2.—EMBROIDERED COVER FOR FLOWER-POT.

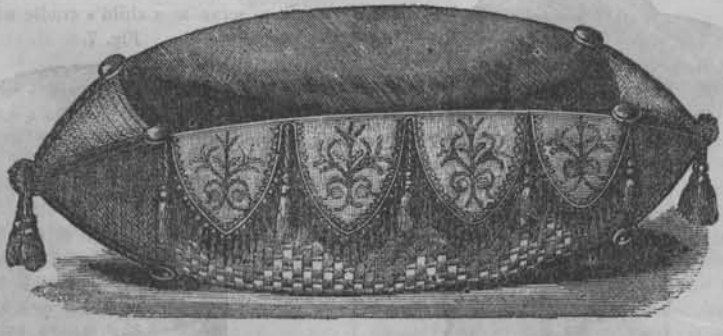
For the foundation of the cover, cut a piece of cardboard of sufficient width and depth to fit the flower-pot you desire to cover; this is covered with cloth or cashmere, embroidered in satin stitch with the design shown in Fig 1. For the border, shown in Fig. 2, work over two lengths of worsted braid with Berlin wool, in long stitches; between these two lengths are worked two rows of back-stitching, over which, with silk, is worked a row of long herring-bone. The cover is edged with a row of vandyked worsted braid; or if this cannot be obtained in a suitable color, a row of narrow pleated ribbon may be substituted.

A PRETTY penwiper can be made by having a very small kitten stuffed, curled up on a piece of scarlet cloth.

FIG. 3.—THE TUN BASKET.

This style of basket is made in many sizes, and is used, according to its dimensions, for either soiled lingerie or work. A blue woolen ruche encircles the lid, and is ornamented with a cloth vallance, which may be embroidered or appliqué. Blue braid is passed in and out of the straw basket.

Fig. 3.



FIGS. 4. AND 5.—CASE FOR KNIVES AND FORKS.

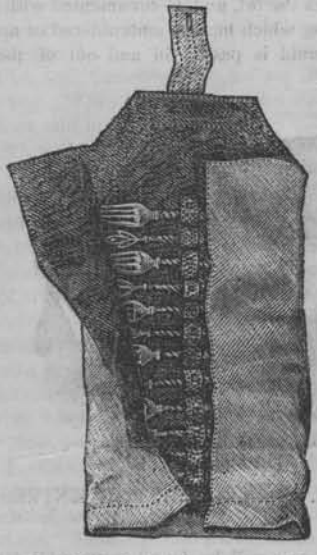
This case will be found very useful for keeping other silver articles, as well as knives and forks, free from scratches, which they are so liable to get when kept loosely in a plate-basket. The case is composed of wash-leather and flannel or cashmere. For the inside, cut a piece of wash-leather 20 inches wide and 24 inches long, shaped at one end as shown in the engraving,

then cut a similar piece in cashmere or flannel, and ornament it with a narrow cross-stitch border; the design shown in Fig. 4 will be suitable; bind

Fig. 4.

the wash-leather and cashmere together with a narrow ribbon. Sew a strip of the embroidery down the centre of the inside, stitching it across

Fig. 5.



at intervals to form loops through which to pass the forks, etc. The two pieces fold over, and the case is fastened with strap and button.

Fig. 6.—EMBROIDERED BUTTONS.

Embroidered buttons are very fashionable for ladies' dresses, and are pleasant occupation. The moulds are covered with silk, the design having first been embroidered upon them. We give

Fig. 6.

three designs which can be easily copied; they can be worked in the same color silk as the button is covered with, or in gay colors.

Fig. 7.—WORK BASKET.

This style of basket is now made in all possible sizes, from a small work basket to one large enough to serve as a child's cradle when travel-

Fig. 7.

ing. Our pretty model is lined with blue cashmere, ornamented at each side with blue linen embroidered with Turkey red cotton. The tassels are red and blue.

FIG. 8.—TRANSPARENT PAINTING ON MUSLIN.

Transparent paintings produce an excellent effect on lamp shades, on lamp screens, and window-sill screens, especially under artificial and transmitted light. The appliances, tools, and materials required are oil or moist water-colors in tubes, a set of flat and pointed brushes, gold drawing pens (No. 2), and pencils of various degrees of hardness, pieces of strong and evenly woven muslin, and a stretching frame of wood like that illustrated in Fig. 8. The further requirements are a supply of the best white gelatine, of powdered gum arabic, and pumice stone.

First the muslin has to be prepared for painting by fixing a piece of the required dimensions in the stretching-frame, and sizing the surface with a solution of gelatine in hot water, with the aid of a flat and moderately stiff brush. The first coat of gelatine is then allowed to dry, and the muslin restretched to receive the second coating, which is generally sufficient, although in some cases three or more coatings may be useful. After the coated muslin is perfectly dry, the surface may be rubbed gently with a piece of pumice-stone to make the pencil-marks, the pen-drawings, and the colors, adhere better.

The outlines of the painting can then be drawn with a pencil direct on the muslin, and afterwards traced out with pen and ink. This, however, has to be done very carefully, as mistakes can only with difficulty be erased or corrected. The safer plan is, therefore, to sketch the outline in ink first on a piece of paper, place the latter underneath the muslin, and from it trace with pen and ink the sketch or pattern to the woven surface.

The frame is then placed on an easel in a slightly slanting position, and turned against a window or against a source of artificial light, such at a gas or an oil lamp. For judging the effect of the colors on a lamp-shade, artificial light for working is preferable. Window-sill screens should be worked in daylight.

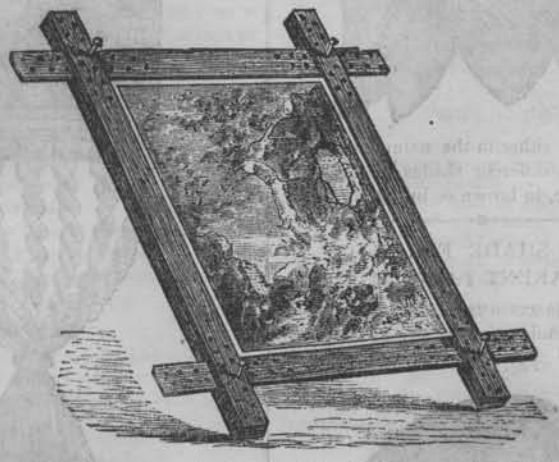
Before using the oil colors they must be diluted with a medium, which can be bought ready prepared, or made of turpentine and siccatif in equal parts. This makes the colors more transparent, and prevents their running.

Moist water-colors can likewise be employed after having mixed them with gum water, but they are less easy to handle for transparent painting on muslin than oil-colors.

The general rules for transparent painting are, of course, the same as for any other kind of painting; but the following special hints may be found useful:

Leave untouched those parts of the sketch which are to appear white, or in a strong light.

Fig. 8.



For laying grounds, skies, and all large, flat tints, use a brush called "dappler," or better, even, a bit of fine sponge.

For mottled tints and pale foliage, the sponge device will answer equally well.

Another expeditious plan to produce the effect of heavy foliage and foregrounds is to cover the surface with a comparatively thin layer of green, and pick out the lights with a knife or with a pointed piece of wood. The required details can be painted in afterwards with a pointed camel-hair brush.

Balls of cotton wool covered with pieces of soft silk can be likewise used as dabblers instead of sponges, only a separate ball must then be kept for each color, whilst brushes and sponges can, and ought to be cleaned with soap and warm water.

In Figs. 9 and 10 we illustrate specimens of transparent painting, on which beginners may try their hand. Many other pretty articles can be made with a little practice.

FIG. 9.—TULIP-SHAPED LAMP SHADE IN TRANSPARENT PAINTING.

This shade is arranged and put together in the same manner as the shade represented in Fig. 10.

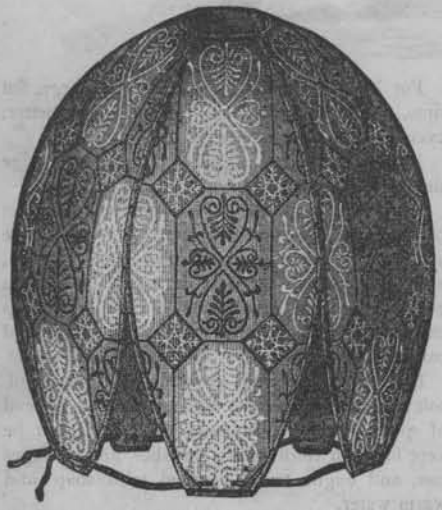
Fig. 9.

It may be painted either in the natural colors of the flowers, or in different shades of the same color—for instance, in brown or in a neutral tint.

FIG. 10.—LAMP SHADE FOR GLOBE IN TRANSPARENT PAINTING.

This lamp shade consists of six sections, the size of which depends upon the size of the globe

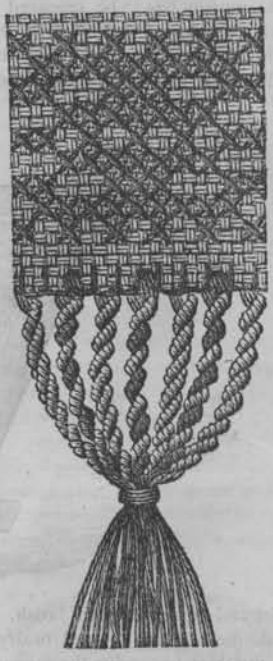
Fig. 10.



which the shade is intended to cover; each section is painted separately. The border lines of the compartments are strongly marked in black with the aid of a ruler, then the larger octagons are all painted with orange-colored patterns, alternately on a light blue and light crimson ground, the small squares light green on a brown ground Each section is bordered with a thin piece of wire, covered with green chenille, and ultimately the six sections are sewn together half way down. A narrow green silk ribbon is then slipped through the lower rim of the sections, and serves to fit the shade to the globe.

FIG. 11.—BORDER AND FRINGE; CROSS-STITCH AND TWISTED THREADS.

Fig. 11.



This border and fringe is suitable for the ends of tidies, table-covers, towels, etc. The design is worked with crewel embroidery on Java canvas, the threads of which are drawn out to the depth of about four inches, tightly twisted, as shown in the illustration, and knotted together about an inch from the bottom to form a tassel.

TOBACCO POUCHES.—Soft kid, cut in a circle and bound with ribbon, embroidered in colored silks with a floral design and monogram, silk cords drawing it up, makes a pretty pouch. They are often made of Panama or Russian canvas, lined with indiarubber cloth; indeed, it is best to buy one of the inexpensive kind of india rubber pouches, and cover it with embroidered silk. Sometimes, in lieu of striped silk, silk of two colors is chosen and arranged side by side, melon shape. Oriental materials and colorings are best.

RECIPES FOR THE SICK ROOM.

CHICKEN JELLY.

Ingredients.—Chicken,
Salt, pepper, mace,
Loaf sugar,
Lemon juice.

Cut a large chicken into very small pieces, break the bones, put into a stone jar, water-tight; set the jar into a ketttle of boiling water and boil three hours; strain off the liquid and put in a cold place.

BREAD JELLY.

Ingredients.—One quart of boiling water,
Half a box loaf of bread,
Sugar,
Lemon peel.

Pare off the crust of the bread, toast the slices a light brown; put them into the boiling water, and set it on the fire in a covered pan; boil gently until the liquid has become jelly; strain it and set it away until cold; when used, warm it and season to taste.

ARROW ROOT JELLY.

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of arrow root,
Peel of one lemon,
One pint of water, or milk,
One tablespoonful of sugar,
Grated nutmeg.

Mix three tablespoonfuls of arrow root with water or milk until perfectly smooth; boil the peel of lemon in a pint of water until reduced one-half; take out the peel and pour in the dissolved arrow root; sweeten it, and boil five minutes.

RICE JELLY.

Ingredients.—One quarter of a pound of rice,
Half a pound of loaf-sugar,
Water sufficient to cover it,
Spice or lemon peel.

Boil the rice until all dissolved; strain and season; set away until cold.

SAGO JELLY.

Ingredients.—Tea cup full of sago,
One quart of water or milk,
Rind of lemon,
Nutmeg.

Wash the sago well, and soak for three hours; boil it in the same water until transparent.

TAPIOCA JELLY.

Ingredients.—Tea cup full of tapioca,
Sugar and lemon juice.

Wash the tapioca through several waters, soak all night, and boil until transparent; add the seasoning while boiling, and put it away to cool when done.

OATMEAL GRUEL.

Ingredients.—Three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal.
One quart of water,
A little salt,
Loaf-sugar, raisins, nutmeg.

Mix the meal with a little water until it is all wet, add it to a quart of boiling water, stirring it in gradually, boil it twenty minutes; stir it frequently; if the raisins are added it requires more boiling; the raisins can be removed before serving.

COCOA SHELLS.

Ingredients.—Cocoa shells,
Water,
Sugar.

One tea-cup full of shells, one and a half pints of cold water; turn the water over the shells; let them stand a little while, then boil half an hour; sweeten to taste.

MOLASSES AND BUTTER.

Ingredients.—One pint West India molasses,
Teaspoonful of ginger,
One-quarter of a pound of fresh butter,
Juice of two lemons, or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar.

Mix the molasses, ginger, and butter together; set the pan on the fire to simmer, do not let it boil; stir it frequently for half an hour, then add the lemon juice or vinegar; let it simmer five minutes longer—very good for a cold.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Ingredients.—One onion,
One turnip,
One potato,
One head of celery, or a teaspoonful of celery seed,
Toasted bread,
One quart of water,
A little salt.

Put all the ingredients into a quart of water, and boil until reduced to one-half; make some slices of toast, and strain the liquid over them.

OYSTER SOUP.

Ingredients.—One dozen oysters,
Salt,
Toast.

Cut the oysters up very fine, strain the liquor, boil together closely covered for fifteen minutes, then strain again; dip long strips of toast into the liquor, and eat them without soaking; very good after the stomach has become irritable from sickness.

APPLE WATER.

Ingredients.—Two large juicy apples.
Sugar,
Boiling water.

Pare and core two apples, bake them until tender, put them into a bowl and turn one pint of boiling water on them; mash with a spoon and strain.

INDIAN MEAL GRUEL.

Ingredients.—Indian meal,
Salt and water.

Mix half a cupful of Indian meal with a very little water, stir until perfectly smooth; to a pint and a half of boiling water salted, add the meal, stirring it in slowly; let it boil half an hour; it can be retained on the stomach when almost everything else is rejected.

Barley Water.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of barley,
One quart of water.
Two ounces of stoned raisins or lemon peel,
Sugar to taste.

Boil the barley slowly until reduced to one-half; strain and sweeten. If desired, liquorice root can be added.

Beef Tea.

Ingredients.—One pound of lean beef, cut very small,
A little salt.

Put the meat into a wide-mouthed bottle, corked up closely; set the bottle into a pan of water, and keep it boiling hard for two hours; strain the liquid and season. Chicken can be used the same way.

Toast and Water.

Ingredients.—Six slices of bread toasted,
One quart of boiling water,
Sugar if desired.

Toast the bread very carefully; turn over it the boiling water, covering it closely. Drink when quite cold.

Tamarind Water,

Ingredients.—One tumbler of tamarinds,
One pint of cold water.

Turn the water over the tamarinds, and let it stand an hour; strain it before using. Currant jelly or cranberry jelly can be used the same way.

Flaxseed Lemonade.

Ingredients.—Flaxseed,
Boiling water,
Lemon juice,
Gum arabic,
Sugar.

Three tablespoonfuls of whole flaxseed to a quart of boiling water; let it stand until very thick; then strain it over the juice of one lemon and the powdered gum arabics; sweeten it to taste.

Beaten Egg.

Ingredients.—Egg,
Milk,
Sugar.

Beat a fresh egg very light, add a little sugar, and stir into a tumbler of milk.

Rennet Whey.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, almost boiling,
Two tablespoonfuls of prepared rennet, or a piece of rennet which has been soaked in water,
Sugar to taste.

Stir the rennet into the hot milk; let it stand until cool, and strain it.

Onion Soup.

Ingredients.—Half pound of fresh butter,
Twelve large onions,
Salt,
Flour,
Yolks of two eggs.

Put the butter into a pan, and let it boil. Cut the onions into small pieces, throw them into the butter with the salt, and stew them one-quarter of an hour; dredge in a little flour and stir the whole very hard; then pour in a quart of boiling water, and some small pieces of toasted bread. Boil ten minutes longer, stirring very often; after taking from the fire, stir in the yolks of the beaten eggs.

English Cough Mixture.

Ingredients.—One cup of molasses,
Butter the size of a walnut,
Half a teaspoonful of horehound,
Half a teaspoonful of senna.

Put the horehound and senna to steep in as little water as will cover them. Boil the molasses nearly as long as for candy, with the butter. When sufficiently boiled strain the horehound and senna into it. A teaspoonful three times a day has proved a valuable medicine for a cough.

Stewed Oysters.

Ingredients.—One dozen large oysters,
Half an ounce of butter,
Teaspoonful of flour,
Not quite half a pint of milk,
Salt,
Spice,
Oyster liquor.

Put the butter into a pan, letting it get very hot; add the flour, stirring it until very smooth. While boiling, add the milk and oyster liquor gradually to the butter and flour. Stir for several minutes, then add the oysters, cooking them a few minutes.

Lemon Jelly.

Ingredients.—One paper gelatine,
One and a quarter pounds of sugar,
Four lemons,
Three pints of boiling water,
Whites of two eggs.

Lay the gelatine in cold water for an hour; pour off this water and add the three pints of boiling water to the juice and thin rind of the lemons. Let all the ingredients boil, closely covered, for ten minutes. After adding the white of egg do not stir it. Strain or not as you please. Very good for a cold.

Mutton Broth.

Ingredients.—One pound of mutton or lamb cut small.
One quart of cold water,
One teaspoonful of rice or barley,
Four tablespoonfuls of milk,
Salt,
Pepper,
Parsley.

Boil the meat without the salt, closely covered, until very tender. Strain it and add the barley or rice. Simmer for half an hour, stirring often. Add the seasoning and milk, and simmer five minutes more.

Milk Toast.

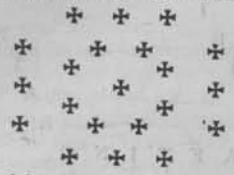
Ingredients.—Milk,
Bread,
Salt,
Flour,
Butter.

Put the milk into a sauce-pan to heat. Mix a very little flour smoothly with a little cold milk. A quart of milk will take butter the size of an egg. Mix all well together, and let it come to a boil. Pour the mixture on nicely-browned slices of bread.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

A MALTESE CROSS PUZZLE.



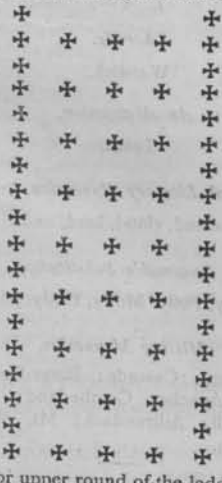
The central letter is a consonant, and remains unchanged. The letters which immediately surround it are only repetitions of a single letter, which is a vowel. The upper arm of the cross gives, on every side, the name of a girl. The right arm gives the names by which she calls her father and her brother. The left arm is her name for her mother, and what her father and brother are, and what she and her mother are not; while the lowest arm gives what the girl and her mother sometimes cook, and what they cook it in.

A NAME PUZZLE.

— — L — —
— — L — —
— — L — —
— — L — —
— — L — —

Supply the letters wanting in the above, and find five pretty names for five pretty ladies.

A GEOGRAPHICAL LADDER.



The ninth or upper round of the ladder is a town in South America. The eighth is a country in Africa. The seventh is a district of Canada. The sixth is the ancient name of Gibraltar. The fifth is a town in Hindostan. The fourth is a town in Japan. The third is a town in Southern Africa. The second is a town in Western Africa. The lowest is a town in Belgium. The uprights spell a notable event in American history, and the day of the month on which it happened.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

My first may be either good or bad;
In my second, they say, dwells truth.
My whole is a word whose sound is sad
To the ear of both age and youth.

No 2.

From my hospitable board
You a sumptuous meal may take.
Remove two-thirds, and of what's left
You probably your supper make.

No. 3.

Before my first the young man stood
With many comrades jolly,
And in a daring, boisterous mood,
They gave themselves to folly.

A smile breaks o'er the merchant's face,
In despite of all his fears,
When on his day-book in its place
My second sure appears.

My whole you'll find in every store,
Because the times are hard;
In letters large outside the door,
Upon a flaunting card.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Whole, I am a mineral; but behead me twice, and I become, first a sound, and second a number.

2. Whole, I am a couple; behead me twice and I become, first, a trial of speed, and secondly, one of a pack of cards.

3. Whole, I am a delight; behead me twice, and I become, first, an injury, and secondly an important member of the human frame.

4. Whole, I am something that will burn you; beheaded, I am something that will delight you, and beheaded again, I am something that may save you.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 1.

1. A precious stone.
2. An evergreen tree.
3. A woman's name.
4. A terror to sailors.

No. 2.

1. An ornamental article of dress.
2. A thought.
3. Cleanly.
4. A portal.

No. 3.

1. A vessel used for ornament.
2. Barren.
3. The edge.
4. The abode of innocence.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

The middle word each way is a musical instrument

1. Is found in book, but not in type.
2. An ancient way of dressing the hair.
3. Used in martial music.
4. A very graceful tree.
5. Is found in me, but not in you.

GAMES.

LONDON LOO.

This is a very popular game in many school-yards, as it furnishes ample opportunity for very violent exercise, and allows much fun to be condensed into a very few minutes of leisure. The child chosen as "It" or Leader places himself in some convenient corner, and then cries out in loud and distinct tones, "London!" The other players immediately disperse as rapidly as possible, and when they consider that they have reached a safe distance, all cry out the expected answer, "Loo!" At this signal the Leader starts in pursuit, and whenever he succeeds in catching any one of his mates, that comrade must clasp hands with him, and the two together proceed to catch the rest of the players. Every one caught must join this ever-lengthening line, which must be preserved with great care, for whenever any link becomes detached, the player who is at that moment the object of pursuit must be allowed to escape. The game is a very rough one, but is very merry, and has to be managed with skill and judgment, or it becomes dangerous, as the lengthened line swings round with great force.

SLIP THE RULER.

The play known under this name is but a modern variation upon the ancient and standard game of "Hunt the Slipper." It is, however, better suited to the "recess" on a rainy day, and is therefore quite generally adopted by school children. The position of the players is more dignified than that in the merry old game, but almost as much rough fun can be obtained from it. The players take their seats in a row upon chairs or benches, while the Leader stands before them. The players then slip a ruler or short stick from hand to hand behind their backs, seizing every opportunity to give the Leader a smart tap with it while his attention is attracted to some other point of the line. If the Leader succeeds in catching the ruler, the player in whose possession it is arrested must assume the office of Leader.

PIANO.

This is a very clever trick, but it only can be done by a very good pianist. One of the players must go out of the room, the others must fix upon a noun, for instance "Cat." When they have settled a word they must call in the player; the confederate must then seat herself at the piano and play as many chords as the number of the first letter of the word; for instance, she would play three chords for "c," one for "a," and twenty for "t." Between each letter, a run or variation must be played to divide it from the other letter. The other player is then able to tell what word was chosen, to the astonishment of the lookers-on. The chords must be varied so as to make it appear like a tune, which, of course, requires a good musician; the other player must listen very intently, as it puzzles the audience more if the tune is played fast. But at the same time each of the chords must be well accented, and the second player must listen intently, to be sure to count them correctly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER. NUMBER.

Answer to Box Puzzle.

```
          G R I N D I N G
        N               N N
      I                 I I
    B                   N N
  B                     I A
U                       A E
R                       R L
G R A F T I N G         G G
N                       N N
I                       I I
D                       P L
R                       U Z
A                       O Z
U                       R U
G U E S S I N G
```

Answer to Cross Puzzle.

```
    B
    A
    Y
B A R O N E T
    N
    E
    T
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Charade.

Warwick.

An Abstraction.

Texas.

A Literary Execution.

Leland, eland, land, and.

A Seasonable Substitution.

Holly, Polly, Molly, Dolly, jolly.

Missing Mountains.

Coast Range; Cascade; Bitter-Root; Rocky Mountains; Apache; Cumberland; Alleghany; Blue; Catskill; Adirondack; Mt. Washington; White; Green.

IN a family of children, that like to vary their home amusements as much as possible, the sister occasionally furnishes each person with a piece of paper upon which to privately write their guesses at our puzzles; these pages are then pinned or sewed into a little book, and laid away until the arrival of the next number, when the reading of the little volume is frequently the cause of some mirth to the household.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & CO., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Phila.:—

EURIPIDES, by J. P. Mahaffy, A. M., Fellow of Trinity College, and Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin.

One of the small volumes of "Classical Writers," edited by John Richard Green, which contain in a readable and condensed form matter of great value and interest to the classical scholar. The volume gives in this concise style chapters on the age in which Euripides lived, the poet's life and studies, and clear, interesting descriptions of his most important works.

THE SKIN AND ITS TROUBLES.

One of the valuable little "health-primers," containing clear, general directions for preserving the health of the skin, avoiding eruptive troubles, and promoting the growth and beauty of the hair.

TABLE TALK. to which are added imaginary conversations of Pope and Swift, by Leigh Hunt.

A clever little volume of the sayings, serious and witty, of this celebrated author, making a pleasant chit-chat of varied matter; entertaining reading for a leisure hour.

CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE, by Charles Reade.

Although one of the first, this is also one of the best of Charles Reade's novels, sparkling, witty, dramatic, and coming as an old friend to claim interest even in a second perusal.

THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER, by Thomas Hardy.

HESTER, by Beatrice May Butt.

Two clever little stories in one volume. All three of the last named works are in the New Handy Volume Series, that make such pleasant little books to hold and to read.

APPLETON'S DICTIONARY OF NEW YORK AND VICINITY.

A complete guide-book for the city and suburbs, with descriptions of all important places of business, public buildings and resorts, and containing a very perfect map of the streets, ferries, bridges, and neighborhood.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia:—

"THE MARKETS OF PARIS," by Emile Zola, a novel containing the fortunes of an escaped political convict, and giving a vivid picture of the people and customs of the Parisian market-places.

THE LAST ATHENIAN, translated from the Swedish of Victor Rydberg, by William W. Thomas, jr.

A story of Athens, at the time of Julian the Apostate, which will be read with interest, and laid aside with regret.

—

From CASSELL, PETTER, GALPIN & Co:—

HYGIENE OF THE VOICE, its Physiology and Anatomy, by Ghislani Durant, M. D., Ph. D.

In a small volume Dr. Durant, who is a vocalist as well as physician, gives to the public the result of years of study upon the subject treated of. It is not a singer's manual, but a clear, concise treatise on the vocal organs, profusely illustrated. It will be found valuable both to speakers and singers, as an aid in preserving and strengthening the voice, and developing its fullest power.

—

From AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, Philadelphia:

SYBIL AND THE SAPPHIRES, OR TRADING IN VANITY FAIR, by Clara F. Guernsey, author of "The Ivory Gates," "The Silver Cup," etc., etc.

A book for school girls, written in Miss Guernsey's happiest style, and which we can heartily commend. It is full of interest, conveying healthful teaching in a most charming story.

—

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

EYEBRIGHT, a story, by Susan Coolidge, author of "The New Year's Bargain," "What Katy Did," etc.

There is no writer for children whose books are more interesting and instructive than Susan Coolidge, and Eyebright is one of her best. The affection of the lonely little girl on the island on the coast of Maine, for her doll, is one of the prettiest bits of child-writing we have ever seen.

STUDYING ART ABROAD, and how to do it cheaply, by May Alcott Nieriker.

A small volume containing information regarding the homes, studios, teachers and stores, in London, Paris and Rome.

JIMMY'S CRUISE IN THE PINAFORE. No. 5 of Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag, by Louisa M. Alcott.

A collection of short stories for children in the genial, chatty, witty vein peculiar to Miss Alcott's writings. They are sure to please those for whom they are written, the boys and girls of the present day.

—

From Messrs. LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston:—

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A CHINAMAN IN CHINA, by Jules Verne.

The book is intensely interesting and amusing, and many of the popular feautures of the day, such as the Phonograph, Capt. Boyton's Rubber Suit, Life Insurance Companies, Banking Speculations, Advertising Schemes, and various other eccentricities of the times, are woven into the narrative.

ROOM FOR ONE MORE, by Mary Thacher Higginson, author of "Seashore and Prairie."

A pretty story for children, written to convey Christian and moral teaching in the form of interesting fiction.

From AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, New York:—

A CROWN OF GLORY, by Catherine M. Trowbridge, author of "Satisfied."

A girl's autobiography, in which Christian teaching and example is woven into a story that will be sure to please young people, for whom it is written.

DEAR OLD STORIES TOLD ONCE MORE.

Six small books with beautifully colored covers and illustrations, containing Bible stories in short, pleasant sketches for children. They are written in a very attractive style, and will form a valuable addition to a nursery library.

Our Arm Chair.

JANUARY, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

At the opening of the New Year, when all our hearts are, or should be, full of hopes, good-fellowship and affection, our readers will feel in sympathy with Mr. Darley's happy group. How many hands the LADY'S BOOK will meet in the close grasp that only associations of "Auld Lang Syne" can give. What a circle it would make if indeed they could all join hands, and what a chorus if every voice joined in the time-honored melody. But since this cannot be, we send greeting to all, hoping that bright eyes will grow brighter, happy hearts be lighter, old memories be stronger, as the LADY'S BOOK'S "Happy New Year" is offered to old and young, our new friends and those who love our pages for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne."

Following the steel plate is our mammoth colored Fashion Plate, truthful and beautiful as ever, and full of suggestions for the 1880 styles.

The humorous plate "An Amateur's First Trail," is a clever satire upon the city fop's first hunting season. Decked in all the accoutrements for "sport," the near-sighted dandy certainly expects to track a deer or a bear by the help of his good dog's nose, but one cannot but suspect that the smiling veteran who points out the trail, has already discovered the old house cat, who having made them by scampering away from the intruders, is now arching her back ready for warfare if her canine foe invades her premises in search of "What is it?"

The "Novelty" is a pattern for a handsome glove box, suitable for a New Year's present or a fair, and an addition to the toilet table both useful and beautiful. Kid gloves last about twice as long if they are pulled into shape and put into a box of this kind, instead of being rolled into a ball and tossed into the drawer. Both shape and color are kept by a little care in laying smoothly in a box.

The usual number of fashion patterns are given, some of the hats being unusually stylish and becoming.

A selection from the popular opera of "Fatinitza," will be enjoyed by the lovers of bright, sparkling music.

In our literary department will be found the opening chapters of Christian Reid's new novel, "Roslyn's Fortune," written expressly for the LADY'S BOOK in this popular author's best vein. "The Rosebud Garden of Girls" is continued in some charming pages, and Thos. S. Collier, Marion Couthouy, Ella Rodman Church, Estelle Thomson, and other popular writers, contribute an attractive galaxy of stories and poems.

We especially commend to our readers the page of "Recipes for the Sick Room," which have been prepared expressly for this page by a lady who has practical experience of their value, and who has *tested* each one. The appetite of an invalid is always difficult to please, and care must be taken that the food prepared meets every requirement, and it is often the most difficult of a nurse's duties to make suitable dishes.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR.

S. A. Sheilds.

It is fifty long years since, in the year 1830, a new era in literature was opened by the publication of a small magazine, which was to appear monthly, and to be devoted to ladies, to study their wants, add to their pleasures, lighten the performance of their duties, and be to them a guide, counsellor, and home friend.

The country was young, and its literature was in its infancy. England supplied all standard works, and if there were any published in this country, they were largely reprints of English publications, although some American works had been offered to the public. But periodical literature was an unexplored field of usefulness, and a monthly magazine devoted to ladies a daring venture for a publisher. The new journal at once attracted notice, curiosity, and pleasure.

Before me, as I write, lies the first number of the "LADY'S BOOK," the modest, hardy little pioneer that was to lead the way to the most popular kind of literature. The title-page, yellow with age, is very simple. A small wood-cut of a woman seated under a tree, beside a rock, occupies the centre of the page. Above this, in a semi-circle, are the words:

"THE LADY'S BOOK, VOL. I."

and below it,

"PHILADELPHIA, PUBLISHED BY L. A. GODEY & CO., 112 CHESTNUT ST., 1830."

Facing this title-page is the only full-page illustration in the number, a colored "fashion" plate with only one figure, and the title, "Walking Dress." A costume of pale blue, trimmed with white lace, and a bonnet of stupendous size and elaborate trimming, illustrate the prevailing style of 1830, and clearly define one of the leading purposes of the book, to guide the taste of its readers, and give them reliable information upon the fashion of the day. The first page of reading matter is quoted from the leading English authorities on dress, "La Belle Assemblée," and the "Lady's Magazine," and is a description of the dresses most in vogue. Following this, are fifty-two pages of stories and poems, embroidery patterns, directions for dancing and riding (illustrated with quaint little wood-cuts), and short paragraphs of general information.

This was the initial number of what was destined to become a great national success, and as it started it has steadily pursued its one aim and purpose of publication. For fifty years it has ever kept in view this object, the regular issue of a magazine devoted to women, to their instruction and recreation. It was to be their domestic guide, their reference upon all disputed points, their authority for good taste and correct dress, and their unfailing adviser and friend upon all subjects interesting or useful to them.

The little book set out on its journey through the United States with none of the advantages of such travelers in modern times. There were few avenues

for advertising its purposes; daily papers were limited in number, and "puffing" was by no means the artistic work it has since become. But the LADY'S BOOK sought no outside influence, and presented itself before the public, resting solely upon its own merits, and its practical value to those for whose use it was intended.

It was alone in its wandering. No rival claimant pressed against it in the mail-bag, or divided its welcome when its destination was reached. It must be remembered that in those days dwellings were scattered widely apart, whole tracts of country were thinly populated, and the inhabitants almost isolated from civilization. Women in these remoter homes knew nothing of the thousands of refining influences open to their sisters in the great cities. To them the advent of the LADY'S BOOK was an event of importance scarcely to be realized by those who to-day have only to take a ten minutes' walk to find books in every variety. Even to-day there are as anxious eyes watching the coming of the LADY'S BOOK in remote places, where it shares the table with the family Bible and almanac, and is the one source of intellectual pleasure to the household. But when it made its first visit, jogging over unbroken roads in stage-coaches, traveling miles on horseback in the mail-bag of the post-man, slowly crossing rivers in sailing vessels, traversing the prairies in wagons, the hardy traveler met such greeting as is given only to well-beloved guests. Hours of leisure in the primitive homes of the new country were jewels, cherished and turned to profitable account, and in these hours a new source of pleasure and instruction was valued as it deserved.

The LADY'S BOOK was welcomed at once as a friend, and soon became a household treasure, its presence a comfort and guide, and hours of toil were sweetened by the prospect of evenings spent reading its pages, while the actual hard labor of women in these rough dwellings was perceptibly made lighter by its practical suggestions and sensible advice. It was thought only a work of love to ride or walk miles to the nearest post-office, if the journey was rewarded by finding the LADY'S BOOK at its end.

And, as it made this reward pleasant, the LADY'S BOOK also made it certain. In all the years of its long life, the many, many months of its regular issue, it has never once disappointed its subscribers, but has appeared with unfailing regularity through the entire six hundred numbers of its publication.

But, while it studied the taste and the domestic sphere of women, providing the first practical instructions for their work in the kitchen, the dining-room, the drawing-room, giving them such guides to needle-work as refined and elevated it to a fine art, the LADY'S BOOK also aimed at their intellectual pleasure and improvement. It was not possible at first to obtain from American writers such reading matter as was desirable, but only the best of English authors were selected to contribute to its pages, and we find in the initial numbers articles by Mary Russell Mitford, The Ettrick Shepherd, Maria Jane Jewsbury, Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, Thomas Moore, L. E. L., Mrs. S. C. Hall, Eliza Cook, Caroline Norton, and many other distinguished English writers, while there are also translations from the best German and French authors.

But it was soon known that the LADY'S BOOK offered its pages for the publication of original stories, poems, essays, and other literary matter from American writers, and was desirous of developing and encouraging native talent. The best of America's authors were proud to see their names in the popular periodical, and soon the headings, "From La Belle Assemblée," "From the London Court Journal," and other periodicals, disappeared, to be replaced by the one word, "Original," or "Written for the LADY'S BOOK," while following the titles were the names of Washington Irving, William Cullen Bryant, W. Gilmore Simms, N. P. Willis, John Frost, LL. D., Edward Everett, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Caroline Lee Hentz, Fanny Forrester, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Lydia Maria Child, Catherine M. Sedgwick, Edgar A. Poe, Miss Leslie, Grace Greenwood, Sarah Josepha Hale, Mary A. Denison, Alice B. Neal, T. S. Arthur, Virginia F. Townsend, Marion Harland, and hundreds of others, whose names alone would fill columns of our pages. It was upon these pages that the contributions of very many writers whose reputation to-day is world-wide, first appeared before the public; and the LADY'S BOOK, with other great work accomplished, may claim to be the cradle of genius for many whose infant stories and poems showed their right to a place, since nobly won, amongst the great authors of the world.

As the circulation of the LADY'S BOOK increased, as the tastes of its readers developed, its improvement in every number was marked and rapid. Steadily winning its laurels, it never relaxed its efforts to keep pace with the advance of intellect, taste, skill, and industry, seeking every new avenue for the best matter to put before its readers, always ready to hear suggestions, to give attention to every demand of its subscribers. While it gave the fashions of Paris, London, and New York, it also had aids to women's work invented expressly for its pages, giving original designs for every kind of needlework, knitting, and fancy work of every description.

From the first number, the LADY'S BOOK was a power apparent throughout the entire country, quoted as authority, accepted as a reliable guide, and exerting a refining and elevating influence wherever it was known. Little girls at their mother's knees were coaxed to learn the use of the needle by the "pretty pictures" that clearly illustrated the results of their work. Exquisite steel engravings gave young artists in remote homes their first ambitious dreams. Dainty damsels sought the "Fashion Plates," and the "Chit-chat" for bewitching costumes; and careful housekeepers studied the pages of "Recipes" and domestic instruction and suggestions.

Young readers whose craving intellect was eager for food, sought the pure literature from the best writers, and there were no anxious fears that their tastes would be perverted, or their minds led astray by what they read. "We never fear to give the

LADY'S BOOK to our children," hundreds of mothers wrote years ago and hundreds write to-day; while others write "We owe the best of our education as wives and mothers to the pages of the LADY'S BOOK."

It was a fact soon apparent, that where the LADY'S BOOK was a guest, it became at once a *necessity*. Year after year, while new names were added to the subscription list, the old ones returned with unceasing regularity. Ladies wrote—"I am going to be married, and mother cannot spare her LADY'S BOOK, so I must have a copy sent to my new home. I will not undertake to keep house without it;" and to-day, upon the books of the office, are inscribed the names of those whose grandmothers and mothers have kept the volumes for fifty years, never missing one number of the six hundred that form the most useful library in their possession.

In 1837, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale became associated with Mr. Godey in the editorial management of the LADY'S BOOK, and devoted years of her life to the work of elevating woman in every relation of life. It was never her mission, or that of the periodical she largely controlled, to unsex woman by advocating her appearance upon the fields of labor devoted to the hardier sex, but to raise her intellectually to their highest level, to cultivate heart and mind, to make "woman's sphere" the purest, highest sphere in the world.

Never aiming at sensation, the LADY'S BOOK was ambitious of being the *best* periodical as it had been the *first* for the women of America. It was Mr. Godey's proudest boast that "Not an immoral thought or profane word could be found in this magazine," and its present publishers will maintain this proud record.

Wherever the English language was spoken, the LADY'S BOOK was found—not only in the homes of America, where it was the only book beside the Bible in the house, but in foreign countries, in Europe, Africa, and Asia. Upon the mail books of the office are the names of subscribers in Hong Kong, Honolulu, Cape of Good Hope, and other countries as far from its publication office as man could travel, while in its native land, there is not a city, town, or village, where its name is not a "household word."

And still, after fifty years of unbroken popularity, the LADY'S BOOK retains its place in the homes and hearts of America's daughters. There was born in the affection of its first subscribers a *love* for the household friend who had come to feed starving brains, and craving intellect. They clung to it as the first friend who visited them in tiny log cabins surrounded by dense forests; and when towns and cities grew up around them, the LADY'S BOOK they had walked weary miles to meet, and had, saved "egg and butter money" to buy, was no less precious that it came by steam, improved upon every page, and still appealing to all that was best in their natures.

It is not taken up in these homes with careless hands, hastily skimmed over and tossed aside, but it is consulted as a reliable and dear friend whose advice must be valuable; is read and re-read, handsomely bound, and put in its place, side by side with the ninety-nine volumes, many of which were first opened by hands now feeble with age, or by those whose names are now only a memory. But while many subscribers are children or grandchildren of those who first sent their names to swell the subscription list of the LADY'S BOOK, we have scores of letters that assure us it still holds its place in the hearts and homes of many who have not missed one number for fifty years.

A piano or organ is the most suitable holiday present that can ever be made. Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, of Washington, New Jersey, offers elsewhere in this issue splendid bargains for holiday presents. Mayor Beatty's celebrated pianos and organs are giving entire satisfaction, and we know that our readers will do well to purchase of him.

So great has been the demand for these celebrated instruments within the last few months, that Mr. Beatty has been compelled to erect a new mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, corner Railroad avenue and Beatty street.

Read his advertisement, and send for his illustrated newspaper, holiday edition, before you purchase.

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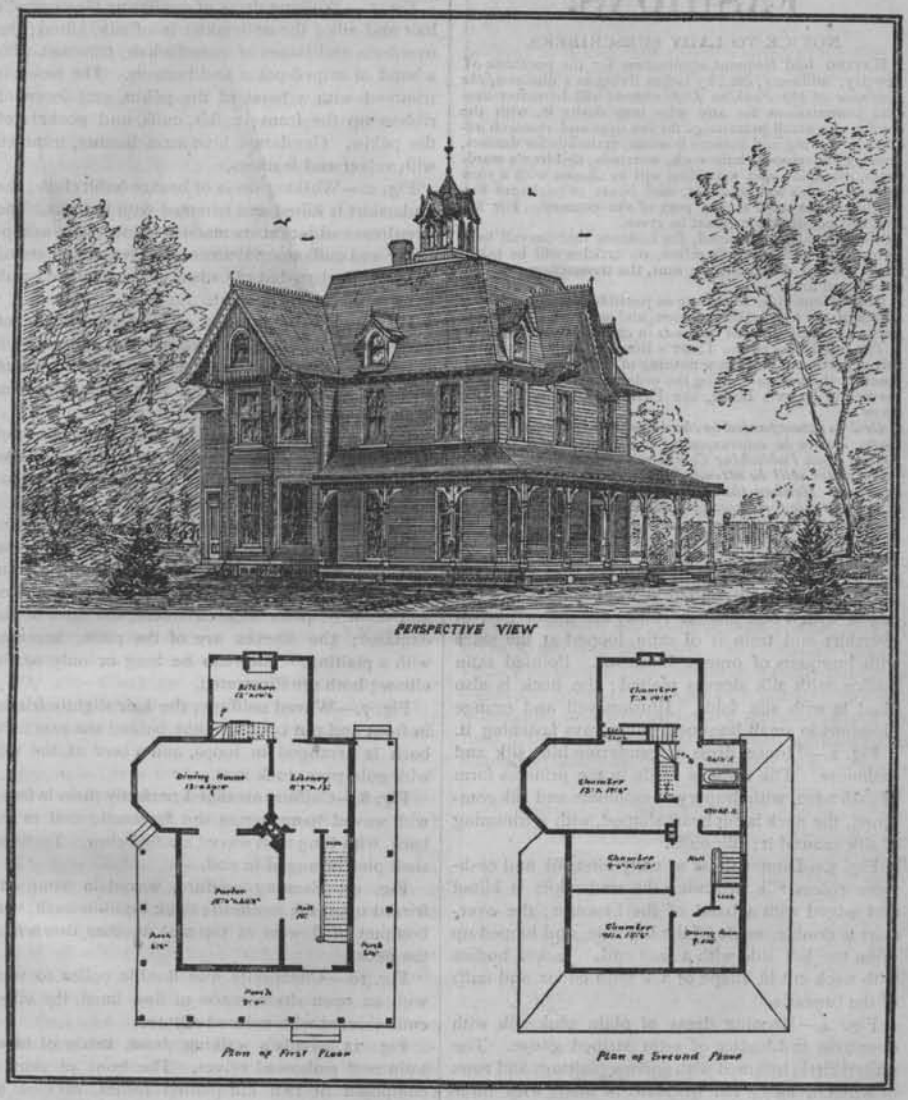
IT is a head and shoulders above every fashion magazine published in the Union.—*Weekly*, Aberdeen, Miss.

IN every department it shows the constant effort to improve.—*Courant*, Columbia, Pa.

ON every page of this popular magazine will be found the most attractive reading and useful hints. —*Register*, Woodstown, N. J.



AMERICAN GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects, 520 Walnut St., formerly 804 N. 8th St., Philadelphia.

The above design is now in process of erection at Marcus Hook, on the Delaware, for Mr. E. S. Farson, for the sum of $2,200, fully finished. It has a cellar under dining and sitting-rooms. It contains four rooms in the roof-story, besides those shown upon the plans; it is being finished in chamfered Gothic style inside, and will make a desirable and beautiful home. We have made arrangements to supply each succeeding month a new and useful design for buildings suiting the wants of the people in various localities of our vast country. Our past experience since 1863 with GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, and constant practice as architects, enable us to assure the public that nothing but the most practical designs, varied to suit existing styles and tastes, will appear, and each succeeding number may be looked for with interest.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application 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, envelopes, 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.

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.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the LADY'S BOOK have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editress does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

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

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Bride's dress of white silk and satin; the underskirt is of silk, puffed in front diagonally, and edged with a box-plaited ruffle, the upper part of overskirt and train is of satin, looped at the sides with bouquets of orange blossoms. Pointed satin bodice, with silk sleeves plaited; the neck is also filled in with silk folds. Illusion veil and orange blossoms in small bouquets and sprays fastening it.

Fig. 2.—House dress of gendarme blue silk and cashmere. The dress is made in the princess form of cashmere, with drapery of cashmere and silk combined, the neck is cut heart-shaped, with a trimming of silk around it; silk cuffs.

Fig. 3.—Dinner dress of navy blue silk and cashmere colors silk brocade; the underskirt is kilted and edged with a band of the brocade; the overskirt is double, made of the brocade, and looped up upon the left side with a sash end. Jacket bodice with neck cut in shape of a V with collar and cuffs of the brocade.

Fig. 4.—Evening dress of plain pink silk with overdress and bodice of satin striped gauze. The underskirt is trimmed with narrow plaitings and rows of Russian lace; the overskirt is made with three aprons, trimmed with the same and loops of white satin. Basque bodice open to the waist, filled in with quillings of lace; elbow sleeves, long white gloves.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of blue satin, trimmed with plaided velvet. The underskirt is trimmed with plaitings divided by lengthwise bands of velvet; the front is trimmed with a broad piece of the same, as is also the overskirt and jacket; the latter has a vest of white cloth. Blue satin bonnet, trimmed with velvet, feathers, and bird.

Fig. 6.—Walking dress for child of five years made of brown cloth; the underskirt is kilted; the jacket is very long and is trimmed with bands of velvet. Felt hat trimmed with brown velvet and feather.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of gendarme blue camel's hair and silk; the underskirt is of silk, kilted; the overdress and jacket of camel's hair, trimmed with a band of striped pékin and buttons. The jacket is trimmed with a band of the pékin, and loops of ribbon up the front; collar, cuffs, and pockets of the pékin. Gendarme blue satin bonnet, trimmed with velvet and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of bronze habit cloth; the underskirt is kilted and trimmed with buttons. The overdress and jacket are made perfectly plain, except collar and cuffs upon sleeves of jacket, which are of velvet. Turban hat of brown velvet, trimmed with band of fur and ornament.

Fig. 3.—Dress for child of four years made of dark green and blue plaid velvet; the underskirt is kilted; the overdress has a deep basque and pockets, and is trimmed with Russian lace; the same trims neck and dress sleeves.

Fig. 4.—Dress for child of four years made of light fawn-color cloth; it is made with a skirt and deep jacket with cuffs, collar, and pocket, all edged with an embroidery in brown silk.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Front and back view of dress for girl of six years; the underskirt is laid in box plaits, and is made of damassé blue and gray; the front and back of the upper part of the dress are plaited and made of plain blue cashmere, the sides of the damassé; the sleeves are of the plain, trimmed with a plaiting. They can be long or only to the elbow; both are illustrated.

Fig. 7.—Waved coiffure; the hair slightly frizzed in front and put back straight behind the ears; the back is arranged in loops, and a bow at the top, with gold pins stuck in it.

Fig. 8.—Coiffure arranged perfectly plain in front, with waved bang across the forehead; coil in the back, with long tress waved falling below. Tortoise-shell pins arranged in coil.

Fig. 9.—Evening coiffure, waved in front, and frizzed upon the forehead; thick braid in back, with bouquet of flowers at top and another down near the neck.

Fig. 10.—Chemisette and double collar to wear with an open dress, made of fine linen, the edges embroidered with colored cotton.

Fig. 11.—Lady's walking dress, made of black satin and embossed velvet. The front of skirt is composed of two kilt-plaited ruffles, divided by shirred scarfs; the back is plain breadths draped; panier polonaise of embossed velvet. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with old gold satin, jet, and feathers.

Fig. 12.—Myrtle green cloth and silk dress; the underskirt is of silk, the overdress and jacket of cloth, trimmed with bands of striped plush and satin. Felt bonnet of the same shade as dress, trimmed with plush and feathers.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Collar and cuff of fashionable shape, edged with a narrow embroidery.

Fig. 15.—Lady's visiting dress, made of plum-colored silk; the back of dress is plain and untrimmed; the front of skirt is kilted, the overdress shirred and trimmed with bows. Cloak of cloth the same shade as dress, trimmed with fringe and striped

pêkin. Satin bonnet to match dress, trimmed with plush and feathers.

Fig. 16.—Lady's walking dress of navy-blue silk, the front of dress shirred, the bottom trimmed with two box plaitings, the back is demi-train and plain. Cloth cloak, the color of dress, trimmed with braid and fringe. Navy blue velvet bonnet trimmed with feathers and satin.

Fig. 17.—Scent-bottle of gold, enameled in colors, in the shape of a quiver filled with arrows; the chain and hook are used to suspend it from belt.

Fig. 18. Lady's winter cloak, made of black corded silk and trimmed with passementerie, and box plaited French lace.

Fig. 19.—House jacket made of pale blue cashmere and trimmed with Russian lace; the fronts are long and are knotted at the bottom of the jacket and fall in two long ends, also trimmed with the lace, which extends down the front.

Fig. 20.—Opera cloak of white satin brocade, trimmed with white fox fur, and crochet ornaments in front; it is lined with pale pink satin.

Fig. 21.—Bodice without sleeves made of colored silk, and trimmed with quillings of silk and lace, and ribbon bows; this is to be worn over a black or dark silk dress, and can be made of net trimmed with bright colored ribbon if preferred.

Fig. 22.—Cloak for little girl of seven years, made of gray cloth; it is a gored sacque with cape, the latter trimmed with a side plaiting of silk, the pockets and cuffs are of the same.

Fig. 23.—Cloak for little girl of six years; it is made of garnet velvet, and entirely covers the dress; it is trimmed with Russian lace, ribbon bows, and silk braid.

Fig. 24.—Dress for boy of three years made of plaid cloth; the skirt is laid in box plaits the jacket is cut in turrets bound with silk braid and buttons; plain cloth vest and collar.

Fig. 25.—Suit for boy of five years, made of brown cloth; the pants are to the knee and are ornamented with three straps and buttons. Plaited vest, and collar and cuffs of velvet.

Fig. 26.—Walking dress for lady made of brown camel's hair, the underskirt is trimmed with a side plaiting, the overdress is plain and trimmed with buttons, and narrow passementerie. Dolman of the same material trimmed with passamenterie ornaments and fringe. Brown felt bonnet trimmed with a long feather, satin, and small bunch of old gold color satin flowers.

Fig. 27.—Walking dress of gray satin and brocaded silk; the under skirt is plain, with a puffing up each side finished upon each edge with loops of ribbon. The overdress is of the brocade. Cloak of camel's hair of the same shade as dress, trimmed with loops of satin ribbon and bows. Bonnets of gendarme blue, crinkled velvet trimmed with feathers and flowers of the same shade.

Fig. 28.—Black velvet bonnet trimmed with old gold satin and black satin ribbon, black feather and colored bird; the face is lined with shirred satin of the same shade as trimming.

Fig. 29.—Peacock blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin and ostrich feathers, shirred satin inside the brim.

Fig. 30.—Black satin and velvet bonnet; the crown is of velvet, the front of satin embroidered in beads; it is trimmed with ostrich feathers and three birds hanging as if suspended from a string at the side.

31. Olive green plush bonnet trimmed with satin, and ostrich feathers, satin ribbon strings, trimmed across the ends with quilled black lace.

Our diagram pattern is for a child's dress; it is composed of seven pieces, half of back, and side back, half of front, half of sleeve, collar, quarter of kilt skirt, and half of sash. This dress can be made of cashmere or any wool goods, with a trimming and sash of wool goods, of a contrasting color, or of silk. With a flannel lining it would make a pretty street suit, not requiring any extra outside wrap.

GLOVE BOX.

(*See colored illustration in front of Book.*)

This pretty box is suitable for a New Year's gift, and can be made up very easily at home. Take a pasteboard box 10½ inches long, 4 inches wide, and 3½ inches deep, with a lid upon it, then proceed to ornament it. Our model is made of plaited straw, with a design worked upon the front, and each end with colored silk, or zephyr; the top piece upon lid has the word "Gloves," upon it. After each of the sides are covered, the bottom is trimmed around with quilled satin ribbon, and the lid is edged with the same. The inside of box is lined with quilted satin, which is usually perfumed so that the gloves can have the odor imparted to them. Silver, gilt, or plain perforated cardboard can be used if the straw cannot be obtained, although it is a much greater novelty, and entirely new.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

The change in coiffures is very gradual here, but it is an accomplished fact in Paris, although Parisian ladies had some trouble and many a misgiving before they would give up their elaborate style of hair-dressing; now, however, the change is an accomplished fact. The hair is worn low over the brows, either in plain or waved bandeaux, or in a fringe; at the back it is coiled or plaited, so as to scarcely show above the top of the head, and leaves the nape of the neck quite free. This is the morning coiffure; for the evening it is not quite so simple. The front hair is crimped or strongly waved, or cut short and frizzled over the forehead. The back is arranged in short coils called *coques*, turned round the fringes like a coil, and fastened on tightly; but over the temple it is invariably brushed straight off. A tortoise-shell comb, not too high, is a nice finish; and large pins, with tortoise-shell heading, are also used in modern coiffures. When a flower is worn, it is placed just behind the left ear, nearly drooping in the neck. Filigree butterflies and jeweled insects are favorite ornaments. Young girls often wear their hair in waves all over the head, with a knot of loosely-coiled hair at the back. Rows of large opal beads are a favorite ornament.

Evening dresses now require some notice, as evening entertainments of all kinds are now very

frequent. Dresses do not present any strikingly different aspect this winter. Black dresses of velvet, satin, or silk, are in great favor for dinner and evening parties, and ladies who go to entertainments a great deal frequently wear them. The black evening dress is a most useful institution for a person of moderate means, as it can be freshened up and modernized in a variety of ways. Vests and revers of colored silk or satin, plastrons of white puffed tulle or white lace, and jackets of a material different from the dress, offer numerous resources for the purpose. Another way of renovating a black silk dress is to arrange draperies of black spotted tulle *point d'esprit*, edged with lace over the skirt, and to trim the bodice, open in a V or a square, with puffings of similar tulle; the semi-long sleeves should be entirely of tulle, with lace edging, and no short sleeve underneath.

For an evening party or large dinner party, a very unique and tasteful dress is of pale gold-colored gros-grain silk. The low bodice is oval in front and at the back, and forms, as it were, straps upon the shoulders. It has five seams in the back. The front is embroidered in a pattern of leaves and flowers, shaded from deep yellow to dark brown, and is deeply peaked, as well as the back. The skirt is trimmed in front and at the sides with alternate flutings of the plain silk, and slightly gathered flounces of the same, embroidered in the same style as the bodice. On either side of the front peak of the bodice there are paniers of draped silk, and at the back a long train, coming down in heavy folds without any trimming. There are no sleeves to the bodice, but only small draped sleeves of white gauze, fastened up with yellow flowers matched to the embroidery as well as the coiffure.

A dinner dress for a young lady is of white gauze. The front of the skirt is gathered and trimmed on either side with a gauze ruche and drooping loops of white satin ribbon. The back has no trimming, but falls in ample folds over the underskirt of plain white silk. The bodice is slightly gathered at the waist, which is confined by a deep belt of white satin and silver buckle. This bodice is cut square and moderately low in front. It is trimmed round the top with a full ruche of *crêpe* lisse, and one rose is placed in the corner. The sleeves are to the elbow, and finished with a series of very small flutings. There is one pretty deep fluting all around the skirt, and a second one around the train only.

A new style of bodice for evening dress is made of material different from the skirt. It is a bodice high at the back and open in front, which is continued into a very deep round basque, looped up in the middle of the back and on either side, and open in front, so as to form paniers rather low over the hips. The one we saw was made of pearl-gray satin and sapphire-blue velvet pékin, to wear with a draped and trained skirt of pearl-gray satin. It was trimmed with two rows of short, wavy fringe, and at the sides with clusters of satin ribbon to match. The sleeves were very tight, semi-short, and trimmed with a plain blue velvet band and a fluting of the pékin.

It is again the fashion this winter to trim evening dresses of a dark color (silk or velvet) with white lace, the designs of which are all outlined with a thread of gold, and the veins of the leaves, the calyxes of the flowers, etc., defined likewise with gold threads. Even white embroidery on batiste is ornamented in this fashion; and for evening and dinner toilets there are in preparation handkerchiefs embroidered very finely with white cotton, mixed with gold thread, which is also seen in the lace border.

Bouquets are still worn with all bodices, excepting high ones. At present, fashion favors roses, stripping them of their foliage, however, and replacing it by that of some vegetable, as the leaves of asparagus, carrots, and parsley, for instance. These pretty leaves are made in a superior fashion, and their effect is charming.

Fancy jewelry is enlarging its domains, and is already employed in the shape of ornaments for bonnets, and even for dresses. Huge flies, locusts, etc., are seen in the large bows of ribbon which trim evening dresses. Every kind of insect is fashionable for pins, earrings, and brooches, and the same insects of larger size figure in dress trimmings. There will also be worn cravats of pearls. These cravats are composed of several rows of small pearls, terminating with a tassel, and are tied at the throat precisely like a cravat.

Fashion discards and then gradually returns to certain colors. Thus mauve and all the derivations of lilac, which have been totally abandoned for several years, are again coming into vogue. It is true that the mauve of the present day is more gray than lilac. The trimming for materials of this color will be pale rose satin, and for more sombre toilettes it will be combined with violet of a reddish tinge.

The bodices of dinner dresses are made as pointed basques, short on the hips, and long V-shaped, or low and square cut in front; the back, on the contrary, is usually round. The opening is usually filled in with gathered lisse. Sometimes the satin bodice is embroidered all over with braided figures, and very handsome is the effect when clear white beads are used on pink, pearl or cashmere beads on white, and jet or rainbow beads on black satin. The sleeves worn with such basques are made of beads, and terminate with a bead fringe. A quantity of thin *crêpe* is used in all colors for plaitings; it matches the dress, and beads are sewn to the edge of the plaitings. Trains are both square and round; some have a breadth of plain satin down the centre, and brocade at each side; others are *vice versa*, having the brocade in the middle. A good deal of gathering or gauging is to be seen on many of the newest trains. When flowers are used to ornament a dinner dress, four bouquets are worn. The smallest is fastened at the right side of the neck, the second on the left corner of the open square in front, the third at the foot of the front breadth of the skirt, and the fourth low on the train.

Persian and Eastern effects have found their way on fans, for the leaves of the newest are of Persian silk or cashmere figures and colors, the white ivory sticks being painted by hand to match.

Never have opera cloaks or *sorties du bal* been handsomer than this winter, and the Indian cash-

mere shawl-patterned fabrics lend themselves well to this style of mantle. They are trimmed with fringes of raveled silk, in all colors of the fabrics, lined with satin and finished off with garnet velvet collar. The white cloaks are made of velvet brocade, satin broche, and fine cloth; the trimmings are bands of the richest Indian colorings, in which gold plays a most conspicuous part. Some of the white wraps are trimmed with brown or black fur borders of good width, and have pelerine collars of the same. The lining of such cloaks is unusually handsome, for it consists of red, gold, and occasionally of even brocaded satin.

A fashion that will certainly please ladies who are bound to study economy is that of the casaquin of a a different color and material from the dress skirt. The skirt of a dress or costume of a former season, the bodice and sleeves of which are shabby, worn out, or out of fashion, can do duty very nicely as a skirt to wear with such a casaquin. The skirt, being turned, dyed, or merely cleaned, can be modernized by being gathered thrice down the middle of the front, and trimmed round the bottom with two or three flutings, superposed, and the upper one put on with a heading. This skirt may be only just long enough to touch the ground, or longer, as fancy dictates. The fashionable casaquin, which, as our readers know, is a long-waisted, tight-fitting jacket, with a deep basque and fringe, is made of very dark, but not black material. Dark shades of olive or myrtle green, admiral or gendarme-blue, garnet red, or seal brown, are among the favorites, and can be worn with skirts of almost any color. In cashmere of good quality, they are suitable for ordinary wear; in velvet or pekin, they are more elegant. Some very pretty styles are of cashmere, with the fashionable *palmette*, or pine pattern, in brown, old gold, and deep red; the collar and revers, sleeves and pocket-facings, are usually of dark brown, finely-ribbed pekin velvet; metal buttons with colored pattern to match the cashmere.

The polonaise, which has not been quite as popular for the last few months, has again been taken into favor under a new name, "habit redingote." A very pretty one we saw, was made of dark embossed blue velvet, and worn over a satin underskirt to match, trimmed in front with two deep plaitings, large pockets at the sides edged with silk and chenille fringe. The polonaise is almost as long as the skirt at the back, and is draped very gracefully; in front it is only closed to the knees, where it opens with a large satin and velvet bow. Another polonaise is of striped purple velvet, and it opens over a satin skirt embroidered in chevrons of gold, orange, and copper-colored silks; a large collar and deep cuffs of satin similarly worked.

Bodices are now very long in the waist, and have usually five seams, but we are assured we are to have short waists as in the days of the First Empire. We hope, however, that such predictions will not be realized.

Large wooden buttons are used on cloth suits and wraps. They come in walnut wood alone, or in lighter oak and walnut together. Another novelty in buttons is that of having them made of the material used for trimming the dress; but instead of covering moulds with this fabric, they are regularly mounted on metal, with the rims of steel, jet or gilt. Another tasteful fancy is a set of buttons of cream white porcelain, decorated in colors by hand, and each button bearing a different device, as a bee, a bird, a spray of flowers, a fan, etc. Six buttons are furnished for the front of a coat, two of larger size for the sleeves, and two still larger for the back of the waist. New jet buttons for coats of satin or velvet are of smooth, polished jet, the size of a silver half dollar, and are sewed on through two gold-rimmed eyes that ornament the centre.

Elegant petticoats to be worn beneath dressy short costumes are of garnet or else black satin, trimmed with two pleated flounces edged with white lace, either Breton or Russian. The novelty consists in the back being drawn into puffs that are stuffed with hair, and, when worn, these form a small bustle that holds out the skirts as much as is considered stylish.

Red cashmere underskirts of bright scarlet, of cardinal red, garnet, and wine colors, are heavy enough for warmth, although many persons prefer opera flannel. They are trimmed with pleated flounces around the bottom and up the back to the belt. Some have these scalloped, others edged with narrow lace.

The soft belt is the name given to what is really a sash of pliable ribbon, usually of two contrasting colors in stripes. It is worn tied around the waist in soft negligent folds, and has a bow with ends on the left side. Sometimes it begins in the underarm seams, and is only in the front.

Reticules of satin or of the dress trimmings are now made to match suits. They are suspended by long ribbons that have a bow at the top for fastening to the side of the dress. Black satin reticules painted by hand, or embroidered with colors or with jet, or else merely lined with old gold or cardinal satin, and finished by a tassel at the lower end, are worn with any black dress.

Very large rosettes and the large Directoire bows made of Breton or point d'esprit lace are the newest cravat bows.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

The position of hostess in a large house where much company is entertained, is by no means a sinecure, especially when a short distance from the city, where the guests are invited to remain for several days. As many of our readers have made numerous inquiries about the proper mode of arranging different entertainments, we felt that a few hints would be acceptable. The first and most important matter is to decide upon your guests, and to endeavor to select those that you consider will be most congenial. To invite a party of very lively friends, and some notoriously quiet, plain people at the same time, would be a great mistake; the latter would be scandalized by the proceedings of the gay set, while they would be voted very dull and terrible bores by the more advanced spirits. So also, if she asks any young ladies, she must be careful to ask young gentlemen to entertain them; or if there is only one young lady, she must endeavor to pro-

cure a companion for her. It is exceedingly dull for young girls to be invited where there is no companionship but that of persons of their father's and mother's age, and provision for their amusement is an item which hostesses who have no daughters themselves are sadly apt to forget. It is such forethought as we have endeavored slightly to indicate that makes a hostess's reputation, and causes her house to be quoted as exceptionally pleasant. When a lady decides to give a grand evening entertainment, she usually decides upon her guests from distant cities whom she can entertain in her house for a few days before the evening fixed for the entertainment; the hostess's aim should be to assemble as many young people as possible, and they should never omit to have at least as many dancing young gentlemen as young ladies; properly there should always be more. When issuing invitations for a party of guests to remain in the house, the hostess should specify the entertainments likely to take place during their stay, as it may make a difference in the baggage they require to bring with them. In issuing her invitations, the hostess will confer a great boon upon her guests if she will state distinctly how long she desires them to remain. If she merely states, "It will afford us great pleasure to have you come and make us a visit, and, if agreeable to you, we shall expect you on Monday, the 18th inst.," the matter is left in abeyance, and the guests decide in their own minds how long they will remain, finding, very often to their extreme regret, that they have made their visit a much longer or shorter time than their hostess intended. It is always difficult to amuse a large party upon the evenings when there is no regular entertainment; people tire of dancing sooner or later; private theatricals require time and study for preparation; games are generally soon tired of; so we will suggest an amusement that was very successful at a party lately given by a fashionable lady, who always makes any guests who are with her thoroughly enjoy themselves. This was Mrs. Jarley's Wax-work Show; we do not mean the *bonâ fide* one of Dickens memory, but a copy of the same, only choosing characters of the present day. What is most wanted is a clever showman or show-woman, the latter preferable, and then people who can keep their countenances and imagine themselves for some few moments to be really the figures they represent. Choose, say a dozen people, to act the figures, then select your show-woman and two gentlemen to carry the figures from one place to another. Then arrange the rooms as if for private theatricals; that is to say, have a curtain you can draw, leaving one part of the room for the audience and the other for the actors, and get some one to play the piano both before and after the performance. Nothing makes an entertainment go off so well as a little bright music. When all are ready and the overture has been played, ring a bell, and during the ringing draw up a curtain, discovering the figures at the back of the stage arranged somewhat as the figures are shown at such a show, or as you think will best amuse the company. When the guests have looked for a moment, the music, which should have re-commenced softly as the curtain went up, should end with a loud chord, at the striking of which the show-woman should come forward to the front, she should previously have been standing beside the figures, as still as any of them, and two gentlemen assistants should appear on each side from behind the scenes. Mrs. Jarley should then make a short speech (better if prepared beforehand), about the figures, their characters, and various offices, trying to make her audience laugh as much as possible. Then she should direct her assistants to bring forward such and such a figure. The whole effect may be marred provided the would-be figures show any signs of life. They should make themselves as stiff as possible when moved, and take care to move neither limb nor feature until the show-woman explains what they can do, and they should do it as though both limbs and features were hung on strings, which strings are being pulled by the gentlemen who lift them about. Footlights are advisable, though not indespensable, although they are easy enough to manage; and the figures should be painted as closely to resemble wax as possible. The features should not be moved more than possible, for remember the faces are supposed to be wax, and the principal fun is that the face never alters, no matter how violently the limbs act. Of course a great deal depends upon what dresses are accessible in the house in which the performance takes place; but modern characters are easier to represent than any others, and as much amusement may be drawn from them, without any special dressing up, as from those that require the most elaborate preparations.

Persons who have fancy dresses representing the costumes of celebrated characters, can use them with good effect, a short account of the life and character of the party represented being given by the show-woman, who, if equal to the position assigned her, can, by interposing some anecdote or particular event that occurred in the lifetime of the party, make the address both entertaining and amusing. Of course elegant dresses are not requisite; the effect and not the material is what should be aimed at; and even if the dresses are especially made up for the occasion, very little expense need be incurred, as muslin of different colors can readily be made to do duty as silks and satins, good taste in the choice and selection of colors being as easily attended to as in more costly fabrics. Children cannot act satisfactorily in wax works, as it is too long for them to remain in a fixed position. The entertainment should not last over one hour, as that is as long as grown persons can remain in the immovable position required for the success of the figures. After the exhibition is over, a handsome supper should be served. This can be an informal affair of cold game, meats, coffee, salads, and confectionery; or an elegantly-spread table with all the most delicate and tempting viands, flowers, fruits, and confectionery, that fancy can dictate. No rules are necessary for these suppers; the hostess can herself decide how elegant they are to be. With wishes for a very happy New Year to all our old, and our thousands of new subscribers for 1880, we close.

FASHION.

F.O.C. Darley

John C. Mc Rae

As apart by the window she stood
with her hand in her lover's
Evangeline.

LIDEY'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY 1880.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4

Fig. 5.

Fig.6.

Fig.7

Fig.8.

Fig.9.


Fig10
Fig.11.
Fig.12
Fig.13.
Fig.14.

Fig.15

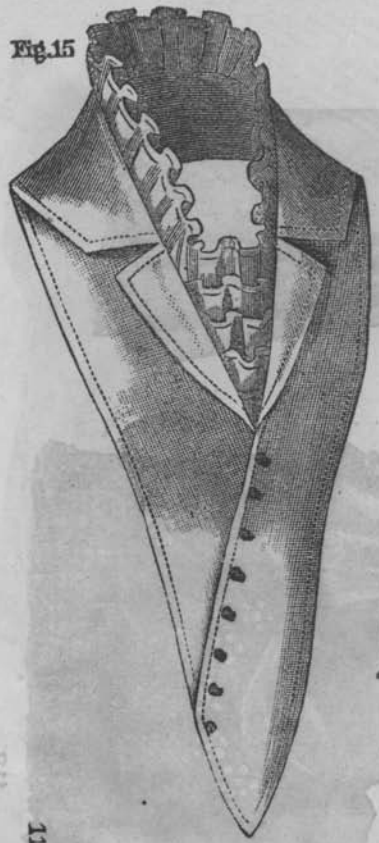


Fig.16

Fig.17

Fig.18.

Fig.19.

Fig.20.

Fig.21

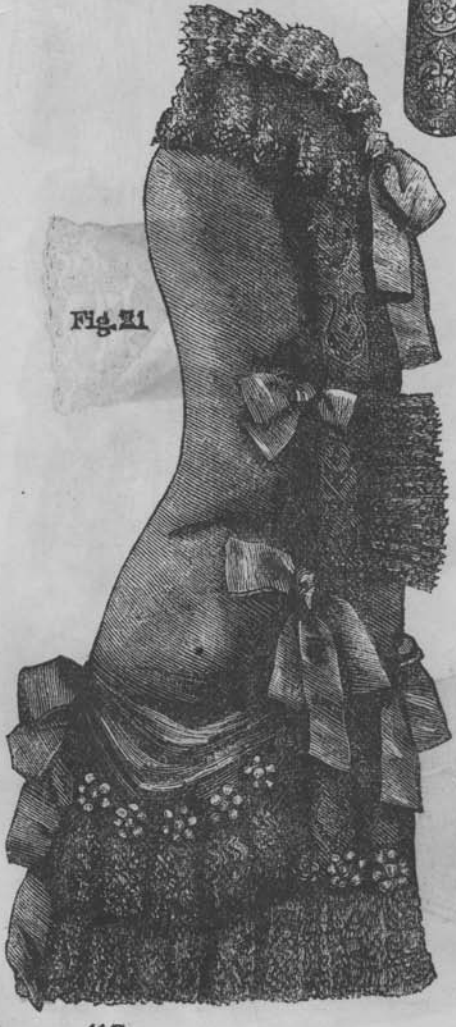


Fig.22

Fig.23

Fig.24

Fig.25

Fig.26

Fig.27

Fig.28.

Fig.29.

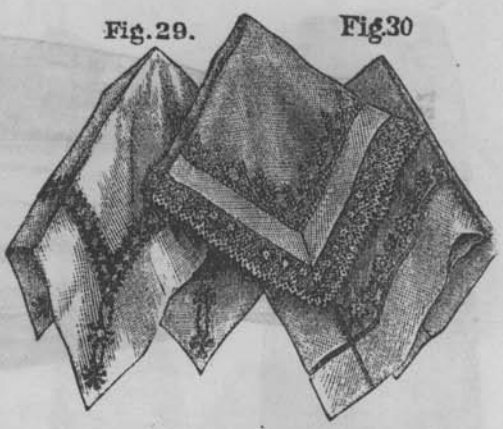


Fig.30

Fig.31

Fig32

Fig.33

Fig.34.

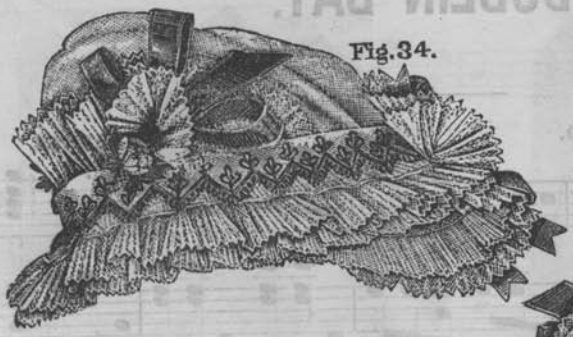


Fig.35

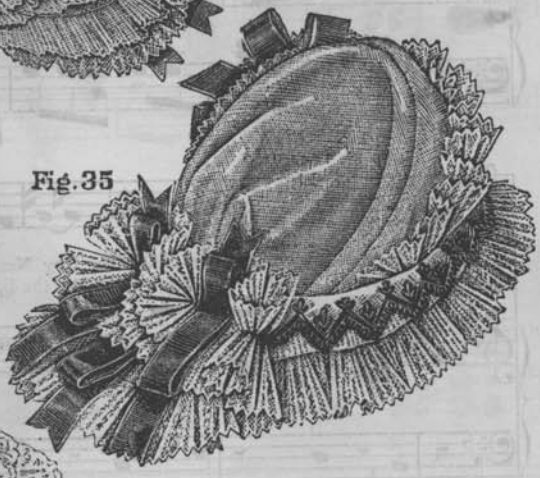
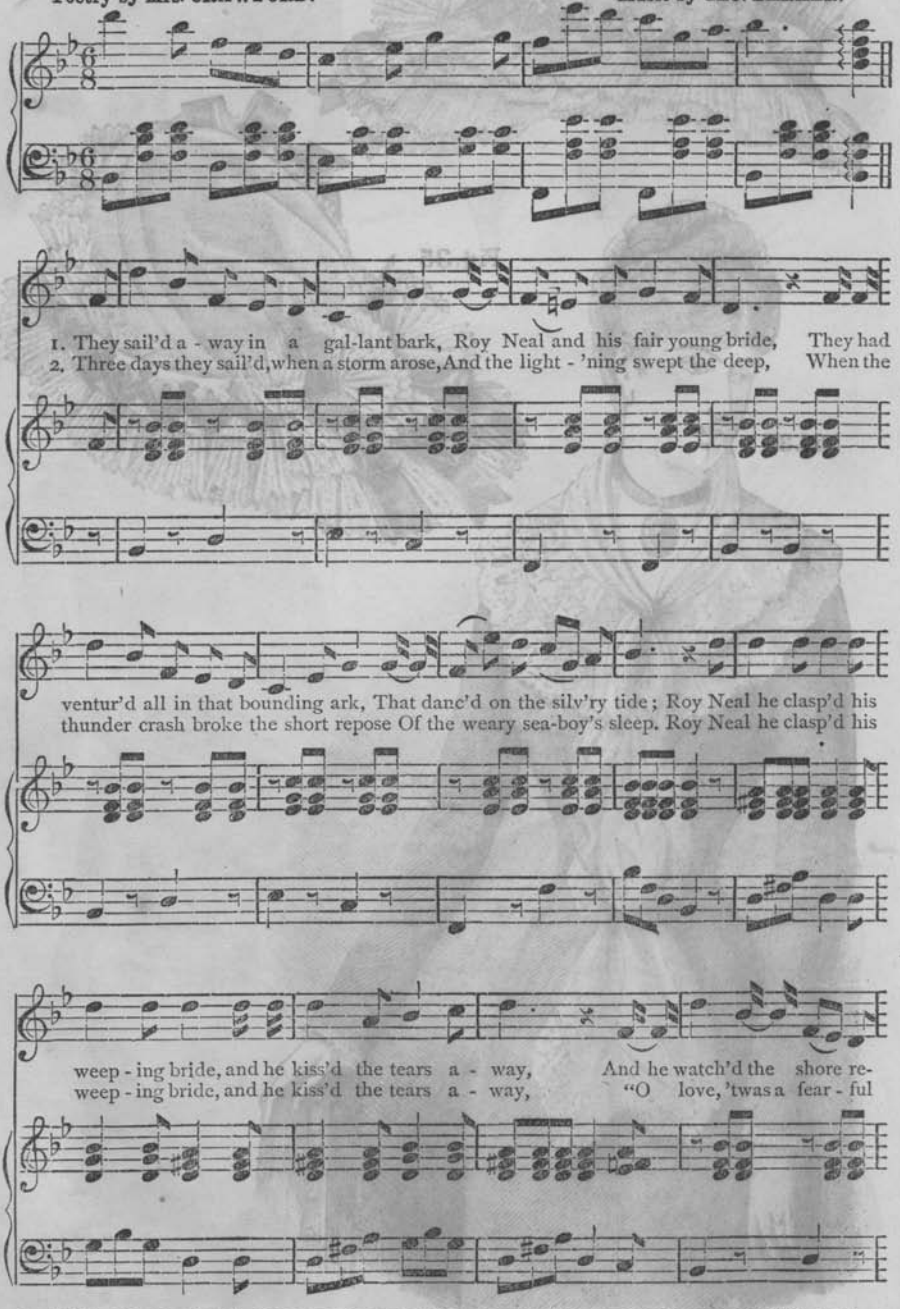


Fig.36

DUBLIN BAY.

Poetry by Mrs. CRAWFORD. Music by GEO. BARKER.



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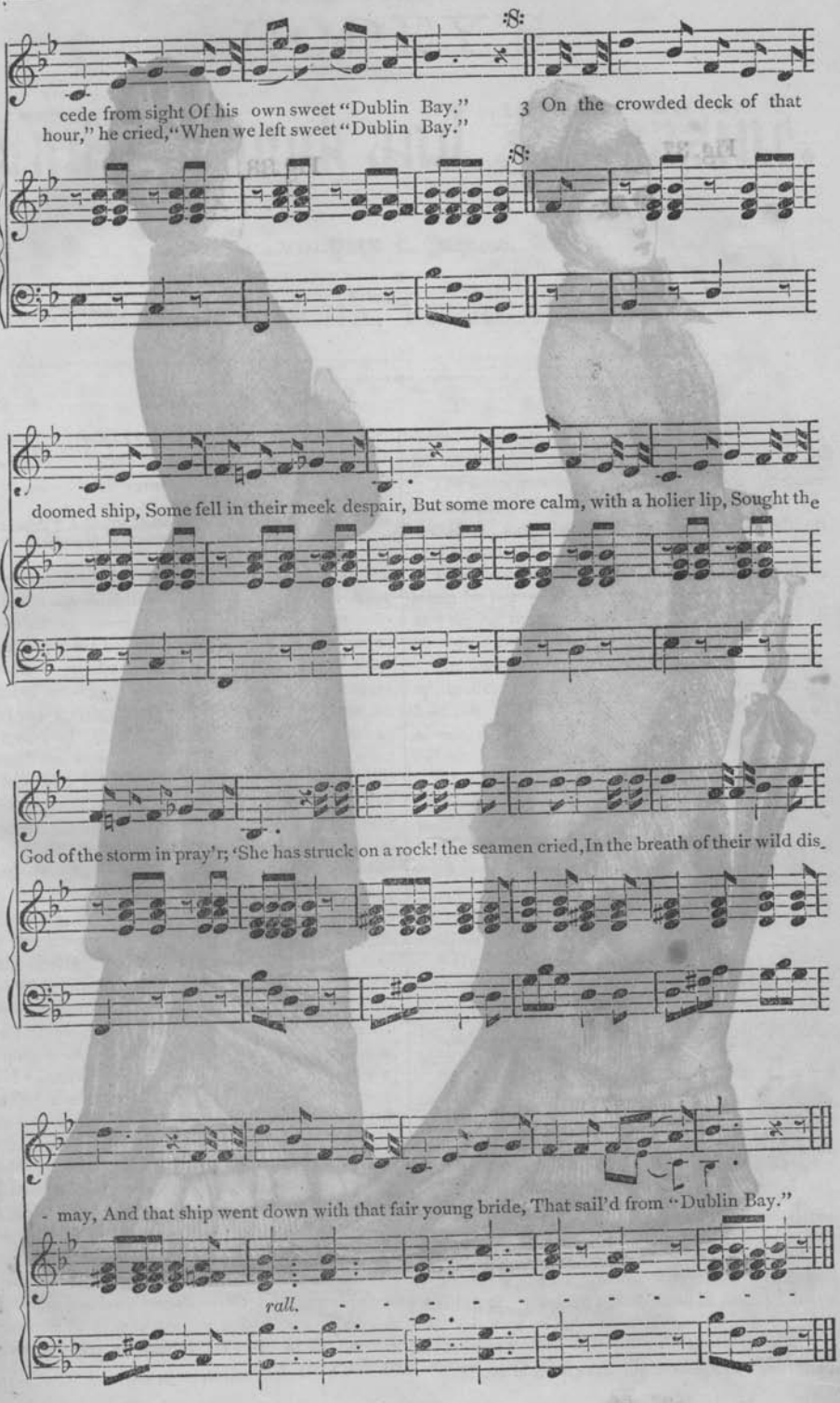

cede from sight Of his own sweet "Dublin Bay."
hour," he cried, "When we left sweet "Dublin Bay."
3 On the crowded deck of that
doomed ship, Some fell in their meek despair, But some more calm, with a holier lip, Sought the
God of the storm in pray'r; 'She has struck on a rock! the seamen cried, In the breath of their wild dis-
- may, And that ship went down with that fair young bride, That sail'd from "Dublin Bay."
rall.


Fig. 37
Fig. 38

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 596.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

"You see," he writes, after a few preambles, "that I am established in the fortress we have decided to storm. I was welcomed most cordially by your cousin—a splendid-looking fellow, by the way, who appears to be very little older than I am—and immediately invited to remain and pay a visit of indefinite length. I made no pretense of reluctance, but accepted at once; so here I am, committed for several weeks of what I fear will prove boredom without much gain. The place is a beautiful one; the estate, as I have learned already, absolutely unincumbered; but if you could see Colonel Duncan, you would appreciate the fact that to base any hope of heirship on him is hardly more than an absurdity. In the first place, he is young enough and strong enough to live for forty years to come—a more magnificent specimen of manhood I have seldom seen—and in the second place, I clearly perceive that he has matrimonial intentions. I judge the object of his regard to be a girl whose picture occupies a conspicuous place in his sitting-room, and whom I accidentally saw last night as I was paying a visit to an old and somewhat disreputable acquaintance of mine in this neighborhood. What she was doing there, or what her name is, I do not know; but I shall soon discover, and I shall also make it my special business to ascertain what are Colonel Duncan's chances of success. I imagine that they are very good—it is impossible to suppose how they can be other—and I see no hope of preventing the banns unless I flirt with the lady myself. What do you think of that idea? It may not be a bad one. Judging from her face, a flirtation with her would be very spicy. So fancy me vigilant and watchful, armed for sapping and mining rather than assault."

The letter continues further in much the same strain; then Mr. Lovelace signs, seals, and addresses it; and, that labor over, gives himself up to the repose of a siesta.

This is prolonged until late in the afternoon, when he is roused by a servant standing over him and saying that "Mass Hugo" wants to know if he would like to ride.

He answers in the affirmative, and springing up, makes a toilet and goes down. He finds his host on the portico, and two well-appointed horses, in readiness to be mounted, fastened below.

"I hope I did not disturb you," says Colonel Duncan, when he appears; "but I thought you would like to ride. The air is very pleasant now."

"I shall like it extremely," Lovelace replies. "I have a penchant for horses and riding under almost all circumstances. What a fine animal!" he goes on, patting the arching neck of the horse destined for him.

"He is a very fine animal indeed," says Colonel Duncan; "and is specially detailed for your service while you are here. Pray remember that he is exclusively for your use, and do not hesitate to order him out whenever you like."

"Thanks; you could not give me a better mount. I shall like him extremely. Now, where do we go?—over the plantation?"

"No," answers Colonel Duncan. "If you do not object to paying a visit in an informal way, we will ride over to Verdevale, the house of my friend, Mr. Vardray."

"I have not the least objection," replies Lovelace, who divines at once what is to follow. "There is nothing I like better than informal visiting at a pleasant house—and of course I leave the question of my introduction entirely to your discretion."

"There is no reason for hesitation about that.

They are the most kind and hospitable people imaginable, and will be delighted to see you. We turn this way."

CHAPTER V.

A NEW CAVALIER.

The last low light of sunset is streaming across the lawn and reddening the shrubberies, when Roslyn comes out all in a cloud of misty white muslin, with roses at her throat and in her hair, and takes her way toward the garden. She looks like a rose of the summer herself, Geoffrey thinks, as he throws down a novel which he has been trying to read in a shady corner of the veranda, and joins her.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" he asks, smiling, while his eyes say all of which his heart is full.

Roslyn, quite accustomed to their language, meets them with her own, as gay and unembarrassed as a child.

"I am going after some flowers," she answers, "And you may come, because you can save my dress and my fingers from the thorns."

"The best use to which I could be put," he replies. "What ask I better than to save you from thorns?"

"How very gallant you have become!" she says. "Did you learn how to make pretty speeches at Heathdale? I never knew you guilty of them before."

"Was that a pretty speech?" he asks. "I did not know it—it was only the truth."

He speaks with so much simplicity that she does not answer. There is a certain decision about Geoffrey now, which makes her realize that he is no longer the boy she has so long ruled and tormented. The change is subtle but marked, and more than once since his arrival she has glanced at the strong young face—the face of a man with definite aims and tenacious purposes—as if it was the face of a stranger. This impression was transient, however; the expression changes, the old fun comes into the eye, the old, mischievous curl to the lip, and it is "Geoff," the playmate of her childhood, who is again before her. So it happens now. In five minutes they are laughing like children among the roses; but suddenly Geoffrey sobers, as he chances to glance across the flower-beds and lawn.

"Who are those riding up to the house?" he asks. "One is Colonel Duncan, I believe—but who is that with him?"

Roslyn glances round a tall bush, and says:

"Yes, it is Colonel Duncan; how could you be in any doubt about him? I am sure he does not look like anybody else. The other"—she pauses—"I don't know who the other is—at least not from here."

"Shall we go to the house?" asks Geoffrey, somewhat stiffly. "I suppose Colonel Duncan has come to see you."

"Papa is on the piazza," she replies. "There is no need to go back until I have finished getting my flowers."

"Is that the way you treat your admirers? It is not very flattering."

"I never think of Colonel Duncan as an admirer of mine," she answers, clipping roses to right and left, rather indiscriminately. "I seems only yesterday that I sat on his knee and he gave me a doll—I think I have that doll's head somewhere now."

"If it was Marie Antoinette, I remember her very well," says Geoffrey. "She underwent many vicissitudes of fortune, and finally was beheaded, in order to resemble more closely her royal namesake."

"That was *your* suggestion," says Roslyn, laughing. "Do you think I have forgotten how you persuaded me to let you be headsman, and how I held her on the block while you decapitated her?"

"And then how you cried over her! But I am glad I did cut off her head—very glad!"

"Are you? But you need not cut off the heads of the roses by striking the bushes in that savage way. What has made you so sanguinary?"

"I don't like Colonel Duncan," says Geoffrey, abruptly.

"Then I am ashamed of you," replies Roslyn, promptly. "Everybody likes Colonel Duncan, and *I* do not see how anybody could help liking him—he is so gallant and handsome and noble! He reminds me of a knight."

"Indeed!" says Geoffrey, sarcastically. "Well, he does not remind me of anything of the kind—though I own he is a thorough gentleman. My not liking him is a case of Dr. Fell, I suppose."

"It is a case of nonsense," says Roslyn, summarily, "and I don't believe but that you *do* like him; how could you help it?"

"O, I help it very well. You see he never gave me a flaxen-haired doll. I have no memories of that kind clustering round him."

"I don't think that anybody who ever knew Colonel Duncan could have other than pleasant memories of him," says Roslyn, turning toward the house.

Somewhat chafed, and conscious of his own want of reason and tact, Geoffrey walks by her side. It is a pretty picture—the evening light, the green lawn, the graceful, white-clad girl with her hands full of flowers, the tall young man strolling beside her; but, as is frequently the case, the outward appearance of the scene is more idyllic than the reality. When the three gentlemen on the piazza perceive them, Colonel Duncan says:

"So Geoffrey is back, I see! I had not heard of his arrival."

"He came only yesterday, and rather unexpectedly," answers Mr. Vardray.

"What a fine young fellow he has become!" says Colonel Duncan. Then he rises, and descending the steps, goes to meet the two who are advancing. Greeting Roslyn with a graceful gallantry that sits well upon him, he turns to shake hands cordially with Geoffrey, and the latter, despite an uneasy sense of what he has just been saying, cannot resist the genial charm which all who know Hugo Duncan acknowledge, nor forget courtesy far enough to be churlish. They exchange a few words amicably, after which Duncan turns to Roslyn.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing with me this afternoon, a young cousin whose acquaintance I have made—or, perhaps I should say renewed—to-day," he says. "I think you will like him."

"That is very probable—since he is your cousin," answers Roslyn smiling, and not at all averse to Geoffrey's seeing the deference in Colonel Duncan's manner. "I am sure mamma will be very glad that you brought him. Have *I* ever seen him before?"

"Never. He has never been here before."

"What is his name?"

"Lovelace. Rather suggestive, is it not?" (smiling.) "And he looks like a cavalier, you see."

Roslyn does see—for at this moment they approach the veranda, and glancing up, she meets again the brilliant, steady, unforgotten gaze of the eyes which met hers the night before.

She is so much surprised as to be almost startled, and Lovelace sees instantly that she recognizes him. "She is prettier, even, than I imagined," he thinks as he is introduced. Geoffrey looks at him distrustfully—he is too handsome, too elegant, too admirably dressed, not to be a mere society fop, the young fellow thinks. "Just the kind of man to fascinate a girl, however," he says, to himself—unconscious that in this he is doing the only girl who is in his thoughts, great injustice. Women—especially women who are beautiful themselves—seldom think much of beauty in a man; and the distinction, the harmonious grace of Lovelace's appearance, does not appeal so strongly to Roslyn's imagination as might be supposed. She takes it all in, but it is less of a charm to her than she would herself have thought possible—though there is no doubt that she feels the magnetism of the eyes, and is pleased by the first tones of the voice, with its high-bred intonation.

"What beautiful flowers, Miss Vardray,"—this is all that he is saying—"even the heat of July spares them for you, I perceive."

"Yes, there are some roses to be had all through the summer; but they are not blooming their best, now," she replies.

"I think I notice some very beautiful buds among those in your hands," says Colonel Duncan. "May I not have one?"

"Certainly you may," she answers, as sitting down in a chair which Geoffrey places for her, she lets the whole wreath of color and perfume fall into her lap. "Here is your favorite," she says, taking up a deep pink bud with the true rose fragrance, and handing it to him. "One must not put anything with a rose; it is sufficient for itself." Then she looks at Lovelace, "Should you like a flower?" she asks. "If you sympathize with Geoffrey here, who scorns such adornments, pray don't hesitate to say so."

"So far from scorning, I shall be very grateful for a rose," he replies. "I always like to wear a flower, but I especially value it when given by fair hands."

"That is a proper and commendable spirit," says Roslyn, demurely, with only a smile at the corners of her lips. "I confess I like for anything that I give to be appreciated."

"Could you possibly give anything that would *not* be appreciated?" asks Lovelace, the amusement of his tone relieving it from the appearance of any attempt at gallantry.

"O yes," she answers lightly. "You have no idea how little proper appreciation of the true value of things some people have. Do you like this bud, Mr. Lovelace? It is my favorite rose."

"It is beautiful," says Lovelace, looking at the delicate, half-opened Sofrano she holds. "It is *my* favorite also. Thanks,"—as she gives it to him. "Now pray believe that one thing which you have given, is appreciated at its true value."

"Allow me to add, two things," puts in Colonel Duncan, looking down at *his* button-hole adornment.

Geoffrey, very conscious just then of the scratched hands which he obtained in securing those treasures, walks away in a rage of disgust. "She will be spoiled, utterly spoiled," he says to himself. "No woman's head will stand such nonsense! With those two men standing over her, complimenting her, and looking like—like fools, what is to be the end?"

"Geoffrey, what is the matter?" asks Mrs. Vardray, who meets him in the hall. "You look as tragic as Hamlet."

"Nothing is the matter," answers Geoffrey, trying to smile—but the next instant he says, abruptly: "Colonel Duncan is on the piazza, and has brought a cousin with him—somebody that no one ever heard of before—a very great liberty, *I* think."

"My dear?" says Mrs. Vardray, in a tone of expostulation, although she knows now what the cloud springs from. "You forget what a friend of ours Colonel Duncan is. He would not bring

any one whom it would not be pleasant for us to meet, and of course he knows that his cousin will be welcome. I must go out and speak to them at once. Is my hair smooth?"

"O yes, very smooth," replies Geoffrey, without a glance at it. "Roslyn is doing the honors very well, I think," he continues, sardonically; "but of course you had better go and add your tribute of incense."

Ashamed of himself, almost before he has finished speaking, he hurries on, and Mrs. Vardray looks after him with a glance of anxious pity.

"Poor boy!" she thinks. "But it is better, a great deal better, for Roslyn to marry Colonel Duncan—and better that he should realize this at once."

She appears on the piazza a moment later, greets Colonel Duncan very cordially, and receives Lovelace graciously. Then the group fall into general conversation, and it is not at least until half an hour has elapsed that Lovelace finds an opportunity to say to Roslyn:

"I wish you had deferred gathering your roses awhile, Miss Vardray. I should like to see that fine old garden of yours."

"There is not much to see," Roslyn answers, "but if you have a fancy for old trees and old shrubberies, and a few flowers, I shall be glad to show them to you now."

"Thanks—if you do not mind, I shall be delighted," he answers, quickly.

So they walk away, leaving the elders of the party together; and if Colonel Duncan looks after them a little wistfully, it is not because an emotion of jealousy crosses his mind, or because he would deprive his young kinsman of the pleasures of spending an hour of this twilight among the roses with Roslyn, but simply because he cannot help feeling that it would be pleasant to walk by her side himself, and listen to her sweet, gay tones.

Mrs. Vardray catches the expression on his face, and divines the feeling with a woman's instinct.

"Should you not like to join Roslyn and Mr. Lovelace?" she says to him. "Pray do not let us detain you."

But he smiles, and says in his cordial voice:

"My dear Mrs. Vardray, do you think that you are detaining me? I assure you that it is a great pleasure for me to be here, and I am very glad for Lovelace to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of Miss Roslyn. Pray tell me what you think of him."

"If I were younger, I should probably say that he is charming," replies Mrs. Vardray, smiling. "As it is, I think he is very handsome and very pleasant,"

"So he strikes me," says Colonel Duncan; "but he is almost an entire stranger to me. He rode up to my door to-day, and I did not recognize him, having only seen him once before, a dozen years ago; but he has promised to spend some time with me—so we shall be better acquainted before he goes."

"Indeed!" says Mrs. Vardray. Almost unconsciously she looks after the two who have walked away, and the thought that is in her mind is, "I am sorry to hear it."

CHAPTER VI.

"THE MOOD OF WOMAN WHO CAN TELL!"

"I felt sure that it was a beautiful old garden," says Lovelace, "and now I can see that I am right."

"Almost any place is pretty in mid summer," says Roslyn, "but I like this—though of course it is natural that one should like one's home."

"Who could help liking it?" says Lovelace, looking up at the fine old trees, half covered with ivy, at the luxuriant hedges of evergreen-box twelve or fifteen feet high, at the riotous roses and climbing vines. "It is a place of which to dream. How particularly lovely it must be in spring, when that orchard to the right is in blossom."

"It is lovelier than you can imagine," says Roslyn. "Fruit-trees are nearly the most picturesque things in the world at all times; but when they are in bloom, and the clover is springing under them—then I like the orchard even better than the garden. But here is something I like best of all, I think"—she pauses as she speaks at the end of the garden, which they have reached and indicates the woodland stretch before them. "There is a charm about the woods which no pleasure-grounds can possess."

"Are you so much of a gypsy as to feel that?" he asks, resting his arm on the top of the gate, and smiling as he looks at her.

"I am very much of a gypsy," she answers. "I like all free, wild, woodland things. I suppose you don't understand the taste, since I heard you say you have been chiefly accustomed to living in cities."

"Yes, I have lived in cities nearly all my life; but for that very reason, do you not think I might appreciate sylvan things, even more than you do?"

"I hardly think so. Is it not said that artificial pleasures spoil the taste for natural ones?"

"It is said so, yes—but all general rules are subject to exceptions, and I flatter myself that I am a very decided exception to this. As a proof, I have promised my cousin to stay with him for some time, instead of pursuing my way to a fashionable watering-place."

"I hope Colonel Duncan appreciates the compliment," says Roslyn, with a little more of laughing sarcasm in her tone than he exactly fancies.

She looks bewitchingly pretty, as she stands by the low gate, under the honeysuckle arch, the piquant tints of her face, the fleecy whiteness of her dress, framed in green. "Clifton is a charming place," she goes on, "but unless you like, *really* like, the quiet monotony of country life, I am afraid you may be repaid for your sacrifice by being very dull."

"I do not think that is at all possible," he says, decidedly. "I am already greatly pleased with everything. It is merely by chance, as it were, that I am here—but I feel that it is one of the luckiest chances of my life."

"I hope you will remain of that mind," says Roslyn. "But I warn you that you must not expect anything in the way of social pleasures. I do not think there could be a duller neighborhood than this. But perhaps you like riding, or fishing, or walking; or do you take an interest in agriculture?"

"I am afraid I do not take an interest in anything very useful, Miss Vardray. But I like—I do more than like—riding; and walking, under some circumstances, I consider delightful. By the bye, can we not extend our walk?"

She shakes her head. "Not this evening—it is too late, and our friends at the house would wonder what had become of us."

"It is not so late as the hour at which I saw you yesterday evening," he says. "Perhaps, however, you are not aware thut I *have* seen you before?"

"She looks at him coolly. "Yes," she says, "I am aware of it. I recognized you at once, and I saw that you recognized me. It would be difficult, I think, for either of us to escape recognition—the moon was shining brightly as you passed me on Mr. Stanhope's lawn."

"Then the precedent holds good. You *do* walk late sometimes; and why not now, when the moon has not yet risen?"

"The case is very different. Geoffrey and I were taking Lettice home; and I only sat down on the lawn a moment to wait for him. Besides," she laughs, "yonder is the moon."

She points toward the east, where fiery-red, and large as a cart-wheel, the full moon is rising over the fields and forest. It is a beautiful scene, an hour full of loveliness and peace, and Lovelace feels that what can he, an adept in flirtation, desire better than this—a witching face for inspiration, a summer twilight, a rising moon! He has a consciousness of being fully equal to the occasion—when Roslyn says:

"Now, I think we had better return. You have seen the garden, and I have introduced with fine effect a moonrise for which you did not ask, and for which, therefore, you should be greatly obliged."

"For which I am greatly obliged," he says, without moving. "But I have hardly taken it in yet—it is but an instant since you pointed it out. Surely you do not mean that there is any absolute necessity for retracing our steps?"

"That depends upon how you define an absolute necessity," she answers. "No one will interfere with you if you stay here and look at the moon for an hour, two hours, any number of hours—but I must return to the house."

She moves away as she speaks, and Lovelace—surprised, amused, a little piqued—turns at once to accompany her. "She is either very self-willed, or she knows something of the game herself," he thinks. Aloud he says:

"You are really cruel, Miss Vardray. This is a lovely scene, and we shall lose it entirely at the house."

"And are there no attractions at the house to atone for it?" she asks, flashing the light of her eyes upon him.

He catches and holds her glance with all the meaning he knows well how to throw into his own eyes, concentrated in their gaze.

"There is one attraction which would atone for the loss of anything," he says, "but it is not necessary that I should go to the house to find that."

"It is very necessary you should go to the house to find it," she replies, "if you intend my vanity to appropriate the compliment. Now there is a fine opportunity for revenging yourself, by pointing out that you did not intend anything of the kind," she adds, with another laugh so sweet and gay that Lovelace smiles despite himself.

"Revenge is sweet," he observes sententiously "but not even for the sake of tasting its sweetness, can I affirm that I did not distinctly and entirely intend that your vanity should appropriate the truth which you call a compliment."

She makes a little courtesy, full of mirth and coquetry.

"That is magnanimous, as well as graceful and gallant, Mr. Lovelace," she says; "and I am your debtor—for really I should have felt the blow keenly, if you had told me that you did not mean *me*."

"You would not have believed me if I had told you so," answers Lovelace, with another of his practised glances.

It is a game which is old and common enough to him—only deriving freshness from the freshness of the subject—but to Roslyn it is new and somewhat alluring. She has already seen enough of the world to understand exactly what he means, and mingled with a little resentment comes the thought "What if I should turn his amusement into earnest!" There is a decided attraction in the thought, and she has the first requisite for victory—thorough confidence in self, confidence in her own power to charm and subdue. Nor is this confidence without a basis in experience, for when has she ever failed with any man who has

crossed her path? Even now, she knows that Colonel Duncan's eyes are looking eagerly through the twilight for her, and is not Geoffrey sulking in the background, solely on her account? These sort of things give a woman a feeling of assured power; and so with all the rashness of one who has never known defeat, Roslyn feels herself fully capable of trying conclusions with Mr. Lovelace. They stroll slowly back to the house, and when they reach the piazza, Mr. Vardray says:

"You are just in time—the tea bell has rung."

After tea, Geoffrey has an opportunity to judge for himself of the reputed devotion of Colonel Duncan, and of Roslyn's manner of receiving the same. Of the first, he speedily sees there can be no doubt. The idea of concealing his hopes and intentions has never for an instant entered Hugo Duncan's mind, and no one could be with him in Roslyn's society for half an hour, without perceiving that he has given her the whole of his loyal heart. That Roslyn herself is aware of this, there can be no doubt, either; but whether the girl has not yet learned the meaning of love, or whether she only exercises that reserve which comes as a matter of instinct to the most untried women, Geoffrey is at a loss to tell. He only knows that there is no consciousness in her manner, no wavering color, no drooping lashes, none of those signs which he has been instructed to regard as love's language.

It is not only Geoffrey who is puzzled on this score. Colonel Duncan himself feels, as often before, completely baffled. There can be no doubt that the girl likes him—she is gracious and kind and sparkling whenever he draws near—but will this liking ever grow more? has it any shade of love in it? These are questions he asks himself, and to which he receives no satisfactory reply.

Even if he had the disposition, he has not the opportunity to make any definite avowal to-night; but the desire to have Roslyn to himself for a time grows strongly on him, and before the evening is over he draws her away from the general group by asking her to sing. This means to leave the cool and lovely moonlight of the piazza for the warmer atmosphere of the lamp-lit drawing-room; but she does so without demur, and goes in, attended by him.

Those outside hear her clear, sweet voice in one or two songs, and then silence falls—at least for them. But that silence does not reign within, they can have abundant evidence by glancing through the open windows to where Roslyn sits at the piano talking to her companion, who leans across the instrument. That she is well-content to sit there and talk, the lookers-on clearly perceive—Geoffrey with jealous pain, Lovelace with a feeling of annoyance which surprises himself. This might be partly soothed, perhaps, were he aware that he is, during part of the time at least, the subject of conversation.

"What do you think of my young cousin?" Duncan has said, lightly, yet with some anxiety.

Roslyn lifts her eyes to his with the frankness of a child.

"I think he is the most handsome, and probably the most elegant man I have ever seen," she answers; "but he thinks—O, he thinks very well of himself!"

"Most men do that, I am afraid," says Duncan, laughing. "Vanity is such a common failing with people who have no such excuse for it as he has, that one feels almost bound to pardon it in him."

"I don't feel inclined to pardon it in anybody," she says, "at least, not in any man. A woman, now, has a prescriptive right to be vain. I am afraid I am vain myself—but I don't think I am nearly so much so as Mr. Lovelace is."

"You are rather hard on him," says Duncan. "Such a handsome young fellow must be pardoned some foibles. He has been spoiled, you see. I have no doubt he is an accomplished lady-killer."

"I have no doubt of it, at all," says Roslyn, with a curling lip. "That is just what I mean—that is what is the matter with him. He has lived among small things, and had small ends. I don't know very much of the world, but it seems to me that to make a noble character, one must have a noble aim. If I were a man, I would be *a man*, and kill something higher than the hearts or fancies of foolish women."

"You are very right about the noble aim," says Duncan, smiling. "But are you certain that the women are foolish who lose their hearts to such a fascinating cavalier?"

"I think they are worse than foolish; they are contemptible," she answers. "It seems to me that falling in love is a great absurdity from any point of view; but if I fell in love at all, it certainly would not be with Narcissus."

"That is hardly fair to Lovelace, who may be a very manly fellow, for all his handsome looks and delicate grace. Do you remember what Owen Meredith says?

"'The fool who last year at Her Majesty's ball,
Sickened me so with his simper and pride,
Is the hero now heard of, the first on the wall
With the bayonet wound in his side.'

I don't mean to insinuate that Lovelace is the least of a fool, or could even sicken one with a simper of pride; but I mean that it is well to remember that we never know how much manly stuff there may be even in a courted darling of fashion."

"You never fail to have something kind to say of every one," says Roslyn, looking up at him with admiration, "and you make me feel very uncharitable—but I meant no harm with regard

to Mr. Lovelace. He may be as admirable within as without, only I don't think so! Now what shall I sing, or do you want to hear me sing any more?"

"You know I am never tired of hearing you sing—but I fear I have monopolized you too long. Shall we go out again, or shall we call in Lovelace and make him sing? I fancy he sings very well."

"O, by all means call him in. I wonder that I did not think of that before. He has a singing face."

So Lovelace is called in, and admits that he sings "a little." He proves to have a charming tenor voice, and gives several songs—an operatic air, a German serenade, and a French song—accompanying himself with ease. Then he looks up suddenly at Roslyn, who is standing by him.

"Did you ever hear 'Belle Marquise?'" he asks. "It is a delicious little song, which I have heard in New Orleans, and this is how it goes."

He strikes a few crisp chords and breaks into the half gay, half tender air of which he speaks. The first verses are full of airy lightness, but over the last his voice modulates into softness, while he lifts his eyes to the face beside him:

"'La marquise! ma marquise!
Bel amour est sa devise,
Et sa profession de foi
Est: je vous aime—aimez moi!
Qu' elle est belle la marquise!'"

As he utters the last note, he springs up from the piano with a laugh.

"I am unconscionable, I fear," he says; "and I think I see by my cousin's face that it is growing time to say good-night. If you see me very soon again, Miss Vardray, do not be surprised, for I can scarcely say how much I have enjoyed this evening."

A few minutes later, the cousins are riding away, and as Roslyn stands on the piazza steps in the moonlight watching them, Geoffrey hears her humming to herself the air which Lovelace sang last.

CHAPTER VII.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

"There is such a thing as being too close to a girl when you are in love with her," says Geoffrey, moodily.

It is to Lettice he is speaking; and they are alone together in the garden, he lying on the grass, she sitting demurely upright on a rustic bench.

"I suppose there is such a thing as being too close to anybody whom you particularly love or admire," she replies. "There are few idols that will bear too near inspection."

"You don't suppose I meant that one might be too close as far as *she* is concerned?" exclaimed Geoffrey, more energetically than lucidly. "I meant that as far as one's own interest is concerned, one might be too close—too familiar, you see. Perhaps I ought to go away and let Roslyn learn to have some kind of a feeling of strangeness toward me, for now she treats me exactly as if I were her brother."

"And how else should she treat you?" asks Lettice. "Are you not like a brother to her? Have you not always lived with her, and are you not living with her now in just that relation?"

"You know that I am not!" he answers. "I am no brother to her at all. I love her, Lettice; I have loved her all my life—but I have no hope that she will ever marry me."

He is lying back, with his hands under his head, and as he utters the last word his eyes meet Lettice's with such a look of pain in them that the girl's eyes soften from sympathy.

"You despair too soon," she says. "It seems to me that if I were a man I would not easily give up anything on which I had set my heart or my will. A woman is different,"—her slight hands clasp together—"a woman *must* submit to circumstances; but a man should conquer them. You have many advantages in being so close to Roslyn, though there is a disadvantage connected with it, no doubt. She sees you at all times—when you are dull, when you are cross, when you are altogether out of sorts—not like Mr. Lovelace, whom she only sees when he is on his best behavior, and exerting himself to be agreeable; but then there is the compensation that you see *her* also at all times, and know or ought to know better how to please her than he does."

"You are a kind comforter," says Geoffrey, "but I do not think there is any compensation in the position at all. It is more tantalizing than anything else, to be so near and yet so far—like the star we have heard of, you know—to be treated with the easy familiarity of an old shoe, and to see that fellow come in and have the best of everything—confound him!"

"It is Mr. Lovelace you are jealous of then—not Colonel Duncan?"

"I am jealous of everybody," says the young man, frankly; "but I certainly think there is more to fear from Lovelace than from Duncan. He—I mean Duncan—is too old, and Roslyn is too gay. I don't believe she would marry for position and wealth, and I don't think she could have any other reasons for marrying *him*. But Lovelace—well, Lovelace is different: and what is he doing here?"

"I do not know," answers Lettice. She is half inclined to add, "I think my father knows," but refrains—partly from habitual caution, partly because she seldom mentions her father's name when it is possible to avoid doing so. Mr. Stanhope has smiled significantly on hearing of Love-

lace as domiciled at Clifton and made familiar at Verdevale. "A gay young sprig," he said, "a very gay young sprig. Well, I wish him good luck. I'm always glad of the luck of my friends."

Now, to be a friend of Mr. Stanhope's is not a distinction in the opinion of Eldon county; and being painfully aware of this, Lettice (bearing herself no ill-will to Mr. Lovelace) does not mention the fact. She only pauses a moment, and then adds:

"Of course it is not likely that I would know—but I suppose it is natural that he should stay with Colonel Duncan, who is his cousin,"

"And who knows no more of him than we do," says Geoffrey. "Lettice"—he hesitates—"have you ever heard your father speak of him at all?"

"Very little," answers Lettice, coloring. "I think father has known him in New Orleans, and he met him accidentally in Kirton the day you got home. Mamma told me he brought him to tea that evening; but I was here, so I did not see him until, if you remember, he was on the piazza as we went up."

"I remember," says Geoffrey, grimly. It occurs to him with a sense of surprise that "Mr. Stanhope's associate," against speaking of whom he warned Roslyn that evening, should be at this present moment sitting with Roslyn in the drawing-room—for she was called from this pleasant garden spot by the intelligence of his arrival. "Come Lettice, you and Geoffrey," she said—but Lettice shook her head, and Geoffrey did not stir. "I will stay here," said the former. "Mr. Lovelace has certainly not come to see me."

"I echo that with emphasis," says Geoffrey, doggedly—and so Roslyn goes alone to the house, and the conversation just recorded takes place between those left behind.

While it is taking place she has entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Vardray is entertaining, or being entertained by, Mr. Lovelace—and has greeted that gentleman. It is his third visit—the first he has made alone; but already he advances to take her hand, with the air of a frequent and familiar visitor.

"You must forgive an idle man for coming to cast himself on your charity, Miss Vardray," he says. "My cousin has business to occupy his time, but I have none; and with a horse at my command, and the road to Verdevale open, what could I do but come?"

"We are very glad to see you," answers the girl, smiling. As yet she is so fancy-free that the words come easy and lightly from her lips. She is really glad to see him, and her bright, clear glance tells him so as well as her words. He is young, handsome, entertaining, ready with graceful compliments and glances full of homage—what girl would *not* be glad to see such a cavalier, especially in the monotony of a country life, where any fresh element is desirable?

"The ride alone would be a sufficient inducement for going out to-day," she adds, as they sit down. "What a beautiful day it is!—and what a lovely road from Clifton here! The views of the valley from the bluffs are so fine. By the bye, Mr. Lovelace, have you seen yet the one lion of our neighborhood, the falls of the river?"

"I have not seen them," Lovelace answers, "but I think I have heard them; at least, at night, when all other sounds are hushed, there comes into my window a sound suggestive of some distant Niagara."

"That is the falls. It is a beautiful place, for the hills close in upon the river, which cuts its way through them in a series of splendid rapids."

"I must see it," says Lovelace, with an appearance of the deepest interest. "Will you be my guide? can we not ride there? I should like it very much."

"So should I," answers Roslyn; "but it is rather far for a ride. We usually make the excursion as a pic nic, and spend the day on the rocks. We have not been there at all this year; why should we not go to-morrow, mamma?"

"There is no reason why we should not," Mrs. Vardray answers, "if you can make the necessary preparations."

"We do not need to make many preparations," says Roslyn. "I am tired of pic nics in which the whole neighborhood joins. Do you not think"—she looks at Lovelace—"that it would be pleasanter if we just went ourselves?"

"Very much pleasanter," he answered eagerly. "I suppose you mean just you and I."

"O, by no means," she answers, laughing. "Setting aside Mrs. Grundy—or mamma there, who personates her at present—I could not think of subjecting either of us to the test of a whole day's *tete-a-tete*. When I said 'just ourselves,' I meant mamma if she will go—you will, mamma, won't you?—and you and I and Lettice and Geoffrey and Colonel Duncan and the children—*they* will never be satisfied to be left."

"I think it is a very good idea," says Mrs. Vardray, "and if I cannot go, Miss Mills will take care of the children and look after the lunch."

"It is settled, then," says Roslyn gaily. "I hope you do not feel dismayed, Mr. Lovelace—a rural pic nic is sometimes a very formidable affair."

"Do I look dismayed?" asks Lovelace. "I assure you I feel delighted, An attempted rural pic nic, with a mob of people, is indeed one of the most formidable things with which I am acquainted; but a day of gypsying in the woods with charming companions, I consider delicious. But," he adds, as Mrs. Vardray is at this moment opportunely called from the room, "I cannot refrain from wishing that *my* original programme was to be carried out."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GRANDMA SNOW'S VALENTINES.

AN OLD FASHIONED LOVE STORY.

BY G. DE B.

It was St. Valentine's eve, and a cold, blustering, windy night; there had not, as yet, been the faintest suspicion of spring-time in the atmosphere; indeed, there was every indication of a long and heavy winter lingering in the lap of spring instead, and the bleak wind whistled and blew furiously as Ralph Wayland quickly opened and closed the door of No. 20 Winthrop Square, and strode down the street with rapid steps. The wind might be cold, but his temper was hot enough, and he rather enjoyed the keen nipping air, that fanned his heated brow as he paced the square. Behind that same closed door, there was hidden another pair of hot flushed cheeks, and a feminine temper quite as warm prompted the angry words that fell from Bertha Warren's pretty lips.

"He may just go! He is ridiculously jealous, and unreasonable, and unjust; I will not be dictated to and controlled in this manner, and I don't care; so there, sir!" and with a flounce of silken frills and fringes, and a toss of the brown puffs and braids that adorned the saucy little head, Bertha Warren slammed the parlor door and ran up-stairs into the sitting-room. It was only nine o'clock, but there was no one up but Grandma Snow, and she was very busy sorting over and reading some old papers at her secretary; so Bertha threw herself down upon the lounge, and pretending to take a little nap, enjoyed a quiet little cry to herself, bemoaning the cruelty and unreasonableness of lovers in general, and hers in particular. It was such a bare trifle, this quarrel, so thought Bertha; all about a simple little paper-cutter. Charley Bennet had brought it to her from abroad, and she had accepted it, of course, as from a friend. Why not? She and Charley had been acquainted long before she ever knew Ralph Wayland; to be sure there was a time, before Charley went away, that he wanted to be more than a friend; but to that she had not consented, and so they had bade one another good-bye as old friends, no more. During his absence, she had said "yes" to Ralph Wayland's same importuning, and had promised to one day vow to "love, honor, and obey" him; but she was not ready, just yet, to submit to his authority, and so she rebelled against his jealous protests concerning Charley Bennet's renewed attentions, and her acceptance of his gift. Love with her did not mean subjection, and she would show Ralph Wayland that she had a spirit of her own, that would not brook a curb—and she "didn't care if he was angry, and went home without kissing her good-night, and slammed the door"—and just here a choking sob put an eloquent end to her brave determination not to care.

"What is it, Bertie?" asked grandma, looking up from her letters with a scrutinizing gaze at the flushed face, hid down among the sofa pillows.

"Nothing, I've—I've got a cough," gasped Bertha, in a choking tone.

"Has Ralph gone home so early? on Valentine's eve, too?—why, what is the trouble, dear? on such a night lovers should be happy together. See, I am with mine, in memory, to-night," and Grandma pointed to a little pile of papers by her side.

Bertha lifted her head, and seeing grandma's secret drawer open, rose and came over beside the old lady, and knelt down beside the secretary. There appeared to be a heap of old notes and letters, all written in the same hand, but with different inks and apparent improvement and difference in the style of penmanship.

"All Valentines, my dear—every one; and written many years ago," said grandma, with a sigh.

"May I read them?" asked Bertha, taking up a little faded yellow paper, on which was printed in a childish, sprawling hand:

"If you love me as I love you.
No knife can cut our love in two,"

"That surely was from a little boy sweetheart, grandma," said Bertha, laughingly. "Now let me see some of the others," and taking up another, she read in a bolder, firmer hand, the same lines:

"If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two,"

and again another, and another paper, all containing the same refrain.

"Why, grandma!" cried Bertha in a somewhat puzzled tone, but with an amused look upon her face.

"Yes dear," replied grandma, nodding her head and looking serious. "Yes, they are all alike. I had one every year, from the time when your grandfather and I used to go to school together, little boy and girl, and sit on opposite sides of the old school house, up to the time we sat side by side in church, young man and maiden; and—yes dear, it is a fact, way on into our married life, and our old days as well; here is the last one he sent me, the Valentine's day before he—before he was taken and I left—and you see it was always the same

'If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.'

—and I *did* love him, just so dearly, and no knife, no trouble, nor sorrow, nor care, ever separated us, not even death; for I am still his love, as he is mine!" and Grandma Snow's white head was bent down over the little pile of papers, and her face hidden.

The lines had a new sound to Bertha's ears. "No *knife* can cut *our* love in two." Was a foolish little wooden paper-knife going to separate

Ralph and her? was love so tender a thing, then? was *her* love so weak and frail that it could not pardon a lover's reasonable jealousy?

A new light shone upon the affair now; she began to look at Charley Bennet's renewed attention through Ralph's eyes, and she was sorry; but she had refused to promise her lover to receive neither attention or gifts.

"He *never* forgot the day," continued grandma, after a little silence. "There was always a Valentine for mother. Sometimes it was a pretty new silk that I had admired, or a ticket for some lecture or concert, or a book I wanted; but with St. Valentine's day, there always came my lover's lines accompanying some gift,

'If you love me as I love you,
No knife can cut our love in two.'"

"That was old-fashioned love, grandma. I don't believe the love of to-day is so lasting or so true; is it, do you think?" asked Bertha, timidly.

"Fashioned? there is no fashion in love, my dear; it is worn always in one spot—next the heart; and when once truly adopted, *never* wears out."

Bertha was silent for a moment, then she asked, gravely:

"Did you and grandpa ever quarrel, when you were lovers? was he ever jealous, and were you ever hateful?"

Grandma smiled as she glanced at the blushing, conscious face, and answered:

"Oh yes, we had our little differences of opinion, to be sure; but love always came to the rescue and smoothed out the wrinkles, and made the crooked places straight; sometimes it was he who was wrong, but as often it was I; but 'no knife' of distrust or jealousy, or petulant temper, could 'cut our love in two;' and thus it is always with pure, true, fond affection; it overlooks and makes allowances, and forgives and forgets every little strain upon its tender spots."

"Thank you grandma, dear. Your Valentine has been just what I needed to-night. Ralph and I have quarrelled, but I was to blame the most; and I am very sorry, and I will be the first to make amends," and kissing the old lady, Bertha hurriedly ran up to her room, where she wrote the following little note, which was received by Mr. Ralph Wayland the next morning:

"'If you love me as I love you,
No *knife* can cut our love in two.'

I do not mean to keep Charley Bennet's present—I am sorry for all I said last night—and I am your true, loving Valentine."

St. Valentine's day dawned bright and beautiful. The high, wild winds had died away in the night, and with the sunshine there came soft promising spring airs that whispered of the new life down in the earth's heart. Sparrows chirped in the park, and blue-birds and robins flew over the city housetops singing of "spring, spring, beautiful spring."

At breakfast time a messenger boy brought for "Miss Bertha Warren," a great bouquet of roses and violets; and peeping over her shoulder, grandma read on the pretty card attached:

"The rose is red, the vi'let's blue,
Nothing can alter my love for you."

"See, grandma," cries Bertha, with a rosy, blushing face. "Here is some real old-fashioned love."

"The lines, perhaps, but not the love, dear; that is always the same, new and fresh, and if true, ever lasting."

Bertha put the flowers to her lips and sang out loud and merrily:

"'If you love me as I love you,
No knife *can* cut *our* love in two.'"

A ROMANCE OF HARD TIMES.

BY MARIAN GARWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

LADY BECHTOLD.

Mr. and Mrs. Bechtold had but one child, a son, who had finished his college course, and was taking a foreign tour preparatory to settling down and reading law, when Baby Helen came to brighten their days. When he returned, baby was eighteen months old, an only sister, and a perfect jewel; so dainty and lady-like was she in all her ways, that the great brother called her "Lady;" and so well did the pet title suit her, that all her friends adopted it, and later, few people knew what her real name was.

Mr. Bechtold and his wife, not being society people, lived at their country seat the whole year round. Mr. Bechtold devoted his entire time and attention to his business, which was remarkably prosperous in consequence. And Mrs. Bechtold devoted her entire time and attention to the perfect education of her daughter—who was nearly perfect in consequence. Her tutors found it a pleasure to teach her, for her character was most amiable; and that she might develop mentally and physically alike, not developing the mind at the expense of the body, she was taught to excel in many out-door exercises, such as croquet, ball, archery, and horsemanship. Of this last she was extravagantly fond, if such a well regulated young lady could be extravagant in anything. She had a horse called Frisco, which embraced all the virtues of horse-flesh, together with an intelligence almost human. Her father, being a veritable merchant prince, left nothing wanting to her happiness which money could procure.

Lady reached the age of fourteen, having passed thus far a most uneventful life; more's the

pity—for careful as it had been, her training was but illy adapted to prepare her for what now occurred.

A terrible panic swept over the business world, and among the first, the firm of Hermon Bechtold & Co., went under, making a very bad failure. This was their misfortune, not their fault; and honestly enough they surrendered all their possessions, to make good, as far as possible, the affairs of their creditors. Of course, Linwood, Mr. Bechtold's lovely home, was sold at public sale, with all within and without pertaining to it. While this dreadful scattering and shattering of household goods, by the auctioneer's hammer, was taking place, Mrs. Bechtold, her mother, and a sister who lived with her, Lady, and a couple of servants, were to go to a small house which had been the lodge to their estate. When they gathered together there, Lady was missed.

"Where is Lady?" asked the grandmother.

"Didn't she come with you?" asked the aunt, in tones of anxiety.

"No. She started with me, but said she must go back, and would follow shortly."

"She will probably come with Betty or Jane," said Mrs. Bechtold. "Poor child, on her this falls heavier than on us."

But where was she? I will tell you, reader, although she wishes no one to know. In the stable at Linwood, fondly caressing and bidding Frisco farewell; her fair hair mingled with his mane, and tears upon her fresh, round cheek.

CHAPTER II.

ALEXANDER STERLING.

Sandy Sterling was one of the brightest boys at —— College, in the year ——.

When he entered, his father had been considered a rich man; but the panic in which so many had fallen, in its merciless sweep had carried him with the rest. And Sandy, whose heart was set upon becoming a minister, feared it would now be necessary to abandon his studies without graduating in a theological course. About this time, many of the students felt the necessity of exercise and a change of air, and resolved to enter the mountain hotels as waiters, during vacation. To Sandy this opened a way to earn something, with which to pursue the following year's studies, and he determined to go with them.

In the same house with others of his class, he received the position of clerk. But that would not long answer for one who bade so fair to become a rare specimen of muscular Christianity, even though, from unremitting study, he now looked somewhat pale; so he soon arranged to take charge of and drive the coach belonging to the house.

If Sandy had a strong characteristic that discovered the human nature within him, it was a love of horses; so he took to this position more kindly, and soon the color came back, and the chest filled out, and the arms grew ready, quick, and strong. Then—in spite of the blouse and overalls—he was a very attractive specimen of mankind.

He was very much interested in botany, and the afternoons being mostly at his disposal, he took long walks, returning each day with a case of leaves, etc. It was his custom to change his dress for the expedition to that of the student. One day, as he was about putting up his horses, a gentleman accosted him with:

"Young man, can you take me over to Linwood? There is a sale there that I am anxious to attend, and cannot obtain conveyance."

Sterling replied that he would ask, and went to the house. Returning, Sandy said:

"Get in," and off they drove.

The stranger being a cultivated gentleman, soon brought Sandy to chatting about college, his prospects, and his present occupations; and suggested that a saddle horse would enable him to take much longer excursions in the afternoons.

True; but Sandy did not feel at all sure that he ought to part with his money in such a way, however reasonably he might be able to get one. After arriving at Linwood, Sterling went with the gentleman, who was curious in rare things, through part of the house, then left him. The stables were to be sold out last, and he thought he would look through them. He found them all closed, and was about turning back when he noticed a door partly open, and thinking, doubtless, there was some one there to serve him as guide, entered. He had passed several stalls when he heard a sweet voice saying:

"My precious Frisco, what happy hours we have had together."

There were tears in the voice, and surely something like a sob at the end of the sentence. He looked ahead, and in the very next stall was a sight that held him spell-bound. What was it?—woman, child, or angel? White arms in chiseled perfection folded round the neck of the noble animal before him. Such a picture opened a new world to the vision of the young student. Sandy was an only child; his books and his sports had been his only companions; his mother the only woman in whom he had felt any interest. Many ladies he had met, but as one meets a crowd on the street, or beholds the worlds of the heavens on a starlight night, utterly without interest in any particular one. Not so now. This sight was not to be forgotten in a life-time. Hesitating, he turned to go, when Lady, for 'twas she, raised her head, and catching sight of him, started with fear.

This would never do. The mere thought of having frightened her was too much; he could not go without making some explanation, and taking off his hat as he stood in attitude of reverence, he said:

"I beg your pardon, if I have all unwittingly intruded."

Seeing that he was only a driver, Lady took courage, and spoke to him as she never could have done had he been in his student's dress.

"You were looking at him," said she, still nervously caressing the favorite's neck. "Does your master want to buy him?"

"Yes, miss," answered Sandy, appreciating at once the advantage his costume gave him.

By this time, Lady, seeing the fine brow and eyes, the noble mouth and countenance, lost her fear, and felt only a mingling of confidence and timidity—the natural evidences of the childhood and womanhood now contending in her. Then anxiously:

"Will you have the care of him?"

"Yes, miss," again answered Sandy.

Then, almost pleadingly, she cried:

"You will be kind to him, won't you? He has been so happy with me. I know you will be kind to him, if your master will only keep him."

"I promise you, miss, wherever he goes I will keep sight of him," answered Sandy, ready by this time to give his last cent if need be for the horse.

"Oh, I'm so thankful," said Lady, and her head went down upon her horse's neck, and tears of thankfulness flowed at will. For the poor child had been even more excited over parting with her favorite than she had realized; fears for its welfare swelling to such magnitude as to entirely blot from her mind the discomforts awaiting herself.

Sterling slowly turned and left the building, wholy unable to withstand the flood of tears. He pondered as he walked; he was young, but he had seen a sight which he would never grow old enough to forget.

When the stables were sold out, he bought that horse; and true to his resolve, he never parted with it. Yet one day he gave it away. How was this? I will tell you.

CHAPTER III.

SYNTHESIS.

After his reverses, Mr. Bechtold and his family went to New York, where he and his son commenced business again. But the shock had been too much for him, and in a year he died. The son struggled along for some time, but the embarrassments were too much for him, and he made a second failure. Thus everything was gone. Then Lady began to teach and her mother to sew, obtaining between them but a pittance.

Sandy, the summer being ended, returned to his studies, and pursued them with true Scottish perseverance. At length the consummation was reached, when with a number of fellow students he was licensed to preach the gospel, and ordained. He began his work immediately by supplying a vacancy in the pulpit of a celebrated minister. With true modesty, Sandy hesitated to appear in the place of such a light, for few lived who could fill it.

But this man was one whose public character had won his love and esteem, in whose judgment he trusted, and whom he delighted to serve. This was the way it came about.

The Rev. Philip Erwin, being one of the lights of the Church, was present at the ordination taking place in his own city, and there met the young candidates. During a short conversation with Sandy, he thought he saw great ability in him, and took measures to learn something of him and his college life. The information obtained convinced him that Sandy was the very man for the chapel which his congregation had just built in the suburbs of the city, and presented the idea at once to the elders of his church. While awaiting their views, he encouraged Sandy's acquaintance, offering him the use of his library, a most flattering courtesy. Sandy naturally availed himself of every opportunity for such an association. One day while calling upon Dr. Erwin, a telegram arrived for that gentleman, who read it with evident embarrassment. Then, glancing up quickly and questioningly at Sandy, he said:

"Will you take my pulpit next Sunday?"

Sandy would not have been more amazed if he had said, "Will you go to China for me, at once?" and consequently turned quite pale, as a view of the great church and its crowded congregation rose before him.

Dr. Erwin saw this, and added, before there was time for an answer:

"This demands my absence from the city on Sunday; be advised by me, take my pulpit. It is a most desirable opportunity, and may help you to an immediate call. Don't doubt yourself; I have confidence in you. Besides, it will really be a favor to me."

Of course, Sandy could not refuse this. With earnest prayer for guidance and support, he chose his text and studied diligently during the few hours before him, determining, as his time was so short, to make notes, and rely upon his ability to extemporize for the amplification of his subject. The result of all this was that his first sermon was delivered to one of the most cultivated and influential congregations in the country. He had studied his subject thoroughly and his whole heart was in his work. The first sermon was a success. When Dr. Erwin returned, he found, as he anti-

cipated, that Sandy had justified his estimation of him, and made a favorable impression.

Shortly after this, Sandy received and accepted a call to the chapel, whereby he became pastor to a most desirable congregation, and received for his services a fair salary and a furnished parsonage—a very little cottage, 'tis true, but delightfully situated in the suburbs of Boston.

These matters settled, his next purpose was to find the original of his first and only romance—the lovely child who had lived in his thoughts, the picture of young grief, the vision that had dwelt within him, that had urged him on in his most trying and despondent hours, with a hope of brightening that matchless face with a look of happiness.

The General Assembly was to meet in Philadelphia; Dr. Erwin had been appointed to attend, and considering it a most desirable opportunity for Sandy to hear and learn of many things pertaining to the Church, invited him to accompany him.

Here was a way opened, it seemed, by Providence itself. As a visitor, it would not be necessary for Sandy to be on time, so he would start with Dr. Erwin and stop over a day at New York, where, he had learned by the papers, Mr. Bechtold had re-commenced business in company with his son, and rejoin Dr. Erwin in Philadelphia.

Once in New York, he intended to find Mr. Bechtold, tell him of his possession of Frisco, present credentials, and ask permission to make his daughter's acquaintance, when the father would take him home at once. This seemed perfectly feasible, and he started accordingly in what seemed good time, to lay at the feet of her whose image he cherished the heart that had been hers so long.

On sped the train, as if bearing him to his greatest happiness. Bright and beaming looked field and fen, adorned with purest and crispest of of spring green, as though earth brought forth nothing but life and joy. Snorting and puffing the monster—that drew him as if instinct with malicious life to the realization of blank and bitter disappointment—rushed into the depot; and amidst the crowd of hurrying travelers, Sandy alighted in New York. He deposited the satchel he carried in the baggage-room, and like each one of the multitude around him, filled with his own affairs, reached the gate through which all passed, and from which each diverged toward his particular felicity or bitterness, success or failure. Then, with haste and an anxiety, that inexplicably crept upon him, he sought the firm, only to learn that Mr. Bechtold was dead and it no longer existed, that "possibly so and so could tell something of the family." The party was found, only to hear from them that really they "knew very little of them. The Bechtolds did live in that street once, but moved about a year ago; believed the brother went west with his family, didn't know where the mother and daughter had gone." And so on, till the day was done and nothing learned.

That night, Sandy slept, or rather put up at a hotel, for sleep he did not. 'Twas as if the world had suddenly given way beneath him, and he had found himself standing upon a reef in the midst of space, as in an awful ocean of silence. But the reef was there, something actual, 'twas immaterial and material. 'Twas the other faith that was the foundation of his being. 'Twas himself. The only thing that could not, would not leave him, 'Twas the existence of which he was an atom. 'Twas God. He prayed. He worked to find her by day, he prayed for her during the night. He saw her driven from that first grief he had witnessed, to poverty, to sickness—she was so frail—to starvation; and cried with great sobs, "Oh God, spare her." He saw her through every suffering caring first for the mother who was with her, just as in her tender heart her own sorrows had been subject to her interest in her pet. Everything could he learn but her whereabouts; of this nothing.

On the third day he must go on. Wrought to actual sickness by this great disappointment, he arrived in Philadelphia. In what a different state he left this depot. With equal haste, and equally long strides, he leaves the gate; but this is the energy of desperation.

To-night he will lodge at the house of a brother minister, one who has been a fellow student. Once only on the way to this house is he conscious of anything about him; then he sees the form of a young woman, some distance ahead, halt for an instant before a church on the corner. Such a church! It compels his thoughts to leave himself. A building of purest Grecian form, set back from the street and surrounded by grass plots, railed in, as if the peace of the building was something apart from the world in which it was placed. The simple majesty of faultless architecture, the pure marble columns, and high steps, the dignity of unpretentious grandeur, the solidity of material and structure, suggesting the eternal stability of the Christianity it represented, and all sanctified as the house of God—in the midst of dirt, and turmoil, and vexation and anxious care—all this he saw and the woman who clasped her hands, and then, with bowed head and hurried step, passed out of sight. "More anguish, more misery," murmured Sandy, and then again his thoughts reverted to himself, then to his destination—and behold he was there.

This was the house before him. He rang, was admitted and ushered into the reception room, a small room on the right of the hall; as he entered the room, a little child scampered off, and a lady stooped in following to pick up a book it had

dropped. Sandy at the same instant recovered the book and handed it to her; she thanked him and passed on, leaving him bewildered—confused.

Dr. Burton entered and found him standing. Extending his hand he cried:

"How do you do, Sandy? How do you do? Sit down; sit down," and drew him to a seat; then continued: "It is awkward, Sandy, but after all, this long looked-for visit must be made out of the house. A couple of days ago, Mrs. Burton's mother came to town to see us, and as she was leaving the door, she fell on the step and fractured her thigh. We carried her in and sent for a physician, who pronounced the accident a serious one, and said she must not be moved. In the evening, Mrs. Burton said that as mother now occupied the spare room, and we had no other, she would ask the mother of our governess to accommodate you at her home. I thought the idea excellent, and the next day she completed arrangements with Mrs. Bechtold for you to stay at her house during your visit."

At the name of Bechtold, Sandy looked up, as yet scarce having heard a word his impetuous friend had spoken, and but half-comprehending that fate or chance, or who shall say what, had made him an inmate of the very family he was seeking, and of which he desired to become a member.

"But you must spend your time with us," continued Dr. Burton, "and forget what may seem like unhospitality in quartering you elsewhere, for an overruling Providence has doubtless guided all."

Sandy passed his hand over his eyes, as if brushing away some illusion, or endeavouring to recall himself, and said:

"Arthur, as the Lord liveth, He hath brought me here. Who is the lady that just left this room?"

"My little Betty's governess, Miss Helen Bechtold," answered Dr. Burton.

As he spoke, his companion paled, and great tears filled his upturned eyes, as with white lips he murmured his thankfulness to the Father who protects even the sparrows.

An hour later he emerged from the Doctor's study. During this time his old friend had been taken into his confidence, and had informed him in return that the Bechtolds, mother and daughter, had been reduced to the extremest poverty; that in this state he had found them, placed them in a little house, obtained some pupils for Miss Helen and given her the position of visiting governess to his little Betty, in order to assist them.

Then he gave Sandy a letter of introduction to Mrs. Bechtold, and advised him to present it as once, as the lady was expecting him; enjoining upon him at the same time, that he should return for dinner at four o'clock. Sandy enclosed his own card, bearing the dignified name which so well befitted the man, "Alexander Sterling, D.D." within the letter, and set forth.

Dr. Burton meanwhile sought his wife and made her party to the affair.

Mrs. Burton, with true womanly weakness, was delighted at having a hand in a love affair, and proposed commencing operations at once, by keeping Miss Helen to dinner, and making her acquainted with Mr. Sterling.

"The idea," said she, "of the man being in love with her all these years, and she not having even heard of him." And off she started to inform Miss Helen that Mr. Sterling, the gentleman who was to stop with her mother while he attended the Synod, had arrived and would dine with them. "And Miss Helen," added Mrs. Burton, "you must remain and become acquainted with him here; it will not then seem so strange to have him in your own home."

Helen said her mother would be anxious about her, if she was late, and begged Mrs. Burton to excuse her. But Mrs. Burton volunteered at once to send Mrs. Bechtold word that Helen was with her. Whereupon Helen, all unconscious of her fate, consented to stay.

CHAPTER IV.

UNITY.

At dinner, Sandy proved that had he not been entered for the pulpit, he might have won for himself a name upon the stage. Completely master of himself, now that Helen was before him, he chatted with her so easily and freely, that she quite forgot he was a stranger, and made some allusion to Linwood, a thing she had never done even to her kind friends the Burtons. That was just what Sandy wanted, and he said at once:

"If you are Miss Bechtold of Linwood, we have a mutual friend, from whom you will like to hear."

"Indeed," replied Lady. "Pray tell me who it is?"

"Guess," answered Sandy, almost playfully, for the favorable turn his affairs had taken, made him a boy again.

"Truly I can't," said Lady; "I was so young when we left Linwood, that I had scarcely any acquaintances. I remember well that my greatest grief was parting with my horse. Till you just spoke I didn't know I left a friend."

"To the horse I alluded," slowly said Sterling, looking down.

"Oh, Mr. Sterling, do you own him?" cried Lady in tones which plainly showed that time had not lessened her affection for her pet.

Dr. and Mrs. Burton were at this moment engaged, Mrs. Burton in giving some quiet instruc-

tion to the maid, and the Doctor in attending to some fancied wants of wee Betty. Sandy availed himself of the opportunity, and said earnestly:

"Yes, Miss Helen; and the intelligent creature has indeed been a friend and companion to me. In our long trips I have patted his neck and talked to him, often asking him if he thought we should ever find you, and he always neighed in the most encouraging manner. Once, too, he saved my life—I must tell you all about it, some time. Yes, he always understood me, I assure you, and so we often had long talks about you. You see, I had heard how fond you were of him."

Helen's part in this conversation had been taken in silence by a most expressive countenance. Now she spoke, saying:

"I suppose your groom told you of the scene;" then added apologetically, "I was such a child."

Sandy escaped from answering this, by being completely occupied in helping himself to some mashed potatoes, which the merciful maid passed between him and Lady just at this disconcerting juncture. Then he drew Dr. and Mrs. Burton into the conversation, and kept it general till they left the table. After dinner he retired with his friend into the study, while the ladies had a little quiet chat in the sitting-room.

After awhile the gentlemen joined them, and Sandy proposed that as he and Miss Helen must arrive at the same destination that night, he should be allowed to escort her, adding, that as he was a stranger in a strange land, it would devolve upon her to lead him in the darkness.

"Yes, and take him in, too, Helen," chimed in Dr. Burton.

As they left the house, Mrs. Burton turned to her husband enthusiastically, saying:

"Arthur, I've been studying that girl for the last half hour, and I know just what kind of a wedding-dress would make her a perfect bride. May I give it to her?"

"Be just, then generous, my dear," replied Dr. Burton. "If your judgment counsels it, do so." But though his words were cold, practical, his face beamed with love of the impulsive little wife, whose very faults were on the right side, and made her, in his eyes, more dear.

Sandy and Lady meantime walked quietly towards home. Frisco again became the subject of conversation, and Lady begged to know how Mr. Sterling learned about her. He teased her a little, putting her off in all kinds of ways, and at length promising to tell her another time.

Matters progressed well. Sandy became very much at home at Mrs. Bechtold's. The old lady greatly admired the strong, healthy man, and almost loved the frank, noble face. Lady, who had been her mother's sole companion and dependence, found a young friend upon whose judgment she could rely, and on whose gentle thoughtfulness she unconsciously depended, a treasure all the more precious for being previously unknown.

Several weeks had passed, when one evening, Mrs. Bechtold feeling weary, retired quite early, leaving Helen and Sandy sitting at the round table in the parlor. After a few moment's silence, Sandy raised his eyes and laughingly looking at Helen across the table, said:

"Shall I tell you to-night, Miss Helen, who told me?"

Lady knew well what he meant, for she had asked him so often.

"Oh, do. If I did not know it was untrue, I should call you cruel, for the suspense you have kept me in," replied Helen.

"Cruel to you! I acknowledge that is an accusation I could not endure," cried Sandy. "So I will tell you at once. It was a little girl, with the face of an angel in distress, whose name was —"

Lady's face grew blank and horrified, as the knowledge dawned upon her that this was the driver. Instantly she knew why that face had been so familiar, why it had haunted her as one seen in a dream. Many times had she tried to place it and failed, but now a flood of recollection rushed over her, and she was conscious that in her first hour of trouble she had turned to this man for assistance; and realized that during these long years, the promise he then offered had been faithfully fulfilled.

"Now don't be so horrified, Miss Helen, it all came about this way;" and here Sandy, under the pretext of getting his back to the light, and not disturbing her mother in the next room, arose and placed his chair next to hers, with its back to the table, then seated himself so that they sat face to face, and proceeded to narrate to her the circumstance of his attending the sale and its result for him. Before he ended, he had taken her unresisting hand, and then said: "Would you like to see him?"

This brought a grateful look into Lady's eyes, for this unselfishness touched her greatly, not being the side of humanity which she had been brought into contact with during the last few years—to which look he answered:

"And own him, Helen dear?"

This was not resented, so in lighter tones Sandy added:

"But you know I cannot part with him, for I have promised that. So darling, there is but one way, and that is—give me your precious self, in which case I, and all that is mine, become yours. Take me to get Frisco, sweet one, won't you?"

He was now leaning before her. The great tears fell from her closed eyes. That was answer enough for Sandy; in an instant she was folded in his strong arms, and in token of betrothal he kissed the tears from off her blushing cheeks.

In a short time, Sandy took Lady, and her

mother too, to see the horse and the little parsonage as well, in which they spent several years cosily and happily. Then Mrs. Bechtold yielded to the ravages made upon her health by those years of anxiety and privations. Sterling's father, who had entirely recovered his fortune before his son was married, welcomed Lady with true affection to the heart that had never known a daughter. While attending her mother in her illness, Lady's health had given way, and Mr. Sterling induced Sandy to use a little of his money for a foreign tour, saying:

"Hout lad—dinna bide until I dee till be cheerie," which in our English means—don't wait till I die to be happy.

Sandy looked at Lady, and the memory of the day he saw her, when the face so young and fresh expressed its first grief, decided him to restore its youthful coloring, if foreign air and his devotion could do it. Frisco, now grown old, was put out to grass with a kind farmer, where he may be grazing yet, for all we know.

They sailed from Boston, and Mr. Sterling with them; for when the parting came, his great heart could not stand it, and he quietly walked on board. At last advices they were doing the Scottish lakes, and intended to spend the winter in Rome.

WINTER AND SPRING.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

I shall be old while you are young, Elaine,
Wrinkled and old and gray,
For the roses that bloomed in the cheek of youth,
Are fading too swiftly away,
The locks once so brown o'er my boyhood's brow, alas!
Are changed to a silvery hue,
And the thoughts that are springing to-day in my heart,
The heart of my youth never knew.

While you—oh, Elaine! you are dainty and fair, as fair
As the bud blooming out in the May,
And the love you have wakened, the hopes you have stirred,
Can never be banished away.
You are dearer by far than aught else beside, sweet one,
And no blessing could brighten my life,
Like the right to unfold this love never told,
To call you my darling, my wife.

But I shall be old while you are young, Elaine,
Wrinkled and old and gray,
And this secret so dear you never can hear,
In my heart I must hide it away;
For it never will be that the Winter and Spring, ah me!
Can mate and be happy for aye;
But still all the same I love you, Elaine,
I love you, I love you, good bye!

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN
OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.
NO. 15.

MARGARET OF BURGUNDY.

BY H. G. ROWE.

When Edward IV., finding his long-contested seat upon the throne of England secured at last, established his brilliant court at London, among the proud, high-born beauties that lent grace and refinement to the almost barbaric magnificence with which the splendor-loving monarch delighted to surround himself, none could boast of a fairer face or more beautiful form than his own lovely sister, the Princess Margaret, who, however enviable her lot might now seem, had, young as she was, passed through some of the saddest vicissitudes that human life can show.

Even in her cradle, the innocent daughter of York had had her infant slumbers disturbed by the ominous mutterings of that gathering storm, that, for twenty long years, deluged England with the blood of her bravest, as with ever-varying fortunes the rival houses of York and Lancaster measured their strength upon home battlefields, or in the council chambers of neighboring princes, tried by less violent but by more wily means to secure the glittering prize of England's crown.

Of the personal character of Margaret's father, the great Duke of York, all historians, even those most friendly to the House of Lancaster, speak in the highest terms. Moderate, wise, and merciful, it would seem that something higher and nobler than mere private ambition prompted him to grasp in his own strong, capable hand, the sceptre that his imbecile cousin, Henry VI. swayed with neither wisdom nor vigor, while his ambitious queen and her minister rode roughshod over the noblest heads in the land, setting up or throwing down at their pleasure whomsoever and howsoever they saw fit, with an arrogant scorn of consequences that, to a sagacious, prudent man like York must have awakened the keenest apprehensions in regard to the future, not only of his own royal house, but of the nobility of England generally, with a majority of whom the haughty queen had, by her overbearing manners, become decidedly unpopular.

Following her sire's varying fortunes, the little Margaret was now the inmate of a palace, cradled in silks and down, and again a friendless fugitive, sheltered from the victorious Lancastrians only by the sacred walls of a monastery, her only refuge from the violence, that in those days of bloodshed and cruelty fell alike upon helpless infancy and undefended manhood.

But the crowning misfortune of all that befel her young maidenhood, occurred at the disastrous

battle of Wakefield, where her noble father, scorning the advice of his more timid and prudent counsellors, to entrench himself behind the strong walls of Sandal Castle until the expected arrival of reinforcements from his son Edward would enable him to meet the foe at equal odds, marched forth to meet in open field a force far outnumbering his own, and after a desperate conflict, fell pierced with wounds upon a lost battle-field.

His gray head was carried upon the point of a pike to Queen Margaret, with the triumphant announcement:

"There, madam, is your king's ransom," and affixed by her orders upon the gates of York, crowned with a paper coronet in derision of his claim upon the crown of England.

His youngest son, too, a noble youth of seventeen, was murdered in cold blood by the barbarian Clifford, who acted thus in revenge for the death of his father a short time before, at the battle of St. Albans.

Terrible news this must have been for the waiting wife and daughters of the unfortunate prince, but there was little time for lamentations over their dead, before the news of young Edward's victorious entry into London amidst the acclamations of the citizens, and his bold assumption of the crown, as the eldest son and heir of the house of York, made it necessary for them to lay aside their private sorrows, and receive the joyful congratulations that their delighted friends and partisans hastened to offer.

Once fairly established upon the English throne, Edward cast his eyes about him with a view to securing, after the favorite fashion of the times, the alliances of neighboring princes, by shrewd matrimonial contracts; and as he had rendered himself ineligible—much to the discontent of his subjects—by marrying for love a simple gentlewoman, one of his own subjects, he was more than ever anxious to make the marriages of his family conduce to his own political advantage.

With this object in view, the arrival of an envoy from Charles, the powerful Duke of Burgundy, to demand the hand of the Princess Margaret in marriage, was regarded with great favor by Edward and his ministers, and a favorable answer returned, with little or no deference to the private wishes and inclinations of the destined bride, who, however she might have shrunk from a union with the most violent-tempered and obstinate prince in all Europe, was forced to play an entirely passive part in the matrimonial drama arranged for her by her brother and his political council.

And yet, as the sequel proved, Charles, in spite of the roughness and violence that had procured for him from his contemporaries the title of the "Bold" or "Rash," really turned out to be a very comfortable, easy-going spouse, and by his amiable domestic qualities succeeded in winning the love and respect of his young wife, whom he seems ever to have treated with the tenderest consideration.

To the English people the idea of an alliance with Burgundy was especially pleasing, as the commercial interests of the two countries had long been identical; while their common hatred of the French King, Louis XI., served as a no less powerful bond of union between them.

Having sent his brother with a magnificent retinue to conduct the fair bride to her new home, Charles waited impatiently at Bruges for their coming, where he had assembled about him a great multitude of all nations, who had been attracted thither to see and join in the splendid festivities attendant upon the nuptials of one of the most ostentatious princes of his day.

With a savage whimsicality, characteristic of the man, Charles took occasion during his waiting to make a display of his justice and power by beheading without even the form of trial a young nobleman guilty of murder. In vain the highest magnates of the duchy interposed; he resolutely persisted in carrying out the severe sentence upon the very eve of his own bridal.

When Margaret's guard of English archers laid down her litter upon the threshold of the Hotel de Bourgogne, she was received by the duchess dowager Isabella, the mother of the duke, with every demonstration of affection and respect, and escorted to her own apartments amidst shouts of welcome from the enthusiastic populace.

Two cardinals were present at this wedding—Balue, the French king's spy, and a legate who came on behalf of the impoverished citizens of Liege, to implore Charles to wait for the payment of their annual tax; declaring that in order to meet the first installment they had been forced to despoil their wives and daughters of their rings and girdles, and that they could not at present meet his demand without reducing themselves and families to actual starvation.

If they had hoped to find their hard master, in his character of a gay bridegroom, more placable and lenient than was his wont, the citizens of Liege were doomed to a woeful disappointment, for he remained inflexible, sternly demanding every penny of the cruel and arbitrary tax to be paid immediately.

Knowing this, it is scarcely surprising that the superstitious populace should have ascribed to the direct vengeance of heaven, a fire that the very night of his marriage broke out in the duke's palace, and raged with such violence that the newly-wedded pair narrowly escaped with their lives.

Charles had been twice married before, and his only child and heiress Mary, stood sadly in need of a mother's guiding and protecting hand in the midst of her father's splendid but illy regulated

court. In the cultured and warm-hearted Englishwoman the motherless girl found her needed friend, confidant, and adviser.

Of Margaret's private character, a contemporaneous writer has remarked:

"Her mind was of that firm and equable, though gentle tone, which feels every misfortune intensely but bears it with unshaken resolution."

With an intellect of no ordinary power and keenness, and a taste for literary pursuits rare in females of that age, it was natural that the young duchess should soon have attracted to her court men of letters from all the different countries of Europe, who found in her not only a liberal, but a discriminating and wise friend and patroness, while her affability and womanly kindness were the means of bringing into notice one to whom the English-speaking world can never ascribe too great praise and honor—the printer of the first English book that was ever put in type, William Caxton.

Born and bred in a retired Kentish farmhouse, young Caxton was apprenticed at an early age to a rich London mercer, where he grew to manhood, a thoughtful, unnoted youth, attentive and regular to his business, yet snatching every leisure moment to pore over the few rich and costly manuscripts that sometimes found their way to England among the bales of silks and woolens from Holland and Flanders.

It was here, probably, that the youth's thirst for learning was awakened, and when, after succeeding to his master's business, the now prosperous merchant was sent by King Edward as an envoy to Burgundy, to negotiate a treaty of commerce between the two countries, it is more than probable that he laid aside his ell-wand without a sigh, and joyfully availed himself of the unwonted leisure now afforded him to try his hand at the translation into English of a French book written by the duke's chaplain, and entitled a "History of Troy."

Like many another literary amateur, however, Caxton soon grew dissatisfied with his work, and threw it aside, where for two years it lay unregarded among his scattered papers, while in common with all the rest of the Burgundian court, his attention was entirely engrossed with the bewitching gayeties and more refined pursuits inaugurated under the reign of its English mistress. It was to this august lady, however, that the book owed its tardy resurrection, and its author his world-wide fame in future years.

Talking one day with her "trusty servant," as she graciously styled him, the young duchess chanced to get a hint of this literary pastime, and immediately expressed a desire to see the manuscript, and judge of its merit for herself. Upon reading it she declared herself much pleased with the grace and correctness of the translation, and earnestly urged the author to complete it, which, cheered by her praise and sympathy, he was not long in accomplishing, and a year afterward it was printed at Cologne—the first English book that ever came from any press.

Proud of his success, the duchess bountifully rewarded her protegeé, and warmly encouraged him to a continuance of his literary labors.

From Cologne, Caxton took his press and types to England, and set them up in Westminster, where during the remaining years of his life, he not only printed but composed, bound, and sold sixty-five different works, translated and original, thus planting in English soil the seed from which has sprung that wonderful outgrowth of civil and religious liberty that makes the England of to-day the best governed and most prosperous country in all Europe.

While Margaret in the security of her own palace, thus encouraged and aided her gifted countryman in his great work, refined, elevated, and simplified the rude, barbaric magnificence that had hitherto characterized the Burgundian court, and with motherly love and patience watched over and guided the steps of her young step-daughter, her belligerent lord employed his time as best suited his warlike tastes, in the rough amusement of the chase, or in the sterner pursuit of an unrelenting warfare—sometimes with neighboring princes, but oftener still with his own rebellious subjects, who found his oppressive and tyrannical exactions too heavy for their fiery, martial tempers to endure.

That Margaret, dear as she undoubtedly was to him, ever ventured to interfere in his management of public matters, is not at all probable. No man ever lived who could less brook such interference, and the young duchess evidently confined her influence, during her husband's life, to the social and domestic circles over which she presided with such dignity and grace, and upon which he seldom cared to intrude.

This turbulent prince met his death at last in the battle of Nanci, in conflict with the Swiss—a people whom he had hitherto affected to despise as a nation of peasants and herdsmen, but whose steady valor now prevailed over the impetuous but less determined Burgundians who were driven in wild tumult from the field strewn with the dead bodies of their fallen comrades.

Charles himself was among the slain, and on the following day his dead body was discovered, stripped of its armor and frozen into a pool of water where he had fallen exhausted, and died of his wounds.

This sudden and unexpected death of its duke, left Burgundy in a terribly unsettled and dangerous situation. Surrounded by enemies, many and strong, all eager to take advantage of its misfortunes, and containing within itself all the elements of strife and insurrection that only needed a breath to fan into a flame, this powerful and op-

ulent duchy seemed literally at the mercy of the first red-handed spoiler strong and daring enough to seize it.

Mary, the heiress of the dukedom, was with her step mother at Ghent, when the terrible news of her father's defeat and death reached them, and the turbulent citizens lost no time in taking possession of her person, re-establishing all their ancient privileges in her name, and preparing to rule, not their own city alone, but all the other provinces after their wish and fashion.

Mary, naturally indignant at this unceremonious treatment, and apprehensive, perhaps, of further violence, wrote privately to Louis of France, offering to marry the young dauphin Charles if France would interfere in her behalf, and force her rebellious subjects to restore to her her liberty and rights.

This letter the treacherous Louis immediately forwarded to the Burgundian chiefs, thereby exciting their anger to such a pitch against their duchess, that in reprisal they caused two of her most trusted counselors to be put to death in the market-place of Ghent, although the poor girl herself and her widowed mother followed them to the scaffold, and with piteous tears and cries vainly interceded in their behalf.

At this dreadful crisis, Margaret contrived to send a messenger to England, with a proposal to unite her favorite brother Clarence, who was then a widower, to her young step-daughter, thus placing the government of Burgundy in the hands of an English prince, and giving to the daughter of her love a protector strong enough to shield her from the indignities to which her present helplessness had exposed her. Strangely enough, this proposal, so advantageous to England, was not accepted by Edward, whose jealousy of his brother proved even more powerful in this case than his political ambition.

Meanwhile, Louis, whose hatred of Burgundy had prompted him to secure that powerful fief by conquest rather than by a peaceful alliance with its heiress, led his troops into the dukedom, devastating and destroying all before them, in spite of the resistance of the inhabitants, who, at feud with each other, and without a competent leader, found their much-prized reputation as a brave and invincible people fast deserting them, as the victorious French troops pushed boldly forward into the very heart of the duchy.

Here Margaret again ventured to interpose, and wrote so urgently to her brother Edward for succor, reminding him that the French king had already taken posession of several of her dower cities, thus insulting her dignity as an English princess, that he felt himself bound in honor to interfere, and sending a large body of English archers under the brave Lord Hastings to her relief, they repulsed the invaders and helped to restore something like tranquillity to the distracted realm; while the marriage soon after of their young duchess to the Archduke Maximilian, son of the Emperor of Austria, put an end to the matrimonial intrigues and conspiracies of her restless subjects.

After the marriage of her step-daughter, Margaret, as duchess-dowager, still held her court at the capital; and when, after a few years of married life, the archduchess died, leaving two infant children, the duchess took the motherless little ones into her own care, rearing them with the greatest love and tenderness, and carefully instilling into the mind of Philip, the prospective heir of the duchy, those principles of moderation and justice that would fit him to be a wise and prudent ruler over his capricious and fiery-tempered people.

Margaret's part in that strange political intrigue by which a low-born, unknown adventurer succeeds in imposing himself, not only upon a great portion of the English people, but upon several important foreign courts, as the second son of Edward IV., the little Duke of York, who was said to have been murdered with his brother, the young king in the Tower, by the order of their cruel uncle of Gloucester, is strangely inconsistent with her general character and life. We can only account for it by her inherited and long-cherished hatred of the rival House of Lancaster, that made her regard Henry as a vile usurper, for whose downfall any means, however objectionable in themselves, might fairly be employed. Hume says in extenuation of her conduct in this affair:

"The resentments of this princess were no less warm than her friendships; and that spirit of faction, which is so difficult for a social and sanguine nature to guard against, had taken strong possession of her heart and entrenched somewhat on the probity which shone forth in the other parts of her character."

Determined to disturb, if she could not overturn, the government that had been built upon the downfall of her own family, Margaret cunningly circulated, by means of her emissaries in England and elsewhere, a rumor that the second son of Edward had not shared the fate of his murdered brother, but had escaped from the Tower, and was now living in seclusion and obscurity somewhere in Flanders, where he only waited a favorable opportunity to assert his right to the English crown.

Finding this improbable tale eagerly received by the wonder-loving populace, who were already greatly disgusted at Henry's avaricious exactions, she cast about her for some young man suitable in person and character to personate the unfortunate prince. Fate seemed to favor her design, by throwing in her way a youth of low birth, but of such a princely presence and bearing that no Plantagenet of them all need have blushed to hear his resemblance to that handsome and stately race commented upon.

This Perkin Warbeck, as he was called, was the reputed son of a Jewish merchant who had lived in London during the reign of Edward, had had dealings with the king, and when his son was born, had been so highly honored by that affable monarch that he had consented to stand god father to the little Peterkin, or Perkin, as the Flemings afterward called the name.

Handsome and gallant in person and behavior, and so quick of apprehension that he readily learned the lessons necessary to be taught in order to his successful personation of the character for which he was designed, he seemed especially fitted by nature for the strange farce that when played was to set all England in a blaze.

Secretly equipped and directed by the duchess, the young adventurer sailed for Cork, Ireland, that country always having shown itself staunchly loyal to the House of York, and immediately upon landing boldly proclaimed himself as Richard Plantagenet, drawing to his standard great numbers of that credulous people, who even went so far as to proclaim him king under the title of Richard IV.

The strange story spread like wildfire from court to court all over Europre, and those monarchs who were too wary and sharp-sighted to be imposed upon by it, did not hesitate to acknowledge his claim, simply from a desire to annoy and mortify the grasping and unpopular Henry. Among these was the King of France, who, delighted with an opportunity to humble his great rival, and secretly instigated by the duchess, received the young man at his court with royal honors and appointed him a suitable provision and retinue to sustain his pretensions to royal birth.

The Duchess Margaret publicly acknowledged him as her nephew, lavishing upon him every mark of affection and favor; while the king of Scotland, who was noted for his romantic chivalry, seems actually to have believed in him, treating him as a friend and equal, and bestowing upon him in marriage the hand of his own beautiful cousin, the Lady Catherine Gordon.

By the aid of these powerful allies, the young Pretender was enabled to carry war into England, and had it not been for Henry's sagacity and wit, he might actually have succeeded in seating himself upon the English throne.

With little stir, but much care and pains, the king succeeded in tracing Perkin's life from his cradle upward; and this true version, after being printed, was scattered far and wide all over England, thus opening men's eyes to the utter futility of a claim that it might otherwise have cost them thousands of lives to settle effectually.

Deserted by his English friends, the mock prince surrendered at discretion, and was compelled by the king to read the humiliating record of his own life to the people at Westminster and Cheapside, a mortifying, but by no means severe penance, when we remember the unrelenting temper of the times, and the audacity of the offender's claim and conduct.

Although Henry's regard to decency made him suppress the name of the Duchess Margaret as the instigator and abettor of this wild project, it was no less understood by the English people to be her work, and she was applauded or reprobated according to the partisan prejudices of each.

Like many another who, by some fatal mistake, has marred an otherwise spotless reputation, and gone down to the grave blamed rather than honored, so hundreds of to-day know of Margaret of Burgundy simply and solely as the instigator of the Perkin Warbeck Rebellion, have never even heard of her generous patronage of Caxton, or of the sweet womanly virtues that adorned her private life, and made her, in an age of turmoil and ignorance, the munificent patroness of art and letters, and the willing aider in every reform, social and political, so far as her power extended.

NO. 16.
FRANCES M. HILL.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

For nearly fifty years, a quiet work of education and evangelization has been going on in the very heart of that ancient land which was once the proudest boast of the scholar and the artist; and in the time-honored city of Athens, as it was written a quarter of a century ago, Divine Providence is thus surely working out, through the special influence of the female sex, a wonderful system for regenerating the Eastern world. That such a change of sentiment should occur respecting the capacity of women to acquire knowledge and become the teachers of national schools in a country where, until twenty years ago, all learning was confined to the other sex, seems little short of a miracle.

The honored names of Dr. and Mrs. Hill are so inseparably connected with this great work—and more especially that of Mrs. Hill with the girls' school—that some account of the latter and her long labor of love will not be out of place here.

Frances Mulligan was born some eighty years ago, in the city of New York, and was the daughter of Mr. John W. Mulligan, one of the oldest and most highly respected lawyers of that city. Miss Mulligan and the two sisters who were afterward associated with her in the Greek mission-school, grew to womanhood amid the influences of a refined Christian home—their noble life-work being the best commentary on the education they received.

The marriage of the eldest sister to the Rev. John H. Hill proved a union "all of sweet ac

cord;" and hand in hand and heart to heart, they entered cheerfully upon the path of rugged duty that was ever softened by mutual love and sympathy. They were sent by the Protestant Episcopal Church in America to Athens, "to found and superintend such seminaries of learning and Christian morals as they might find practicable and useful."

The early days of the Greek Mission were days of much self-denial and patient endurance; and Mrs. Hill speaks of the strong contrast with their present condition of "the night of the seventh of December, 1830, when Dr. Hill and I were passing over from Syra, where we had arrived that day, to the island of Penos, to which we were destined, in an open boat, alone and entire strangers to every one, and quite ignorant even of the spoken language."

Six months were spent on the island of Penos —Athens being then in the hands of the Turks, who would not allow the Christian missionaries to land there, nor could they have remained with either comfort or profit had they succeeded in entering the city. The sojourn at Penos, however, was not a record of wasted time, but proved a valuable preparation for future labors. It was an opportunity well-improved to learn the language and character of the people and the general state of things in the distracted country to which they had been sent.

"It led us, too," says Mrs. Hill, "in the good providence of God, to form an intimate and lasting acquaintance with some families who had taken up their temporary residence in that quiet and safe resting-place; families whose names are distinguished in their country's renovation. They had been exposed to all the vengeance of their Turkish masters when the Revolutionary War of 1821 broke out; and during the whole of the seven years' struggle for independence, some of them held the highest rank under the Ottoman government, and had enjoyed all the elegance and refinement and luxuries of Oriental opulence. All these had been wrested from them in a moment, and they had escaped with their lives from dangers worse than imprisonment—worse than death—after seeing fathers, husbands, wives, daughters, massacred and tortured. The thrilling narratives they gave us of their sufferings and their patient endurance of such calamities, excited our deepest sympathy and led us to inquire into the nature of that support which we attribute to trust in God; and this led us again to see the energy of that principle of faith which is of the operation of the Holy Spirit, and which, however it may be obscured by outward circumstances, and though it be only 'as a grain of mustard seed,' will operate in the heart of the true believer, affording the required aid."

The friendships then formed have lasted unimpaired for nearly fifty years, and influenced in many subtle and unexpected ways the progress of the work to which these associations were a most important preface.

The toils and sufferings recorded by Mrs. Hill had roused among civilized nations the strongest feelings of sympathy for unfortunate Greece; and the prevalence of these feelings in America, whose own political freedom was just an event of the past, had culminated in the Mission to Athens, that was destined to effect so important a change in its inner life.

When Athens was finally reached, it presented a picture of ruin and desolation. The walls were crumbling, and all its glory marred by the devastating traces of recent war. The missionary teachers had to pick their pathless way as best they could over piles of stones and rubbish, and their entrance to the city was wonderfully emblematic of the beginning of the work before them.

Not a hospitable house was to be found, for the Turks had left nothing standing, but under the Acropolis was finally discovered an old, almost ruined Italian tower. A portion of it was fitted up as a rude shelter from storm and heat, and the missionary school at Athens began its infancy.

"On the 18th of July, 1832, Mrs. Hill opened a female school in the magazine, or cellar, of the house in which they resided. The first day there were twenty pupils. Two months afterwards, the number had increased to one hundred and sixty-seven. They were of all ages, from three to eighteen. Of the first ninety-six who entered the seminary, not more than six could read at all, and that only in a very stammering manner, and not more then ten or twelve knew a letter. Every Sunday morning they were assembled to read and repeat from memory passages of the New Testament. The Bible subsequently became the text-book of the school. Not on Sundays only, but on every day, it was taught, until the proficiency of the children in the sacred Book became so great that it excited the delight and astonishment of all who heard them."

Dr. Hill's school for Greek boys, which was opened at the same time, was also highly successful; but this was not so much of a marvel as the school for girls, which was in direct opposition to all established precedent.

Where such ignorance prevailed, it was necessary to go back to the very beginning of things, and commence literally with the alphabet—advancing cautiously from elementary instruction to that of a higher order. Meanwhile, letters were conveying to interested friends in America accounts of every step of progress and encouragement; and the contents of these letters being communicated to others, so general an interest was awakened in Mrs. Hill's work, that a society of ladies was formed under the direction of Mrs. Emma Willard for the purpose of educating female teachers in Greece under the immediate

care and superintendence of this devoted missionary. This new department of instruction was successfully carried on from 1834 to 1842.

During this period a great change had been taking place in the condition of Greece—Athens was freed from Turkish rule, and was now the capital of the renovated kingdom, while the families of those who were in government employ came to reside there.

"No provision having been made in any quarter for the education of the daughters of these families," says Mrs. Hill, "an appeal to us on the part of the parents of such to permit their daughters to enjoy those privileges of education which we were affording to the native females of Athens exclusively, could not be put aside; and in this manner the daughters of the most influential and best educated families in Greece were added to those who were already with us, and who were destined to be employed in extending the same benefits to their fellow-countrywomen."

About the same time, applications were made to the Mission from wealthy families in Smyrna, Constantinople, Jassy, and Bucharest in the North and East, as well as from the Ionian Islands in the West; and pupils from all those places were gathered under the roof at one time. Sixty boarding-pupils, and five or six hundred day-scholars were no slight responsibility; but from the very beginning, Mrs. Hill's unfailing tact and sweetness, and her peculiar gifts for imparting knowledge and administering affairs, combined with her beautiful Christian life, were invariably acknowledged and appreciated, and no jarring elements ever seemed to mar the fruits of her faithful labors.

The Greeks themselves became thoroughly interested in the great work of female education; and not wishing to receive everything from their benefactress, they formed a society among themselves for the training of native female teachers. The boarding-school department was taken in charge by this society in 1842, thus relieving the American teachers of a most laborious branch of their work. Abundant funds were provided by wealthy Greeks residing at a distance, and the society flourished from the beginning.

Not long after the establishment of the school at Athens, Dr. Hill wrote to the friends at home, "We had a visit from the ex-secretary Rigos, an estimable man, and well known in Europe and in our own country as an accomplished scholar. He was greatly affected at the appearance of the female school; and after attentively surveying the scene for some moments, he turned to Mrs. Hill and observed, 'Lady, you are erecting in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temple,' pointing to the Parthenon."

The school was very soon transferred from the ruined tower under the Acropolis to a large stone building erected specially for the purpose; and here several hundred pupils were daily instructed by Mrs. Hill and her sister, Miss Mulligan. One of their greatest drawbacks was the need of suitable assistants, as not a native woman could be found at first who was capable of teaching. This made them resolve to *create* teachers; and their success in this attempt is evident from the announcement made in 1844: "The Mission School is now entirely conducted by those who were educated in it."

These teachers were noted for their conscientious devotion to duty; so that even the enemies of the Mission unwillingly acknowledged that they were far superior to the Government teachers. "One of these girls, named Paulina, wished to conduct the school with which she was entrusted on the same plan put into operation by Mrs. Hill, viz., making Bible study the foundation. Many opposed her scheme, she was much persecuted, but held firm to her purpose; and was finally rewarded by being allowed to follow the course she had marked out for herself."

Such a school could not but prosper, and its influence gradually extended through all ranks of society. But no difference was made between rich and poor; there were no high seats for the daughters of those in authority, and humble places for the charity scholars; but "the daughter of the Prime Minister received instruction side by side with the daughters of the poor." All bore testimony to the progress, the order, and intelligence of the numerous pupils; and English visitors to Athens reported, on their return home, what a great work was being done by these American laborers.

Mrs. Hill's modest narrative speaks of their great encouragement, the satisfying reward of their earnest work:

"The effect of female education here has been most gratifying. We have had the pleasure of observing many of our early pupils in domestic life as wives and mothers at the heads of their families, discharging the high trust reposed in them with a care and assiduity most exemplary and praiseworthy. We know of many instances where the mother, who had been educated under our eye, has waited with anxiety for the period when she could place her children under the salutary influence of our system of instruction. We have seen the powerful effect of a good and virtuous education, overcoming the custom of ages and the power of *Mammon*. Many parents who have had no other dowry to bestow upon their daughters but this—'that they have been educated in our schools'—have married their daughters to men of education and good sense, able to support them well; and we have seen their mothers coming to us with tears of gratitude, acknowledging the lasting benefits conferred by education, when they found that an instructed

mind was prized by men of sense more than money or lands."

The girls profited far more by their advantages than the boys; and this thoroughly overthrew the time-honored idea that female education was a hopeless waste. Murray's hand-book mentions that all the Greek ladies of honor who have been, and who still are, maids of honor to the Queen of Greece, were educated in Mrs. Hill's school.

At the time of the Cretan sufferings in 1866, thousands of refugees flocked to Athens, and three hundred were instructed in the mission schools. Through them, the poor families were visited, and a great number of garments were made, and hundreds of pairs of stockings knit by the pupils of the school, for the relief of the sufferers, showing "how these schools were a centre for all good and charitable influences; how from them radiated the pure light of God's Word, not only impressed indelibly on the memory of scholars, but scattered through the country by means of the Testaments taken away as prizes—how the scholars were taught to minister to the needs of the poor amongst them, and not only those close at hand."

The great missionary work among the Indians under the persevering guidance of Bishop Whipple, interested these Greek girls to such an extent, when set before them by Mrs. Hill, that many beautiful things were made by them, and sent to this country to be sold for the benefit of the Indian Missions. One of the girls, named Euphrasia, wrote a beautiful letter to Minnehaha, a Yankton maiden, and after reading it, could any one doubt the influence of these Christian schools? But alas! Minnehaha never saw the letter which her sister in Greece wrote her; before it reached her, she had gone to her heavenly rest, and found the paradise of God.

Mrs. Hill's unflagging missionary spirit has not been satisfied with mere schools, but has kept pace with the progress and needs of those about her; and in 1872 we find her earnestly interested in an institution for the training of nurses—having, as she so feelingly says, "had much painful experience of loss of valuable life for want of proper nursing. The art," she adds, "as we understand it, is altogether unknown; and I do not think a greater benefit could be conferred than by furthering this plan."

An industrial school for women was established, and has been productive of much good. This was the result of personal inquiries by a band of benevolent ladies into the needs of the poor, with an especial view to the improvement of females of the lower classes, and to the proper training of female domestics—"a class of laboring women," it is added, "among whom there is much need of reform," and painfully announcing that even in classic Greece the wail of the housekeeper is heard in the land.

A letter written from the mission in 1874, by Miss Muir, who had been for the last few years the active director, gives a graphic description of the school so thoroughly planned and inaugurated by Dr. and Mrs. Hill, now too infirm for personal supervision:

"In ascending the steps leading up to the school, let me tell you that these very steps were the steps of the ancient Agora, and if you like, you may let your fancy carry you back to the days of St. Paul, and think of *him* treading over these very *stones* on which you are standing, when he was brought into the Areopagus to explain the new doctrine which he taught. Yes, these beautiful marble steps, if they could only speak, would bear testimony that the same truths which St. Paul taught in the infancy of the Christian era have been faithfully taught in these mission premises for the last forty-one years, and many who have there been taught the truth as it is in Jesus have left their testimony here, and gone to join the great assembly around the Father's throne above, continuing to sing the praises they were taught below. Let us enter and explore the enterior of the building.

"First—let me lead you into the basement, a beautiful, large room with galleries all round; in the side gallery a number of infants are writing on slates, and on the opposite side are another set of infants learning to read. The centre of the room is occupied by those just advanced into the Psalms, Pentateuch, aud New Testament classes.

"Secondly—we go up and take a peep into the large hall, where everything is going on much in the same way as in the basement.

"Thirdly—we go upstairs to the higher departments. Room No. 1 is occupied by the elementary classes; No. 2 by the highest classes; No. 3 the work-room. While engaged in examining the work, you are somewhat surprised to find, on turning round, that the children have disappeared. We pursue the little fugitives, and on our way downstairs, we learn that they are assembling in the large hall; we follow on, and there behold a sight (as many have said) worth crossing the Atlantic to see. On entering you are taken by surprise to hear 'Hail Columbia' sung by about five hundred little Greek children.

"The highest class repeat their Scripture lesson; then it is the turn of the little ones. You are surprised to find that they also know a great deal—Bible stories, secular lessons, and even geometry. The lesson on geometry is very attractive to both pupil and visitor—it is chanted and all the geometrical signs are made on the fingers. They can also sing for you a great many pretty little hymns, both in Greek and English. Now you must examine the work of the little ones, and you turn to a table covered with little model shirts, samplers, lint, paper rolled up, etc. The lint is made by the very smallest girls, those too

small to use a needle, and the paper by the little boys. The lint and paper are used for making pillows for the sick and the poor. Every one in our establishment must learn to be useful; drones are not known in our little hive. The old clock in the corner tells us that it is dinner hour.

"Two little monitors appear on the scene, loaded with little baskets, and all eyes are turned upon them with deep interest. Each basket is claimed by its owner by merely holding up the hand. When the little monitors have satisfied the claimants, the children all stand and repeat very reverentially the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in one voice; then they file off like little soldiers into the court to eat their dinner under the beautiful large mulberry tree planted by Dr. Hill, when the school was built. And there we leave them, while we thank you for your patience in making us this long imaginary visit."

The chaplain of the British Legation bore this testimony to the work of the Greek Mission:

"I have ample opportunity of testing the value of Dr. and Mrs. Hill's mission by *results;* and I find that if a servant be noted for steadiness, for honesty, or truth, she will say it was owing to her having been taught in their school. If a Greek lady is conspicuous for refusing to desecrate the Sabbath, it is at once explained by saying that she was taught by Mrs. Hill. And the mistress of one of the most important educational establishments in Greece, told me herself that she steadily refused to follow the universal custom of secular teaching on Sundays because she was taught by Mrs. Hill her religious obligations."

Long ago the instrument of so much good to a benighted country declared, in her sweet, womanly way, that if her name had become more known to the public than that of other female members of the mission, it was simply on account of her connection with him who was its head. The success of the work, she said, was owing to the combined labors of all who had been engaged in it.

Few lives can show so noble a record as that of our pioneer female missionary to Greece, upon whom and her husband the nation justly look as their benefactors.

CONSTANCY.

Not for one hour, not for one day,
Not for one year, love I thee.
But for all time, and through all space,
And for all eternity.

A GOOD PLAN.—Don't live for yourself, and do not be afraid of diminishing your own happiness by promoting that of others. He who labors wholly for the benefit of others, and, as it were, forgets himself, is far happier than the man who makes himself the sole object of all his affections and exertions.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Art.—No. 14.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Precision and dexterity of hand are as useful to the plowman as to the preacher, and the accuracy of a straight line may add as much charm to a pie as to a picture; therefore both boys and girls should be trained at an early age in those rudiments of art, which will be useful in any avocation which they afterwards chance to adopt.

Children usually are prompted by their own activity and vigor to industry, and they need only careful guidance to direct their powers into a proper direction. Fortunately a few hours devoted to instruction will serve the double purpose of furnishing employment to the active little heads and hands, with the additional pleasant result of securing some necessary rest and comfort to their anxious guardians. The enforced quiet of a stormy day in winter, and the wholesome rest compelled by the sultry hours of summer, are regarded as equally unnecessary evils by the majority of the children; and an amusing employment should be provided for them, which can serve to beguile the irksomeness of the time. Almost before it can speak, the infant is frequently prompted by its natural taste to the imitation of external objects; and this instinctive love of art can be turned to the advantage of the child, and also of the mother, who needs freedom for her other avocations, or craves that blessed boon of a sultry day—the dear delight of an afternoon nap. The hints here given are expressly intended for home use, and their utility has been thoroughly tested. It will also be observed that no previous knowledge of drawing is required in the instructor.

For the earliest lessons, a slate and pencil are all that is necessary, but the occasional use of paper and lead-pencil from the very first is apt to insure greater care and neatness in practice, for the reason that faulty marks are not so easily erased.

Drawing-books prepared expressly for the purpose cannot always be obtained, and are, in fact, not necessary, as excellent substitutes can be manufactured at home. Any common writing-paper can be made to serve the purpose, but an unsized surface is much to be preferred. The paper used by printers can be purchased in large sheets, and folded to the desired size, the cheapest qualities being sufficiently good for the preliminary lessons. Any smooth wrapping-paper may also be used if convenient, some of the light tints furnishing an excellent relief to the lines in black

lead, and not being as severe upon the eyes as a dazzling white surface.

As almost all children, for some inexplicable reason, seem to delight in small things, the drawing-book can be made small. A page of eight inches in length by six inches in width has been found to be both convenient and attractive. As the mishaps of the young artist are numerous in the way of torn margins and dog-eared corners, it is usually better to make up the books of only a few sheets, stitched together into a paper cover. A new book or a new cover can be readily made in case of disaster.

With a very young child it is sometimes well to restrict the daily lesson to the slate, and keep the book for occasional use as a reward of diligence, as well as a record of progress. The mere addition of the date to the page of drawing will add great zest to the work, when used as a sign of approval, and often makes the book a favorite treasure for future reference. To stimulate progress and assure neatness, a successful lesson can be marked with some sign of approbation, such as a star, while a careless lesson should be stigmatized with a cross or cypher. The advancement of the pupil will repay the few minutes expended in this examination, and the child should be asked to assist at pointing out his own failures and successes as a part of the necessary training of the eye.

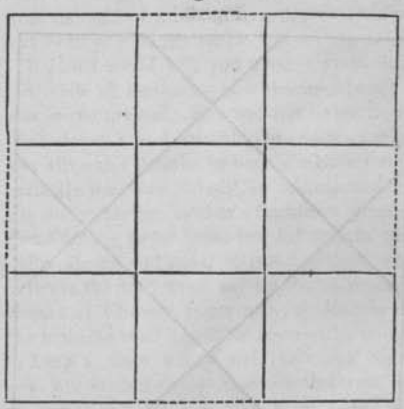
In a family where the plan here described was pursued, the little books were carefully laid away when filled, and at convenient intervals, such as a birthday or Christmas, they were produced, the dog-ears ironed out neatly, the books arranged by dates, and then sewed into fancy paper covers, adorned with a few colored pictures. These volumes were considered as a triumph of industry, and the baby-art in its gay binding was displayed with much rejoicing, and long preserved with interest as a means of judging the comparative attainments of the young artists.

For the first lesson, rule the slate or paper into lateral bands an inch wide, leaving a space of about a third of an inch between the bands. Require the pupil to fill these compartments with vertical lines, which must not over-run the boundaries. There is a decided practical advantage in restricting these divisions to one inch, as the child is unconsciously familiarized to that measure, and the line is so short as to be easily drawn. Before the pupil is wearied by the repetition of this exercise, let columns of the same width be arranged downwards, giving the child opportunity of making horizontal lines in the same manner. The pupil should also be required to draw the lines in different directions, to gain additional facility; thus, the horizontals should be frequently drawn from the right as well as the left, and the vertical lines upwards as well as downwards. To stimulate interest and industry in these early lessons, they should be varied as much as possible. The columns can be increased in width to one and one-half inches; then to two inches, and even to three. To sustain the interest, the guiding lines may occasionally be drawn in colored crayons to beautify the page, and the young artist can be rewarded by being permitted to draw in colors, or even to block out the page according to his own fancy.

As a first step towards composition, the child can next be shown the formation of a square, and induced to draw a few small ones of various sizes. A page of the drawing-book may now be subdivided into blocks of three inches square. By dividing each side of these squares into three parts, the points can be obtained from which the child can himself draw the lines which will divide each square into nine smaller ones.

At this stage, the first idea of original design can be introduced, and it may be explained that all the figures given in this article are produced from this single measurement. Thus, if the figure already mentioned—that is, a square subdivided into nine lesser ones—be drawn in faint lines, it can readily be altered into the picture presented in Figure 1. By darkening the lines according to the copy, and then carefully rubbing out the unnecessary portions of the original outline, a picture will be produced exhibiting one square, surrounded by four others. A young artist was so delighted by this first idea of design that he drew the figure again and again with various colored crayons; then proceeded to vary his effects by painting the blocks in water-colors in different styles; and finally cut this favorite design in gilt paper, and hung it by one corner to his Christmas tree, where it was much admired.

Fig. 1.

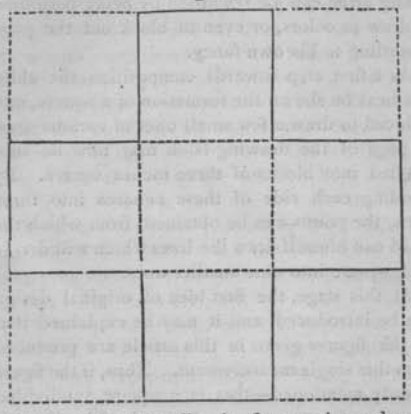


The pupil should be induced if possible to discover, by his own observation, that the design in the second diagram is only the reverse of that in the first figure. The four outer squares, which formed the speciality of the first design, are here omitted, as well as the central one, and the result

is a cross, that can be more fully brought out by erasing the dotted lines.

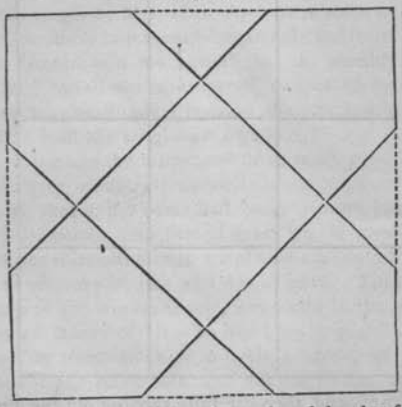
The very different order of design in figures 3 and 4 is produced by simply varying the direction of the straight lines. The pupil can be made

Fig. 2.



to observe that the effect in figure 1 is produced by two vertical and two horizontal lines crossing the square and uniting with the corners of the design. These corners are identical in Figure 3,

Fig. 3.

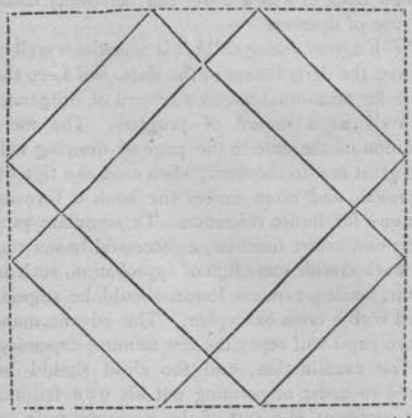


and the entire variation is produced by the four straight lines being directed across the square in a slanting direction. Figure 4 can also be shown to be formed by the mere omission of the corners of figure 3, the other lines remaining the same. By erasing entirely the dotted lines in these latter figures, the designs will be more fully understood.

A very useful knowledge of the effect of various measurements can be impressed upon a child by inducing him to draw for himself these designs in different sizes. By exercising his own taste, he may make the block either in a square of one, two, or three inches, and observe the difference in the result. He may also be permitted to exert his fancy in drawing the figures in various colors, or by painting the compartments, and examining the peculiar effect of his own designs.

By allowing the child to make a play of this work as a means of awakening his taste, he will probably soon learn to consider drawing as a pleasing occupation of his leisure. The attention of the teacher should be, therefore, mainly directed to instilling gradually habits of accuracy and care, by frequent criticism and assistance. The diagrams here given, and others of a similar character, should be frequently drawn with the ruler and the most careful measurements, so as to correct

Fig. 4.



any habitual inaccuracies, and cultivate a precision of observation and neatness of touch. When a child is too young to use compasses with safety, he can be taught to measure his square upon a narrow strip of paper, and then fold the strip into thirds or any other division required. A piece of card marked in inches is also useful, or the inches may be marked on a small ruler.

"ONE SHALL BE TAKEN AND THE OTHER LEFT."

BY GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

There comes a day, God grant 'tis far away,
When one of us must go and one must stay;
When, face to face, to one no face appears—
One with eyes closed, the other's dimmed with tears;
When one, the other's form forever hid,
Must hear the earth fall on the coffin-lid;
When one must turn away with anguish moan,
And wander through the rest of life alone,
And feel in agony of dumb despair,
Where'er it be, the loved one is not there;
While yet each joy and sorrow and regret,
That once we knew we never can forget.
We know not whether 'twill be you or I
That shall be called to be the first to die;
We only know, whiche'er it be, dear wife,
Must from the living take the best of life.

SELF-PRAISE depreciates.

THE TURNPIKE HOUSE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

Nell Cleverack's home was not a romantic place, but she had been born and bred in the house, and she loved it. It stood on Grey's turnpike—was a square, modest, unpainted building, without blinds, and with a wide stoop. There was a great tree of black oak in front, on the space before the door, but no vines, no garden, no pleasant rustic look about the house, and yet it was a mile from any other. Nell's father did not like flowers; her mother had been an invalid all her life and unable to cultivate them; and as a child, Nell was rather lacking in confidence and enterprise, and it had never entered her head to make a border garden under the windows as she might have done. She was her father's pet—he would not have objected. But Nell Cleverack lived to be eighteen years old and never was the solitary, old, unhomelike house enlivened by a single flower, excepting the little, sweet, white wayside clover, which starred faintly the stout grass under the massive old oak.

Nellie sat at the window of her mother's room sewing, one day. The invalid lady lay among the pillows of her bed, as patient and sweet as the most beautiful saint ever worshiped. The room was large and cool and comfortable. Nellie's lap was full of pretty white cambric, as she sat in a dimity covered chair by the window, the unsteady shadows of the sunlighted oak leaves playing over her slight hands, silver thimble, pink dress, and sweet fair face, banded in nun-like simplicity by nut-brown hair. The girl was pure and beautiful as a white, solitary lily, which had blossomed by the brookside that morning and stood all day in its loveliness unseen only by the wild birds. Nellie Cleverack had never in her life been told that she was pretty. It is true that the girl found a pleasure in her face when she made those smooth bands of rich hair, every day—but she had no girl friends with whose faces to compare it, no lovers to flatter it, and she lived to womanhood rarely simple and sweet. She knew nothing of any life beyond the simple one she lived, excepting a few books; it never occurred to her to wish for any other. The one desire of her life was that her mother was well—her one fear that she would die. That invalid mother had been the one companion of her lifetime.

It would be a long story to tell how John Cleverack came to marry an invalid. He was not a generous and tender man. Hester Lee was wealthy, and loved him as the fancied personification of her ideal. He was poor and ambitious, and they were married. In a year the young wife discovered that she had nothing to make life sweet to her but the little daughter, which fortunately was born and saved her from despair.

At the time of his marriage, John Cleverack was a medical student. Gradually he became entirely devoted to his profession, and the wealth he had married for was spent in expensive chemical experiments. Thousands of dollars would be lavished upon a favorite theory, which, when exploded, was succeeded by another as unsatisfactory. The money was all gone at last. Nothing was left of Hester Lee's fortune but the old turnpike house which had once in the days of her father, been an inn. It was still her own. There the child was born—there the deserted wife lived with the little girl and two domestics for nearly eighteen years. John Cleverack did not pretend to call the place his home. He came up from the city to see the child often, when she was small—bringing with him toys and books; but Hester well knew that but for the little one, he would never come at all. Gradually, as Nellie grew out of childhood, her father became dissipated, and in time ceased to visit her. At last he died at the home of his brother, and from there he was buried, and no one of his acquaintances dreamed that a wife and child of his existed.

Nellie was thirteen then. At fourteen she was a wonderful little woman, able to take charge of the house and dismiss one of the domestics, thereby eking out the moderate income derived from the sale of an extensive timber land which had been part of the estate.

I wish I could tell you what a vivid life the girl made of her own—how thoroughly her mind was in the present. She was not naturally in the least dreamy and speculative. Every moment was alive and definite to her. To have the house perfectly neat and tasteful, to manufacture exquisite dishes for her mother's fastidious appetite, to make for the sweet-faced invalid certain becoming wrappers and caps, to pile beautiful embroideries in the drawers of her wardrobe, to study the wishes of Chrome, her canary, to educate Dolly, the maid, to read her Bible reverently, daily, and to keep a diary which she read and discussed with her mother every three months, were objects of her daily life. She read history and French with her mother, sang without accompaniment, knew Milton by heart, and drew a little from nature. She found these resources sufficient, was aware of no reaching beyond them until the day of which I write.

"Mother," she said, suddenly. "Do husbands and wives love each other better than they do anybody else in the world?"

Mrs. Cleverack started. "They should, my daughter," she answered.

"The Bible says a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife," said Nellie, letting her work drop in her lap, and looking thoughtfully out among the masses of green oak foliage.

"Yes, dear."

"I wonder if I ever could love any one enough

to be willing to leave you," mused the girl, aloud.

Mrs. Cleverack looked silently at the fair face and pretty youthful figure. Nellie knew so little of life! While most girls of her age were adepts in romance and coquetry, Nell approached the subject with the frankness of one to whom love and marriage are yet a vague and distant matter.

"No mother," she said, turning her pure, earnest face towards the bed. "I am sure that I never could."

"Because you would not care for a husband and little children of your own, Nellie?"

"No." The girl paused—it was evident that she did not know herself, and was not familiar with her subject. "But I have loved *you* all my life—I know you so well—it seems to me that it would take eighteen more years to be willing to devote myself to any one else as I do to you."

Mrs. Cleverack smiled.

"The rose which blossoms in an hour, is as perfect as the tree which reaches its height only by the slow growth of years, Nellie."

All that long afternoon the girl sat silent over her sewing. The shadows that played over her were not more restless than her thoughts; and all through the sunny summer hours Mrs. Cleverack thought of her life—her young love and its ending worse than death. God keep her child from such a fate!

Only a week more, and the quiet domestic peace of the old house was uprooted as a flower bed by a hurricane. Mrs. Cleverack's long-standing disease took a sudden violent turn. There was a short, passionate parting between mother and daughter—then came death, and the girl stood alone in life.

The family had had no familiar friend but the old village physician.

"My child," he said to Nell, "your uncle must take care of you. It is his duty."

"I don't know him," answered Nell, indifferently, passive and meek with despair, weeping.

"But I know him, and it is his duty," he repeated.

After the funeral, Dr. Pennington directed her to pack her wardrobe, and be in readiness to accompany him into the city on the following day.

The doctor's own housekeeper was there and put her to bed. All night she lay awake in the moonlight, thinking how strange it was that her mother was not in the next room, and wishing that she could go to sleep and never wake up again. But she could not sleep; she had not slept for three nights. It was not until the next day that, in the chamber which had been her mother's, a violent paroxysm of passionate crying came over her, from which she sank down exhausted and worn out, to sleep all day and all night without moving—the honest, affectionate maid watching beside her, keeping perfectly silent as ordered, but terrified nearly out of her wits for fear her young mistress was never going to awake. When the girl did awake, late the next morning, and was refreshed by food, the good doctor instantly whirled her off cityward.

She went apathetically through the journey. The new sights and sounds confused and wearied her. She was worn in body and hopeless in mind, and never heeded where she was going until she found herself standing on the high stone steps of a handsome granite house, the doctor energetically pulling the silver bell-handle.

A negro boy answered the summons. She did not hear what was said, the carriages rattled so in the street, but she was ushered into a room, sumptuous in color and grace. The doctor darted swift glances around. Crossing the apartment, he opened the door of a room adjoining.

"Your uncle is at dinner with company, my dear; perhaps you had better come in here and sit, if you don't feel like seeing strangers."

Nell saw that the room in which she sat had been recently occupied. Some chairs were grouped together, a sofa was strewn with newspapers, a pack of cards were flung upon a slab of rose-colored marble upheld by a bronze cupid. The other apartment was smaller—a music room, softly carpeted and hung with drapery of heavy purple silk, containing a grand piano and a harp.

Shs sat down on a little tabouret as her friend closed the door, and looked around her with dim, wearied eyes. A magnificent great Wycke looked down above her on the wall—the masses of green sea utterly unlike anything she had ever before seen. Everything from the small lounge of Utrech velvet in the bow window to the silken cord which held the picture to the frescoed walls was costly and beautiful. Her uncle must be wealthy: she wondered if he would love her.

The house was very quiet. Suddenly she heard a door opened below, and the sound of voices. They came nearer, yet there was hardly any sound of footsteps on the softly carpeted stairs. Then came a laugh, low, merry, pleasant, and she heard the door open into the drawing room. The voices were all those of gentlemen; she wondered which might be her uncle's. She waited and listened to the talking. The fragments of sentences ran together strangely as she caught them:

"No, Hamilton, upon my word—if the lady tells the truth—which we are bound to believe—in any case—a joke, ha, ha!—but the effect of distance is very good in Parker's pictures, always—the best Braganza I ever drank. Revere—and the fellow made his fortune in a dirty way—it was Smith's chance, then, sure—but I played last, and Durand—Miss Granger was the best dressed woman in the room," etc., etc.

It seemed to her that there must be twenty gentlemen in the next room. She did not know the effects of good port and champagne upon the tongues of half a dozen fashionable men—what a clamor was the result when unrestrained by ladies. As she listened she heard an oath. Her eyes dilated in surprise, but at that moment her attention was attracted by the voice of Dr. Pennington with another in an opposite direction. The first words she heard were :

"I brought her to you because she has no other claim in the world. She is young, pretty, and entirely ignorant of the world—utterly unfitted to take care of herself; and—"

"That's exactly the objection that I have to having anything to do with her," said a petulant voice, interrupting the doctor. "Pretty, of course. I've brought up four pretty daughters now, sir, and have hardly been able to keep a roof over my head."

"Nellie has not been brought up expensively," answered the doctor. He was interrupted:

"Hang all unpractical men!" exclaimed the other. "Why did John waste his days with herbs and caustics? If he had been sensible and become a merchant instead of a doctor, he might have turned out differently, and taken care of his own children."

Nellie heard the doctor laugh.

"I never before heard that my profession was unpractical," he said.

"You a doctor? I beg your pardon. But John never practiced—that is different; he married for money, and spent it in expensive chemicals to burn up. But where is the girl? She is a young lady, I suppose."

A door on the south side of the room was opened. The doctor appeared, and with him advanced a tall, nervous, bright-eyed man, so like her father that Nellie stood petrified. But the manner was different—easy and more gracious than she had been impressed from the voice that it would be. In truth, the small, sweet, childish-looking girl was not exactly the person the irate merchant had been expecting to see.

"So you are my niece, my dear?" he said, taking her hand.

"Yes, sir."

"Well we'll have a talk to-morrow. You look very tired." He rang a bell. "How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Indeed! you look much younger." A servant appeared. "Go with this woman to your room and get rested. Mrs. Cleverack is out. I will send her up to you when she returns."

Dr. Pennington bade her good-bye as she went out—following the servant up the long mossy stairs to a beautiful chamber. There was a low French bedstead with a white silken coverlid. She lay down upon it and closed her eyes.

She had no idea how long she had lain there when there came a rap at the door. She started up.

"Come in," she cried, half asleep.

The figure of a lady, graceful and sprightly, though belonging to a woman forty-five years old, advanced to the bedside.

"Why, my dear," says Mrs. Cleverack, "have you been lying down in your hat and shawl?"

"I was so tired I did not think," stammered Nellie, inadvertently falling into the position of a child to be directed and reproved, which she ever after retained with her aunt.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing. I dare say you are tired, but your uncle wants to meet you at tea. Get ready as quickly as you can. Why you are very pretty, only so pale. Haven't you some kind of a rose-colored dress? O, child! don't wear your hair so—it's so old-fashioned. Here, sit down and let me dress it. You have fine shoulders, and what nice embroidery! Did you do it yourself?"

So the little lady chatted on while she assisted Nellie to make the most elaborate toilette the child had ever made in her life. Not a word of her recent sorrow—Mrs. Cleverack made it a point to avoid disagreeable subjects. To the pink dress Nellie strenuously objected. It seemed a duty to her mother—the simple black she wore—and nothing could induce her to modify it beyond the wearing of a white ribbon.

She was not worldly-wise enough to know that the matter of her staying with her uncle was settled that first evening. Her beauty and simplicity charmed them. Vernon Cleverack, her cousin, could hardly keep his eyes off her all the evening.

The family consisted of her aunt and uncle and this one son. He was the youngest. Four daughters had married and settled. All were very wealthy and fashionable.

Mrs. Cleverack instantly became anxious to cultivate what she called "a manner" in Nellie.

"Why, my dear," she would say, "you are a young lady, and you must have the style of a young lady. Appear more confident and assured. One would think you were a governess by the way in which you slipped into a corner yesterday when I had callers. The young gentlemen will never discover how pretty you are, unless you are more showy."

Nellie had been in Boston three weeks when her aunt made this appeal, and was not as unsophisticated as she had been in the ways of the world when she had had that last conversation with her mother, but the knowledge served chiefly to intimidate and unsettle her. No one won her favor or invited her confidence, large as was her aunt's visiting list. People confused and repelled her by the ceremony of their manner and the coldness of their expression. The young ladies

seemed to her to be inanimate, wonderfully accomplished, and unfeeling. Gentlemen she was instinctively shy of, besides being noways attracted by their compliments and dashing gallantries. Only one of them aroused her respect and admiration. This was Donald Cary, a handsome young Scotchman, who came often to the house. His laugh won her first. She had heard it before she saw him, the first day that she came to her uncle's house. It was peculiarly frank and merry—the very perfection of a laugh.

Cary never frightened her as the others did. His salutation, so natural and pleasant, his merry blue eyes, his easy confidence and good-nature, always affected her pleasantly. But she saw him only occasionally and momentarily, though he often spent his evenings in her uncle's private room, a precinct she seldom ventured into; its odor of cigar smoke made her sick. Her chief retreat was the library. There she was seldom disturbed. The beautiful room with its stuffed arm-chairs, shaded light, and rosewood shelves of books was the least visited of any in the house. There the girl formed her manner with her mind. There she read Shakespeare and Bacon, Bronte and Browning, Hugh Miller, and Emerson, Carlyle, Dickens, and Montaigue. Her instincts guided her choice, helped her discrimination, and reconciled the different premises of authors. She grew as wise as a little owl, sitting among the manuscripts of the sages. Her aunt and cousin missing her, would find her out and call her below stairs, sometimes, but in the main she lived much as she would for a year.

Then came a reaction. The demands of her youth suddenly awoke in her. She wanted in reality what she had read of—people, things, places. She woke up to the interest of life, gave herself to the demands of society, because she at last found pleasure in it. Below its surface was that result of enigmas, human nature, which gave her work for a life-time.

Mrs. Cleverack was delighted that Nellie had "become a little more like people." The face and figure of the girl had developed very beautifully, and artistic toilettes set off her natural charms to great advantage. She went "into society" at last. To the happiness of her aunt, she attended concerts, operas, soirees, and matinees with the zeal of the gayest butterfly of her set. Her cousin, very much in love with her, was exceedingly proud of her. To do Nell justice, she did not know that Vernon loved her. She never dreamed that his devotion meant more than the relationship suggested and warranted. He was young and undeveloped, and while it was a credit to him to have fallen in love with Nellie Cleverack, he could have no possible fortune with her as a lover.

Before she was twenty, Nellie's life was vivid and active, and full of warm human interests in its wide scope. There was not a more beautiful woman in all Boston, nor one more universally known, admired, and beloved.

She was in the Athenæum gallery one day with Vernon. The young man judged pictures by the standing of the artist, and was pointing out to her the beauties of a piece by a celebrated artist, when she interrupted him:

"Dear Vernon, I'm very sorry to disappoint you, but I can't like it at all. It looks like a magnified fire-board—the very pretty one your father has in his smoking-room—full of mountains and blue sky."

"That," cried Vernon, in horror, "was painted by a German sign-painter!"

"Are you sure his name wasn't Bierstadt?" asked Nellie.

Vernon looked mystified, but Nellie heard a low laugh behind her. She turned. Donald Cary and a stranger stood near.

"So you have turned critic, Miss Nellie."

"Only an amateur, and as self-complacent and bigoted as amateurs usually are."

Cary presented his friend—Mr. Castlemain, of London.

The Englishman was very handsome, a Byron without the defective foot; indeed, he had the form and grace of an Apollo. An enthusiastic admiration seized upon Nellie. The perfectly handsome physique intoxicated her sense of beauty.

"Mr. Castlemain is my ideal of a god," she said to Cary.

The latter smiled:

"Has the aloe blossomed, or is Miss Cleverack in love, at last?" he answered.

Nellie laughed scornfully, but the glance of Castlemain's beautiful eyes, and the tones of his voice as he spoke to her, thrilled her heart strangely. When he parted with her, begging leave to call, an exquisite scarlet tinged her pure cheek. When he had gone, the charming pictures turned to dead canvas too. Ah! Nellie *was* in love.

How rosy and charming her life grew! The soft, sweet sensations of love were so new to her. No one, before this handsome Englishman, had ever stirred her heart in the least. He said he loved her, and it was not strange. To be more true, and noble, and sweet than Nellie Cleverack, was impossible for mortal woman.

She sat alone in her chamber one winter day. The room was shaded by warm dark curtains; the coals lay yellow and glowing in the burnished grate. Turning a diamond ring round and round on her white right hand, Nellie Cleverack sat in the luxurious silence, the sweetest of smiles on her ripe red mouth. Suddenly she broke into a low song, and did not hear through her singing a knock at the door. The servant who entered startled her by the sound of his voice.

"A note for you, if you please, Miss."

She looked at it eagerly, thinking it was from Castlemain—but it was from Donald Cary, and ran as follows:

"*Dear Miss Nellie*. A very sad case of poverty came under my notice yesterday. A young girl is lying sick and destitute in a basement at No. 10 C—— street. Will your kind heart not prompt you to go and see her? I have helped her all I know how, but she needs a woman's compassion and aid. Your friend,

"DONALD CARY."

Nellie Cleverack was gratified. The pleasant familiarity of the note, and the confident appeal to her generosity, pleased her. Cary was always cordial and friendly, but she had thought, sometimes, that he only considered her a careless pleasure seeker. The smile was bright on her face as she prepared to go out, even though it was snowing fast. An hour later, and the smile was dead on her lip and in her heart.

She found the girl desolate and wretched enough, and evidently dying of consumption. The place was miserable in the extreme—a damp cellar, the water from the sidewalk oozing over the rough stone walls. The bed was little more than a heap of rags, though some warm, new blankets were flung over them, and a flickering fire was snapping in the damp atmosphere, both showing Donald Cary's charity. Yet it was a wretched place enough.

"My poor girl," said Nellie, "have you no friends to take care of you in your sickness?"

Her first act on entering had been to replenish and revive the struggling fire. Then, drawing the blankets over the girl's thin, bare arms, she asked this question. The girl did not answer, only started, as if aroused from a stupor, and looked up at Nellie with two wild, beautiful eyes. The poor girl had been very pretty once. Her pinched face showed signs of beauty, lying among tangled curls of golden-colored hair, one thin cheek lying in a hand small and exquisite.

"Are you Miss Cleverack?" the girl asked.

"Yes."

"Are you going to marry Hunt Castlemain?"

Such a question, from such a source, startled Nellie.

"What do you mean?" she asked, a vague alarm swelling her heart. "I am to marry Mr. Castlemain—yes."

The girl raised herself in the bed, and resting on her elbow, whispered, for her voice was failing her—so near was she to her end:

"I sent for you because I want to tell you that a year ago he promised to marry me."

"You?" syllabled Nellie, bewildered.

"I was in the steerage of the ship in which he sailed from England. I had no friends—my mother had just died—and I was coming to America to earn my living. Mr. Castlemain saw me one day, and told me when we got to New York to come to him. I knew he was a gentleman and could help me to work, as he promised; and when we were landed I followed him to the house where he lived. He was kind—my only friend.

"I loved him, and he made me believe he loved me. When he took me to a clergyman and married me, I never suspected treachery, but was insanely happy as his wife—until he wearied of me, and one day told me that the man who married us was his own servant, paid to deceive me. I left him then, but I could find no work, and my health gave way. When I crawled here to die, I sent one letter to him, begging a little money, and he sent me back a message cursing me for importunity.

"This is all I have in proof of my story," she said, drawing a miniature case from beneath her pillow. "Here is an ambrotype of him, taken when I first came to New York. See."

Nellie looked at the picture. It was Castlemain's bewilderingly beautiful face, indisputably—but this new development was so unlooked for, so strange, so incredible to her that she was bewildered and stunned for a time. She sat holding the picture in her hand, thinking of Castlemain, forgetting the girl, trying to make herself equal to the circumstances, while she dared not face the bitter truth. For, somehow, from the first instant, she felt that the story *was* true. She covered her face with her hands, and tried to think. The instincts of love and trust were strong in her heart. After a moment she looked up.

"Girl, that picture is no proof that what you have told me is not a fabrication to gain money," she said. "You may have come by it by many ways but through him. Tell me the truth. I will give you all you need. I will be your friend—I will forgive you this deception—if you will only confess that you were driven to it through need. I will not even blame you—only tell me it is not true."

The poor girl looked at the beautiful young lady mournfully.

"You love him, and it is not strange," she said, with the calmness of death on her face. "But I cannot take back what I have just said; it is God's truth. I am sorry for you; I am sorry I told you, but I thought I ought. But you can forgive him, you know. He will never desert you—a lady, educated, wealthy, beautiful. I was only a poor, friendless girl."

Nellie sprang to her feet.

"Never!" she cried. Then with a rush of compassion for the terribly-wronged young creature before her, she fell on her knees beside the bedside, crying: "It was so cruel, so cruel! He is false and bad, and I loved him so!"

For she thought she could cast him out of her heart at will—that she had already done so when

she accepted the proof of his unworthiness. But after the girl was dead—for she died that night, though furnished with all that might help her sad state—and Nellie had written to Castlemain, explaining the circumstance which made her return his ring, she did not realize her position, the hope that he would somehow refute the accusation clung so to her heart. But in a week she knew that he had sailed for Europe. The newspaper in which she read the notice of his departure among the list of passengers on board the *Africa*, dropped from her hand. Her face grew deathly pale. A terrible passion of despair swept over her. She rose from her seat, trying to speak and smile as usual, for she was in company, when the words died on her lips, the room grew dark, and she fell forward to the floor, senseless.

Her cousin Vernon snatched her up and carried her to her room. She was ill with a low, nervous fever for a fortnight. Only the practiced eye of the old physician saw how much she suffered—they did not think her illness important in itself, nor dreamed of its cause—and Nellie was very glad and greatly relieved when she could rise and go about the house, and keep her secret by a show of cheerfulness. She thought of Donald Cary. He knew all, she suspected, and she was grateful for the consideration that left her the dignity of reserve in her bereavement.

But at last he came. He was shocked at the alteration which he saw in her; those who were with her daily did not observe it so much. Yet Cary made no comment. He merely asked her to drive with him. She promised to go down to Nahant with him the next day.

He was so good, and tender, and manly! She was wishing he was her brother when Vernon came into the room. From the time of her engagement to Castlemain, Nellie had surmised that her cousin loved her. She made the discovery not only from his manner, but from the too evident regret of his parents. The days of her love-dream had had their dark cloud in the disapproval of her uncle and aunt. Bnt she had thought they did not appreciate Castlemain, and never swerved in her preference—her affections were not turned one jot from the channel in which they ran.

Now Vernon's watchful eye had at last divined her secret. She could no longer elude him. She hardly knew what he said, but she knew that he was confessing his love for her, and beseeching her to become his wife.

"Vernon, I cannot."

"But I will teach you to love me, Nellie," he pleaded. "I will make you happy and contented in spite of yourself. You would love me by and by—I can wait."

"No, Vernon, you must—you must give up this thought. I cannot marry you—oh, if you only knew how useless it was for you to plead with me."

But she never was at peace in the house again. Vernon pressed his suit beyond all forbearance; she grew indignant and disgusted by his utter want of consideration for her, and his lack of pride and self-respect. It was evident that his parents sympathized with him to a degree which made their presence painful to her. The atmosphere of constant disapproval and censure which surrounded her, oppressed her to a degree that rendered her half ill. The bitter injustice made her cold and silent in return, and the house was so gloomy that, with the addition of her secret sorrow, it seemed to Nellie Cleverack, sometimes, that she should go mad. Nervous and sensitive as she had grown, her life seemed a nightmare from which she could not awake. Half the night she would weep, wishing that she was dead.

One day Donald Cary came to dinner. Since the day he had brought a little color into her pale cheeks by the drive to Nahant, he had been out of town.

With the usual desire to conceal the family skeleton, Mrs. Cleverack endeavored to be agreeable, but Cary was not to be deceived.

He came to where Nellie was sitting by a window, before he went away, and affecting to be conversing of the window plants, for the family were present, said:

"Nellie, what's the matter here? Those deathly pauses at the table have given me the dyspepsia, and they had the effect of inspiring me with such awe that I blushed my ears nearly off every time I dared to intrude upon them with a remark. Why, I should think you all had the crime of murder upon your consciences."

Nellie tried to laugh with him, though a hysteric feeling and a passionate impulse to confess what she was enduring, nearly overmastered her composure. She checked herself with the morbid thought that she might be to blame for it all. Indeed, thinking how long her uncle had been her benefactor, she had at last grown to think herself guilty of ingratitude, that she made them unhappy for any reason. Perhaps she ought to marry Vernon; at any rate she knew they thought so—and perhaps Donald Cary would think so, too, and she could not bear to evoke his blame. So she only flushed and paled and tried to laugh, and said they were all growing stupid for want of his visits, which were not as frequent as they had been.

But that night she made a resolve. She would go away from the place that was no longer a home to her.

Rising at daylight, she wrote a note to her uncle, expressing her gratitude for the kindness he had shown her, and regretting that she thought it best to seek another home; she left it in her chamber. Packing her trunks, and sending her maid for a hack, she was out of the city before her uncle and aunt had left their chamber.

She went to the old turnpike house. There was no one to welcome her, and no one to prevent her ingress; the old building was her own inheritance. This, and the accumulation of the little income which had once supported her mother and herself, were her only possessions.

Procuring a servant from the village, here Nellie Cleverack made herself a home. She rendered the place beautiful in a few months. The lawn under the old oak was fenced in, and at last, flowers brightened the gray old house. Vines of jessamine clung to its weather-beaten sides, and leaves of clematis shaded its rough stoop. A trellis ran down to the wicket gate, making a walk covered with a rare southern ivy, which blossomed like stars overhead. Beds of pansies and daisies, and heliotrope, lay under the windows—and before summer was over an ambitious trumpet-flower had climbed half up the trunk of the old black oak. Nellie, weary of life, made her rooms sweet with her flowers, and went back to her old habit of books, able, for a time, to think of nothing beyond them.

But Nellie Cleverack was not yet twenty-five, and when winter came and the garden lay dead under the snow, and the wind whistled wailingly about the house, she would drop her book and sit looking sadly into the fire, wondering if all her days were to be like these. She was not old or cold enough to willingly give up warm human love and living interests, for metaphysical speculations and dreamy fancies. Though perfectly comfortable, she realized that she was not happy.

"If I had not been so unfortunate in loving," she would murmur bitterly to herself; "if I had married happily and had laughing little children to break the lonely silence, what a beautiful life it would be! What have I ever done to have lost this?"

Nearly a year had passed, and one cold March evening there came a knock at the door. This was unusual, and Nellie learned with surprise that a man begged permission to take lodging there for the night.

"What sort of a person is he, Johanna?" she asked the maid.

"A tall, fine-dressed, well-spoken gentleman," answered the girl; "but I did not see his face. He's muffled from the cold in a cloak."

"Did he come in?"

"He's a-horseback."

Nellie went down. The stranger stood at the side door, the only one which had a path through the snow; he was not as tall as she supposed, and spoke so thickly through the folds of his cloak that Nellie wondered how Johanna made the discovery that he was "well-spoken."

"It is snowing fast," said the stranger, "and I have missed my road to the village. If you could give me shelter for the night it would be a great accommodation."

"Yes," said Nellie. "Your horse you will have to put up yourself. Johanna, get a hot supper."

The gentleman thanked her courteously, and led his horse away towards the barn.

"Lord love you, miss! two lone women—" began Johanna.

"Nonsense!" laughed Nellie; "I couldn't turn the man out to wander about in the storm, this dark night. Get him a good supper and put him in the guest chamber."

"Shall I lock him in, miss? He might be a thief, miss, and the spoons are right in the parlor closet. I've read of nice-looking gentlemen—"

"I have yet to decide that he is a nice-looking gentleman, Johanna. I will come down and turn out his tea for him, and if he looks too respectable, we will make him sleep in the barn."

When Nellie came down stairs, half an hour afterwards, she heard a laugh which made her pause in astonishment.

"Nonsense," said she, and opened the dining-room door.

The stranger sat before the fire. Johanna was putting his supper on the table. The face and figure established on her hearth transfixed Nellie. Then she sprang forward to meet her visitor.

"Donald!" she cried.

Johanna had been keeping a close eye on the stranger, jealous of her mistress' interests, so she afterwards said; she had suspicions of him, and no sooner did she behold him suddenly rise and approach Nellie, than she took frantic alarm, and rushed to the door crying at the top of her voice: "Murder! murder!"

"What, for heaven's sake, ails the girl?" asked Donald Cary, in astonishment.

"She is afraid of you," laughed Nellie, "but it won't do the least harm for her to shout there all night. There's nobody within a mile."

But she exerted herself to pacify and reassure the trembling girl, who was white with fear and excitement, and at last supper was served—cosy and comfortable.

And yet more comfortable was the old parlor, the light flashing and trembling, and the shadows running races over the walls. Donald Cary sat in a big old-fashioned rocker on the hearth, and somehow it seemed perfectly natural and proper for Nellie to sit on a little footstool close beside him, with the firelight making her soft beauty unutterably more beautiful.

"Nellie, I lost my fortune just after you went away, and I hesitated about seeking you and asking the right to take care of you; and though I have retrieved it but little, and am still comparatively a poor man, somehow I can't help asking you to-night."

Nellie's answer was very indirect:

"O, Donald, let us live here. This is my house, you know."

They did live there, and little children, rosier than any flowers, played in the old garden many summers. There, where Nellie Cleverack spent her youth, Nellie Cary lived the happy days of her old age.

[*Written expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.*]

A ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES AND EMILY READ,

Authors of "Ingremisco," "Wearithorne," "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest," "Aytoun," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Oh aching time! O moments big as years!"

The next day, Mahlon saw rather ruefully that there were some drawbacks to his life as he had depicted it during that walk home from Delphine's door. Had he gained more headway in his profession, it would have been different; but now he felt that his poor little sign would only be a virtual declaration that he did not care to be dependent upon his wife, or rather on Mr. Burger's fortune. He had his fears, too, whether Delphine would make the sort of wife he had always looked forward to owning—something no doubt impossible to find, yet he had a belief that such were to be had for the seeking. Perhaps he had seen just such women a few times in a sick-room, and thought they spent their life in that awed, hushed state in which they went through their duties there. Delphine's ways were very different; but it was too late to remember that, save in as far as he could improve them.

What he had to do, was to ask Delphine to be his wife. He wished she had let him speak the night before, when it would have been easier. It seemed more of a business transaction now. But perhaps when it came to the point, Delphine helped him out a little—for she was a quick-witted little woman, and disliked an awkward position—or it may have been that she expected serious, odd ways in this lover of hers, and was not disappointed.

As for Delphine, love had come to her after more experience of life than to many women, and she was therefore the more inclined to give herself up to the feeling. To her, just then, to love was better than to be loved. Every one said Dr. Mackenzie's influence over her was unbounded. She gave up cards and dancing, because he disliked them; and would have dispensed with her Thursday evening receptions if he had asked her, though she might have yawned through those hours he considered wasted. She always tucked away her novel under the sofa-pillow when he came, to escape a lecture on solid reading.

"Your home must have been very nice," she says, once, when Mahlon has been descanting on the days of his youth. "But what did you do on a rainy day or a winter evening? When I was a girl, we used to wheel back the chairs and tables to the wall, and dance; or we would have a round game of cards, or even a romp. For I was one of six girls," she adds, apologetically; "and we were poor before I married, and not intellectual; though we managed to make as much out of the shreds of life, as some do out of a whole pattern."

Delphine says this, as the two are walking together one sunny, spring morning, some weeks after their engagement. There is nothing in the gayly thronged streets, in the sunshine, and the glad and bustling stir of all living things in it, to suggest clouds and darkness, unless it were a flitting shade upon the April face beside him, which reminds him, almost with a start of surprise, that this blithe little creature is indeed the same woman whose wet eyes had gazed up at him out of a troubled dream, that night when he first knew that she belonged to him. Of what is she dreaming now? for there is a tender, troubled wistfulness in her eyes again.

"I wish we had met in that long-ago time, Mahlon; I wish you knew my sisters—Kate is the only one you have ever seen. But our old life you never can know—that is all over. Everything is changed at home, and will be changed still more, now that Dr. Kearney is to take Kate out of it. It is not only papa's state of health but Elliot—"

"Elliot?" he repeats, in some surprise. "Is there a brother, then?"

He has not stopped to count over the six girls of whom Delphine spoke, when she takes up the name tenderly:

"Elliot, my twin sister, Elliot. Mahlon, I have been trying to tell you—I long to know what you will think."

They have by this time passed into a quiet, suburban street, and she slips her hand into his arm, and watching his face wistfully, tells him the story of Elliot's disappearance.

"They managed to keep it from me, all the time I was abroad," she adds. "Elliot begged this in her farewell note, and Margaret would not have her wish crossed. I wonder now how I was so blind as to suspect nothing, from just the meager mention, at long intervals, that she was well. Yet what could I suspect? Elliot was always a strange, dreamy child—I hardly expected her to be anything of a correspondent. When I came home, I found that she had written to Margaret every six months—she had been gone two years, it is three now—and her letters, though they told nothing but that she was well, had the one clue of the Baltimore postmark. It was that which decided me upon settling in the house which belonged to me here—the hope that one day I might meet the child face to face in the

street. I have tried to find her by every means which money could give, and have failed."

She ends, looking up to him for encouragement in her hope. She does not find it; only a grave disapproval—is it of her course or Elliot's?

She does not quite know which, when he says something about his surprise at hearing that so sad a burden rests upon her thoughts—how then can she be so light-hearted? he is asking himself—when she says, glowing and brightening all at once, with one of her sudden smiles:

"Oh, just think what it will be! If I should see a figure strolling on before me, perhaps—a little taller it may be, for she was only seventeen when we parted, and she is nearly twenty-one now—but I shall know the figure at once, and I shall run after it, and lay my hand upon her arm, and she will turn—. O, Elliot!"

There is such a thrill of intense joy in her voice, such a shining light of hope in her face, that Mahlon has not the heart to utter a word to cloud it, vain as he believes that hope to be. He does not ask himself again "How can she be so light-hearted?" and he comes nearer to understanding her sunny nature than he ever has before, or perhaps will easily again.

They have walked by this time almost to where the straggling street loses itself in the ragged-looking open lots that fringe the borders of the city. Yonder, in the most ragged-looking space of all, stands Mahlon's hospital, where he has brought Delphine to judge of the effect of one of her decorative designs. This hospital has been Mahlon's great hope for Delphine—perhaps it is because it is their one interest in common. True, it is only for the outside decorations of the building that she cares; but if permitted to beautify that, she may find something to interest her within.

To-day Mahlon has chosen the hour for coming while the workmen have dispersed for dinner, so that the two just now are quite alone. There is an air of desolation, at which Delphine shudders, about the huge, unfinished granite structure, with its skeleton scaffolding, and the barren ground around covered with uncut stone. Delphine mounts one of these blocks, her dress sweeping over the rough mass as she shades her eyes with her dainty parasol, and criticises the skill of the stone-cutters. Mahlon, standing near and listening, is struck by the contrast she makes—this dot of bright color—with the sombre gray building. And of both he is to be master. In the hospital, he will carry hope or despair to many a poor soul, the verdict of life or death. But this little woman at his side, will he fail to influence?

Delphine is flushed and radiant. Though the scaffolding ribs the front of the building, and spoils the effect of the cornices over the windows, yet enough can be seen to delight her with her success. It is a triumph on her part, this embellishing of Mahlon's hobby, and she is full of fresh designs.

Mahlon still listens silently, only half approvingly. Suddenly he leaves her side.

"I do not like the appearance of the scaffolding," he says. "It is horrible how careless men are of their lives."

"You do not want the first man killed *outside* of your hospital," laughed Delphine.

She sees the slight frown gathering, the disapproval in his face, which one of her flippant speeches always brings there; but she has not time to notice it.

"Surely, Mahlon, you are not going up that ladder," she cries.

"Why not? The scaffolding is meant to bear five men, besides the weight of the cornice; so it will bear me—" he calls back.

"But if it should not? For my sake, Mahlon, be careful."

"There is not the slightest danger," he says, almost coldly. "I am not one to run foolish risks."

Delphine stands watching him silently, even admiringly, notwithstanding her terror, as a woman will admire strength and agility in a man—for to ascend the light, swaying ladder, is a feat in her inexperienced eyes. She breathes more freely when he reaches the scaffolding—to mount the ladder, has been to her the real danger.

"Ah, how high you are above me!" she calls out, half sorrowfully, half laughingly. "Can I ever hope to reach you?" And she holds up her hands in supplication.

Mahlon pauses for a moment, looking down on her—on the smiling, upturned face, the pretty gesture of humility. Then he turns away to inspect the scaffolding.

A few seconds later, before Delphine has moved, he is conscious of a low, cracking sound, and then he is falling—falling so slowly, he thinks, because he has time to compute the number of feet he has to fall; to recall how closely strewn are the blocks of stone; to remember Delphine's laughing face, upturned as she stood calling to him.

By one of those marvelous escapes which lead one to put faith in the doctrine of guardian angels, Mahlon does not fall on the granite, but on mother earth. She, however, by no means treats this son of hers as she is fabled to have treated Autæus. Indeed, she takes all strength from him, even the power of speech, though he is perfectly conscious, and sees Delphine's white face bending over him. Delphine's, earnest and quiet enough now. Perhaps that same white face, with the awed look in it, had bent over old Mr. Burger's death-bed. Even this thought comes dreamily and painlessly.

Mahlon hears Delphine cry out to some of the

returning workmen. Her voice has no terror in it, but sounds to him low and mournful, unlike the gay voice calling up to him a minute or two ago. Mahlon has a sense of disappointment; for if he has made a woman of this little Delphine, why is he to die? Mr. Burger has made her a rich, and he an earnest woman—yet some one else would only love her the better for both their labor.

Just then, some one begins to lift him, and an unconsciousness black as the grave comes over him.

How long he had been in that unconsciousness which is neither life nor death, Mahlon could not tell. His impression is that he has merely closed his eyes and opened them—yet now he is in bed in a strange room, though his last recollection was of the hard ground and the blue sky above. And here is Delphine bending over him—the same white, earnest face. Yet she no longer wears the gay colors that brightened in the sunshine, but a soft gray on which his eyes like to rest.

"Has the doctor come?" he asks.

"Not yet," she answers. "He is not to come for an hour."

He seems to be a little while pondering Delphine's information, and then asks:

"Where am I?"

"At my house, Mahlon." There is something beseeching in her eyes, as she adds: "I could not have nursed you so well anywhere else."

"How long?" he asks.

"Ten days. You have been very ill, Mahlon."

"And you have nursed me. It is odd to lose ten days out of one's life," he adds, half dreamily.

"They have not been lost to me," returned Delphine, gently.

"They were long to you, I fear. But I shall get well now—you need not shut yourself up much longer."

Is this her reward? Her face may have asked the question, for he stretches out his hand, feebly enough; and Delphine, laying hers in the open palm, bends her head and rests it lightly there. There is a quiet movement in the shadow of the window-curtains, and a little old lady who has been standing unobserved and forgotten there. crosses the floor softly, and so out of the room.

"It was a wonderful escape," Mahlon says, presently. "If the scaffold had fallen with the workmen, some of them must have been killed. Would you have been very sorry to lose me, dear?"

"Very sorry," she says, quietly, and he feels truly—and yet he misses the little rapture of words which she wasted on many a trifle in bygone days.

Meantime, Miss Alethea—for she it was, who had come on to help Delphine in her task of nursing—had gone down-stairs, and in passing through the lower hall was attracted by a voice at the door, enquiring for Dr. Mackenzie. She went forward and found a poorly-clad, shrewd-looking boy, who said he had been sent by Miss Ellis, who lived in the same lodging-house, to find Dr. Mackenzie, and to tell him that he must please come to her as soon as he could, for the girl Gretel she was nursing, was dying, she was afraid. And here, in confirmation of his message, he held out a folded note, addressed to Dr. Mackenzie at his office, where the boy said he had been, and had been told that Dr. Mackenzie was here.

Miss Alethea took the note, and was putting on her glasses to decipher it, or at least its superscription, when she bethought herself, and gave it back.

"It would be useless to leave it; he could not attend to it for many a long day. They told you at the office that Dr. Mackenzie was here; but they did not tell you he is very ill himself? I thought not. So your best plan is to go straight back to the office and ask for Dr. Heston, his partner—or the office-boy will direct you to some other physician if Dr. Heston is out. You will lose no time, there's a good lad—and take this for your pains—" putting a coin into his hand. "And be sure you tell the young woman how it is Dr. Mackenzie does not come. If I could myself—"

But of course she cannot—poor little Delphine will need her, for the nursing is by no means over, although convalescence has begun. And so Miss Alethea presently goes up-stairs again, in cheerful ignorance of how very near she has been to finding Elliot by means of the clue she so quietly gave back out of her hand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth."

Mahlon's recovery was slow, and it was decided that he should go away, and try what a long rest and change of scene would do for him. He would fain have proposed to Delphine that they should marry and she go with him; but he saw that she, too, needed rest, which she would not take in his sick-room; and he had to content himself with her promise that the marriage should be on the day following his return.

But the change was not of the anticipated benefit. Mahlon missed Delphine, and thought much more of his return to her than of growing strong. Her face haunted him—that pale face, which had lost not a little of its beauty from anxiety and watching, but which had gained a hundred-fold in Mahlon's eyes. He was restless

and uneasy until the day was fixed which would recall him to her.

He was not yet strong, and had still much of the fastidiousness of a convalescent, so that it was a little trial to him to alight at the late Mr. Burger's house, with the feeling that next day he would be master there. But one thought comforted him: the Delphine he was going to meet was totally unlike the girl Mr. Burger had married, or even the woman who had bought his first visit with a few bottles of wine. As totally unlike as were his feelings the night he stood on the hearth-rug and watched her weeping, to the almost feverish impatience with which he stood in the same place and listened for her foot-fall. Would she never come? Then there was an ominous rustle of silk, a gay flutter of ribands, and Delphine, the gay, saucy, brilliant Delphine of old, stood before him, her whole face radiant with happiness; for had he not come back to her as from the grave itself?

Ah well, if the leopard cannot change his spots, neither can a woman her nature; and Mahlon had to take his wife as God made her, not as he would unmake her.

There was no doubt of Delphine's generosity. As soon as she was married, she insisted upon dismissing her business-agent, and giving the whole management of her property into Mahlon's hands. Mahlon accepted the trust unwillingly enough, but as part of his duty as Delphine's husband. But he took very little trouble about it; so that the income was placed in bank for Delphine's use, he thought no more of it than he could possibly avoid. He would not touch a dollar for his own uses; and as to managing old Mr. Burger's money, it would have been like watching a nightmare.

Delphine and Mahlon drifted farther apart after their marriage — drifted farther apart, because Mahlon had learned to love the woman who had nursed him, and he was jealous of the old Delphine who had robbed him of her, and whom he had given up now in despair of ever improving.

And Delphine could not take up again the life she had led during those terrible, anxious days, when she was uncertain whether Mahlon would live. She had no desire to take it up. In the sunshine, passed away the shadow; and perhaps the sun was even more brilliant, because of the cloudy days gone by.

Mahlon's profession engrossed him. The hospital was organized, and his patients had increased instead of falling off as he had feared. One patient, however, he had lost—the girl whom Miss Ellis had nursed, and who, he learned on calling at the lodging-house, had died during his illness, Miss Ellis removing immediately out of his ken—so that the whole episode connected with her became as a parenthesis in his life. Mahlon thought that since it was his profession which absorbed him, Delphine could not complain—if he had sought his pleasures away from her, she might find fault. Besides, he never interfered with her mode of life, which could be as before her marriage, only her grave husband was too busy to take part in her amusements. Occasionally a slight consciousness did come to him that Delphine had some claim upon his time—when he would manage to spend an evening with her, and Delphine would do her best to hide her surprise and fall into his mood; and if he did not thrust all his own worries and anxieties into some corner closet which reticent natures are apt to find conveniently near, it was no fault of hers.

"I wonder if he makes much money, and what he does with it?" she would say to herself. "Perhaps he spends it all on his beloved hospital. If he would only buy me a riband—no, not a riband, that he would not do—a bit of sackcloth, I would wear it for his sake. I would willingly be ill, just to see if I would be as much worth his trouble as his pauper patients."

Poor little Delphine, she laughed, but she could have cried far more easily.

One day there came startling news to Mahlon. Go where he would, he heard of but little else than failures, railroad disasters, money panics. The papers had no other news. It was not difficult, indeed, it was but a half hour's labor, to find that Delphine's money had gone, vanished like a ghost, leaving no sign. It was only surprising that Mahlon was surprised that such was the fate of stocks not looked after. But he was annoyed, astounded; and, stranger still, he regretted this money, which he had not thought it worth while to take care of. He regretted it, because of his carelessness, for he might have saved part, at least; and then, what would Delphine feel? This poor little woman who had so enjoyed wealth, what would she do without it? Could he leave her pretty home and its surroundings, and be content on the moderate income which was all that he for many a year must expect to make? How would she take this loss? Of course she would blame him—that she had a right to do. But would it have a permanent effect, and leave her discontented and fretful? It is difficult to think of Delphine as either; but heretofore she has always had her own way, so Mahlon says, and no doubt believes.

Delphine has to be told of her loss, and Mahlon knows he must break it to her. But he, who has often nerved himself to speak the saddest of all tidings, breaks down utterly when he has only to tell of a mere worldly loss, upon which he himself would have laid little stress. Twice or thrice he has tried to speak, but Delphine's bright face checked him. He remembers the change that came over it once; and whatever he may have felt before, Mahlon now wishes to keep her just as she is. He does not care to play the ne-

cromancer, and by a few words, to him almost meaningless, to transform this gay, brilliant little Delphine into something very different—his pretty Cinderella, decked out for the King's ball, to shrink away in her tatters to her ash-heap.

To-day he has been lingering most unnecessarily over the sick beds of two or three of his patients: at least, he has done nothing to cheer them, if that was his object; for he has been silent and abstracted. He is still early when he reaches home. He stops an instant in the hall, to discover whether Delphine has any guests; and even looks into the empty drawing-rooms, before he goes to her own especial morning room. The blaze of light there almost blinds Mahlon; and then he catches sight of Delphine sitting alone, and his heart smites him, and he quite forgives her the novel she is reading, though he may wish she had not so quickly put it out of sight.

"Is it you, Mahlon? Is it late, or are you earlier than usual?"

"It is early. I was half afraid you were out, when I found the parlors empty; and I wished especially to see you."

"Did you want to speak to me?" asks Delphine, brightening. "But you look dreadfully tired, Mahlon. Let me ring for some coffee."

She rises and rings the bell, standing beside him, by the fire, as she waits to give her order to the servant. They are strangely silent, these two: Mahlon thinking how he may best break his tidings to her; Delphine knowing there is something wrong, and wondering if he means to tell her. Any confidence has become a pleasure to Delphine; anything hinting to her that she has some part in his life, in his thoughts.

Silently they stand almost side by side, until the servant has returned with the coffee. Then Delphine motions him to leave, and goes herself and pours out the cup which she brings to Mahlon. But he does not offer to take it from her.

"Have you read the papers for the last week, Delphine?" he asks, abruptly.

"I? No, I seldom do," she answers, with a little blush, as for a fault. "Is there anything particular in them?"

"Has no one told you of the failure of Brewster?"

"Brewster!" Delphine gives a start, though not enough to endanger the cup in her hand. "Have you lost anything by him, Mahlon?"

"*You* have, Delphine, and very heavily."

He had not intended to be so abrupt; indeed, had proposed to himself to tell her very guardedly, not to shock her. But he has lost his self-control, and his hand trembles so that he cannot even reach out to take the cup of coffee from her.

"But there is something still left of other stocks?" she asked, anxiously.

"Not a dollar, Delphine; everything has gone. I have been unpardonably careless."

He cannot look at her as he speaks, and for a moment there is silence.

"Do you mind it so very much, Mahlon?" she asks, presently.

"I? Of course I do. I have been so much to blame. The very trust you put in me should have made me doubly careful."

"But you do not mind the money? That is what I mean."

"I mind it for you, my poor child."

"Only for me?"

"How could I for myself? I never have touched a dollar of it," Mahlon says, hastily, and then regrets his words.

"I know." And then she adds: "Will it be very hard on you to have to take care of me?"

"Hard on me, Delphine? I don't think you have been quite my wife, just because I have not taken care of you. I think I am a little glad to have you forced upon me. The whole blow falls on you, poor child. You have so long been used to all that money can buy, that it will be hard for you to be a poor man's wife."

Delphine has turned to put the coffee-cup on the mantel. He sees a little shiver run through her as he speaks, a shudder at the mere thought of poverty. It is so natural she should feel so, that he cannot even be hurt, only sorry for this poor little Delphine who has so long reveled in prosperity. So he is startled to see the gay, saucy face she turns on him.

"And I will have to come to you for everything; and you will scold if the butcher's bill is too large; and will prohibit sweetmeats as too expensive, just as papa used when his six daughters kept house for him by turns. But you cannot get rid of me as papa did, by advising me to marry a rich man. After all, Mahlon, I am most sorry for the hospital, of which I confess to having often been jealous."

"Why?" asks Mahlon, absently. He is looking at her with an absorbed expression in his eyes, as if they suddenly beheld a blessed revelation. Delphine — this is Delphine; and he has not known her all this while!

"Why not?" she is replying. "Has not the hospital taken from me all your leisure? And did it not nearly cause your death?" asks Delphine, softly.

Mahlon thinks of the pale face bent over him that day—the face he has long mourned for as lost. He is not sorry to miss it now; to learn that Delphine could have a greater shock than the loss of her fortune. Hereafter he could never find fault with the woman who takes all troubles lightly, so that he is spared to her; and who is inclined to bask in the sunshine, rather than to mope in the shadow. It is worth all of old Mr. Burger's money, such a discovery; and Mahlon

tells her so. And Delphine always declares she lost nothing in the great failure of 18—.

And something more she gained. It was on this wise:

The day on which the inevitable move is to take place, out of the great Burger mansion, to Dr. Mackenzie's little house around the corner, Delphine is sitting over the fire in her dismantled morning-room, waiting for Mahlon to come for her when the last load of furniture should be gone. The place is desolate enough, with the firelight making strange gleams and shades about the empty, uncurtained, rain-swept windows, the bare floor, the walls where all the pictures are displaced, and only Delphine's shadow "glowers about," a huge, misshapen, hunchback sort of thing, very different from the pretty little figure leant forward in the low chair, with hands clasped on her knee, and eyes gazing with a bright, half-smiling and half-dreaming look, into the very heart of the cheerful blaze.

The dream is not broken by the light tap that comes to the door. Perhaps it is so light that she does not hear it. And then, the door opens.

In the well-ordered Burger house, doors know better than to creak; and this one swings back quite noiselessly. But somehow, after one more dreamy moment—perhaps it is at some slight stir, some rustle on the threshold—Delphine turns.

She turns, and stares in a bewildered, breathless sort of way; then, with a low, glad cry, starts to her feet.

"Elliot—Elliot!"

The slim, dark figure in the long, dripping waterproof cloak, comes in slowly, hesitatingly; is met more than half-way, and caught in the embrace of the bright-eyed, eager little woman, a very April sunshine of smiles and tears.

"Elliot!" when she had recovered her breath, putting her hands against Elliot's sobbing breast, holding herself off from her thus a little between her kisses, looking up at her half chidingly—"Elliot! How could you treat us so?"

But Elliot's flushed cheek pales.

"You will not ask me, Delphine. You will let the past rest. I can not speak of it."

"But surely, Nell, you are a little unreasonable—"

Elliot's gesture is so full of pain, that Delphine stops short. She adds, however, after an instant's pause:

"You must let me say this much about the past, dear Elliot—that if you have been fancying you had anything to do with that attack of poor papa's, the doctors know that is all a mistake. The stroke was inevitable; it had been coming upon him for some time. If it is that which has been keeping you away from us all, all these four years, poor child—"

But Elliot does not answer that. Indeed, she could have answered nothing. She has caught Delphine's arm, gazing searchingly into her eyes for the truth of the assertion. Innocent of that—of that, at least?

She sees that Delphine speaks the truth. She heaves the deep, slow sigh of a death-heavy burthen lifted; then, after a pause, says timidly:

"And how is he? I know he is not—— dead. I have been watching, and you have never put on mourning for him."

"He is always the same, Nell. There is no change to look for — until the last great one," the answer comes in a low voice of awe.

Delphine has drawn the girl forward to her own chair, and pushes her gently down into it, kneeling beside her, and unfastening the wet cloak, letting it fall back, and taking off the cheap little brown hat, which she tosses aside in a sort of scornful impatience. Delphine will never lose her love for pretty, tasteful things. Elliot has reached out for the hat, but Delphine only catches her hands, and laughs at her, with tears in her voice, however, and in the bright eyes taking their fill of gazing at her.

"Never mind the ugly thing. You always would be a dowdy, Nell, without me to look after you. Do you remember the dear old days when I used to trim your hats for you?"

At that, as if there were a pathos in the memory of those old hats, the two sisters clasp each other again, and laugh, and cry; until Delphine, brushing away the tears, says in that gay little quivering voice of hers:

"We shall have just such works of art again, I promise you. For what do you think, Nell; we are just moving, Mahlon and I, out of this grand establishment, to the cosiest little box in the next street. I have lost every dollar of poor Mr. Burger's fortune—"

Her arms close about Elliot; she feels the shiver that goes through the girl, at those last words. But how should she understand? She says, deprecatingly:

"Yes, we shan't be at all well off, I suppose. Now, if you had only come before, when I could have given you so much to enjoy! But still, Nell, we can make merry without the fatted calf."

It is not at this comparison of herself to the Prodigal, that Elliot's color brightens in such a burning flush. She breaks in, hastily:

"No, if you still had that man's money, I could never have come to you"—and there stops short.

Delphine, looks at her, puzzled.

"Nell, could that have had anything to do with your going away from home?—that you disliked that marriage so? I knew you did not like it, but"—coloring a little—"if he bought me in my childish ignorance of what I was doing, he used his purchase well, and kindly, and generously. Mr. Burger was a good man, Elliot."

"Good!" The girl can not help that half-ut-

tered sound, a mere gasp rather than a word. But Delphine catches it. She throws back her head with a proud little movement, and repeats it.

"Good—yes, good, Elliot. What have you to say against it?"

Elliot glances round her in a frightened way, and puts out her hand, catching at her wet cloak as if she would draw it round her, and begone. But Delphine understands the gesture, and lays her hand gently but authoritatively upon Elliot's shoulder. Gay little Delphine always had a strange control over the more earnest sister; and she has it still.

"Dear Elliot, if you knew! Yes, you shall know. I will tell you what I have never told to any one, what Mr. Burger never told to any one, save me. Then you will understand why I say he was a good man.

"It was long ago, in his old home, Elliot—he had a nephew, a brother's only son, who had been left from a child to his care, and whom he brought up as if he were his own son indeed. And it hurt him as if it had been his own son, when the young man went wrong. For he did go terribly wrong. He forged his uncle's signature two or three times on the bank with which Mr. Burger was connected, for sums which it ruined Mr. Burger to pay. But he did pay them, and managed so that not a breath of suspicion tainted the guilty one, and when he disappeared, as he did just then—"

Elliot is looking at her in a strange, breathless manner. She breaks in, just there:

"Friedrich! Is the nephew, too, named Friedrich Burger? And was he married?"

"He *was* named so; he is dead. He died just after we went abroad. Mr. Burger had always been trying to trace him, and found him at last ending his life in a Paris garret. There was a letter or two discovered, which led Mr. Burger to think he might have married; but nothing more could ever be learned. I am afraid he died as he had lived," she adds, sadly, a shade crossing her bright face at the remembrance; "for Mr. Burger came back to me at the hotel, broken down with the grief, and it was then he told me all this story. He had made his sacrifice for nothing, the good old man; he had come over to this country, and begun the struggle of life all over again, past middle age; and it had not availed. I suppose that is often the way with sacrifices."

Elliot does not answer; and when Delphine turns round from gazing retrospectively into the firelight, she sees that the girl is shivering and trembling from head to foot, her head bowed down upon her hands.

"Elliot, my dear!"

And then the girl lifts up her face, and catches her sister's two hands fast in hers, and pours out the whole story of her guilty self-sacrifice, which too, like the righteous one, has not availed.

It takes longer in the telling than old Mr. Burger's, for Delphine will have an account of all the ups and downs, and they were many, of Elliot's hidden life. And she must tell of her two stolen night journeys to Little Medlington, when she had grown desperate for news of home, before Delphine's return to Baltimore; after which, Elliot had taken to keeping up a watch upon her house, discovered through the directory, and thus knew all was well with her loved ones at home. She had had a glimpse of Kate, too, with Dr. Kearney, through the windows of the conservatory one night, and—yes, she had not been surprised when she saw their marriage in the papers. She had seen Ambrose's first. And Charlotte, is she always buried in that country place, poor Charlotte! except so very seldom when she comes up to visit Delphine? And does Delphine think she is happy with that stern-looking Mr. Forbes, whom Elliot has seen once or twice at Delphine's? Indeed, Delphine is surprised to discover how much Elliot has seen, until she learns that the girl's sole happiness has lain in evening loiterings past her windows when the gas was lighted within, and the lace curtains only half drawn, as the cheery manner is in B———.

Just then comes a quick, light step outside the door, which Delphine, even in her pre-occupation, hears.

Mahlon is duly astonished to find his poor little lost friend, Miss Ellis, seated before his fireside, his wife upon her knees beside her, leaning on her lap, Delphine's fair face all sunshine, as he had not seen it in those brightest days when she was a rich, envied woman, and had not lost—

Lost! What has she not gained? Her blue eyes answer for her as she puts Elliot's hand in Mahlon's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EVENING.

BY KATE CROSBY.

The day was drawing to an end;
The sun, fast sinking in the west,
Cast its bright beauty o'er the earth;
The clouds in mystic colors blend,
As if the Gates of Pearl thrown wide,
Revealed the glorious light within,
Thus giving earth a glimpse of Heaven.
The shadows lay athwart the hills,
The wind soft rustled through the trees,
The birds flew homeward to their nests,
Man, wearied, rested from his toil;
The bells rang out the even hour,
For the night impatient stood,
To fling her mantle o'er the earth.

MRS. FAHNESTOCK'S GHOST.

BY SPHINX.

In traveling through England my brother and self had resolved to rent a house out of London for a period of six months before wintering in France, and we were told that a country-seat called Shadowbrook, owned by a Mr. Fahnestock, was ready for a tenant, as he was going to Australia. It was consequently in the spring of 186— that I saw the owner of the large and lonely spot, and for the first time. His wife—of whose death we had heard two years before—had been an intimate friend of my mother. I had a small miniature of her, a delicate looking woman, with soft brown eyes and dark hair. I had merely learned from my mother that this lady had fallen into possession of a large property secured to her in her own right, and that it had been the cause of marital unhappiness, but mother would add, with a sigh:

"The world regards them as one of the happiest couples upon earth."

Next came the news of Mrs. Fahnestock's death, quickly followed by that of my mother. So upon a fair day in May about two years later, when Mr. Fahnestock walked into our private hotel parlor, I was sorry my brother had just stepped out upon business. I glanced up from my magazine as he entered, and responded to his low bow with one equally profound.

"Miss Ashurst, I presume," presenting his card.

"Yes; will you be seated, Mr. Fahnestock? I regret that my brother is out."

He vouchsafed no remark to this, but coolly drew off his gloves, and gazed reflectively out the window, affording me an opportunity to scan the tall, powerfully-built figure, the yellow pallor of the long, narrow face, with its light, drooping mustache, rather handsome nose, and light gray eyes, surmounted by a high, contracted forehead, over which the hair was brushed slightly downward, almost meeting a slight contraction of the eyebrows.

"I have just made arrangements with Mr. Ashurst for the disposal of my home, and only called here to say you can move there a week earlier than I told him." He held his thin hands over the blaze of a wood-fire as he said this, and looked carefully around the room.

"Is it a lonely place, Mr. Fahnestock?"

A peculiar smile crossed his features.

"Not for those who would have others unacquainted with their affairs."

"Oh! as for *that*," I said, proudly; "we have nothing to conceal."

"Ah?" he replied with a curious elevation of the eyebrows; "you are fortunate!" taking up his gloves and hat and bowing himself out almost immediately.

"I *hate* that man," I observed to my brother upon his entrance.

"Hate *me!*" he ejaculated, in mock deprecation.

"Oh nonsense! *You*—no."

"Well, I don't see any other man about."

"Oh Ned! don't be absurd; I mean Mr. Fahnestock, of course!"

"And why *of course?*" asked my brother, lightly.

"That he has been here—"

"I know; but—"

"You know? Well that man must be a regular Figaro; he is everywhere at once; I went to say that I regretted your absence, and he calmly intimated he had just seen you."

"What a prejudiced little woman you are, Helen; here is a man who accommodates us in every way, and here you are abusing him, a thorough innocent!"

"I *doubt* if he is a thorough innocent. He has too collected an eye (which, by the way, rests upon everything but one's self), and too cruel a mouth."

"Maybe your presence embarrassed him?"

"Oh pshaw! Ned, now *do* you like him!"

"My dear little sister, I don't know the man at all."

I retreated in pouting silence. The following week we had moved to Shadowbrook, and as we had rented it furnished, had only to add a few accessories of our own.

"The house is *very* large for such a small family," I heard my brother's valet remark to my maid: "Oui, tres grand, mais chacun vit à sa mode!"

"I for one don't live after my own manner," I thought; "or I should be in Paris *now*, instead of in the winter," I thought, as I heard her answer. We spent several days in going over the house and scanning the furnishings. There seemed to have been direct opposition in tastes; for one-half the house was furnished in gloomy grandeur, and the other with light simplicity.

"I shall take possession of this half," said I, pointing toward the latter, as my brother stood in the hall one morning.

"They are just appropriate for summer rooms, and for a lady occupant," he added, pleasantly. "Dear, shall we drive out this afternoon?"

"*Yes* indeed; I am exceedingly anxious to make a tour of this country, and discover our neighbors."

"I fancy we shall not be troubled with neighbors, from what Fahnestock said."

"Oh Ned! shall we be buried alive in this country place?"

"My dear sister, that was the sole objection to the locality, but the rent was so cheap—too cheap almost—but you know we have to study a little economy this summer."

"Oh yes; how thoughtless I am!"

Between three and four that afternoon, Mr. Fahnestock's coachman (the only servant of his we retained) drove us down the long, shaded avenue, and turned to the right, out upon a narrow lane. It was a perfect day—a blithe, sunny afternoon. Brother and I chatted unreservedly, and at the end of the first quarter of a mile, we discerned far up among the trees a brick building.

"Perhaps we have happened upon some neighbors," I said, leaning out to look at it. "Robert, who owns that house?"

"It belongs to the Fahnestock estate, ma'am; but the master hasn't much luck renting it; he has had a man and his wife keeping it this three years."

"I only see one window front that is opened."

"Yes ma'am. Well, ye see, they live in the back of it. I know the man: a clever fellow; his name is Thorne."

"Helen, look over to the left; did you *ever* see such verdure; look at the sunlight shining upon the young grass; it seems as if each particular blade stands out!" exclaimed my brother enthusiastically.

"Oh Ned! we must ride along these lanes," I answered.

"Mr. Fahnestock has two excellent saddle-horses, ma'am, he said were at your service."

"That's good news. Ned, shall we try them soon?"

"Certainly."

It was two or three weeks later, however, that we found the opportunity; for the weather was rainy, and then my brother had to run up to London.

At last, however, one rare day in June we mounted, and set off gaily. Near the gate, my brother discovered he had forgotten his whip, and returned for it.

"I shall explore the place while you are gone, and you can whistle at the gate for me." So saying, I wheeled my horse around and galloped over the lawn toward a high knoll, crowned by a circle of sombre evergreens. From this point there was a superb view, and I reined up abruptly to take it in, fascinated with the perfect loveliness. As my eyes traveled leisurely over the beauteous landscape, I thought I heard a faint rustling in the trees. Turning my head over my shoulder, I saw a woman's face protruding from the circle of evergreens about five yards distant, and as hastily withdrawn. I was startled, but hearing my brother's whistle, bounded over the lawn to meet him. Where had I seen that face before? and whom could it have been? We rode out of the stone gateway, slowly, and started into a canter, I with a confusion of thoughts in my brain.

"Why so pensive, fair lady?" asked Ned, lightly.

I stopped suddenly, a terrible faintness creeping over me.

He wheeled his horse around inquiringly in front of me.

"Oh, Ned! I have seen *Mrs.* Fahnestock. Just seen her! and Ned, I am ill! take me home—"

"Why, Helen!" he sprang from the saddle and supported me with his arm. I sat cowering on my horse, and covered my face with my hands. At length I recovered a little, but was trembling violently. "What *is* the matter? you are white as a sheet—white as the ghost of Mrs. Fahnestock, I should say!"

"Oh hush!" I exclaimed, for near us, looking over a high hedge, was a man's face, and above him the red house on the hill. My brother turned and addressed him:

"Could you get this young lady a drink of water, my good man?"

He looked at us sullenly and shook his head. "There is no spring nearer than Shadowbrook."

"Could you not get some at that house up yonder?"

"No—they wouldn't give a drop of anything to save a man's life—or woman's either," he added; then he bounded over the hedge and walked down the road.

"Never mind, I am feeling better now; let us ride on."

"You are nervous, sister; what *did* you see, and where did you see it?"

"Don't say 'it,' Ned. *She* was Mrs. Fahnestock."

"Nonsense! I believe you are ill, and half delirious! Mrs. Fahnestock has reposed in her grave these two years."

"So *he* told you," I said, scornfully.

"Oh Helen! Helen! it is really wicked to be prejudiced so strongly against him."

"Ned, did you ever see our mother's picture of his wife?"

"Never."

"Well, you shall see it."

"Perhaps I shall have the pleasure of meeting the original on the way," he returned, ironically.

"Oh Ned, don't. You would not trifle so if you had seen the likeness in a human face."

"When was mother's picture of her taken, Helen?"

"About a year before she—"

"Before she *died*," he finished, calmly.

I was silent. The ride had not been a pleasant one—our horses' heads were turned homeward. A cold chill passed over me, as we turned into the moss-grown gateway of Shadowbrook. I went immediately to my room, changed my habit for a soft cashmere, completed my toilet, unlocked a cabinet and took from it the miniature. As I was passing down the broad stairway, I heard my brother interrogating the servants as to the ap-

pearance of any one within the grounds that afternoon, but the answers were all in the negative.

"You did not ask Robert," I said, as he entered the library.

"Oh, he would have told us, I am assured."

"I like that man," I said, reflectively.

"Well, I am glad he is not to wear the cloak of his master's shortcomings—"

"Here is her picture," said I, leaning over him, and presenting it open.

He took it and looked at it carefully.

"One of the horses is a little lame, sir—I think he was shod badly; is it too late to take him over to the blacksmith now, sir?"

We both looked up. Robert stood respectfully in the doorway, cap in hand.

"Yes, better take him to-morrow morning. Robert, come here. Do you recognize this picture, or were you not living here then?"

The man looked, turned deathly pale, then glanced hurriedly from one to the other of us.

"You know it?" asked my brother.

"I do, sir."

"Did it resemble her, as you last saw her—that is, if you lived here?"

"It resembles her as I last saw her, when I lived here." He straightened a little—but again that questioning glance from one to the other.

"My mother was a friend to Mrs. Fahnestock—this picture belonged to her."

"Oh—" there seemed a deep breath of relief in the man—he turned toward me, "thank you, Mr. Ashurst, for showing it to me," but it was at me the man looked, and passed out of the library.

My brother had a field-glass that he had used when he was in the late American war. He valued it highly. He went up in the tower one afternoon near sunset, taking it with him. When he came down he seemed strangely excited. Soon after I heard him order his horse, and saw him dash out of the place. It was a sultry July twilight. The windows were all thrown open in the "summer rooms," as we called them, the sky was clouding over; I had not been out all day, and thought before a threatening shower came up, I would take a turn in the garden. I went down a back stairway and out a back door, walking about the terraces twenty minutes or so; then turned a corner of the house, and saw Robert leaning near one of the parlor windows. He looked rather startled when he saw me, and said:

"I thought you and your brother went riding, ma'am?"

"Why, you generally saddle our horses, Robert."

"Yes ma'am, but he did it for himself, this afternoon, I understand. I had just come back with the corn, ma'am," then he turned toward the back of the house, I thought somewhat hastily.

Stepping lightly upon the long piazza, I was about going through one of the long open windows into the parlor, when I was arrested by the figure of a woman standing before a portrait of Mr. Fahnestock over the mantel-piece. She stepped back and forward as if viewing it from all sides; then she walked over to the piano—as she did so, her profile was clearly revealed, and I recognized the face which had so startled me the afternoon of our ride. She wore some light gray dress, and there was a marked disorder about the whole attire, and I noticed as she walked across the floor she wore a slipper and a shoe. A slight noise at one of the back windows attracted her attention; then she fled towards it, as I gave one prolonged scream and fell senseless. Hours later I awakened in my room. My maid, a physician, and my brother stood by the bed.

"Can you remember," asked the doctor, kindly, "what feeling came over you, just before you fell?"

I shuddered, but answered, brokenly:

"The assurance that I was seeing Mrs. Fahnestock."

The doctor recoiled hastily.

"Helen, be careful!" whispered Ned, hastily.

"I saw her *again*," I said, firmly.

The doctor drew my brother aside and whispered something. Then they gave a soothing dose and left the room. The rain fell in torrents.

CHAPTER II.

It was fully three weeks before I was enabled to go out doors, and the very first person I saw was the man of whom we had asked a drink of water, the day of our ride. Upon seeing me, he hastily walked off in another direction.

In the evening Ned and I were sitting in the library; I, reflecting upon the cause of my recent illness, but making no allusion to it, as it had previously annoyed my brother so much. Now, to my surprise, he introduced the subject himself by saying:

"Helen, did Mrs. Fahnestock—I mean the person you supposed to have been that lady—wear a shoe and a slipper?"

"Yes," said I, startled.

He smoked awhile reflectively, then asked:

"And her dress, was it of light gray material?"

"Yes, oh yes! Ned, you have seen her! I know you have."

"Don't get so excited, little sister."

"Oh Ned, why *won't* you clear up this mys-

tery? Who ever heard of ghosts in the nineteenth century?"

"Listen," said he, laying down his cigar; "about ten days ago, I was in the ticket office of L—, which adjoins the telegraph office. I was attracted by the name of Fahnestock. Peering through the opening, I saw the man who refused us water the day of our ride, and heard him dictate a telegram to Mr. Fahnestock. The clerk repeated the message after him, 'Come immediately, H. Thorne.' To-day I received this —" opening a note:

"*Dear Mr. Ashurst:* Sudden business will bring me to London, and I will drop down at Shadowbrook Saturday next, to see that my tenants are thoroughly comfortable.

"Yours, etc.

"LEONARD FAHNESTOCK."

"Drop down!" said I, with a shudder, "to make us thoroughly *un*comfortable, if he did but know it."

The bell rang in an uncertain, fumbling way. A servant announced that a man would speak to the master.

"Show him in," said Ned, abruptly, putting the note in his pocket.

I was startled at the sight of Thorne.

"Good evening, sir; I was thinking you might need an assistant gardener, sir, and come over from the next place. I'd like to get some work at Shadowbrook."

"You occupy the brick house on the hill?"

"Yes, sir."

"What part of it do you occupy?"

"The back part of it, sir."

"You were the person who said 'they wouldn't give a drop of water to save a man's life, or a woman's either,' I believe; are there other occupants beside your wife?"

The man colored a deep, dull red. "I did not know I was speaking to Mr. Ashurst and his sister. You were new here then, sir."

"But why should you make believe you didn't live there?"

"I suppose I was too lazy to return to the house, sir, for the water."

"But *I* don't suppose anything of the kind," said my brother, rising suddenly in a heat of passion that then seemed to me strangely unreasonable. "No, I have no work for you of any kind —I won't have you skulking about the place at all. You've almost lived here this past week, and I advise you to confine yourself to your own acres."

"Oh, Ned!" said I expostulating.

"I mean every word—now go!"

The man turned savagely upon him. "I'll not forget this answer to a civil question," he returned threateningly.

"Well, remember it then, to your advantage."

The door banged, he was gone.

"How strong are you to-night, Helen?"

"I feel as well as ever I did."

"Good." He stepped to the bell, pulled the cord violently, Annette appeared. "Annette, send Robert up."

"Oui, monsieur."

A few minutes and Robert entered, cap in hand.

"Robert," said Ned, "Mr. Fahnestock will be home Saturday."

The man turned to a deathly pallor, and said:

"Home Saturday," mechanically.

"Sit down, Robert," my brother added, with a new and kind intonation in his voice.

The man sank trembling into a chair.

"Thorne has just left here," Ned went on.

"And what did *he* want, sir?" faintly.

"He *said* work."

"And you did not give it to him, sir?"

"I did not; I turned him away roughly."

"I'm sorry almost for that, sir; he's a revengeful man."

"I'm not afraid," said my brother, coolly. "Well, Robert, what can you imagine brings Mr. Fahnestock home so suddenly?"

"Didn't he tell you, sir?"

"He *said* business," was the reply.

"Well, sir?" Robert now arose and stood looking into my brother's eyes, as if seeking to read his inmost soul; then he said, slowly:

"I shall have to leave you, Mr. Ashurst, either Thursday or Friday, sir, if that is the case."

"Oh, I don't suppose he will take up his abode in the vicinity; he is merely going to drop down upon us to see that we are comfortable."

A strange look of derision came into Robert's face. "Well, be it so, sir, he will not find me here; I shall never be in *his* employ again."

"But you are in mine, now."

"Yes, sir—but so soon as you go, he'll want me to remain as before."

"And you have a good reason for desiring to leave?"

"Oh, yes sir!" but the man trembled again and looked steadily at me.

"Tell us your reason, Robert," said my brother, reassuringly, and closing the library door.

"Oh that I dared, sir—"

I pitied the man as he sat flushing and paling. "Have no fear, Robert, *we* trust you; *I* always did."

"God bless you, ma'am. If it were only my own secret, ma'am, you should have it in a minute, but—"

"Robert, I have known your secret for some time," said Ned, quietly.

"Oh, my God, sir—my poor lady! my poor lady!"

"Never fear, my good man; it is to give you assistance that I called you up to-night and told you of Mr. Fahnestock's expected visit."

"Oh sir, you are *sure*—you will not betray me?"

"Never."

"Oh, my poor lady!" said the man, bursting nto a flood of tears.

"Helen," said Ned, abruptly. "You were right; Mrs. Fahnestock lives. Her husband reported her death in Australia; produced a will leaving all her money to him—forged, of course—brought her here; shut her up in a private asylum. With joy she discovered (but with great difficulty) Robert was still living at Shadowbrook. After a year's imprisonment she succeeded in revealing her identity and place of abode to him. He has ever since been planning her escape. By certain contrivances he managed to get a rope and a hook to her, by which she was letting herself out of a window the afternoon I was in the tower looking through my field-glass. Suspecting something wrong about that house, I rode over, but only to see her gliding through the woods to Shadowbrook, which she supposed untenanted."

"You see, I could not write a line, ma'am, to tell her not to come here, and was afeared to get any one else to do it."

"Poor woman! Oh Robert, why didn't you tell us at once?"

"You forget, ma'am, you were strangers to me, and, I feared, firm friends of the master; but now, sir, what *am* I to do? She is in this very house, sir, in one of the empty rooms in the left wing, and Thorne and his wife are looking high and low for her. She never returned after the day Miss Helen saw her, and she was as frightened as this lady herself. It's Thorne, sir, who must have recalled the master. He is paid well for his work, and I believe will be out of the way himself before he'll brook Mr. Fahnestock's presence; ah sir, it was my lady's life alone that kept me here; he is a fiend, sir!"

Hours of consultation were passed, and it was decided that the new servants should be imposed upon by the arrival of a visitor, so that before taking wing to Paris, Mrs. Fahnestock (who was weakened by imprisonment and ill-treatment) might get a little accustomed to her liberty, and her departure would be likely to create no more excitement than that of any other guest. I announced next day to Annette a friend had arrived very late the night before, whom I should not arouse before dinner.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in broken English. "*That* was what Robert was called up for and that—"

I interrupted my curious maid, and sent her down to help the cook shell peas. Then I knocked softly upon a door in the left wing (under which a note had been slipped the night before), and folded in my arms a little figure in gray, who was sobbing so she could not speak. I took her down to my room and just let her sleep peacefully till dinner. Her mind was certainly somewhat impaired, and she was afraid to trust even those who were her friends. Her face was emaciated with grief, and her walk like that of a child learning. It was decided that I had best accompany her Friday night, with Robert as protector, and Annette would consequently have to go with me. Once in Paris, I could leave the latter with Mrs. Fahnestock, and shortly return. Letters to Ned's lawyer were written; and all our arrangements completed, we left London in the dusk of evening, and my mother's poor friend slept upon my shoulder during most of the journey. From Ned I gained the following later:

"Saturday, while I was at dinner, about four in the afternoon, Mr. Fahnestock was announced. A friend was dining with me that day whom I had been telling that I discovered the real existence of the former mistress of the house through the whining of a dog, and tracked him to her apartment, and later through a whispered conversation between the occupant and Robert, when the door opened, and Mr. Fahnestock was greeting us. We invited him to dine. He had dined, earlier in the day, but would drink a glass of wine to my 'very good health, and that of my friend.'

Here the 'friend' arose, saying, '*I* drink to the health of Mr. and *Mrs.* Fahnestock.' The blow was sudden, but the criminal's face did not blanche. He regarded his wine-glass steadily, then said,

"'The first is enabled to thank you cordially; the second is—in heaven.'

"'Are you certain of that?' I asked, nonchalantly.

"'Surely'—and his eyes were now lighted with a wild fear—'you would not have me consign her to—to a less pleasant clime?' he inquired, with an effort at sarcasm.

"'No; neither can it ever be said that you never provided her with 'a local habitation and a name,' the *name* was Martin, I believe.'

"'Gentlemen!' exclaimed he, rising suddenly, and turned a hurried look toward the door.

"'One minute, sir!' said the friend. 'Drink with me to the health of Mrs. Fahnestock—now do! because you couldn't very conveniently after these go on (producing hand cuffs), now *could* you?'

"One spring—one struggle, and the master of Shadowbrook lay bound, hand and foot. His own carriage and pair drove him to the station, and only his dog, a splendid St. Bernard, mourned him as the train steamed away toward London. The animal lifted his head with one prolonged howl of grief.

"'I've heard,' said Fahnestock, as he looked back at him, 'that the howl of a dog betokens woe to its owner. *Aye, verily!*' and his head sunk heavily upon his breast."

HOW SHE GAVE HIM THE MITTEN.

BY M. R. MACKENZIE.

"Like the buzzing of bumble-bees on the hottest day in August."

"Like Monkey Jim exercising the trombone in his individual style."

"Like Pat McGinnis' accompaniment to his wood-sawing."

"Like Wolf, snarling over a bone."

"Girls, *stop!*" Poor mamma was wrought to the last verge of desperation between our language and the cause of it. The cause of it was Cousin Cicely (who was making her autumnal visit), performing her Sunday chant in the parlor across the hall.

Cousin Cicely was a large, angular person, with a big intellectual head, and gray straggling curls ranging up and down on each side of her face. She was papa's cousin, and a great religious devotee. A great portion of Sunday was reserved for this exercise, for which we exerted the inventive genius of the united family in seeking comparisons. Cousin Cicely had never been able to sing, but nevertheless, she wished to "Praise the Lord by note," and literally by note it was. She took her place before the instrument, opened the church hymnal at one particular hymn, and hammered the alto on the piano, with all the startlingness of the single-digit action, without the remotest reference to time, accompanying these thumps by a deep, pectoral, sustained tone of voice—if tone it must be called, which bore no more resemblance to what commonly comes under that term, than the resonance which might be effected by a creature strangling in a large cylinder—the voice always at pleasing variance with the note. This ear-torture, some person or persons were subject to every Sunday in the calendar year. Always the same hymn, in always the same way—but then, Cousin Cicely had always been eccentric.

We ceased our harangue when we found mamma tired, and asked the question we had asked every year, during Cousin Cicely's visit, as far back as we could remember:

"What makes Cousin Cicely so peculiar, mamma?" and received the usual reply:

"I don't know, children; she was always so"

Then we diverged into general family matters, and mamma told us a little incident in connection with her teen-hood, when she used to have lovers. For our mothers used to have more lovers than girls have now. The hero of the story was a certain Captain Neal Fannow, whom she had met while enjoying a gay visit at W——. The young officers rowed over from Fort I— almost every evening, and mamma, I think, must have been quite a belle among them.

"Though it was evident that I was honored with his preference, I did not feel Neal Fannow's an exceptional case," said mamma. "And fully aware that he saw others equally favored my society, and that I treated all impartially, I continued my friendship with him unsuspectingly and gayly, and was quite unprepared for the proposal of marriage which he suddenly made me. He had a singularly controlled manner, and that had deceived me; for he showed himself so intensely in love with me, that had I not met your father previously, and felt my heart belonged to him, I should doubtless have yielded to such entreaties. As it was, he acted very gentlemanly throughout, and when he found the case was hopeless, left me. I have always thought of him as a noble man, and have wept many times when recalling that one desolate expression he wore when we parted."

"Did he have mournful eyes? How did he look, mamma?" asked Delle. Little goose! that was always her first question, as if Apollos were as thick now as in the time of Alexander the Great.

I said:

"I'll tell you, Delle. He had a pugilistic jaw and looked balky—those military men always do—a squat nose and staring black eyes."

Mamma tried to look at me severely, as she always did when I talked nonsense, but gave me up as a hopeless case, as she also generally did.

"He had steady, dark blue eyes, Delle," said mamma. "He was tall, and distingué, and graceful, but not strictly handsome."

"Did you never see him again?"

"No; I afterwards heard that he married a young lady who nursed him while he was suffering from wounds received at a battle in Mexico, in the war of '45."

"Mummie," had taken her own 'cute way to make us forget Cousin Cicely, who presently ceased her lugubrious performance.

"How many more Sundays, Mum, will she stay?"

"Two," we groaned in chorus, as final to the preceding Cicely solo.

The next afternoon, I was in Central Park with my friend Alexe. While feeding some swans, I pulled off one of my gloves. I did not replace it immediately, and after I had walked intricately over enough ground to make it impossible for me to accurately retrace my steps, discovered I had dropped it.

"Well," I laughed, "I've given somebody my mitten," and never observed until almost home, that in pulling it off I had taken with it a little ruby ring I wore. The stone was of some value, in an old-time style of setting, for it had belonged to my Aunt Agatha, who was now dead, and for whom I was named. She had given it to me, and I valued it above everything I had. For she

had been our favorite aunt, and we loved her next to mamma.

"Advertise for a nurse, immediately, mummie, Agatha would lose her eyes out, if nature hadn't bequeathed her unusually tight sockets to prevent their wobbling off while she is looking for things."

Mildred was oldest, and provokingly superior when she tried to be, and merciless upon my heedlessness.

"I'll advertise for the ring," I said.

"Nonsense," said Mildred. "You'll never see it again."

"Were there many people about?" asked mamma.

"Yes," I sighed.

Papa clinched the decision. "The only way you can recover it, will be by advertising the full value of the ring as a reward. I'll insert an advertisment in to-morrow's issue."

So the advertisment appeared in due time and iorm:

"Lost. Near the —— Lake, Central Park, a lady's ring, inside of glove, with small ruby in old-fashioned setting. The finder will be rewarded with full value of ring by returning to 26 W — street."

Of course I watched from the windows, and listened for the door-bell with rapt attention all the day following, and part of the next. My vigilance was rewarded the next day, by the appearance of one individual. Now there was a remarkably low tête-à-tête in the reception-room, with a remarkably feeble set of springs in possession. We kept it in a corner and did not banish it entirely, because really it was a comfort to such of us feminines as did not chance to be very ample or lengthy. But I will not deny that we petite femmes were aware certain individuals were victimized for our preference. An awkward person invariably finds his way to a remote corner—and awkward persons showed to least advantage on that sofa. It had become a private—a very private—source of amusement to me, to watch the expression of the victim's face, as he gradually sank into its deceptive embrace, until the last atom of the upper and more important part of the human structure was lost to view.

This afternoon, then, after quickly observing that no prominent occupiable seat presented the expected human presence, I was not unprepared to find my visitor entrapped, and making frantic struggles to emerge as I advanced. The first impression I received, was what a remarkable length of limb the person presented below the knee, for I had accustomed myself to measure the height of the individual by this snare, and either that the person was remarkably short above the knees, or had dropped suddenly to sleep. My first impression was correct. The person was remarkably brief above the hips, and presented, when he finally got himself erect, a very ambitious pair of shoulders, topped by a flat closely-shaven head, whose eyes and forehead seemed subservient to a very pronounced red moustache, extending along the line of a straight expanse of mouth. Altogether, he served very well my idea of a Chatham street rogue.

He showed me a ring with a large ruby stone of quite modern setting. I said:

"That is not my ring," and wished mamma would come in, as I did not like the aspect of my visitor, and if he did not leave me now I should be afraid of him.

"Why ain't it yourn? Found it, 'm, near the —— Lake."

"Mine has an old-fashioned setting—this is new. Besides, it is too large."

"Fine ring, 'm," rubbing it on his trowsers and scanning me the while.

No reply.

"Valuable stone, 'm," looking at the ormolu clock on the mantle-piece.

I shivered. "May be he's a thief," I thought. Mamma entered at this juncture, and the man began the same rigmarole. She glanced at the man and the ring, cleared her throat, and cut him short saying:

"That is not the ring for which we advertised. I believe that is all that is necessary."

He looked at her, took up his hat and advanced to the door, propelling his heavy shoulders as if they were distinct from his body.

"He'll enter the house this week with another villain, and steal the silver," I said to mamma, when the door had closed on him. "I saw thief stamped all over his moustache, and where his eyes ought to be."

"He has a rather suggestive appearance," laughed she.

"We shall be murdered in our beds," said Mildred, when we told her.

"I shall ask papa for a pistol," said Delle, who enjoyed pirate stories.

"Well, girls," said papa, at supper-time. "I'll send home an alarm, and engage a squad of police at once," when Mildred again distinguished herself by suggesting that we should engage Cousin Cicely's services for nocturnal concerts.

At ten o'clock the next morning, mamma and I descended to attend another person in waiting. This time it was a gentleman, dignified, quiet and fine looking. Moreover, he had brought my ring. I observed that mamma's face wore a rather surprised and puzzled expression when her glance fell upon our visitor, who was quite young, and who might have been an elegant of the first society if one judged from his ease of manner, or in very modest circumstances if from his unobtrusive dress. He smiled at my delight at the recovery of my property, and said:

"I did not notice the advertisement until too late last evening to return the ring, which I had

not imagined in my possession till then. When I picked up the little glove"—here he slightly colored, as though he had made use of a phrase he hadn't intended—"I did not think there was anything more valuable inside of it. But I immediately searched it on reading the advertisement, and found the ring." Here, again, before saying the last word he half paused.

Though there was nothing abrupt about him, he did not hesitate after explaining, but quietly rose to depart. I could see mamma was for once at a loss. The bearing of the man made it a delicate matter to make mention of the stipulated reward—indeed, almost forbade it. However, mamma was beginning to make reference to that part of the business, in her own lady-like manner, when he quietly interrupted her with light ease which seemed to come very naturally to him.

"Pardon me, madam; but allow me in this instance, if you please, the privilege of forestalling your reference. Believe me, to be able to restore to your daughter that which she values so highly, gives me great pleasure."

"May I inquire, then," said mamma, "to whom she is so greatly indebted for this courtesy?"

He presented his card.

Mamma started. "It cannot be possible!" she murmured. "Excuse me, but this is certainly curious. Your name is the name of an old friend of my youth, and I have been puzzling over the resemblance your face bears to his ever since you came in."

"Indeed," said the young man. "I have my father's name."

Mamma passed me the card. I remembered the name, "Neal Fannow," which I read.

"My father was Colonel of the —th regiment, and went through the war with Mexico. He died some years ago," he added with a sigh.

"I knew Captain Neal Fannow at Fort I——, where he was stationed in 1839," replied mamma, gravely.

"Then it was he," exclaimed the young man, delightedly. "He was stationed there at that time; and you?" with a quick, light uplifting of the eyebrows.

"I was Adele Ward. I regret that your father is dead, and that he should have died so early."

"His death was sudden—of heart disease. O, he was a grand man," exclaimed the young man with enthusiam. "He spoke of you once to me, and I cannot say how charmed I am to meet you, madam."

"I married Mr. Nelson Crail, whom I think your father would remember," said mamma, flushing slightly. "I had known him a long time. This is my daughter Agatha, whose heedlessness has, for once, resulted very pleasantly. Will you tell me of your family?" said mamma.

They were living in Brooklyn, Mr. Fannow told her—his mother, and brother, and married sister—and they would be delighted to meet mamma. We parted with cordial invitations on both sides.

"Mummie, you ought to be put in a novel—such a romance," said Delle. "S'posing Mrs. Fannow had died, and papa had died when we were all infants; then Colonel Fannow and you might have met and got married—wouldn't that have been nice?"

"Nice! *Very!*" said I. "For the sake of that novel of yours—which you'll never write if you don't revise your intellectuals—nice! to have had us all made orphans. You must prize papa, to be wishing for another one in his place."

"Papa's a king. But we might have had to be the other man's children, if it hadn't been for mummie."

After which original and brilliant observation, we were advised by the subject of our discussion to retire to our respective occupations.

Spring came on apace. Brother Hess came home from school—Russel for a short vacation from Chicago. Mildred's "intended" was on hand, and as our acquaintance with the Fannows had progressed, we joined forces, and went to our favorite resort down on the New Jersey coast. One day was appointed for a visit to an old light-house. We rowed a mile to the point, climbed a half mile of sand and rock, and another altitude of one hundred and fifty feet, and found ourselves at the top of the crumbling old tower.

I could never remember just how it happened, but the spiral steps leading to what had once formed the great, bright beacon, were tottering and worn in places, and great care was required in the ascent. I was what old ladies call "spry," and my agility had made me heedless, I suppose, for I lost foothold and fell, striking myself in the descent, to a landing below. I thought I was only bruised and stunned, but in attempting to move, a sickening pain shot through one of my arms, and I became unconscious. Neal Fannow had been assisting me, and frequently extending his hand, which I in my willfulness as constantly waved off. We were the last in the ascent—for Neal had kept me loitering, as he was apt to do—and we had not left our resting-place on the rocks below, until the others had been gone long enough to reach the top. I heard Neal's exclamation, "She has fallen," and the next instant he was gathering me in his arms and looking into my eyes with a pain beyond my own suffering in his own. Then, for the first time, I knew Neal Fannow loved me—that certain things, which had rather puzzled me for a few weeks, were made plain. But the pleasure I felt at such a discovery could not counteract the effect of the physical suffering I was undergoing, and I fainted as he lifted me. I awoke to sensibility on the top of the light-house, the wind blowing wildly about

me, and all with shocked faces watching over me. I said:

"Don't look as though you'd heard the last trump. What's the matter with my arm?"

They told me it was broken.

"I suppose we shouldn't be as likely to find a professional surgeon among the feathered inhabitants of this cheerful dwelling as a professional singer, so hadn't we better go home?"

Neal carried me down to the beach, and I managed to divert my companions by a repetition of my first weakness twice before we had reached home. My arm was "set," and I became convalescent as rapidly and decidedly as a healthy young person is apt to.

Neal sat by me for the first time after the accident. He took the hand that wore the ring he had found, and said:

"Agatha, do you know you are very much like your mother?"

"Do you think so?" I exclaimed in surprise. "Nobody ever said so before. Mamma is so good and patient; I fear I can never resemble her in those particulars."

"But you know you look like her, and have the same warmth of temperament and generosity. The patience will grow," he added, smiling.

I felt a little uncertain about the "properness" of his holding my hand, calling me "Agatha," (though he *did* speak the name in a sweeter tone than I had ever heard it before,) and talking in that admiring style. I flushed slightly and tried to withdraw my hand. He held it, however, and said:

"Don't, please. Listen. My father once said to me when he told me of his friendship for your mother, 'Adele Ward was an exceptionally sweet woman. If you succeed, Neal, in getting a wife half as good, you will be a fortunate man.' Now Agatha—you love me, do you not, dear one?" and as I raised my eyes with what must have been full assent in them, to his, he bent and kissed me. "I wish so much at this moment that my father was living—how happy would it make him, could he know I have won the child of her he loved and lost so long ago."

"But Neal, we are all vixens compared to mamma, and I am one of the worst."

"Should I believe your own erroneous assertion, and conclude that you were the most spiteful of little shrews, I fear I should still love you, my own—love you, my darling."

IT is easy to pick holes in other people's work, but it is far more profitable to do better work yourself. Is there a fool in all the world who cannot criticise? Those who can themselves do good service are but as one to a thousand compared with those who can see faults in the labor of others.

THE OLD CHURCH-BELL

BY ROCKWOOD.

A hundred years have passed away,
A century has fled and gone,
Since yonder tower so tall and gray
Was pointed towards the sun.

A hundred years! and that loud bell
Above the world has solemn hung;
And daily over hill and vale
Its varied tones have rung.

O what a record it has kept
Of life's tumultuous, troubled wave!
When mortals joyed and when they wept,
The marriage and the grave!

To-day its voice rings through the vale,
Its echoes on the mountains dwell;
To-morrow, and with solemn wail,
Its doleful accents swell.

'Tis morn, and with the early light
The peal on peal so merrily
Starts up the sleepers of the night,
To freedom's jubilee.

'Tis night, and every sleeper starts;
Its larum on the rushing gale
Strikes terror to the boldest hearts,
And turns the stoutest pale.

The ship at sea in peril dire,
Tossed by the angry waves and wind,
The horrors of a night of fire,
Rush on the frighted mind.

How often when that bell has struck,
Amid the bustle of the day,
The thronging streets have paused to look,
And children stopped their play,

And wondered if another death,
A marriage, or a funeral,
A larum note, or glory's breath,
Its onward stroke would tell.

And if a death, as on its tone,
Measured and telegraphic, jars,
Fancy inquires what soul has gone
Among the quiet stars.

Quickly the sick are all thought o'er,
And on, on tolls the solemn knell.
Perchance a rich man is no more,
Perchance a stranger fell.

Perhaps a mother or a sire,
Perhaps an infant smiled and died;
A young man full of noble fire,
A bridegroom or a bride.

Thus rings that old and solemn bell;
Thus has it rung a hundred years;
Thus will it ring its chime and knell
In gladness and in tears.

PEOPLE are commonly so employed in pointing out faults in those before them as to forget that some one behind may at the same time be descanting on their own.

Work Department.

FIG. 1.—CHATELAINE BAG.

Crimson velvet, ornamented with pale blue embroidery, edged with gold cordonnet. The small cable cord bordering the bag is also gold. The appliqué on which the initials are embroidered is blue satin. The lining matches the appliqué. The back of the bag is plain velvet.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

FIGS. 2 AND 3.—FANS.

Fig. 2.—Fan, hand painted upon écru-colored silk, and mounted in ebony.

Fig. 3.—Fan embroidered in colors upon old gold-colored satin, and mounted in ebony and gilt.

FIGS. 4, 5, 6, AND 7.—TABLE CLOTH (JAVA CANVAS).

The material for this table cloth is coarse Java canvas, and the embroidery is worked with brown crewels and white filoselle. A portion of the valance is given in Fig. 5, and the manner of making the fringe also shown. Fig. 6 gives a quarter of the centre, full working size, while the border, with corner inclosing the centre, is given in Fig. 7. The various fancy stitches used in the embroidery are clearly indicated in the various illustrations.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

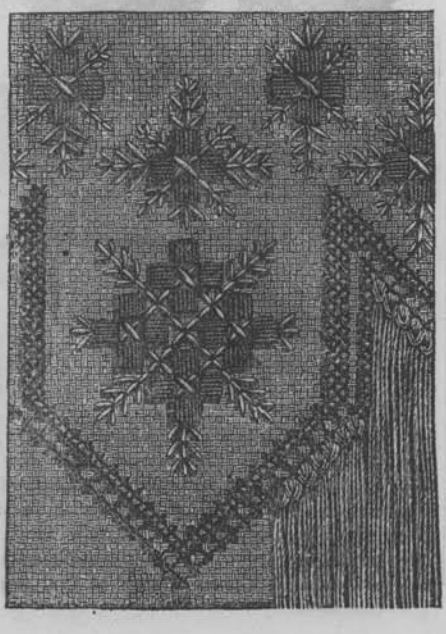


Fig. 6.

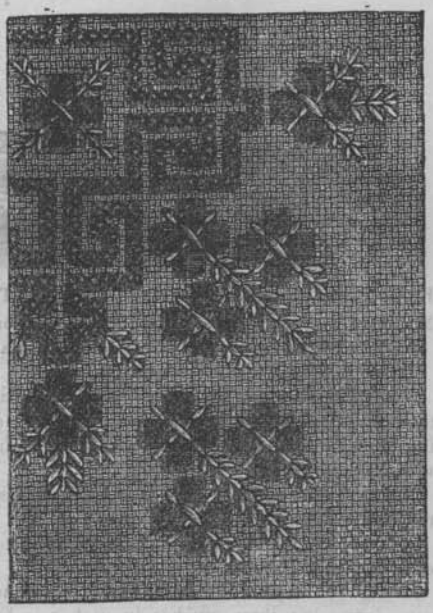


Fig. 7.

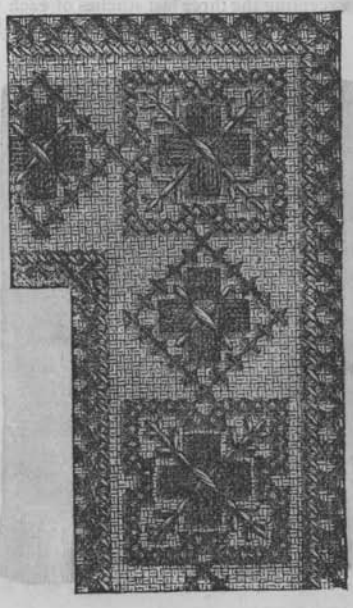
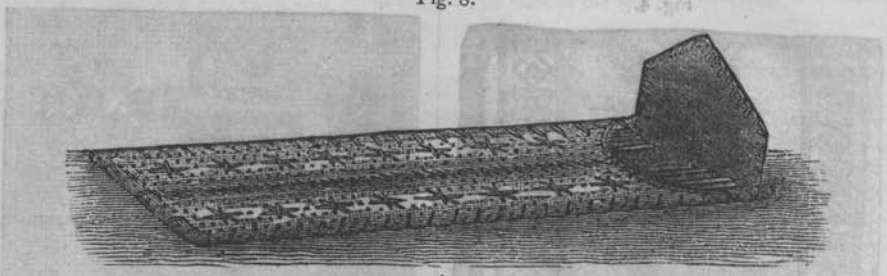


FIG. 8.—NEEDLE CASE (PERFORATED CARDBOARD).

This case is a small trifle, likely to sell well at a bazaar. It is made of silver canvas, worked with stars of crimson silk. It opens in the centre, being lined with flannel leaves. The flap is in the form of an envelope cover.

Fig. 8.



FIGS. 9, 10, 11, AND 12.—TIDY; CROCHET.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: Écru and crimson crochet cotton, or two or more colors of Andalusian wool, and a crochet-hook No. 16.

The finished tidy is shown in Fig. 9 in miniature, and is worked in the design shown in illustration Fig. 10. Commence with three chain with scarlet cotton.

1st row: One double into each stitch of last row, three chain, turn.

2d row: One double into each chain, and into each double of last row, three chain, turn.

The 3d to the 9th rows are worked in the same way, increasing three stitches in each row by working three chain after the doubles until there are thirty stitches.

10th row: With écru cotton, one double into each stitch.

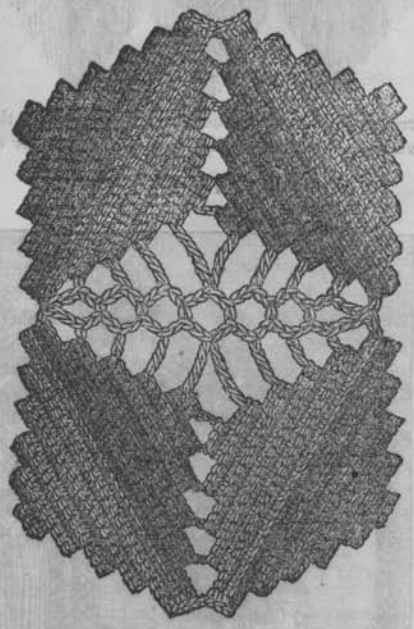
11th and following rows: One double into each stitch excepting the three last stitches of each row, which remain unworked, so as to decrease in the proportion you increased.

Work another diamond like the first, join to the end of each row (see design) by working one single into the end stitch when working the corresponding stitch on next diamond.

To join four diamonds together, work one double into the end stitch of centre row, three chain, one double into end stitch of next row, three chain, one treble into end stitch of next row, three chain, one double treble into end stitch of next row, three chain, one triple treble into end stitch of next row, one triple treble into the end stitch on first row of next diamond, three chain, one double treble into end stitch of next row.

Fig. 9.

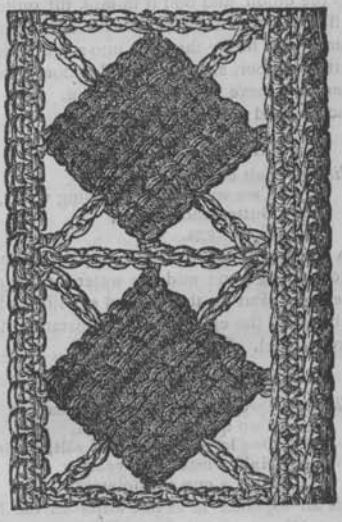
Fig. 10.



three chain, one treble into end stitch of next row, three chain, one double into end stitch of next row, three chain, one double into end stitch of next row.

Work a similar row on two other diamonds, join to the first by working one single into second of three chain, when working corresponding chain in the second row.

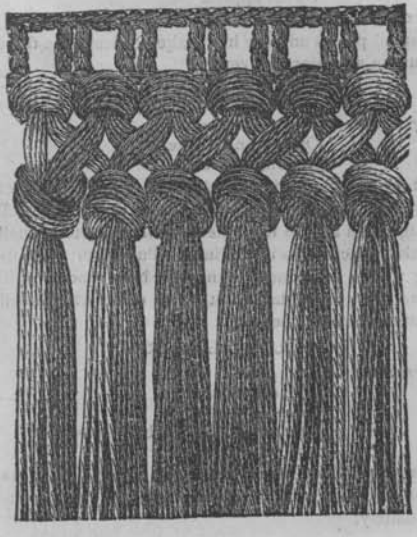
Fig. 11.



The plan of arranging the patterns is shown in illustration Fig. 9; they may be joined on the wrong side with a crochet hook and double-stitches, or with a needle and cotton.

For the border, shown in Fig. 11, work squares

Fig. 12.



with scarlet cotton as follows: eight chain, one double into each stitch, work eight rows.

To join the squares work:

1st row: With écru cotton, one double into a point of square, five chain, one double treble into the fifth stitch at the side, keep the top loop on the hook, take another square, and work a triple treble into the opposite points of first and second square together (see design), keep the top loop on the hook, one double treble into fourth stitch at the side of second square, draw through all the loops on the hook together, four chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d and 3d rows: One double into every stitch of preceding row.

4th row: Work with scarlet cotton one double into every stitch.

On the other side of square, work the 1st and 2d rows with écru cotton, join the tidy with a needle and cotton.

For the fringe, No. 12, which finishes the ends, make with écru cotton a row of chain-stitches the length required.

For the heading, work one treble into each of two successive stitches, two chain, pass over two stitches, and repeat.

For the fringe, take equal lengths of cotton and knot together in clusters of six lengths under each two chain, three clusters of écru and two of scarlet, divide each cluster in half, and knot it together with half the third cluster (see design).

Fig. 13.

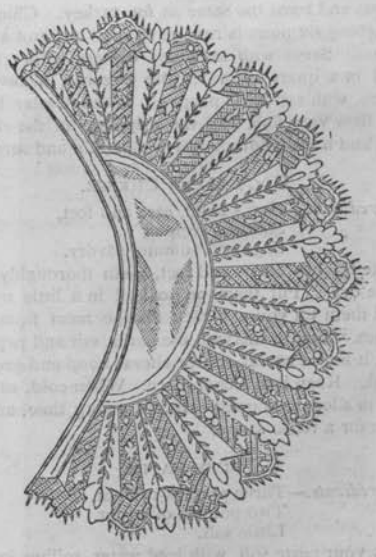


FIG. 13.—CHILD'S COLLAR.

Child's collar, made of linen and trimmed with torchon lace and insertion.

RECIPES.

BEEF SOUP.

Ingredients.—Beef stock,
Three onions,
Butter size of an egg,
Mace, pepper and salt,
Three carrots and turnips,
Stalk of celery,
One pint of string beans,
One pint of green peas,

Put the butter into your soup kettle and stir till melted, cut the onions and fry brown, add three quarts of beef stock, spices; let this boil one hour. Then add the vegetables and boil two hours. If not a bright, clear color when strained, add a little soy. This is a nice soup for summer.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Ingredients.—Knuckle of veal,
Macaroni,
One onion,
Two large turnips,
Two carrots,
Pepper and salt,
Yolks of three eggs,
Three spoonfuls of cream.

Boil the veal and vegetables in six quarts of water for six hours. Beat the yolks of the eggs and cream together and put into the tureen, then strain the soup through a sieve on to it, beating the whole very hard.

ROAST CHICKENS.

Ingredients.—(For gravy.)
Gizzard, neck and liver,
Pepper and salt,
A little flour.

Dress and roast the same as for turkey. Chickens weighing six pounds require to roast one and a half hours. Serve with scalloped oysters. For gravy, boil in a quart of water the gizzards, necks and livers, with salt and pepper. When tender braid the liver very fine, add the drippings of the chickens and a little flour. Stir well, strain and serve.

HOG'S HEAD CHEESE.

Ingredients.—Hog's head, ears and feet,
Salt and pepper,
Sage and summer savory.

Take the head, ears and feet, clean thoroughly and wipe dry. Put them on to boil in a little water, boil them till you can pick all the meat from the bones. Season this with the herbs, salt and pepper. Put it into a round dish or cheese hoop and press it solid. Keep it in a cool place. When cold, can be cut in slices as wanted. Keeps a long time, and is nice for a relish at tea.

PUFF PASTE.

Ingredients.—Three pounds of flour,
Two pounds of butter,
Little salt.

Mix your paste soft, with iced water, rolling in the butter, part at a time, as the weather permits. Mix with a silver knife, and do not touch with the hands any more than is necessary.

BREAD SAUCE FOR PARTRIDGES.

Ingredients.—One onion,
Milk,
Stale bread crumbs,
Two ounces of butter,
Pepper, salt and mace.

Cut up the onion, and boil it in milk till quite soft, strain the milk into a cup of stale bread crumbs, and let it stand one hour; then put into a saucepan with the butter, pepper, salt, mace and onion. Boil all together, and serve in a sauce tureen. This sauce can also be used with grouse.

SALT FISH WITH EGGS.

Ingredients.—Salt cod-fish,
Two spoonfuls of boiling water,
Butter and pepper,
Four eggs.

Take a piece of tender cod-fish, pick it up fine and put into a frying pan; add the water, butter and a little pepper. Put on the fire and stir till the butter melts, break in the eggs, stirring constantly till the eggs are cooked. Serve very hot.

YANKEE BROWN BREAD.

Ingredients.—Two quarts of Indian meal,
Two quarts of rye meal,
One large spoonful of salt,
Half a teacup of yeast,
Half a cup of molasses.

Mix this all together in as hot water as the hands can bear. Wet the hands in cold water and put the mixture in deep pans well buttered; let it rise one hour. Bake in a hot oven four or five hours.

SWEET APPLE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One quart of scalded milk,
Half pint of Indian meal,
Cup of molasses,
Spoonful of salt,
Sweet apples.

Mix these all together, and cut the apples (pared) in small pieces and stir in. Bake not less than three hours in a moderate oven.

SUET DUMPLINGS.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of flour,
One pound of beef suet,
Spoonful of salt.

Sift the flour, and put in the salt—mince the suet very fine, and rub it into the flour, making a stiff dough with a little ice water. Roll it out an inch thick, and cut into dumplings. Put them in boiling water, and cook them one hour and a half. Send them to the table hot, to be eaten with boiled mutton or roast beef.

ROLL JELLY CAKE.

Ingredients.—Four eggs,
One cup of sugar,
One cup of flour,
One teaspoonful of baking powder,
A pinch of salt,

Mix all well together and roll out on long tins. As soon as baked, spread over any jelly and roll up immediately.

Quaking Plum Pudding.

Ingredients.—Slices of stale bread,
Five eggs,
Raisins,
Butter,
One quart of milk.

Spread the bread with butter; lay in the pudding-dish in layers, putting raisins between; fill the dish to within an inch of the top; then beat the eggs, mix in the milk, and pour over the bread; add spice, a little salt, and small bits of butter. Bake about half an hour and serve with sauce.

Charlotte Russe.

Ingredients.—One ounce of gelatine,
One cup of milk,
Yolks of twelve eggs,
One pound of sugar,
One pint of cream.

Dissolve the gelatine in the milk; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together, whip to a froth the cream, also the whites of the eggs. Strain the gelatine into the yolks, add the cream, then the whites of eggs, beat together. Flavor with vanilla; set it on the ice to stiffen. Line the mould with lady-finger sponge-cakes, turn in the cream, set it on the ice for several hours before serving.

Prince of Wales Pudding.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of fresh butter,
Half a pound of powdered sugar,
Five eggs,
Quarter of a pound of cinnamon cut fine,
One pound of flour,
Half a pound of raisins.

Beat to a cream the butter and sugar. Beat the eggs, first the yolks and then the whites. Mix together all these ingredients, adding the flour to the butter and eggs very gradually. Stir in the raisins last. Tie the whole up in a thick pudding cloth, and boil three hours. Serve with sweet sauce.

Snow Pudding.

Ingredients.—One ounce of gelatine,
Three eggs,
One and a half pints of milk,
Three lemons,
Half pound of powdered sugar.

Soak one ounce of gelatine in one pint of cold water for an hour. Put it over the fire until wholly dissolved. When nearly cold, beat it to a stiff froth with an egg beater. Beat the white of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add to the gelatine with the sugar and juice of the lemons. Beat all well together, and put into a mould wet with the white of egg. With the milk, yolks of eggs, and sugar, and flavoring to taste, make a soft custard, and pour over the mould when taken out.

Stewed Oysters.

Ingredients.—Fifty oysters,
One pint of cream,
Two ounces of butter,
A very little flour.

Put the oysters, after straining, into a saucepan, and set over a hot fire. Beat the butter and flour together and add to them as soon as hot, with the cream. Let them come to a boil and serve immediately. Season to taste.

Oatmeal with Juice of Fresh Beef.

Ingredients.—Liquor in which beef has been boiled.
Oatmeal.

Carefully skim off the fat from the liquor. Brown some oatmeal in a pan, pour it into the liquor when boiling hot and stir it carefully. If too thick add a little more liquor if too thin a little more meal.

Pudding Sauce.

Ingredients.—One pint of sugar,
Tablespoonful of vinegar,
Butter size of egg,
Tablespoonful of rosewater,
Nutmeg,
One pint of water,
Tablespoonful of flour.

Boil the sugar and water for fifteen minutes, add vinegar, butter, and flour mixed with the rose-water, lastly nutmeg.

English Potato Balls.

Ingredients.—Potatoes,
Salt,
Pepper,
One ounce of butter to a pound of potatoes,
Cream—two tablespoonfuls to a pound of vermicelli or macaroni.

Boil some potatoes very dry. Mash them very smooth, and season with salt and pepper; add the butter and cream. When a little cool roll into balls and sprinkle over them either macaroni or vermicelli, powdered. Fry a light brown.

Apple Short Cake.

Ingredients.—One quart of sifted flour,
Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
Half a teaspoonful of salt,
Quarter of a pound of butter,
Sweet milk or cream enough to make a stiff batter.

Mix all well together. Roll out in one sheet. Bake it well; as soon as baked split the cake open, spread quickly with butter, cover with well-seasoned apple sauce, some cream and nutmeg. Place the other half of the cake on this with the crust side down. Butter the top and add the apple sauce and cream. Serve hot as possible.

French Tomato Sauce.

Ingredients.—Ten tomatoes,
Four onions, sliced,
Parsley,
Thyme,
One clove,
Quarter of a pound of butter.

Put all together in a saucepan, set on the fire. Stir occasionally for three quarters of an hour. Strain the sauce through a sieve, and serve with beef or mutton.

Potato Cakes.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of butter,
Three ounces of potato flour,
Four ounces of powdered loaf sugar,
One egg,
One tablespoonful of cream,
Two tablespoonfuls of raisins,
Two tablespoonfuls of currants.

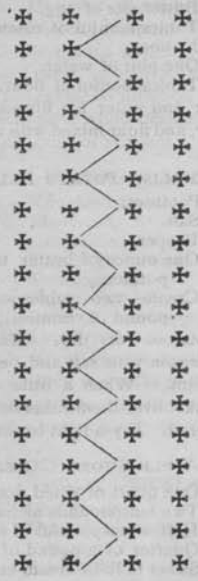
Beat the butter to a cream with the sugar; add the egg, well beaten. Chop the raisins very fine; beat all the ingredients well together, till very light. Bake fifteen minutes in small buttered tins. Eaten hot with butter, or cold without butter.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

CORKSCREW PUZZLE.

The points of the corkscrew, reading from the top to the bottom, indicate the letters which form the name of an annual festival devoted to fun and sentiment.



The first word means to throw; the second is an important part of a ship; the third is what the ship sails on; the fourth is a woman's name; the fifth is to tax; the sixth is a part of the day; the seventh is a measure of paper; the eighth is a woman's name; the ninth is a vegetable; the tenth means immediately; the eleventh is enmity; the twelfth is our best possession; the thirteenth is a woman's name; the fourteenth is to gather; the fifteenth is peace; the sixteenth was its blest abode; the seventeenth means not strong; and the last is a novice.

A GEOGRAPHICAL ELLIPSIS.

— — D — —
— — D — —
— — D — —
— — D — —
— — D — —

Supply the omissions in the above, and find:

A city of Italy, once famous as the seat of science and learning.

The backbone of the continent of America.

A great river of Asia.

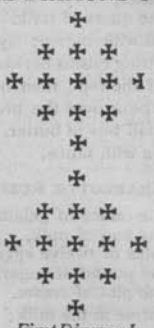
A town of France, which saw the death of a dynasty.

A famous European bathing place.

NAME PUZZLE.

Find the names of five little girls, each of which is composed of five letters, and the initial letters of which will compose the name of another little girl.

DOUBLE-DIAMOND PUZZLE.



First Diamond.

The first is found in sweets.
The second is a measure of sweets.
The third is sweetness itself.
The fourth is treacherously sweet.
The fifth is always in sugar.

Second Diamond.

The first is the very first of preserves.
The second is often the result of preserves.
The third are often preserved.
The fourth is a sweet girl who eats preserves.
The fifth ends preserves.
The whole forms a sweetmeat.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

The first is in save, but not in kill.
The second is in poster, but not in bill,
The third is in catch, but not in hold.
The fourth in brave, but not in bold.
The fifth in construct, but not in build.
The sixth in paint, but not in gild.
The seventh in pigeon, but not in dove.
The eighth in hand, but not in glove.
The ninth in false, but not in true.
The tenth in scarlet, but not in blue.
The eleventh in priest, but not in pope.
The twelfth in twine, but not in rope.
The thirteenth in parcel, but not in trunk.
The fourteenth in bed, but not in bunk.
The last is in state, but not in nation.
The whole is a glorious combination.

RIDDLE.

I have four letters in my name,
With one less I would sound the same;
When all complete I'm exceeding small,
But when shortened I may be tall.
Entire, I can only buz and bite,
But when diminished, I read and write,
Being a man whose true name is long,
And hates to hear my whole sing his song.

TRANSFORMATION.

I am a very graceful tree. Prefix but a single letter, and I am a grievous wound. Alter this head and I am very much cut up; change this initial, and I express the labor of the heathen Chinee; and when changed again, I am a most agreeable possession.

GAMES.

QUEER CORNERS.

This game may be recognized by many as an old friend in a new dress, but it will be in many cases approved as an improvement upon the well-known Blind Man's Buff, as being less dangerous both to the furniture of the room, and to the players who engage in that boisterous entertainment. The person who is chosen to begin the game takes his stand in the middle of the room, and is securely blindfolded. The rest of the players silently retreat into corners, or find situations of fancied security under tables or behind chairs. By the rules of the game, they must maintain these situations without moving, and at a given signal Buff commences his rounds. If blindfolded Buff finds any of his comrades in these Queer Corners, he may take any means to ascertain their identity, and when he pronounces the right name, that person must take his place and assume the duties of the Blind-Buff. It will readily be seen that this game is much less dangerous than the original Blind Man's Buff.

DON'T FOLLOW YOUR LEADER!

This game is especially suited to the entertainment of small children, but as a "catch" game often proves unexpectedly amusing among a circle of friends of mixed ages, where the inattention of the elder members will bring upon them the unexpected punishment of abundant forfeits. A table-cover, a large towel, sheet, cloak, or even a handkerchief, is all that is required. Each of the players must stand so as to take hold of this article, while the Leader of the game stands alone at a little distance. He may make some absurd introductory speech, as if assuming the character of a magician, and then in pompous manner pronounce the mandate: "Hold fast." At this order all those acquainted with the game promptly loosen their grasp. If he orders: "Let go!" they of course, hold fast, as the order goes by contraries, and those who blunder in this respect are immediately subjected to the penalties of forfeits.

BEASTS AND BIRDS.

This game is intended for young children, but may serve as an entertainment for the family circle, as the penalties are exacted upon inattention, which may occur to the old as well as to the young.

The players, with the exception of the Leader, all stand around a table, and rest the fore-finger of the right hand upon its surface. The Leader takes his stand outside the circle and exclaims: "Fly-away! Robin!" "Fly-away! Buffalo!" "Fly-away! Eagle!" "Fly-away! Salmon!" He exercises his ingenuity in bewildering his playmates, and those who raise their fingers at the mention of some object which cannot fly are subjected to the penalty of a forfeit. Much merriment is caused when the elephants, rhinoceroses, and camels all soar up, and then, convinced of this error, the same fingers remain steadily in place when the eagles and crows are commanded to fly. Young and old are alike confused if the orders are given rapidly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

Answer to Maltese Cross.

N A N
M A A D
A A
A N A
A A
M A A D
P A P

Answer to Name Puzzle.

B E L L A
C E L I A
E L L E N
H E L E N
J U L I A

Answer to Geographical Ladder.

T B
H a c h A
E T
E g y p T
I L
G a s p E
H O
T a r i F
H N
O n o r E
F W
J e d d O
A R
N a t a L
U E
A c c r A
R N
Y p r e S

Charades.

No. 1. Fare-well. No. 2. Tea-table. No. 3. Bar-gain.

Decapitations.

1. Stone, tone, one. 2. Brace, race, ace.
3. Charm, harm, arm. 4. Spark, park, ark.

Word Squares.

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
O P A L	R I N G	V A S E
P I N E	I D E A	A R I D
A N N A	N E A T	S I D E
L E A K	G A T E	E D E N

Diamond Puzzle.

B
C U E
B U G L E
E L M
E

LITERARY NOTICES.

From LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston:—

THE VAGABONDS, by J. T. Trowbridge, with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley.

Both the poem and the artist are too well known to need commendation, but the little volume before us is beautifully printed, upon heavy paper, and handsomely bound. It will make a most appropriate gift book for the holiday season.

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS ON WOOD ENGRAVING, for the instruction of reviewers and the public, by W. J. Linton.

The best notice of the purpose of this book is given in the author's own language. He says: "The object of the following treatise is to help the general public towards some accuracy of judgment as to what is good and what bad in Engraving on Wood. What is said may also have an interest and be of advantage to engravers." The chapters are devoted to descriptions and criticisms of various styles of engraving, and the examples given are clearly printed upon heavy paper.

THE ISLAND OF CAPRI, by Ferdinand Gregorovius; translated from the German by Lilian Clarke.

The translator tells us that the little book, describing one summer spent on the Island of Capri, is a chapter from a charming work called "Wanderjahre in Italien." It is a prose poem that will be heartily enjoyed by all who love to wander in imagination or memory, through the sunny land so vividly described.

THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH (The Pilgrim Fathers), by Felicia Hemans, with designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey, engraved by Andrew.

A small volume of exquisite illustrations of Mrs. Hemans' well known hymn, beautifully bound.

CASTLE FOAM, or the Heir to Meerschaum, by H. W. French.

A novel of Russian life, written in pleasing style, and with interesting plot and incidents.

—

From ROBERTS BROTHERS, Boston:—

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MRS. DELANEY. Revised from Lady Llanover's edition, and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey.

Mrs. Delaney's long life extended over nearly a century, and through the reigns of three English monarchs, and the volumes containing her life and letters are full of interest. Written in the quaint style of the last century, they give a private history of court life and vivid descriptions of the leading events of the times.

—

From S. W. TILTON & Co., Boston:—

ART NEEDLEWORK, No. 3. More stitches for decorative embroidery; containing, the Holbein, Prento Tirato (drawn work), Vienna Cross-stitch, Double Platt Stitch, and Cordonnet, and eighty illustrations and patterns, by Lucretia P. Hale.

—

From HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., Boston:—

DRAMATIC PERSONS AND MOODS, with other new poems, by Mrs. Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

A volume of verses with the true poetic ring, delicate in sentiment and most gracefully written.

OUR ARM CHAIR.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE do not answer correspondents through the BOOK. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

—

Mr. Darley's great genius for illustrating the most beautiful passages of the works of great authors, has been long known, and needs no comment to our readers. Already they have the exquisite set of designs for the "Waverly Novels," and this month we give an illustration of Longfellow's "Evangeline," one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, and whose spirit is happily conveyed in the picture. The love story that had so mournful an ending, opened happily, and there is no prophetic cloud upon the faces of the lovers standing with clasped hands and united hearts in the window seat, while the elders discuss their future life.

The mammoth colored fashion plate gives to our readers the latest styles of dress in Europe and New York, and in addition they will find the usual pages of patterns for all articles new and beautiful for the adornment of fair faces and graceful figures. There was never a time when fashion's devices were more numerous, and every style of beauty can find that to-be-desired article which "exactly suits" in the variety from which our readers can make their monthly selection.

The music, Dublin Bay, is a sprightly song, that will please all lovers of music.

Christian Reid's charming heroine, with her bewitching beauty and bright conversation, must have won our readers' interest, and her "fortune" will be followed in this number through several captivating pages. "The Rosebud Garden of Girls" is continued, Delphine being the heroine of the pages given in this number. The literary matter comprises the names of the most popular writers of the day: Augusta De Bubna, Ella Rodman Church, Marian Garwood, Esther Serle Kenneth, and others who contribute stories and poems.

In the Work Department will be found several novelties, inviting busy brains and active fingers to reproduce their beauties. We are constantly receiving letters thanking us for the beauty added to homes and rooms by this department of the LADY'S BOOK.

In the Home Adornment will be found directions for the manufacture of a book-case and desk, which, at trifling expense, gives an article of beauty and usefulness to any home.

The diagram page is a pattern for an ulster for a child nine years old. There has never been a winter wrap so universally popular as this most convenient ulster. Perfectly comfortable, warm, and stylish, it combines all that is desirable in an out-door garment, and gentlemen, ladies, and children wear them in every variety and color of winter fabric. They are especially adapted to children's wear, as they are warm and a perfect protection, without muffling the limbs or preventing entire freedom of action.

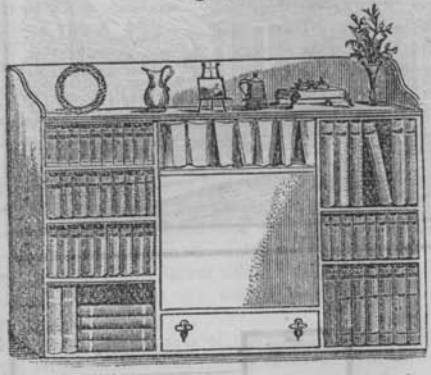
Our recipes, games, puzzles, architecture, and other departments, will be found full of attraction this month.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

Though the present quaint style of house furnishing has caused many queer old chairs, tables, etc., to descend from garrets and corners where they had been stored for years, the old-fashioned book-cases or "secretaries" are rarely to be found among these relics of the olden time, as the modern ones are generally more convenient and ornamental; and, in using them, it is not found necessary to call for a step ladder when a book from the top shelf is required. In this article, design No. 1 represents a combination book-case, etagére and writing-desk, which can be easily manufactured by an amateur carpenter, and decorated with its little curtain and leather strips by "the lady of the house."

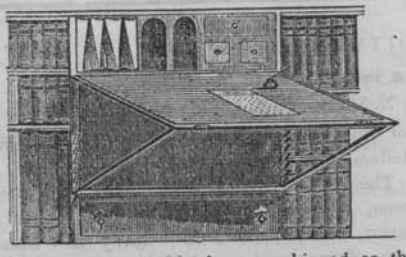
Fig. 1.



Ash is very handsome wood for the purpose, but common white pine, if well seasoned, will answer very well. If the latter is used, the book-case, when all put together, should receive two coats of linseed oil, allowing each coat to dry in thoroughly, and then be finished by a thin coat of shellac. Shellac dissolves readily in alcohol, and makes a fine delicate varnish, which is very generally used by cabinet makers in finishing nice wood-work.

The book-case should be 6 ft. long, 4½ ft. high, the shelves 1 inch thick, the sides 1 ft. deep. The back and side pieces should be made of thicker wood, to bear the strain of the shelves when the books are put on them. Just below the top shelf, in the middle of the book-case, "pigeon-holes" and little drawers form convenient receptacles for ink and paper, while below this division a hanging door makes a closet, and also when raised, (as shown in Fig. 2,) a writing-desk.

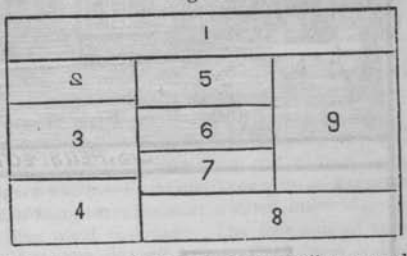
Fig. 2.



The supports of this door are hinged, so they fold back (and are held in place by little catches) when the door is let down. A narrow curtain, which is hung by tiny brass rings on a wire and so slides easily, conceals the pigeon-holes and drawers when the desk is not in use. This curtain should match the wood in color, and be ornamented with some contrasting color which will accord with the prevailing hue of the furniture of the room. If ash or pine wood is used, the curtain may be made of fine crash with a double row of fine "feather stitching" of red, blue or green, one inch above the lower edge. If walnut is used for the book-case, the curtain may be made of brown Turkish toweling with a pin-edge of Turkey red. Below the desk a drawer is convenient for manuscripts or work, and the long shelf at the top of the book-case is a good place to show some of your pretty bits of china or ornaments of any kind.

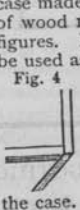
On this shelf lay a strip of velvet wall paper of a rich garnet color, and tack another on the back, then when your plates, vases, cups, etc., are placed on the shelf, this sets them off surprisingly. The strips of leather which hang over the books from the shelves protect them from dust. These should be of red, green, blue, or black morocco or kid; about 1½ inches wide, pinked on the edges. A

Fig. 3.



pinking iron can be bought for a small sum, and is often useful in a house for finishing the edges of cloth table-covers and various other things. Have a smooth block of oak, place it on something solid, lay a piece of thick wrapping paper on the block, then the strip of leather or whatever you wish to pink—hold the iron perpendicularly, and by one quick and strong blow with a hammer, a nice clearly cut scallop will be made. For persons who are obliged to move frequently, a convenient book-case can be made by piling boxes of different sizes, one above another. In these the books can be kept permanently, and when they have to be moved each box carried separately and set up again in its new place—thus preventing injury to the books by unnecessary handling. Sketch No. 3 shows such a case made of nine boxes, each 12 inches deep and of wood 1 inch thick, placed as indicated by the figures. Number 9 may have a hanging door, and be used as closet and writing desk like the central division of design No. 1. When the boxes are in position, they are held firmly in place by strips of wood passing over top and sides and spliced at the corners, as shown by No. 4. These can easily be taken off when it is necessary to move the case.

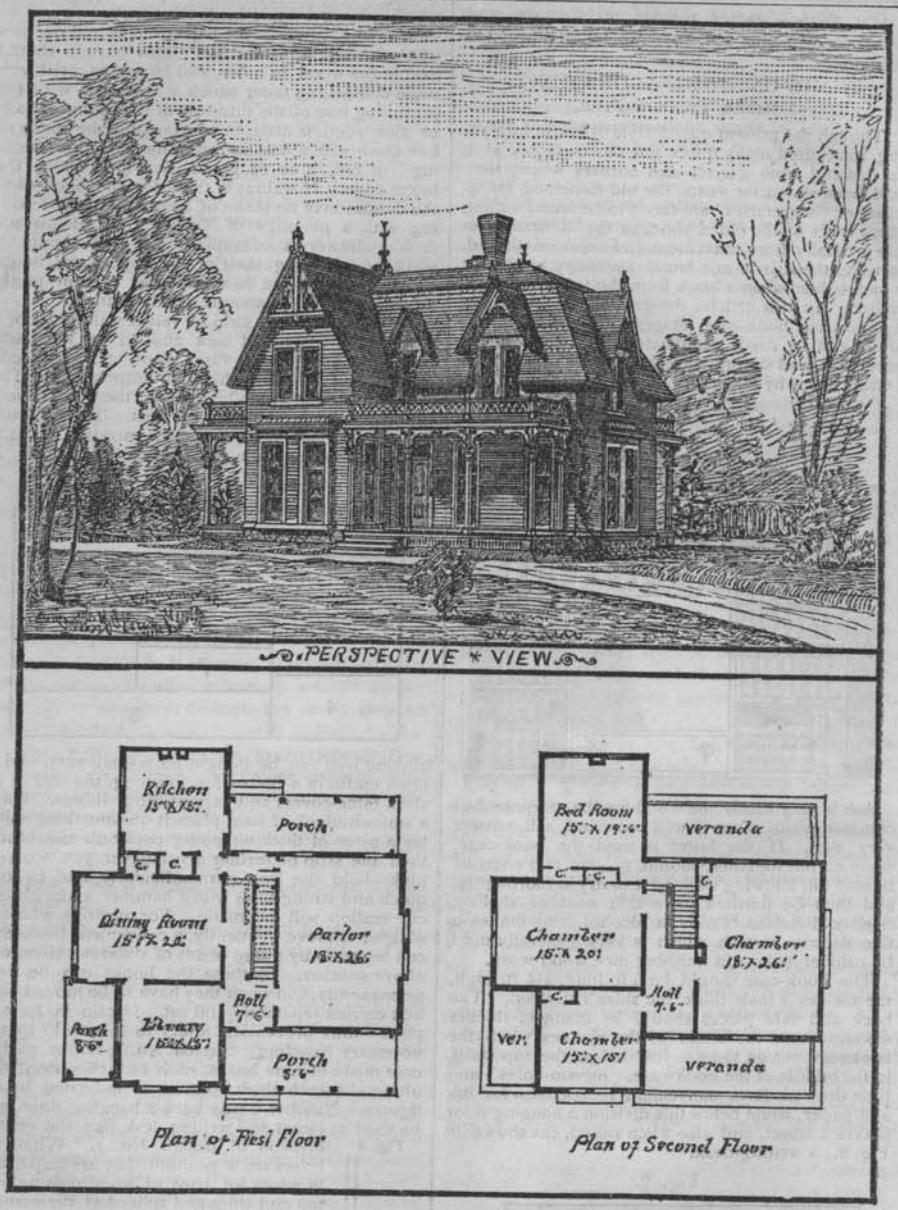
Fig. 4



E. B. C.

"Twenty-four years past the GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK has been a monthly visitor, and I cannot give it up. MRS. D. E. ALLEN,

"Portland, Michigan."



GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects, 520 Walnut St., formerly 804 N. 8th St., Philadelphia.

The above design is for a one-story Gothic cottage; it was designed for and built by N. G. Collins, San Diego, Texas. The building can be built for $2,000, of frame weather-board, in good style, and contain all modern conveniences, ample chambers, ventilated, heated, and gas pipes included. We are enabled by a new process to send to any address, drawings in full for this house, without alterations, for fifteen dollars, including specifications.

The first story contains a 7 ft. 6 in. hall; sitting-room, 15x15 ft, 3 in.; dining-room, 15x22 ft.; parlor, 18x26; kitchen, 15x15 ft. Second story, four chambers of large and comfortable dimensions.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application 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, envelopes, 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.

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.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the LADY'S BOOK have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editress does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

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

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dinner dress of two shades of blue silk; the underskirt is of pale blue, with bouquets embroidered upon it, the edge trimmed with pleatings and leaves of the darker shade of silk. Overdress and panier basque of the darker silk trimmed with fringe and vest of the lighter silk, embroidered to correspond with underskirt.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of plain white silk, and satin, brocaded with pink roses and leaves. The underskirt is of the plain silk trimmed up the front and around the edge with alternate pleatings of pink silk, and rows of Mechlin lace. The overdress and bodice are of the satin trimmed with lace and satin ribbon bows. The bodice is pointed, cut square at the neck, and elbow sleeves. White satin fan hand painted to match dress. Pink roses trimming front of dress, and arranged in hair.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of navy blue cloth, made with two skirts, trimmed with satin striped in cashmere colors; two bands trim the front of skirt, one the underskirt, and one the overskirt in back. Jacket bodice with vest underneath, and two bands trimming the front of jacket, the sleeves are trimmed to correspond. Velvet bonnet to match the dress, trimmed with satin, feathers and gay colored flowers.

Fig. 4.—Carriage dress of two shades of olive green silk; the underskirt is of the light silk trimmed with two knife plaitings, and lengthwise puffs at the sides. The overdress is also of the light, with deep band of darker striped silk and velvet trimming it. Long coat bodice of the same, with vest of white silk, and jabot of lace down the front. Bonnet of the light shade of satin faced with the darker, trimmed with feathers and ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Visiting dress of black silk, and embroidered velvet. The skirts of dress are of the black silk, the edge of lower skirt trimmed with a box plaiting of silk headed with one of the velvet. The front of skirt is puffed, and has a lengthwise plaiting going down the centre, growing smaller towards the plaiting. The overdress falls at the sides from under this, and is trimmed with a band of the velvet. Velvet jacket, with vest and cuffs of the plain velvet and white lace. Black velvet bonnet trimmed with satin and gay colored breast.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of five years, made of gendarme blue cashmere; the underskirt is of the plain trimmed with plaited ruffles, the polonaise of figured. Felt hat of the same color as dress trimmed with velvet.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1 and 2.—Front and back view of walking dress of brown silk and camel's hair; the underskirt is of silk, trimmed with a narrow plaiting around the edge of skirt, and plaitings forming points above it in front. The overdress is of camel's hair, trimmed with loops of ribbon in front and sides. Jacket of figured cloth, with revers of velvet. Brown velvet and satin bonnet, trimmed with feathers, flowers inside of brim.

Fig. 3.—Fancy cap for young married lady, made of French muslin, and trimmed with plaitings of Breton lace and ribbon bows.

Fig. 4.—Hat of black felt trimmed with shirred satin inside the brim, and satin, long ostrich feather, and wing on outside.

Fig. 5.—Cap made of figured Brussels net, and trimmed with wide Brussels lace and ribbon bows.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Front and back view of dress for child of four years; the skirt is kilted, made of green and blue plaid cashmere. The jacket is of navy blue cloth, with vest and revers of corduroy, velvet on cuffs and pockets.

Fig. 8.—Walking dress of myrtle green cashmere; the underskirt is kilted, the overdress is plaited across the front and trimmed with Pekin satin, the jacket is trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 9.—Walking dress of black silk and damassee the underskirt is of silk kilted, the overdress is partly of silk and partly of damassee in front, entirely of damassee in the back. Jacket made of silk, with vest, cuffs, and collar of the damassee.

Fig. 10.—Bonnet made of figured satin of a dark plum color, trimmed with a long ostrich feather, bird, and satin ribbon bow; the inside of brim is lined with pale blue shirred satin, strings tying in the back under the hair.

Fig. 11.—Walking dress for girl of eleven years, made of navy blue camel's hair with shots of cashmere colors through it. The dress is made in the princess shape, the edge of skirt trimmed with two ruffles. Broad sash of navy blue soft silk, with heavy silk fringe on ends. Hat of écru felt trimmed with navy blue and cashmere colors.

Fig. 12.—Suit for girl of seven years, made of pale blue cashmere; it is gored and trimmed with Russian lace, collar also of the same lace. White felt hat trimmed with blue satin ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 13.—Suit for boy of four years made of black velvet; the skirt is kilted, jacket and vest edged with silk braid. Collar of linen edged with embroidery. Black velvet hat trimmed with a feather.

Fig. 14.—Suit for boy of three years, made of brown cloth; the skirt is kilted, the waist long and

worn with a sash of silk, trimmed on the edge with embroidered muslin, collar and cuffs of the same. Hat of brown felt trimmed with watered ribbon.

Figs. 15 and 17.—Fichu vest made of old gold satin and buttoned over to one side; the open part of neck is filled in with box-pleated ruches of lace or *crepe lisse*. Fig. 17 is the cuff to wear with same, made to match. They can be worn with a black or dark silk dress.

Figs. 16 and 18.—Fig. 16 is cuff to match fichu Fig. 18, which is made of black silk embroidered in gay colors, trimmed with bright colored ribbon bows, and Breton lace plaited.

Fig. 19.—Fan of satin painted and wooden sticks also ornamented; upon the first leaf of the fan, are scissors, needles, cotton, and pins, very useful for excursions where occasion may arise for use of any such articles.

Fig. 20.—Ladies' balmoral skirt made of figured satin to imitate quilting; the front is tightly gored, the back has a deep yoke, and is gathered. The skirt is trimmed with lace, and six rows of braid.

Fig. 21.—Lady's mantle, made of heavy corded silk, trimmed with fringe, lace, ribbon bows, and passementerie.

Fig. 22—Balmoral skirt, made of striped cashmere; it is made double, each piece being pointed and bound with colored braid, the lower one edged with lace. It is finished with a yoke, deeper in front than back.

Fig. 23.—Infant's night dress, made of plaid muslin, laid in box plaits, finished around neck and sleeves with a narrow trimming.

Fig. 24.—Infant's dress, made of nansook muslin, the front *entablier* with rows of insertion, narrow embroidered ruffles down the sides of front and around the bottom of skirt.

Fig. 25.—Infant's bassinett, made of walnut, with quilt made of French muslin, with embroidered border around it and monogram, lined through with blue silk. Curtains of French muslin, lined also with blue silk, and finished all around with insertion and edging of antique lace, looped back with bows of satin ribbon.

Fig. 26.—Infant's flannel skirt, edged with silk embroidered scallop; the waist can be made of linen or flannel.

Fig. 27.—Infant's white muslin skirt, the edge trimmed with lace and bunches of tucks. Linen or muslin waist.

Fig. 28.—Dress for child of three years, made of pearl-color cashmere; the front is shirred all the way up from the two ruffles that trim the edge of skirt; antique lace trims the sides of the front, around the skirt, heading the ruffles, and the sleeves and neck.

Figs. 29 and 30.—Pocket handkerchiefs. Fig. 29 is of cambric, embroidered with blue; the centre one is of grass cloth, ornamented with embroidery, and edged with Breton lace. Fig. 30 is of cambric, embroidered in different colors.

Fig. 31.—Dress for girl of five years, made of figured wool goods; it is made with underskirt and polonaise, trimmed with plaited ruffles.

Fig. 32.—Boy's overcoat, made of gray beaver cloth, edged with silk braid, wood buttons.

Fig. 33.—Lady's silk apron, made with a yoke, the skirt gathered on to this; the skirt is trimmed with two rows of deep fringe; the yoke and sides are embroidered, and it is trimmed with ribbon bows.

Figs. 34 and 35.—Front and back view of cap of white French muslin, trimmed with pleatings of lace, ribbon loops and bows, and band of colored embroidery.

Fig. 36.—The colette fichu; this can be made of either India muslin or embroidered net. It forms a pelerine, trimmed with two lace flounces; the two long ends are knotted in front.

Fig. 37.—Lady's carriage dress, made of garnet-colored silk; the back breadths are plain, a narrow lace coming below the edge; the front breadths are trimmed with five narrow pleatings. Large mantle, trimmed with fringe, and border of feathers. Velvet bonnet of the same color as dress, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 38.—Walking dress of black silk and striped Pekin satin and velvet; the flounces upon the underskirt are alternate plain and striped; the overdress entirely of the striped, trimmed with fringe. Long cloak of embossed satin and velvet, trimmed with fur. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Our diagram pattern is of an ulster for a girl nine years of age, suitable to be made up in plaid or plain cloth, or waterproof. These are the most useful wrap for children, warm and convenient. The pattern consists of six pieces, half of front, back, sleeve, cuff, pocket, and collar.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Never, perhaps, has there been a season when fur-lined garments, and entire fur garments, have been as popular and as much worn as this winter. Sealskin is shown in darker, richer shades this season than ever before, and remains the favorite fur for sacques and cloaks. The sacque is the popular garment, and is very little changed in shape from last season, although a really shorter sacque can be worn than last winter; the usual length is from thirty-seven to forty inches in length. They are of plain sealskin, or are bordered with a band of a different kind of fur.

The long cloaks of sealskin are even more luxurious garments than the sacque just described. They are long enough to reach almost to the edge of the dress skirt, and are shaped very much as many cloth and silk cloaks are, with two or three seams down the back, and dolman effects given on the sides by great sleeve-like pieces that fold over the arms. These garments are almost always bordered with a long fleeced fur border, such as the Argentine fox, the Grecian or the blue lynx, the black martin, and the natural 'coon. There are also beautiful wide borders of the silvery black beaver, with white hairs sewed in the black fur, singly or in clusters, or of the natural beaver in its light brown shades, so soft and velvet-like, while for novelties the gold, brown, and black skins of the spotted leopard are used for deep collars, wide cuffs and a border.

Fur-lined cloaks are shown in all the shapes used for other garments, but the most popular fur-lined

wrap is the circular, which is easily put off and on, and does not crush the dress beneath it. These cloaks reach nearly to the edge of the short walking dress, and though used most with short suits, are particularly effective with demi-trained skirts of carriage toilettes. Squirrel fur is the most popular lining, and the outside is usually made of satin de Lyon, or small figured armure silks in tiny bird's-eye patterns, the thickly repped Messine, and also Sicilienne, though the latter is open to the same objection as gros-grain silk, that it soon loses its freshness and has a shiny greasy look.

Victorines with long wide ends have been introduced this winter, but they are not as pretty as the graceful short boas, and are not as yet popular. Muffs are as small as it is possible to make them when expected to cover both hands, and are almost perfectly plain; that is, without bows, fur tails, or tassels on the ends. A flat bag or reticule of fur is made to match fur sets, and is hooked to the side. The taste for fancy furs and odd ones still prevails, and is shown in the novel use of the rich, golden brown leopard and tiger sets made as above described. The new vicuna sets are of pale cream color, yellow and white, and there are sets of opossum, 'coon and wild cat among other fancy furs.

Fur trimming is also much used for trimming walking dresses; the border is usually from two and a half to four inches broad. Beaver fur is one of the most fashionable trimmings; chinchilla, blue fox, lynx. Toulitza is the name given a gray black fur, made by dusting with silver white paint the tips of black fur. Otter, sable, fishertail and Russian sable are the most expensive borders. The toque is the novelty in sealskin hats; it is a kind of turban with round crown—they are trimmed with the same kind of fur with which the wrap is bordered. Soft puffed crowns of black or brown velvet make pretty turbans, with bands of chinchilla or of silver beaver.

For ladies who do not care for fur-lined garments, there are a number of handsome wraps. We will describe three of these: The Mante, or mantelet, is the most dressy of these; it is made only of rich materials, such as brocaded or *damassee* silk, stamped or embossed velvet, or Indian cashmere covered with rich silk embroidery. It is beautifully trimmed with thick lace ruches beaded with jet, elaborate passementeries with tiny plush tassels, full *copeaux* fringes of waved silk braid, or of chenille with tiny satin balls and elegant network headings; silk embroidery and passementerie ornaments complete the trimmings. The Mante is lined throughout with quilted satin. It is the most elegant of all the mantles, curved at the back, clinging close over the shoulders, and falling in front in rather long lapels, which are either plain and square, or gathered at the ends and finished with satin bows or passementerie tassels.

The semi-fitting paletot is also semi-long, and is the mantle suitable for young ladies. It is made of black velvet or of cloth, plain seal brown or admiral blue cloth, or some of the pretty *armure* cloths which have tiny patterns woven in their texture. A pretty model is double-breasted and fastened shawl fashion at the top with deep revers of chinchilla fur, which have the appearance of a fur fichu crossed over the chest. There is no other trimming, only deep cuffs of the same fur upon the sleeves. Other models are trimmed with sealskin, plain, stamped, or pékin velvet. The paletot is fastened on one side only with large buttons.

We must not forget to mention a novelty in suits that are made entirely of fur, and which we never remember to have been attempted before. Here are three models, first; a sealskin costume, the skirt cut as a fousseau, and bordered with a plaiting of seal brown satin; at the side the fur skirt opens over a deep satin plaiting, and is laced backwards and forwards with gold cord and aiguillettes. Seal bodice, opening in front over a satin plaiting, and laced with gold; the fur sleeves have plaited satin let in at the elbow, and a lacing above; small satin collar, and large seal cape.

An astrakhan costume worn over black satin: the bodice is satin, with an astrakhan collar; the sleeves are entirely of fur. The jacket is sleeveless, and the toque is astrakhan, with a bird at the side.

American rat, a fur used for the first time this season, is the third suit to describe; the skirt is made with a considerable number of skins, arranged so that the back and the stomach of the animal alternate, and describe dark and light stripes or bands; the rat bodice is trimmed with chinchilla; an Incroyable cape in chinchilla over the rat jacket; a rat toque, with a hawk's head at the side.

But the common brown owl's head is the fashion of the moment for trimming the side of hats, instead of the pompon, which has been so long popular; an owl's head is also fastened to the muff that is worn with the hat.

Three articles of dress are now worn to match, and very charming they look; a bonnet, an Incroyable cape, and a muff, and they are arranged to be worn with almost any dress. Thus the bonnet is in seal brown velvet, with a bow or wide Louis XII. galon, either of silver or gold, arranged over another bow of Alencon lace; an owl's head fastened at the back; velvet strings with galon at each side. The muff is seal brown velvet, lined with fur, and at each side a galon similar to that in the bonnet. The cape is seal brown velvet, with upright collar; but it does not reach below the shoulder, and is bordered with the same Louis XII. galon. White lace muffs are a great *mode* in Paris at present; of course these are only used for full dress carriage toilets.

Ruby gloves are a novelty, brought into vogue by the introduction of gay colors in out-door costumes. These are dark shades, deeper than wine or garnet colors, and not the glaring red tints that would shock fastidious tastes. They look especially well with black costumes, but are worn with almost any dark costumes that are trimmed with broché cashmeres of Oriental colors and design. Black gloves are considered very stylish when worn with toilettes of medium colors, though not with black dresses. Wood colors are popular in all the light shades of ash, oak, maple, and box. The greatest demand is for plain, simply-stitched, and bound gloves, with wrists long enough to be fastened by four or five buttons.

A new lace used at present in Paris instead of

Breton lace, which still continues so popular here, is called point Languedoc. Its special feature is its large figures, darned in with cord, and shaded on the edges with finer thread. It is imported in two kinds of meshes, one variety having square meshes like those of Valenciennes lace, and the other with the round, irregular meshes of thread lace. It has the appearance of soft old yellow lace, though new and strong, and is shown in four shades, white, ivory, cream, and écru.

Fichus are made of this new lace, box pleated in four very full rows, laid on *point d' esprit* net, that is shirred and gathered to add further to the full appearance given by the pleating. These fichus fit closely around the neck, and cover half the shoulders, then meet below the throat, and one side only extends to the waist line, where it is held by a satin bow to match that at the throat; this one-sided negligee appearance is seen in many articles of lingerie.

New handkerchiefs of sheer linen lawn have colored foulard hems with palm leaves in old gold and red, pale blue and olive colors, stamped on gendarme blue and black grounds, and edged with needlework, and are chosen to match dresses that have oriental colors in the trimmings. Black foulard hems with dots or rings of white are chosen by ladies in mourning.

The dark solid colors enlivened by gay oriental trimmings are used for children's and misses' dresses in precisely the same manner as described for ladies. Cashmere, camel's hair, and other woolen fabrics are chosen for the skirts of dresses, while gay broché goods in palm leaf designs make the basque or other overdress, and border the plain skirt. Gendarme blue, garnet, and deep green, are the favorite colors for the plain fabrics, while a great deal of old gold and red appear in the material combined with it. The favorite styles of making dresses for girls from twelve to sixteen years of age, is short panier polonaise with a plain skirt, or else a double-breasted coat with a pleated kilt skirt. The polonaise may fasten behind or in front, according to taste, and is very prettily trimmed with a point in front beginning at the neck and ending at the waist line. This point is made of shirred satin run crosswise in small tucks, or else of pleated plush in lengthwise pleatings; a revers of the satin or plush trims each side, and a long looped bow of satin ribbon is placed at the point. The fullness concealed under the bow spreads out to drape the hips, and is fastened behind by two Marguerite bows. The skirt to wear with this polonaise may be of the same material shirred down the middle of the front, and bordered with a shell flounce, or else it may be of corduroy, velveteen, silk or velvet, made perfectly plain, or else edged with a narrow box-plaiting that puffs out from beneath the skirt braid.

For girls from eight to ten years of age, dresses are made usually in one piece. The fronts are usually made to represent jackets and vests by arranging them to do so, while the back has some pleating set in below the waist line. A dark green cashmere princess dress is trimmed with three knife pleatings, and a gay India scarf with a square collar of the India goods. A seal brown cashmere can be made in the same manner, and piped with pale blue, cream color, or bright red.

There is no change in the white dresses worn by children under four years of age; they have three box plaits in front and behind nearly the whole length of the garment, and a wide belt or sash

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HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

Evening parties and Germans are very popular at this season of the year, and although by many they are not cared for, the majority of our young friends think there is no mode of entertainment so charming as a fashionable party. Invitations for a formal party usually are sent out from ten to twelve days before the entertainment occurs. The hour usually mentioned for the party to commence is from nine to half-past ten o'clock. Of course such an entertainment demands the fullest of toilettes which the season admits, for both ladies and gentlemen. Furniture is usually removed from the room so as to give ample room for dancing. Growing flowers are arranged wherever they can be effectively placed; garlands are hung picturesquely, and cut blossoms give forth their fragrance and add color and beauty as lavishly as the hostess chooses to provide. The supper room is arranged with choice articles of food, both cold and hot, and is usually opened at twelve or one o'clock. But there are light refreshments, also drinks to satisfy the varied tastes of a large company, such as coffee, chocolate, lemonade, and claret punch, accessible during the entire entertainment. Waltzing goes on at intervals during the evening until supper, when immediately after the German is danced. After entering the room and the usual greetings with the hostess, the guests walk about, find friends etc., until the young ladies have accepted partners for the dance. It is customary for a lady to visit the supper room with the gentleman with whom she has last been dancing. A lady can, of course, refuse to dance with a gentleman when invited, if he is not agreeable to her, but she must do this courteously and gently, but must be particular to remember that she cannot accept any other invitation for that dance. The German differs very little in its etiquette from that of the party. The leader of the dance is to be selected with discretion by the hostess; and the favors which are always provided for the dancers are to be selected with discretion and refined taste, always avoiding ostentatious display, no matter how exquisitely beautiful they may be. The hostess is attentive to the ladies, observing if any timid or unattractive guest receives a noticeably small number of these trifles. With tact she quietly provides her with dances that shall make all favors as nearly equal as is possible upon such occasions of competition. Of course nobody gives a "German" without being familiar with all the necessary and peculiar *etceteras*, which it is not possible to explain. The card of invitation is usually like that of a party, "The German" being engraved on the left hand corner, with the hour when the dance is to commence. This mention of the time for opening this peculiar dance will be appreciated by all who are familiar with its requirements. Calls to return thanks are made upon the hostess within ten days after the festivity.

FASHION.

F.O.C. Darley

John McRae

Closer and closer closely speeding, step by step beside her treading,

Did he follow meek as hound

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH 1880.

GENTS' TOBACCO POUCH.


Fig.1
Fig.2
Fig.3

Fig.4

Fig.5

Fig.6

Fig.7

Fig.8

Fig.9

Fig.10

Fig.12

Fig.11

Fig.13

Fig.14

Fig.15

Fig.16

Fig.17

Fig 18

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Fig.29

Fig.30

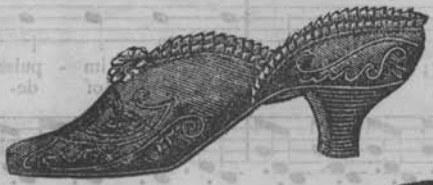


Fig.31

Fig.32

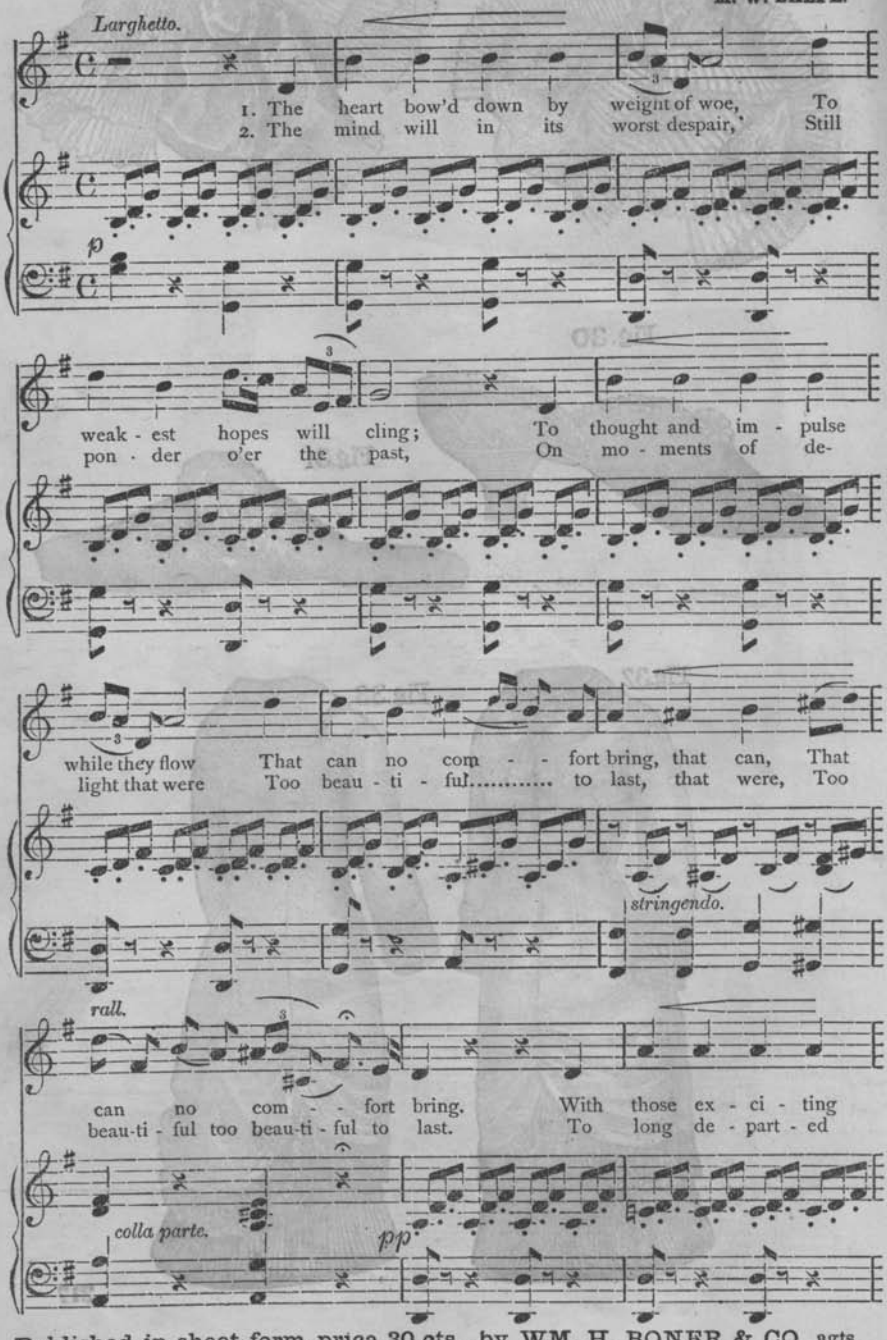
Fig.33

HEART BOWED DOWN.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE

BOHEMIAN GIRL.

M. W. BALFE.



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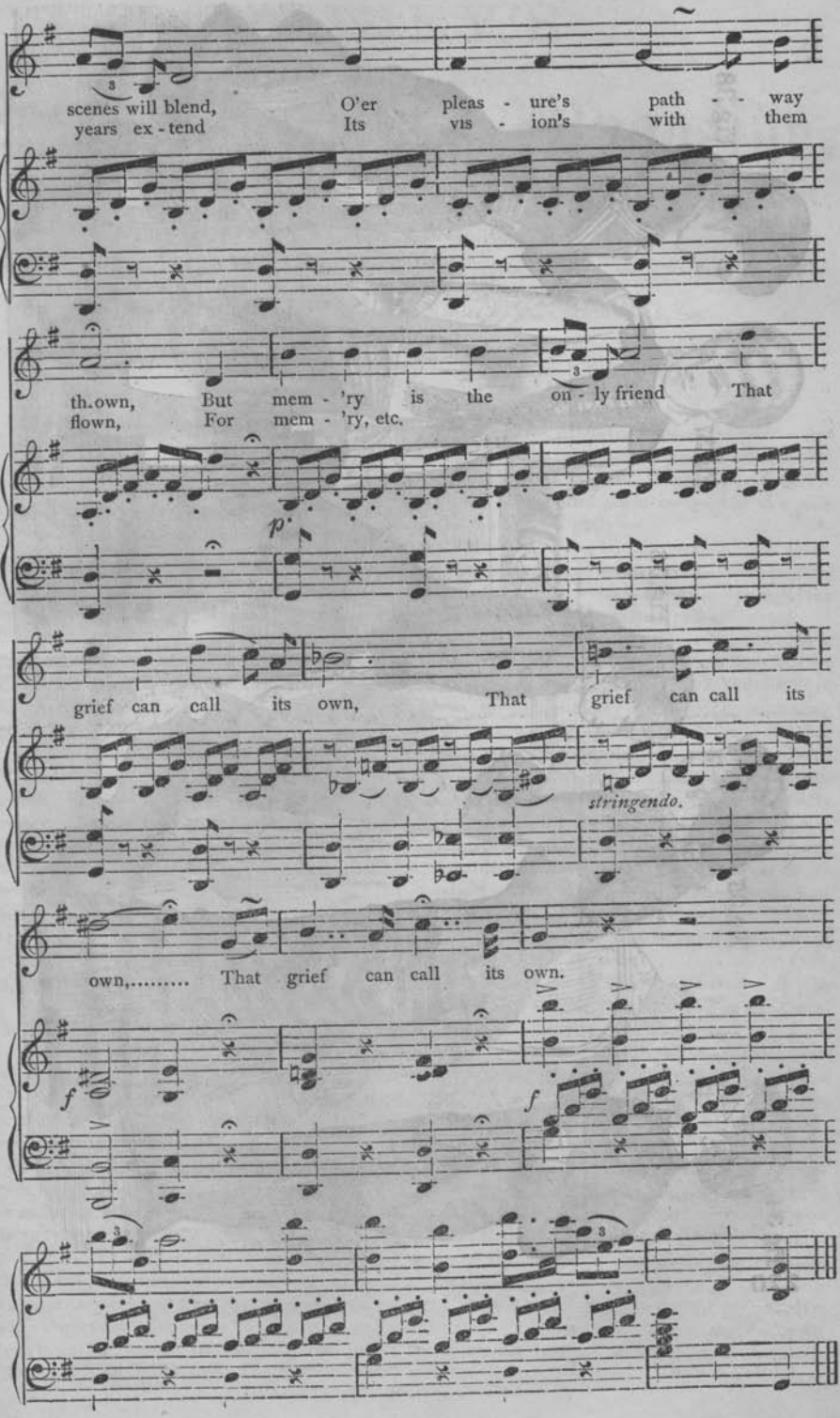

scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - - way
years ex - tend Its vis - ion's with them
th.own, But mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That
flown, For mem - 'ry, etc.
p
grief can call its own, That grief can call its
stringendo.
own,..... That grief can call its own.
f
f


Fig.34
Fig.35
Fig.36
Fig.37
Fig.38

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 597.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

Author of "A Gentle Belle," "Morton House," "Valerie Aylmer," "Nina's Atonement," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII. (CONTINUED.)

"Do you mean you wish that only you and I were going?" asks Roslyn, with her piquant smile. "Then to keep you in that mind, it is a fortunate thing that the programme is not to be carried out. One bit of wisdom my limited experience of life has taught me, and it is that if one does not want to grow tired of things or people one must not see too much of them."

"That bit of wisdom sounds as if your experience of life had *not* been very limited," says Lovelace. "Generally speaking it is a sad and disillusionizing truth—but there are some people of whom one feels instinctively that one could never tire."

"Are there?" says Roslyn, in a tone of slight incredulity. "But one's instincts are sometimes mistaken, you know; so it is well not to subject them to too severe a test. I am glad you like the idea of a day of gypsying," she adds, changing the subject, quickly; "and now do you not think it would be pleasanter to go in the garden and join Lettice and Geoffrey, than to sit here?"

"I am at your service and command," he answers, "only venturing to remark that it is pleasant to be anywhere with *you*."

"But outdoors on a summer day is better than indoors with anybody," she says, taking up her wide straw hat, "so come."

He rises, and leaving the house, they stroll side by side, as on the first evening of their meeting, across the wide lawn into the pleasant old garden. Here, under a spreading tree, they find the rustic seat, the impression of a figure on the turf, and an open novel, but Lettice and Geoffrey have vanished. Roslyn strongly suspects the truth—that seeing Lovelace and herself issue from the house, they, by mutual consent, doubled around the thick-set hedge and made away—but she only smiles, and says, lightly:

"I left them here, but it seems they are gone. Lettice perhaps went home, and Geoffrey accompanied her—it is a pleasant walk through the woods over to Mr. Stanhope's place."

"Where I saw you first," says Lovelace, in a tone that gives a good deal of meaning to the words. "I never imagined that I should have reason to congratulate myself upon possessing the acquaintance of Mr. Stanhope—but I did that night when I saw you in the moonlight. Will you forgive me if I add that but for having seen you, and desiring to know you, I should hardly have remembered that I had a distant cousin living in this neighborhood."

Considering that this statement is purely an inspiration of the moment, it is one which does credit to Mr. Lovelace's inventive power. Roslyn flushes a little, for although she has a steady head, this is very subtle flattery.

"I have no doubt you are indebted to the chance which turned your thoughts in that direction, then," she says; "for whether or not I am worth knowing—no, Mr. Lovelace, please don't say that I am, for really the opportunity for a compliment was too obvious, and really, also, you don't know—there can be no doubt that Colonel Duncan emphatically *is*."

"He is a very fine fellow, indeed," says Lovelace, with the least possible tinge of patronage in his tone. "I am glad to know him; but if you fancy *that* pleasure would detain me—" A slight shrug of the shoulders completes the sentence, expressively.

"If it does not, it ought to do so," says Roslyn, decidedly. "Colonel Duncan is my hero, my chevalier, my type of a noble, gallant gentleman."

"Happy Colonel Duncan!" says Lovelace, letting his dark, brilliant eyes, full of expression, rest on the bright, young face—while to himself he says: "She cares nothing about him, or she could not talk of him in this manner."

"He ought to be happy if the admiration of every one who knows him can make him so," says Roslyn.

"I am inclined to think that that the knowledge of *your* admiration would go farther to do that, than the good opinions of every one else," says Lovelace, thinking that he will sound her a little.

She blushes like a rose, but no change of expression comes into the frank, clear eyes.

"Colonel Duncan has always been very kind to me," she says; "but I have too good an opinion of his sense to fancy that he rates my judgment at any such absurd valuation."

"There are some valuations with which wisdom has nothing to do," Lovelace replies, "though I am far from meaning to imply that any possibly high valuation of your opinion would be absurd."

"In other words you are trying to see how many graceful things you can say to me," she answers gayly, "but please don't say any more, for I assure you I am not accustomed to compliments, and they might have a very bad effect, if taken in too great a quantity. Since we have not found Lettice and Geoffrey, shall we return to the house?"

"On the contrary, if you will allow me to make a suggestion, can we not explore those shadowy-looking woods which it was too late to enter the other evening? I am sure there are many delightful nooks of shade and coolness in their depths."

"Indeed, yes," replies the girl. "I do not think there could be more beautiful places anywhere than in those woods; but—" she pauses, hesitates—"it is rather warm, I fear, to walk this morning."

"Now, Miss Vardray," says her companion seriously, "I call this most cruel and unkind. It was too late the other evening, and now it is too warm! Are you determined that I shall not enter your enchanted forest?"

"No—if you really care to go, I shall be glad to show you all my favorite places. I only thought that another time might be pleasanter—and with Lettice and Geoffrey."

"There is no time like the present," he says, "and as for Miss Stanhope and Mr. Thorne—well you must forgive me if I say that I think we do admirably without them. Will you come?"

He holds the open gate in his hand, and his eyes plead more strongly than his words.

Roslyn hesitates an instant longer—but the woman who hesitates is lost. She goes.

CHAPTER VIII.

"ON YONDER ROCK RECLINING."

The next morning finds a very merry party starting from the door of Verdevale. In an uncovered waggonette the children with their governess, Miss Mills, and the lunch-basket, are packed; while Roslyn, Lettice and Geoffrey are on horseback. Neither Lovelace nor Colonel Duncan appear in the cavalcade, for the road leads past Cliffton, and they will join the party there.

"I hope you will have a pleasant day," says Mrs. Vardray, standing on the veranda steps, as they prepare to start; and Roslyn answers, gayly:

"I am sure we will."

Geoffrey is not so sure, but he holds his peace, and prepares to make the best of things. "You can never win a woman's heart by being sulky and cross," Lettice has said to him, and he has determined to bear her counsel in mind and endeavor to mend his manners, which of late have certainly tended toward the decidedly sulky and the objectionably cross.

In fiction, as in actual life, a man in such a position obtains but little sympathy, his suffering—which is most real—seems to those who are not enduring like pangs, very fanciful; and our good wishes are likely to go with the successful rival from the mere fact that he *is* successful. Yet, in truth, there is no more miserable creature on earth than the lover who recognizes that the heart on which all his hopes of happiness are set, is either beyond his reach or hopelessly drifting away from him. Geoffrey has never from his early boyhood, made any plan of life in which Roslyn did not bear a part, and when he tries now to brace his courage to the thought of a life without her, a sense of bitter desolation comes over him, which can hardly be expressed in words. To temper this, however, some such wisdom as that contained in the proverb, "*Les malheurs des malheurs sont ceux qui n'arrivent jamais*," occurs to him, for even in a love affair he has much of the sound sense which we call practical. "A wise man does not cross his bridges till he comes to them," he says to himself. "Why should I go to meet what may never occur? What everybody expects Roslyn to do, is hardly the thing she is likely to do. If she does, I must bear it like a man, I suppose; but there is no good in being miserable by anticipation."

Fortifying himself with these reflections, he consented to join the pic-nic, and now prepares to endure a day in the companionship of the two men whom out of all the world he, at this time, most heartily detests. Of which of the two he is most jealous, it is hard to tell. What good reason he has to fear Colonel Duncan as a rival, he is

well aware: while his distrust of Lovelace is as strong as it is instinctive. But for the present, neither of them are here to share or to monopolize Roslyn's attention. As he rides by her side, her eyes, her voice, her smile, are all his own, and so sweet and blithe are they that he is beguiled into forgetfulness of the disturbing element ahead, until Lettice, looking down the shade-arched, shadow-flecked road, says:

"Yonder are Colonel Duncan and Mr. Lovelace waiting for us. How punctual they are!"

"Very punctual, indeed," says Geoffrey as he, also, looks forward and perceives two horsemen waiting at a point where the road divides—one fork leading into Cliffton, the other continuing along the river. "They must be anxious to start. I hope we have kept them waiting."

"For shame, Geoffrey!" says Roslyn. "I cannot imagine what is the matter with you of late—you are so bad tempered! To think of *hoping* that you have kept people waiting—the very most disagreeable thing in the world! I hope that you have not waited for us long," she adds with a charming smile as the two gentlemen ride forward to meet them.

"Not at all," answers Colonal Duncan. "You have forgotten what an extended view there is from Cliffton. We saw you half a mile away, and so rode down to meet you. I am glad we have so fine a day for the excursion," he goes on, as he turns and takes his place by her side.

"And I am glad you have been tempted to join us," says Roslyn, looking up at him with frank, sunshiny eyes. "I was half afraid that you would scorn the whole affair."

"Why?" he asks, smiling. "Do you think me so old, or so grave, or so what, that I should be indifferent to a day of summer gypsying?"

"Certainly neither old or grave," she answers with a laugh, "but dignified, perhaps—and then the falls are not new to you, as they are to Mr. Lovelace. But I am very glad you have come," she repeats quickly, fearing that he may think otherwise; "and I am sure we shall have a very pleasant day."

"I am sure that *you* are enjoying it," says Colonel Duncan, looking at the joyness of her face, which seems to reflect all the sparkling brightness of the summer morning, the glad sunshine on the hills, the glancing lights and lovely shadows of the river.

"Of course, I am enjoying it," she answers. "How could one fail to do so? I cannot understand how people can go through life, taking it in a quiet, undemonstrative way—like Lettice, for instance. What I enjoy, I enjoy with my whole heart, and soul, and strength."

"It is a great gift, that of being able to feel so intensely," says her companion. "The only drawback is that you suffer as keenly as you enjoy."

"I suppose I would if I had anything to suffer," she answers, "but I have never had a grief in my life, I don't know what sadness is. I sometimes think that I must be a very shallow creature to be able to say that, but it is true."

"I do not think it follows at all, that you are shallow," says Colonel Duncan. "Such a nature is rare, but it is a priceless gift—not only to yourself, but to others. Why, it is like going into sunshine, just to be where you are."

"It is kind of you to say so," she replies glancing at him with a smile; and in doing so, she meets the expression of his eyes, an expression of admiration and tenderness which no one could mistake. All the passionate love of his heart is clearly revealed at that instant; and the girl—who, standing on the threshold of this strange mystery of feeling, unconsciously shrinks from it, flushes to the roots of her hair, and adds, hastily: "What a fine road this is just here! Do let us have a good, stretching canter."

She touches her horse with the whip as she speaks, and while they are galloping over the smooth, white, shadow-dappled road, Duncan has time to wonder what that sudden blush and confusion meant. He has some knowledge of women and it seems to him that it is a good sign—a sign of hope for him. It is the first, the very first token the girl has ever given of recognizing his devotion; and he feels for the first time as if he trod on something like assured ground. At least she knows, she understands—"and it shall not be my fault if she does not understand more," he thinks.

Meanwhile Lovelace, who has no mind to excite his cousin's suspicion or jealousy by any attempt to engross Roslyn's attention, has been riding with Lettice and Geoffrey, making himself agreeable in his pleasant, *insouciant* way, and impressing them both with a realization of his powers of attraction. "I don't think that even I could resist him, if he were to make love and look at me in the dangerous way he looks at Roslyn!" thinks Lettice; while Geoffrey admits to himself with grim disdain that this is "the kind of fellow" to play havoc with women's hearts.

Roslyn's canter lasts with little intermission until the place of their destination is reached—a wild and beautiful gorge, where the river in a rushing, turbulent flood, cuts its way through the hills that tower abruptly above it, and falls in a series of beautiful cascades.

The party dismount and fasten their horses some distance from the river bank, then on foot follow a winding path that leads around the base of the hills to the margin of the rushing water. What words can describe the beauty of such a spot as this, so "lovely, lonesome, cool and green," that it almost seems as if one might be refreshed to think of it amid the burning sands of a desert! The reposeful charm of the great

heights, clad in green from base to crest, is intensified by contrast with the whirling, surging water, lashing itself to foam around masses of gray rock, and sending clouds of spray heavenward from the feet of its cataracts.

Roslyn has hurried forward, while Colonel Duncan was fastening her horse and his own, and Lovelace finds her on the margin of the stream, balancing herself in an apparently precarious position on a shelving rock.

"What do you think of it?" she asks as he reaches her side. "Is it not splendid?"

"The gorge, do you mean?" he says. "It seems to be very fine; but I must ask you to show me its beauties—and I beg most earnestly that you will find a safer position."

"Than this?" she asks, laughing. "Why, I was just about to ask if you do not want to follow me out to the middle of the river? I have often gone to that large boulder which you see yonder, by springing from rock to rock."

"I admire such wonderful agility," says Lovelace, measuring with his eye the distance from point to point, "but I do not think I can possibly venture to imitate it. If there was any danger to brave, it would be a different matter; but consider how very uncomfortable and how very ridiculous one would be if one fell into the water, and had to wade ashore!"

"Geoffrey can tell you how one feels under those circumstances," says Roslyn, turning to Geoffrey, who, with the rest, has now come up. "It was his unhappy fate once to test the depth and coldness of the water in just that way."

"You don't add that you were the cause of it," says Geoffrey, "but Lettice will bear witness that you were."

"Yes, she was the cause," says Lettice, "for she insisted that you could take a leap which you could not. It was so foolish of you to try, that I think you deserved your wetting."

"How severe you are, Miss Stanhope," says Lovelace. "Have you no sympathy for the follies into which masculine humanity is beguiled by the powerful influence of your own sex?"

"Not any at all," answers Lettice decidedly. "If men are so weak as to be influenced to folly by women, I do not pity them—especially since in nine cases out of ten, I am sure that their own want of sense is the cause of their folly."

"Thank you, Lettice," says Geoffrey. "I call it uncommonly kind to stand by a fellow in this handsome way."

"As if you thought that I meant you!" says Lettice, with a smile. "You were only a boy then, and Roslyn—well, Roslyn was always a tyrant."

"I shall certainly not come to you for a character, Lettice," says Roslyn.

Lovelace looks up at her as she stands still balancing on the rock, somewhat above him.

"*Ma reine*," he says, softly—so softly that no other ear catches the words—"who would not bow to *your* tyranny?"

"Come then," she says, with a mischievous light in her eyes—and before any one can interfere to prevent or expostulate, she is springing from rock to rock toward the centre of the river.

Lovelace hesitates an instant—it is rather a dismaying prospect, that of missing some slippery rock, and finding himself in the surging, eddying water—but he feels that having embarked on a career of gallantry, and being, as it were, put upon his mettle, he cannot decline the challenge. He follows, therefore, with commendable courage, and soon finds himself standing safely by Roslyn on a large boulder in the middle of the stream.

"Now," she says, turning to him, "are you not repaid for coming? Look up the stream—what a fine view we have of the two falls! I think I like them better as seen from here than from any other point."

"It is a beautiful spot," says Lovelace, "and the view is superb of all that body of water sweeping down upon us. But it does not need the view to make me feel repaid for coming," he adds, with a direct look in her eyes—"for," he thinks, "since I have been forced to run this absurd risk, I will make the most of the opportunity."

"I am afraid that you are not a lover of nature, Mr. Lovelace," she says. "At least I observe that whenever I direct your attention to a beautiful scene, you manage to imply something complimentary to *me*, who am insignificant beyond measure when compared to it."

"That is a statement open to question," replies Lovelace. "It is not that I love nature less, but that I love—forgive me!" he says, abruptly changing his tone of *badinage* to one of serious meaning. "Some subjects should be held apart from jest—though jest may sometimes border so close on earnest that it is rather a veil than a flippancy."

"Yes," says Roslyn, somewhat unmeaningly. She has thrown a stick into the water, and is apparently engaged in watching its gyrations on the tossing current, while thinking that this is going a little farther than she likes—or, at least, a little faster. It is not to be denied that her fancy is enlisted in Lovelace's favor, but despite this fact, she is conscious, she has been conscious from the first, of an instinctive distrust of him, an instinctive sense that his words of homage do not ring wholly true. She suspects him of desiring to flirt with her, and she has decided to meet him at his own game. "Perhaps I may make it earnest for him before he knows what he is about," she thinks, with a little thrill of anticipative triumph. "It would serve him right."

But these were the reflections of reason and coolness in solitude. Now, alone with him, exposed

to all the fascination of his poetic face, his eloquent eyes, his modulated tones, she feels that her best safety lies perhaps in retreat, although she does not part with her armor of nonchalance.

"Excuse me," she says, with a slight start, "I answered at random, I fear, for the water makes so much noise that it is difficult to hear distinctly—and then I was so much engaged in watching my stick. See, there it goes! Fancy if it was you or I being tossed about like that! It may be our fate really, if we should miss our footing."

"It is already my fate—in a typical sense," says Lovelace, readily accepting the diversion, and thinking that she has more *savoir-faire* than he would have given her credit for. "Have you ever thought what it must be, Miss Vardray, to be tossed from one wave of circumstances to another, to be the plaything of the currents of life, as that stick is of these waters?"

"Why should I?" asks Roslyn. "A human being is not an inanimate stick—a man ought to be able to guide himself, and not be the plaything of waves and currents."

"*Ought!*" he repeats, with a smile half-sad, half-bitter. "Yes, I grant you, he ought—but do many of us do what we ought to? I, at least, am a striking example of the contrary. I have frittered away my time, my talents, my opportunities, until now that stick typifies my life only too accurately."

"I hope you are too severe on yourself," says Roslyn—he has gained his point and interested her, as the expression of her mobile face plainly shows. "Even if you have done all this, you are not a stick, and you can do better yet."

"Perhaps," he says, with meditative mournfulness; "if I had an object, an aim, something to nerve my purpose—but this is what I lack. Life has never seemed to me to hold anything worth striving for. Now you know to bring out whatever is good in him, a man *must* have something for which to strive—some object above and beyond him, to be at once inspiration and reward."

"Yes, I suppose so," says Roslyn; "but is not this to be found?"

"Many people find it easily," he says, with a slight accent of contempt; "but they are people readily satisfied. I do not find it—I mean that my life heretofore has not found it—because the aims that satisfy most men do not satisfy *me*. I search for Egeria, perhaps—do you know where she is to be found?"

The look that accompanies this question says more than a volume of speech, and Roslyn thrills with that mingled sense of danger and pleasure which gives a subtle zest to episodes of this kind. It is not a vulgar flirtation, but a playing lightly with issues which may be fraught with gravity, a warding off seriousness because feeling that the time for it has not yet come.

"No," she answers, shaking her head. "I do not number any nymphs among my acquaintances. But they are generally found in wildwood haunts, I believe, so this might be a good place to look for her."

"Perhaps I have found her," he says, smiling.

"Then in that case there is no need to look," she replies. "But now I think that we had better go back to the shore, for it is a laborious climb to the upper fall, and I see the others have started."

"Let them start," says Lovelace. "Why can we not stay here? We see the fall without the trouble of climbing to it."

"*You* may stay if you like," says Roslyn. "You will make a very picturesque object alone on this rock in the middle of the river. I will tell you how you look from the upper fall."

With a laugh she turns away, and before he can answer, is half way across the river, springing lightly from rock to rock. He has no alternative but to follow—his vexation tempered by amusement, and a dawning sense that there is to be even more piquancy in the affair than he had reckoned upon.

They rejoin the rest of the party at the upper fall, and an hour or two is spent in climbing over rocks, being wet by spray, gathering ferns, rescuing children from perilous positions, and all the other amusements of a day of gypsying. Finally Miss Mills proposes luncheon, and with somewhat exhausted energies and very good appetites, the party assemble in a romantic spot by the side of the brawling stream. Here they are discussing, with much relish, sandwiches and cold chicken, jellies and cakes, when a sound is heard which carries consternation with it—a long, low, distant roll of thunder.

CHAPTER IX.

"ON THE SAME SPOT."

Knives and forks are laid down, and the party gaze at each other in dismay. A thunder-storm out in the woods is no trifle, and shelter near by there is none. Miss Mills looked up appealingly to the blue sky overhead.

"Do you think there *can* be a storm at hand?" she asks, vaguely and generally, of the company.

"I'll take an observation," says Geoffrey, rising.

Colonel Duncan goes with him, and they climb the hill which overshadows them, so as to obtain a wider view of the sky. On gaining the eminence they at once perceive great, cumulous masses of white clouds in the southwest, at sight of which Geoffrey shakes his head.

"There is certainly a heavy storm coming," he says. "The sooner we start for home the better."

"Yes," says Colonel Duncan, "but you will not be able to reach Verdevale before the storm bursts. We *may* reach Cliffton, however, if we ride fast; so let us get off as soon as possible."

Their report ends the feast summarily, and preparations for departure are vigorously made. The children, with their mouths still full, clamber into the waggonette, where Miss Mills is exhorting, entreating, and commanding to haste—being one of the people whom the mere thought of lightning fills with nervous terror—and the equestrians mount their horses as soon as the latter can be saddled. Meanwhile, the cloud is moving close, while louder and more loud the roll of thunder comes.

"We must ride very fast," says Colonel Duncan, as he lifts Roslyn to her saddle. "A cloud of this kind advances rapidly."

"So will we!" she answers, gaily. "If it can catch us, it may wet us—now for a breathless gallop."

It is a very breathless gallop, and by the time they reach the gates of Cliffton, the heavens are obscured by darkness, lightning is flashing around, and thunder roaring above them. But they accomplish the distance well, for the first heavy drops of rain are falling on the leaves of the trees as they ride up the avenue. They dismount as hurriedly as they mounted, the waggonette is unloaded, and the horses have hardly been led away, when the storm bursts in all its fury.

It is a fury which makes them truly grateful to be sheltered from it, as they watch the descending torrents of rain, and see the trees tossing and swaying in the wind. "How fortunate that we reached here just in time," they are saying to each other. Roslyn, alone, does not join in the congratulations, having walked to a window, where she stands looking silently out.

"What fascinates you, ?" asks Colonel Duncan, going to her side. "Are you thinking how wet you would be if we had been ten minutes later in starting, or the rain ten minutes earlier in coming over ?"

"No," she answers, turning her bright eyes on him. "I was thinking that I shall probably never have as good an opportunity again to be out in such a tempest as this—and I have always wanted to be!"

"Why? You don't suppose that it would be pleasant, do you ?"

"Not in the sense you mean, perhaps—but it would be exhilarating. Don't you want to test *everything ?* What is the good of living, if one does not taste every possible sensation ?"

He smiles as one might at a child.

"I confess that ambition has never occurred to me," he says. "Where did you learn such ideas ?"

"Are they strange?" she asks. "It seems to me the most natural thing imaginable—to desire to extract from life *all* that it holds. But," she goes on, with a quick change of subject, "do you know that I have never been at Cliffton before, except once, when I was a very little girl, and papa brought me here with him ?"

"I remember it well," says Duncan. "It was soon after I returned from the army, and your father called to see me. He had you with him; you were so pretty—such a fairy rather than a child—that I think I lost my heart to you then. That was ten years ago. I have been very constant, have I not ?"

"Very," she answers lightly. "I remember that you were as kind to me then as you have been since. We went into the garden and you feasted me on grapes. Can we not go into that garden again ?"

"I wish it were possible—perhaps it may be when the rain ceases, if you do not mind getting your feet wet. Meanwhile, look around my bachelor's quarters, and tell me if you do not think them fairly comfortable."

"Much more than that," she answers, glancing over the spacious, handsome room—then catching sight of her own picture, she blushes quickly.

"You see that I have at least your shadow here," he says.

While this conversation is taking place at the window, Lovelace has been endeavoring to console the nervousness of Miss Mills, who has retreated to a remote corner, and assures him that she always retires to a dark room, and if possible to a feather-bed, when a thunder-storm is abroad; while Lettice and Geoffrey are trying to restrain the restlessness of the children. But the latter detects presently a smile on Lettice's face as she glances at the window *tete-a-tete*, and he forthwith demands to know the cause of it.

"You are a very inquisitive person," she says. "Cannot one smile without being called upon to render an account of the why and wherefore thereof? Well, if you must know, I only smiled because I wondered how Roslyn feels with the consciousness that the attention of every man here is centered on her, that she is the supreme object of interest to each one of you, and that you each regard with jealous envy whoever happens to engross her for the time being! Yonder is Mr. Lovelace, fidgeting while Miss Mills describes to him minutely how her great-grand-aunt was struck by lightning—and here are you dying to go and challenge Colonel Duncan! There is too much monotony in the matter—there ought to be a rival introduced for the sake of picturesque and dramatic effect—I ought to be one of the bewitching *intriguantes*, who, in novels, come in to cross the path and distract the admirers of the heroine."

"What nonsense," says Geoffrey, smiling in spite of himself. "Do you know I think you

are very well calculated to be a bewitching intriguante," he adds, looking at the girl for the first time in his life as a stranger might look. "There is something about you very attractive, and then one feels that you don't lie altogether on the surface, as so many women do—and that is a great thing."

"It is my turn to say 'nonsense,' now," replies Lettice, flushing a little. "Don't be so personal, Geoff. Do you know—pray don't murder me—that I think if I were Roslyn, I would marry Colonel Duncan. He is a splendid creature! Look at him now as he stands talking to her; how much homage and deference, together with simplicity, his manner expresses!"

"You see wonderful things, Lettice," says Geoffrey. "I think the half of them are in your own imagination. Heigho! will this confounded rain never stop, I wonder? I don't like being shut up in this place, at all. I think I would rather have been drenched."

"The rain is too violent to last long," says Lettice. "I have no doubt it will be clear in an hour."

She proves a true prophet. In an hour the clouds have dispersed, and the whole drenched world is bathed in golden sunshine again. Since the woodland dinner was cut short in so unsatisfactory a manner, Colonel Duncan as soon as they entered the house, ordered a collation to be served and so it is that they are lingering in the dining-room around the table, playing with their wine-glasses and talking lightly, when the sudden burst of glory comes, which transforms the dripping, glittering earth to fairy-land. Through the French windows they look out on the garden, and as the sunlight falls upon it, Roslyn utters an exclamation of delight.

"O, how beautiful, how wonderfully beautiful!" she cries. "What a lovely place! It looks as if it was enchanted. Colonel Duncan, you promised that when the rain ceased, I should go out there—now I claim your promise."

"I am really afraid it is too wet," says Colonel Duncan, doubtfully—divided between his desire to gratify her, and his fear of the imprudence.

"My dear Roslyn, you must not *think* of such a thing!" cries Miss Mills.

"The idea is absurd," says Geoffrey, shortly. "You might as well have staid out in the storm."

Roslyn rises from the table with a smile that from her childhood has always meant a serene and immovable intention of having her own way.

"I am very much obliged to you all," she says. "I do not insist upon anybody else being drenched; but *I* do not mind it—and I am going."

She moves toward one of the windows as she speaks, and Colonel Duncan follows her. No one else stirs, and Lovelace smiles as he watches them—a quiet, rather pleased smile—so Lettice curiously notes—as he lifts a glass of wine to his lips.

"Well, this is certainly damp," says Roslyn to her companion, as they walk along the wet gravel paths, and receive a shower of rain-drops from every shrub which they unguardedly touch in passing. "I feel as if I were very selfish in having brought you out to be made uncomfortable, just to gratify my caprice."

"You did not bring me out," he answers. "I came of my own free will and pleasure; and as for my being a little wet, it is a matter of no importance. But I am concerned about *you*."

"There is no need to be, I assure you. I do what I like—I have always done what I liked—and I never take cold. Besides, I love water, and I would not miss rambling through this garden just now for anything. It is like Aladdin's magic garden, every tree and shrub hung with precious stones. Only Aladdin's garden had no such delicious odors in it."

He smiles, well pleased with her delight, and so, unheeding the dampness, they wander on, he pointing out what he has done and what he yet hopes to do in the way of improvement, she listening with interest and making suggestions. Finally, pausing at a large grape-arbor, he says:

"Do you remember this?"

"Oh yes, I remember it well," she replies, looking around. "This is where you brought me when I was here as a child. What a feast of grapes I had, to be sure—and there is the very seat on which I sat, is it not?"

She indicates a roughly twisted rustic bench under the shadow of the arbor, and he answers, quietly:

"It is the very seat—I have never let it fall to decay. I would ask you to sit down on it again, but it is too wet. I should like to ask you the same question which I asked when we sat on it before."

"Must I necessarily be sitting on the bench for you to do that?" she asks, with utter unconsciousness of his meaning. "If that is the case, I think I can venture to sit down long enough to hear the question, at least. Now"—she sits down and looks up at him—"was it 'Do you like grapes?'"

"No," he answers, smiling, yet with a certain gravity of tone. "It was not that. You had finished the grapes, and we were sitting here talking when I said to you 'Will you be my wife?'"

Like a flash, a tide of scarlet comes to Roslyn's face, and she springs to her feet as if he had stung her. Her first instinctive feeling is that of resentment—a dim sense that he has taken unfair advantage of her.

"I was a child then," she says, abruptly, "so

I suppose there was no harm in such a jest—but I am not a child now."

She would walk away and end the matter—but he stands in her path and looks at her with serious, astonished eyes.

"Surely you do not think I meant the question as a jest?" he says, with a controlled power, a depth and meaning in his tone, which at once asserts its influence over her. "Surely you know better than that. Women are not blind to the fact that a man loves—as you know, you must know how long and how well I have loved you. The question I have just asked, has trembled on my lips for many a day—but I should not have asked it now if the chance to speak *here* had not seemed so propitious. The past seemed to link itself with the present; and the child to whom I lost my heart is the woman I love. Tell me, is there any hope that you will be my wife?"

As his voice trembles over the last words—too eager, too earnest for an unnecessary phrase—the girl realizes as she has never realized before, the power which rests in her hands, and the value of that which is offered her. She feels awed and humbled by this consciousness, touched by the knowledge of the devotion which has so long followed her careless footsteps, and more than sorry for the pain she must inflict. She looks at him with eyes that express all this before she speaks.

"Why do you ask me," she says, in a low voice. "I cannot—you must know that I cannot."

"Why cannot you?" he asks, quietly—hardly a sign betraying the pain that wrings his heart. "Is it because you do not love me?"

"Not in *that* way," she answers, hurriedly. "I cannot think of such a thing"—half unconsciously, she shrinks as she speaks—"Please forget it—please do not talk of it again."

"You need not fear," he answers. "I only wanted certainty, and now I have it. No, I will not talk of it again. Here, where the hope had birth, I will bury it."

"I am sorry—I am very sorry!" she says, looking wistfully into his face.

"So am I," he answers, with a strange, half-sad smile; "but we cannot help it, either of us, so we will say no more about it. Now I think we had better return to the house, for I fear you are very damp."

"It does not matter," she answers. "I have only myself to blame, you know. O, I wish, I *wish* this had not happened!" she says, clasping her hands. "But you must see yourself that I don't suit you in the least."

She speaks with an air of appealing argument that almost makes him smile again. But he only replies, quietly:

"Not in the least, my dear—since you don't think so, certainly not in the least."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WINTER MADRIGAL.

BY CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.

Out of the winter's mournfulness
And the sad wind's sighs,
The chill snow's pallor and the day's distress
And the storm's wild cries,
Come up the accents of a low, sweet voice—
For beneath snows the flower but slumbereth!
That saith, "Oh world, rejoice!
All waiteth patiently the sweet spring's breath.
The bird, though still, shall in its beauty wake
To a remembered sun's so soft caress,
And answering to its love for the earth's sake
Bright and enchanting hues the eye shall bless.
Beneath the sod the leaves refuse to die,
Earth waiteth patiently.

But sad, oh sad! the dull and sodden earth,
And sad, oh sad! the little lifeless bird
That woke so gladly at its hapless birth
And frozen fell ere yet its song was heard!
Shall the spring wake—ah, no—that song again?—
That unheard song that none can yet forget,
Shall the sun soothe its mate's remembered pain,
When buds the thorn against its bosom set?
Nothing shall wake it from its sleep again,
Nor bid it live to greet
The thorn-buds that shall blossom to the rain,
The rose to greet.
Its fate was but to breathe and swift to die
Like Love's impatient sigh!

But other birds shall sing on lovelier trees,
Another mate shall build as fair a nest,
Roses of joy shall scent the balmy breeze
And lilies raise the marvel of their crest.
What time the kingfisher shall spread his wing,
The deer shall speed upon the tufted lawn,
The many-voiced stream its song shall sing
From evening until dawn.
The rabbit shall in silent dell arouse
The hare, his comrade, for the furtive flight,
And merry dormice shall in fields carouse
Where dragon-flies delight.
Each living thing awakened then shall be
To being's ecstasy.

Take comfort, heart, that, fainting in the blast,
Thinkest the winter's day so chill and drear.
Soon shall its darkest storm be spent and past,
Soon shall the change be near.
The flower long-hidden shall be doubly fair,
The song as yet unheard be doubly dear,
The cloud o'erpast shall leave nor dole nor care,
The winter's grief no fear.
Earth shall shake off the trammel of its snow
And throb and shine.
Glorious shall be renewal of its glow
By Hand Divine.
Though we inconstant grow in thrall of death
Our God remembereth!

A TRIP TO JERUSALEM.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

"The road leading from Jericho to Jerusalem is full of peril and danger; it winds through passes or leads along the rugged edges of cliffs and precipes, and even to-day, as in the time of the parable of the Good Samaritan, the traveler runs the risk of falling among thieves, or at least being beset by bandits and ruffians, who hide themselves among the rocks and crags to rush out from their haunts upon their unwary victims. A trip to Jerusalem, therefore—"

"Oh, Doctor, please stop one moment; I have an idea."

It was a fresh, girlish voice which interrupted the reader just here, and a pair of plump white hands dropped needle and wools as Ray Merrill's bright eyes and rosy cheeks lifted themselves from the work over which they were growing dull, to say nothing of the weariness the listener felt on the dry sort of entertainment with which Dr. Lacey was endeavoring to while away the tedious hours of a rainy morning, in a summer country-house.

"Pray obey the peremptory command, Doctor Lacey; we all pause at the extraordinary announcement—an idea from Miss Merrill, ladies!" and Miss Emerson's cool, sarcastic voice, sounded colder and crueler than usual as she turned to her companions with a smile accompanying her speech.

The young girl colored, but stopped short on the quick reply upon her lips. Most people found Miss Emerson a person of whom one hardly dared to make an enemy; her friendship was painful to the possessor—what would her enmity be?

"What were you about to remark, Miss Ray?" asked the doctor, kindly, looking down at the confused face below him.

"I beg pardon, doctor, and everybody," with a blushing, deprecatory little glance around the circle, "but I didn't think for a moment—I was not following the reading, and only caught the word 'Jerusalem,' and I immediately recalled a little game I used to play when I was a little girl, and I thought how nice it would be to call the children down in the parlor this dreary morning for a romp. 'A Trip to Jerusalem,' you know, it is such fun," with an appealing look at the half dozen other girls of her age, who were already yawning behind their fans, over Dr. Lacey's book of eastern travels.

"A capital suggestion, Miss Ray," promptly replied the doctor, closing the volume and looking relieved. "I really think, as a physician I speak now, ladies, that a little wholesome exercise would be of infinitely more benefit to us all, this chilly morning, than any account of the Holy Land I could read to you. A romping game with the little ones will act upon us all like a burst of sunshine, and I think we owe a vote of thanks to this bright Ray for her really brilliant idea."

"Is that a compliment to Miss Merrill, or a covert allusion to the dullness you find in the society present?" asked Miss Emerson, with a curious emphasis in her tone.

"Not the latter, surely—one could scarcely call a society 'dull' where Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley are companions," replies the doctor, pointing to those volumes lying beside Miss Emerson. "One's diet should not consist of strong food altogether, however; variety is the spice of life—I prescribe therefore, after an aromatic eastern dish, a little mild western game. What do you all say? shall we accept this happy thought of Miss Merrill's and take a 'trip to Jerusalem?' The children would vote favorably on a visit, I am sure."

"As would the children's governess, no doubt," said Miss Emerson, aside to her companion; then aloud, she continued, "We might compromise in the question, Dr. Lacey; let all those who fancy nursery amusements and companionships, go seek them there, while we who prefer entertainment above that order, can remain in our proper spheres, where we now are; I for one was greatly interested in the travels of your friend, and would like to continue them."

Doctor Lacey immediately handed the book to Miss Emerson, saying:

"You are quite welcome to the loan of the work, Miss Emerson; I am sure my friend will feel flattered when I tell him his book has been appreciated and enjoyed by a lady of taste and culture. I think, with Miss Ray, that I shall prefer 'a trip to Jerusalem,' with the little ones this morning, however," and he rose with these words.

Miss Emerson received the volume from his hand with a cool acknowledgment of thanks, adding in a low tone—

"*Chacque un a son gout.* I wish you joy of your journey and your *compagnons du voyage!*"

Her expression of countenance certainly belied her words, for it was not a friendly, pleased face that accompanied this "God speed," but a bitter, scornful one, rather.

Esther Emerson was one strangers called "a curious woman;" her friends said she was "eccentric;" her foes declared she was "crazy and cruel:" the first wondered at her; the second humored her; the third reviled and hated her.

No longer young, having reached that "corner" where girlhood's sunny ways diverge into womanhood's shady paths, she was yet possessed of a certain youthful beauty, and, being talented, fascinating and wealthy, Miss Emerson was a leader in her set, and influential in society. Suitors she had had in numbers during her youth, and still they came, attracted by her position and fortune; but there had never been one unto whom she had

felt she could yield herself, until fate sent one day this young and handsome physician to minister unto some trifling ailments of the body, and her heart was touched at last.

She loved this young man, and she determined to marry him. All her life she had obtained what she most desired, and until now, this summer, she had felt very sure that he, too, would be hers, along with all else she had ever coveted, and always gained.

He had been markedly attentive through the winter; society lifted up its eyebrows and whispered in the spring; and, when summer came, and he followed her up to the mountains—although it was at her urgent bidding, and in the company of a gay party of mutual friends—there was much gossip afloat concerning the fact.

There had never been a word of love spoken between the two; there was not even so much as an "understanding"—that little word large with so much meaning in love's phraseology; but upon Dr. Lacey's arrival at Crowcrest, Miss Emerson boldly asserted such a proprietorship over the gentleman, that the matrons were provoked to smile, and the young girls laughed among themselves at her selfish desire to keep "the handsomest fellow there" out of reach of their fascinations.

To tell the truth, the man had been so valiantly besieged by the woman, during their brief acquaintance, that he felt his courage ebb in the resenting of her flattering and uncommon courtesies. Hers was the nature—masculine—before which all the tender womanliness of his own grew weak, and bowed.

Leonard Lacey had never been in love; it is not strange, then, that when this elegant and much-sought-for woman gave him her preference above all other men of her set, that he should at least believe his heart touched, as well as his head.

Notwithstanding Miss Emerson was several years his senior, Leonard Lacey would very likely have asked her to marry him this eventful summer up in the mountains, if———

"Tell Miss Hildreth to come down with the children, will you, Ray, please? it will give her a change as well as us, and she will, no doubt, help us in the game." Mrs. Ward had called this message after Ray Merrill, as she ran up the stairs gaily on her errand of mercy. Miss Hildreth is so frail," she added, turning to her companions; "they kept her too confined in the convent. I hope, however, the freedom of this mountain life will bring some strength and color to her delicate body."

"Lowly weeds do not bear transplanting to higher heights than those to which they naturally belong, Mrs. Ward," answered Miss Emerson, as she took up the book of travels, and retired to the library adjoining.

One or two of the ladies exchanged glances at this remark, but Mrs. Ward went on with her needlework, making no sign of having heard the sneer.

A patter, a clatter, and chatter of little feet and shrill childish voices soon made the quiet rooms ring, as the little ones came bounding down the stairs, wild in their merriment over their unexpected half holiday. A busy, noisy arrangement of chairs placed *dos-à-dos*, followed as preparation for the old-fashioned game, and each one in the parlor, old and young, was importuned to join: then, as the music played, fast or slow, loud or low there was a laughing, joyous rush and tumble for seats.

"'A trip to Jerusalem is full of peril and danger to the traveler,' indeed," laughingly quoted Doctor Lacey, as he ran round the room with the little ones, banging his long legs, and catching up some mite of a 'traveler' on his way, and tossing her high up in the air.

He had a look for the player of the piano, however, as well as for the players in the game. There was not much to attract one in her appearance either; a pale, slender girl, in a faded gray grenadine dress, with great masses of fair brown hair wound round her little head, and a delicate, sensitive nose and trembling lips shown in profile; but his quick eye took in every changing expression that flitted over the pallid face, and he whispered to Ray Merrill as he passed her in the game—

"Change places with Miss Hildreth, won't you? she needs some exercise too," and Ray immediately went over to the piano, and without breaking a bar of the music, slipped her hands under Miss Hildreth's and took up the tune, pushing the surprised girl aside with a whisper—

"Please take my place—I am out of breath."

"Yeth, yeth, tum, Mith Hildreth," shouted Dottie Ward, one of her little pupils, as Miss Hildreth made a motion of refusal, and a full chorus of lisps from the rest of the children, soon succeeded in bringing their teacher among them.

"But I do not know the game, children, and I shall spoil all your pleasure in it; let us go back to the school-room, now, and play the 'rat-trap' or 'pigeon-house.' Come," she coaxed, looking shy and embarrassed among the circle of ladies.

"No, no, no! We want you to play here with uth, a trip to Jeruthalem; Doctor Lathey will take care of you, won't you doctor?" urged Dottie.

"With all my heart," quickly replied the doctor.

Miss Hildreth took her place with no more urging, and Ray went on with the merry tune; in the melee which followed, in some way the doctor's feet became entangled in Miss Hildreth's dress, and a pull, a rent, a rip, and great trails of ragged ruffling and raveled ends of grenadine

hung from her waist and wrapped themselves about his legs.

"I beg a thousand pardons for my awkwardness, Miss Hildreth," exclaimed the doctor, as he knelt down in order to extricate himself; the ladies laughingly declared he was served right for his antics, and Miss Emerson, who made her appearance in the doorway, now looked on with a scornful smile upon her lips.

"What, another change in the programme?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows. "Ah, tableaux, I see, and you are 'King Cophetua,' Doctor Lacey; or is it a new rendition of 'Flies in the Web.'" Her voice was as cold and hard as an icicle, and she looked as white and sharp as one for the moment.

Miss Hildreth appeared to understand the covert sneer, for a painful blush overspread her pale face, as she stooped lower to rid herself of the entanglement and make her escape.

"You read wrong, Miss Emerson," came the doctor's reply quickly. "It is 'Love's Labor Lost,' I fear, that you behold before you; I—we all—asked Miss Hildreth, out of our good hearts and humor, to play this game with us for our and her pleasure, and you see it has proved her destruction."

"Hers, or yours? You seem out of your proper sphere, and in difficulty. One usually gets into trouble, I find, if one stoops in any way, mentally, morally, socially." There was pointed emphasis in the last word.

"There was no greater height, however, Miss Emerson, than that one finds kneeling at the feet of a woman sometimes," replied Doctor Lacey, rising, and putting the tangled pieces of her torn robe into Miss Hildreth's hands.

"*Cela depend*, of course," laughed Mrs. Ward, who felt annoyed at the turn the conversation had taken.

"Will you kindly excuse me, Mrs. Ward," asked Miss Hildreth, hurrying from the room now.

"Certainly, it is time you disappeared, my dear Cinderella; you will keep a sharp look out for the tubs, and mice, and pumpkin"—

—"And slipper," added the doctor in a low tone.

"Do beggarth only have one dreth to their bakths, Doctor Lathey?"

It was Dottie's busy little tongue that questioned. She and her sister Bell, the two *enfants terribles* of the house, had been given holiday the morning following their "trip to Jerusalem," Miss Hildreth being confined to her room with sick headache, and they had followed Doctor Lacey out into the lawn, and sat playing beside his hammock.

"Not being acquainted with the wardrobe of that peculiar class of the brotherhood, Dottie, I can not conscientiously say," replied the doctor lazily, between the puffs of his pipe, and swinging himself slowly back and forth in the hammock. "Why, what do you ask that question for, Dottie?" he said suddenly, and turning so quickly as to very nearly land himself upon the soft pine needle bed beneath the swinging hammock.

"Cauth, I heard that croth Mith Emerthon thay thomebody wath a beggar with only one dreth to her back."

"Well, Dottie, I don't tare, Miss Hildreth aint a beggar any way; and I dess she's only dot that old drenadine dress Doctor Lacey all tared yesterday; but she's mended it all up with nice tourt-plaster and horizontal pieces of dray silk, beyewtifully!"

"Belle, twathent 'horithontal,' twath triangular biths of berége," corrected Dottie, who took every opportunity to bring in her knowledge of the Frœbel system of teaching, and was quite learned in Kindergarten phrases.

"It was an nawful bother anyhow to mend it; tause Miss Hildreth tried while she was a-sewing it, all the time; I saw the tears roll down, and she said she was 'unhappy;' I asked her, didn't I, Dottie?"

The hammock swung back and forth violently now.

"How much would a new dress tost, Doctor Lacey? not an nugly faded one, but a pretty new one, a———"

"If I could have the buying, Dottie dear, it should be the most beautiful and exquisite of robes in all the world——"

"What tolor?" "What thort?" interrupted these two little mites of femininity, throwing down their dolls, and coming closer, all their interest roused at once in the construction of a *costume*.

"Ah, Dottie," said the doctor, dreamily, as though he had already beheld the vision in his mind. "Ah Dottie, and Belle, it should be a robe of soft, lustreless, shimmering white, with trails of orange blossoms here and there, and a misty veil which should hide yet only half conceal—"

"Dottie, Belle! come in now, luncheon is ready," came a cry from the house; and childish appetite conquering female love of dress, the little ones scampered off directly.

"Is it possible that one woman can be so heartlessly cruel to another?" soliloquized the doctor, as he thought over the probable origin of this bit of news which his prattling little companions had so innocently imparted.

It was time, he decided, that an end was put to this uncomfortable state of affairs. That Miss Emerson disapproved of his attentions to Miss Hildreth was plain to be seen; she had evinced her displeasure towards him in a number of ways of late, and now it appeared she was making the girl unhappy. He felt a warm indignation

roused within him at this assumption of authority and proprietorship over him by one who had no right to exercise it. Miss Emerson had been his friend, as such he admired and liked her, but he had given her no right nor reason to imagine she could interfere with any fancy or admiration he might feel for another woman. As he lay there thinking these thoughts, it suddenly dawned upon him that it was not only a passing interest or fancy he felt for this tender, delicate girl, who had been the recipient of Miss Emerson's sneers and sarcasms, but a warm, passionate love; and he decided then and there that he would win her heart if possible, and proclaim himself her knight.

In the few weeks of his sojourn at Crowcrest, Dr. Lacey had seen a great deal of Miss Hildreth, more even than Miss Emerson ever dreamed, for when the ladies in the house took their siestas in the long, warm summer afternoons, or read their last budget of new books and magazines from the city in the cool, quiet of their rooms, he had lighted his cigar and followed the children and their governess in their daily walks, to the woods down by the mill dam, or up the mountain side. In all the sweet wild places in which nature hides and adorns herself for summer seekers of her loveliness, Dr. Lacey had been their companion. And alone, with only these little ones and her, and the birds, under the soft, rustling trees, beneath the bright summer sky, he had unconsciously grown to love this pale little girl in her faded gray gown.

What to him now, were Miss Emerson's wealth, position, influence! Ah, would he not be proud indeed, like King Cophetua, to wed this lowly maiden! And like that monarch, before he left his hammock that day, Leonard Lacey "swore a royal oath, this beggar maid shall be my queen." He determined to ask Miss Hildreth to be his wife.

Katherine Hildreth was nineteen, an orphan, and alone in the world. Until Mrs. Ward had kindly offered her the position of governess to her little girls, Katherine had passed most of her life in a convent, where she had been placed at school when a child. When the time drew near for her to bid adieu to girl life, and go out to battle for a woman's right in the world of work, her frail health failed her. It was just then that Mrs. Ward recollected that she had promised Katherine's father, when he died, while abroad with them some years before, that she would take a motherly interest and care in his little daughter when she should leave school. Mr. Ward was guardian of her scanty little fortune, she would be guardian of her delicate self, and now that the hour had come for Katherine to leave behind the convent walls which had sheltered her so long, and go out into the wide waste of world that lies beyond their narrow limits, she redeemed her promise to Katherine's father, and took her to her own home.

"If you will teach Dottie and Belle something —anything—this summer, dear," she said to Katherine, who wished to find a position at once, "I will be very grateful to you. Come up to the mountains with me this summer, as my guest, and practice on the children in the meanwhile; and if you are not satisfied with them as pupils, we will look up something better for you in the fall."

And so Katherine accompanied them to Crowcrest. The little ones took to their governess at once; she had a gentle firmness, a tender strength of will, under which these rebellious little natures bowed submissively. Mrs. Ward watched her pretty, easy mode of teaching, and congratulated herself that her bread was returning, before it had been cast many days upon the waters.

It was not only the little ones who "took" to Miss Hildreth, however; for all the young girls in the house, as well as the old ladies who were spending the summer there, liked her and loved to be with her. There were only a few who did not *see* Miss Hildreth, save when they asked her to post a letter for them in her walks with the children, or wanted a quadrille played, or a new sketch shown them; Miss Emerson was one of these few; but Ethel Emerson was known to be "very peculiar and exclusive," and no one wondered that she never addressed a word to Mrs. Ward's governess, although some began to notice at last that she appeared to dislike the girl.

Unused to the ways of society, and totally unaccustomed to be among gentlemen, Katherine was very shy of the few who were summering at Crowcrest; after some fruitless attempts on their part to win more than the simple "no" and "yes," unaccompanied by even a lift of eyelashes, or flutter or smile, as the monosyllables were, they finally gave up Miss Hildreth as "an uninteresting bit of propriety."

There was not the shadow of a suspicion in Katherine's mind that Dr. Lacey joined the children so frequently in their afternoon walks because of their governess; she knew that he was their physician, and devotedly attached to the children, and so she nodded pleasantly when he met them in the grove, or they found him reading in the little pavilion down by the mill dam, or discovered him sometimes in their retreat at the top of the mountain.

She had been a quaint little study to him at first, she was so unlike all the other women he had ever met. He would listen to her talk, as innocent and pure as Dottie's and Belle's, and think:

"Oh, little maid, shut in by nunnery walls, what knowest thou of the world and all its lights and shadows; all the wealth and all the woe." And as the days ran on, the study grew more and more interesting and finally absorbed his whole mind and thoughts.

The day following the children's bit of gossip out on the lawn, offered Dr. Lacey an opportunity to make known to the "beggar maid," King Cophetua's royal determination. He had seen the trio start out with their baskets for moss and leaves shortly after their early dinner, and knowing their haunts, he took a short cut up the mountain side, and was already at the tryst when they came slowly up the path. When Miss Hildreth saw him, she started and would have turned, but he called the children to him, and she followed them.

It was a warm day in early autumn; the hot sun burned on the high hills, and the spicy wood winds heavy with the fragrance of nut burrs and pines, and soft, sweet pungent whiffs of wild grape, blew breezes from the South; the whistling whirr of the locust filled the air with trembling thrills of tremelo; up on high the sleepy birds piped a lazy note, and the buzzing bees and floating butterflies skimmed over the meadows that lay like a green sea down below the mountain—a redolent break of sleeping summer seemed to come from the full breasts of the country hills around.

"The world seemed hushed in a drowsy swoon,
In the maze of the hot midsummer noon."

Miss Hildreth seated herself upon a rock a little apart, and began to weave a wreath of leaves for Dottie, who had clamored for one, while Belle trudged back and forth with her little basket, bringing great trails of wintergreen with its scarlet berries, and branches of sumac already purpling, for the making of the chaplet.

Doctor Lacey watched the trembling fingers in their work for some time, then he came nearer and threw himself upon the ground at Katherine's feet, and pulled his hat down over his eyes.

"Put it on, and be a tween, Dottie," said Belle, when Miss Hildreth held up the wreath completed. Dottie obeyed.

"Now make one for Doctor Lathey, Mith Hildreth," said Dottie, "and he will be my king, and I will be hith queen, won't I, Doctor Lathey?"

He pushed back his hat, and did not speak for a moment, then he answered, looking up in Katherine's eyes—

"There is but one woman crowned in my heart, I am at her feet, and her name is———"

"What ith her name?" interrupted Dottie, who had dropped her wreath now and was sitting both elbows on her knees, eyes, ears, and mouth open, drinking in every word.

He stopped short, watching the while a dawn of color in the pale pallor of Katherine's cheek.

"She is a namesake of her of Arragon, Dottie; Miss Hildreth knows which queen I fain would swear allegiance to."

Dottie and Belle both screamed because Miss Hildreth suddenly dropped all their hoard of nuts and leaves and berries from her lap, as she rose abruptly and said:

"We must go home; I am afraid there is a storm coming, let us go," and taking each one by the hand, without a word or look toward Dr. Lacey, she gathered the baskets and the shawls and led them down the path homeward.

Miss Hildreth was holding her Kindergarten out on the piazza, next day, teaching the children botany over some flowers they had gathered, when the red village wagon came winding up the long, dusty, white road and stopping at the gate the driver threw out an express package marked "Miss Hildreth." She looked surprised at its receipt, and at the urgent request of Dottie and Belle opened it at once. In the folds of white tissue paper beneath the wrapper, there lay a dress pattern of delicate gray striped silk.

"Why, what can this mean; I have ordered no such article, there is some mistake," she said.

"No, no, it'th all right, Mith Hildreth," cried Dottie, clapping her hands with glee; "it'th from Dr. Lathey, he thaid he'd buy you a new one, tauth I told him you cried about the tored one, didn't he, Belle?"

"Yes, but he said it would be *white*, don't you reccommember, Dottie? Tum, look here, Miss Emerson, at Miss Hildreth's pretty new dress that Dr. Lacey baughted her!" and Miss Emerson who had come down the steps leisurely during the colloquy, looked indeed; from the crown of Katherine's blushing, burning head, down to the little heap of silk at her feet, Miss Emerson's cold, gray eyes traveled slowly.

"Indeed!"

It was the only word she uttered, but the tone was a whole harsh sentence of surprise, suspicion, condemnation, and she swept on down the walk.

What did it mean? Did Dr. Lacey dare to offer her such a gift? and she had thought him such a true, tender-hearted gentleman; she had endowed him with all the virtues and noble qualities with which every maiden unconsciously crowns her hero, knight, and king. Catching up the package quickly, Miss Hildreth suddenly left her charges to their own devices, and rushed up to her room to fling herself down, and hide her face, and stifle the bitter sobs that came from her shamed, bruised heart.

"Where *was* Miss Hildreth?" was the inquiry after tea that evening, when there was music wanted. "Miss Hildreth was not well, and begged to be excused," was the answer that came to the requests for her presence in the parlor; she was still unable to leave her room next morning, when Ray Merrill asked for her, upon her arrival from the city, where she had been spending several days.

"I will go see her in her room, may I not, Mrs. Ward? I have something particular to say," importuned Ray. Mrs. Ward assented, looking a trifle anxious, some of the ladies thought, over her governess' illness.

"I hope it is nothing serious, Mrs. Ward," said one.

"No, it is a passing weakness; the weather has prostrated her."

"Has Dr. Lacey attended her?" asked another.

"I spoke of sending him up, but she begged so piteously to be left alone to-day, that I consented to wait until to-morrow about consulting a physician. I hope none of you are afraid of any contagious disease," said Mrs. Ward, looking troubled.

"Not in the least, I assure you, Mrs. Ward; Miss Hildreth is suffering from nothing that can affect us in the least," replied Miss Emerson, with emphasis.

Doctor Lacey was pacing up and down the long hall outside. He looked pale and troubled also; was it the weather too, that caused his ill looks?

Presently Ray Merrill came rushing down the stairs two at a time:

"Ladies, Dr. Lacey, please come here a moment," she began breathlessly. "I wish to correct at once an impression which I fear you are all laboring under," with a look at Miss Emerson. "This letter," showing a crumpled dirty little note, "I have just found in Dottie Ward's apron pocket. She says she picked it up on the piazza steps yesterday, and kept it for the pretty picture, the crest. It reads thus—'Will Miss Hildreth please accept from a few of her young girl friends at Crowcrest, this dress, as restitution of the one torn to tatters while taking 'A Trip to Jerusalem' for their pleasure? Ray Merrill and half-a-dozen other girls. What I desire to say to you all is this," continued Ray in her long speech, "from some ridiculous childish nonsense of Dottie's and Belle's, I fear there is an impression among you all, that *you*, Dr. Lacey, presented Miss Hildreth with the garment in question?"

"I!" echoed the doctor, starting. "I! surely Miss Hildreth——"

She came timidly into the parlor as her name was pronounced; the dress pattern was in her hand.

"I thank you all, girls, very much," she began, looking round at the half dozen or so who came forward to meet her. "I thank you all so very much, I—" and she broke completely down.

Dottie and Belle came running in after her.

"Don't cry, Mith Hildreth," said Dottie, hanging on to her dress. "Don't cry, betauth it ithent white, with orange blothomth and a veil; Doctor Lathey thaid he'd buy you one like that thome day."

Doctor Lacey colored and looked confused. Miss Emerson gave him an intense long gaze, and rose as though she would speak to him; he strode over toward Miss Hildreth, and said in a blunt, bold manner:

"This is certainly a most peculiar way in which to propose to a young lady; but, Miss Hildreth, Dottie speaks truly; I would like to see you wear white and orange blossoms, as my bride. I love you: will you be my wife?"

Miss Emerson looked as though she had been turned to stone, and slowly walked out of the room. Every one was dumbfounded for a moment. Miss Hildreth swayed to and fro like a flower in the wind; the doctor held out his arms, and she fell on his breast and was folded to his heart.

There was a quiet little wedding in Mrs. Ward's parlors the following winter, at which Dottie and Belle, as well as Ray Merrill and several other young ladies, were bridesmaids, and although the bride was lovely in "a robe of lustreless shimmering white, with trails of orange blossoms here and there, and a veil that half hid, yet half concealed" her pale, sweet face, the groom stoutly contended that he would fain have had her come to him like Enid, in a certain faded, torn gray gown,

"Remembering how first he came on her,
Drest in that dress; and how he loved her in it."

The happy couple made no wedding journey, but went straight to their little home not far from Mrs. Ward's. When asked why they went on no bridal tour, they laughed and said they took theirs before they were married in "a trip to Jerusalem."

Miss Emerson was not at the wedding; she sailed for Europe immediately after her return from the mountains.

People wondered why Miss Emerson's card was not among the beautiful presents received by Doctor Lacey and his bride; but those who knew her best, were not surprised that she sent no wedding gift, and were glad for her sake, that she refrained from doing something wicked and spiteful at the last toward the girl who had won from her the man she loved.

Esther Emerson will remain single all her life, no doubt: perhaps, when she grows to be an old woman she will tell the girls of the many lovers she "sent to Jericho." If she ever speaks of the one she truly loved, it will surely be of one who took "a trip to Jerusalem"—and never came back!

LOST OPPORTUNITY.—Opportunity is a swift runner. Those men who are always waiting for a more favorable season than the present to engage in any enterprise, or postponing any effort until the time when they imagine they will be best qualified for the successful exertion, will probably die without accomplishing any valuable purpose, and waste their lives in procrastination. A Spanish proverb says, "The road of By-and-bye leads to the town of Never."

JOHN FLEMING'S DOLL WIFE.

BY HARRIET B. MCKEEVER.

The dearest little Amy! but only a pretty toy. But John Fleming had been fascinated by her winsome ways, and sensible as he was, he was over head and ears in love with Amy Forester—quite a common thing for men of a practical order—how is it?

She had the loveliest dark blue eyes beaming with affection, the sweetest little mouth nestled in dimples, the rose and lily blended in her complexion, a profusion of blonde curls, a graceful little form that had danced through life thus far upon flowers, and who could help being bewitched with this singing bird, this dancing fairy?

John could not; and there was no use in talking about the folly of his choice.

His sister Sarah had told him over and over again that he wanted something more than a singing bird, a household fairy, if he expected to be happy in his married life.

"She is more than a singing bird, sister, I know that," argued John; "a heart overflowing with love, and I know that with my patience, and her womanly tenderness, she'll be all that I desire."

John thought everything she did was charming; she sang like a nightingale, danced like a sylph—the most common tones of her voice were music to him. He loved to watch the dainty fingers at her pretty crochet-work, making such lovely things.

It was true she had been sadly petted, but she must have a fine nature, that in spite of all mamma's indulgence, spread its sweet atmosphere of sisterly love among her little brothers and sisters. For didn't he hear them calling out for sister Amy in all their little vexations? and wasn't she always ready, her sweet voice answering, "I'm coming." This is the way John Fleming talked to himself about his darling; he wasn't afraid to take Amy Forester "for better, for worse"—not he! Wouldn't he carry her through life in his strong arms, and help her bear its burdens? Twenty-eight, and she twenty, but she only seemed seventeen, so girlish, so guileless. To Amy, life seemed all sunshine, and she chattered away like a happy child with John and dear mamma about housekeeping in a manner that caused many a hearty laugh, as the little lady talked about "*my* house, *my* servants, *my* accounts."

What did she know about these weighty things? poor little innocent dove! Was it right that on the eve of marriage, she should know so little?

John spends all his evenings with Amy, and is greatly amused at the sweet prattle about the wedding gifts which are coming in now for the bride elect.

"This is for you, John dear," she said, as she led him to a handsome shaving stand, "and this, too," showing an elegant writing desk, "and here is my watch-case, John; it is such a little thing, but I worked it all myself."

"The most precious gift here, Amy, just because your little fingers worked it."

But it is the wedding day, the little lady blushing through her veil, as Amy Forester gave her hand to John Fleming, believing that he was the best man in the world; and he, that never was man so blessed in possessing such a treasure as his wedded wife.

Smiles and tears chased each other over Amy's face as she bade farewell to the home of her youth, waving smiling adieus to sweet girlhood, as she passed with a trembling step over the boundary that led to the new life of young womanhood.

After the reception, the young pair set off on a wedding trip to the mountains.

"I don't care for the sea-shore, John," said the young wife, "where there are so many people; it is so much more delightful where we can be alone with nature and each other."

The sky never smiled so brightly, the grand old trees never looked so green, the birds never sang so sweetly, the bosom of the lakes never so placid, and the lovely wild flowers of the mountains so charming, as Amy often kissed what John gathered. Will the pair ever forget these two blessed weeks in their young lives?

But their faces were turned homeward, at last and their modest home was ready for them.

Amy was charmed with everything in the convenient and pretty house, where papa and mamma were waiting to receive her.

But she was very tired, and after an hour's rest, appeared for the first time at her own table, a smiling little creature beaming with undisguised pleasure as she looked upon her own home, such a proud little lady!

"This is mine, mamma," she said, "and what a lovely dining-room! Who chose this carpet? it's just the colors that I like!"

"Sister Sarah arranged all this room, Amy," said John; "you know I had a way of finding out what you like."

"And I guess I knew, John, what you were about, and maybe I dropped a few cunning hints."

Next morning, Amy took the head of the table, and with such a pretty air of consequence, that John laughed at the pretty picture in the neat morning wrapper, her hair so beautifully dressed, just as John liked it.

Mamma had provided a good girl for the young pair, but Molly set a high value upon her services, and did not by any means feel as if she were a fixture in the establishment.

On this morning she had made delightful coffee, the nicest muffins, and most delicate omelet, and the two sat at their own table, the most supremely

contented pair that could be seen in all that great city.

After breakfast, they went over their neat, comfortable home, and well might Amy be pleased, for everything was so pretty.

"Isn't it all lovely, John?" she said, as she sat down on the sofa in her parlor, and looked around upon all its dainty ornaments.

Receiving calls occupied the next month, and then Amy settled down to the cares of her house.

But there were threatening signs in the kitchen atmosphere—Molly was becoming indolent, and sometimes insolent—John wouldn't stand that, and warned Molly of the consequences.

One morning she gave Amy notice that she had an offer of a place for higher wages, and couldn't stay for less.

She was soon informed that three dollars was all that they would give, and highly offended, Molly said that "the lady wanted her to come at once, and sure, ma'am, you couldn't ax me to lose the chance."

With no more words, she packed up her clothes, and was off as soon as her tea-things were put away, and poor Amy was left without a girl.

"What shall I do, John? I don't know how to cook, or to do anything right."

John laughed just a little, but he said, "Don't worry, darling, I'll help till we get a girl."

"You help! oh, John, do you think I'd let you do that?"

"Now the first thing is to look after the fire," said the husband, and so he piled on a load of coal upon a bed of red-hot ashes.

But when Amy came down in the morning the fire was out, and she hurried back to tell the bad news to John.

"I'll be down in a minute," he said, "and we'll soon have it all right."

When he came down, he found that his poor little wife had piled wood on the top of the coals, without disturbing the ashes below.

So the stove must be cleared out, and John went to work, and after a long while, he heard the coal cracking.

"Now go up stairs, dear," said Amy, "I can get along."

While the fire was burning up, she set the table very neatly, and returned to see if the kettle was boiling.

"Now I must make the coffee," she said to herself; "I don't know how, I'm sure, but I'll try."

Guessing the quantity, as soon as the kettle boiled, she added the coffee, but forgot the egg.

"It's boiling now," she said; "it smells nice, I guess it's all right."

Then she cut the bread, and as soon as the coffee was done, she hurried in the eggs, but knowing nothing about time, she left them in too long

Placing some cold chicken on the table, breakfast was ready, and she rang the bell for John to come down.

Amy looked very proud as she sat down to the first meal she had ever prepared, trembling a little, however.

Pouring out the coffee, she saw that was thick, and not fit to drink.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the poor little wife.

"Did you put any egg in, dear?" asked John.

"I didn't know that we had to use egg; and now it isn't fit to drink."

"Never mind, Amy; here's a pitcher of good milk, I can drink that."

When they broke the eggs, they were hard enough for salad, and so Amy saw that she had cooked a miserable breakfast. John was just as kind as ever he could be, but poor Amy's lips quivered, and the tears would come, although she tried so hard to smile at her blunders.

She didn't eat much, poor child! and John saw that she hurried out of the room.

Following her to the kitchen, he found her sobbing as if her little heart would break.

"Only think, John, of knowing how to crochet, and embroider, and draw, how to speak French, to dance and play on the piano, and not to know how to make a cup of coffee for my husband, and for mamma to let me become a wife to one like you, John; I am so ashamed; call me a wife, indeed! I'm only a doll, just good for nothing."

"Don't fret so, dear, you'll learn after awhile; it just needs a little patience and perseverance, and it will all be right, little wife."

"I did try, John; I did my very best," and the pretty lips quivered as she looked up in her husband's face.

"I know you did, darling; now don't cry and spoil your sweet eyes," and John kissed the rosy lips, saying, "We'll soon have a girl, dear."

"That isn't what I was thinking of, John; I must learn to do these things myself, and then I can teach others—but now just be off, and see if I don't have a grand dinner."

As soon as John had gone, Amy went to market and bought a tender chicken and some vegetables, determined to make up for her failure in the morning.

She remembered something about cleaning a chicken, and so she went to work. Little did the doll-wife know about cleaning a chicken or cooking vegetables. She burnt her pretty hand and scorched her cheeks, but she labored in the dark.

She had roasted her chicken and made gravy of some of the giblets, but was puzzled about the gizzard.

"What shall I do with it?" she asked, "it didn't look this way at home; I guess I'll roast it in the chicken."

John came home full of concern for his little

wife, but dinner was soon on the table, and really looked inviting; but when he came to carve the chicken, he asked about the gizzard, and found that it had been cooked whole.

"This ought to have been opened, dear," he said, "suppose we put it aside for the present," and he laid it away on a plate.

The potatoes were water-soaked, the peas were hard, and when the dessert came on, the cup-custards were only whey and tough curd.

Not a word of complaint from John's lips; but after dinner they went out to the kitchen, and when John opened the gizzard, the two burst into a hearty laugh at the sight of the gravel and corn that Amy had cooked for her husband.

"I won't be conquered, John, and I'll win at last," said Amy.

Next day there was another failure, for she forgot to settle the coffee, and the tender beefsteak was burnt black and miserably smoked; and as to the gravy—well, we won't say anything about that.

After the second failure, Amy was thoroughly disheartened, and went to bed as soon as the house was put to rights. She was an impulsive young creature, and as she lay there, she sobbed out her vexations in a passionate storm of mortification and grief.

"How could mamma bring me up in this way?" she said, looking at her likeness that hung by the side of John's dressing bureau, "what are you good for, you little goose? I won't look at you. I never darned my own stockings, mamma did all that; and what do I know about housekeeping? John calls me his queen, sometimes—a pretty queen I am to be sure! such a poor little helpless thing, not fit to sit on the throne of such a heart as John Fleming's—he pets me just as kindly as ever, but I don't want to be petted; I won't be a doll, I'll be a woman, yes, a woman! and then he'll respect his little wife. I'll never bring up my daughters in this miserable way—no indeed, they shall be taught everything that a woman ought to know," and then there was another fit of sobbing, "but I won't lie here—I'll be a woman; yes, I will, and then I'll sit upon the throne of John Fleming's heart."

Up sprang the doll-wife, tossing her pretty head and throwing out her hand as if casting something away—she left the last remnant of the doll behind, and the true woman budded in that stormy hour.

Going to the bath-room, she washed her face and bathed her eyes, then dressed herself hurriedly, and like a brave little woman, she flew out of the door, taking the key with her, and returned with a dust-cap, neat kitchen apron, and a cook-book.

Dressed in her kitchen garb, she went to the glass and laughed heartily at the little figure—but the laugh did her good, and she flew round busy as a bee, for it was sweeping day.

At twelve o'clock there was a sound of steps in the hall, and John's voice called out:

"Where are you, Amy?"

Merry as a cricket, downstairs she flew to meet John in the entry.

"What does this mean?" said husband, as he looked at the comical figure.

"This is a duster," pointing to her cap; "and this is the belle of the kitchen," pointing to her apron, "and Amy is somebody else—not a doll wife any longer."

"You were never a doll-wife to me, darling," said John, "always the dearest little woman."

He had come home for an account-book, and hurried off after a sweet kiss on the rosy cheek.

"Don't come home before three to-day, John," said Amy. "It is a busy day, and dinner will not be ready until then."

With cook-book in hand, which she followed carefully, Amy rejoiced over her first successful meal, for she knew that all was right.

And when John sat down to a dinner of fried oysters and coffee, Amy's face brightened as he praised her cooking.

"Delmonico couldn't beat this, darling; how in the world did you manage?"

"I have a splendid cook-book, and I followed that, John; just look at it—it tells about everything, and I don't want a girl for a month yet; I'll put out our clothes to wash and iron, and I'll beat all the cooks that can come here at the end of that time."

John looked upon his little wife with a proud, happy smile, and after dinner, took her on his lap, and smoothing her beautiful hair, he pressed fond kisses on her rosy lips.

"I wish you could have heard me this morning, John, when I was desperate; I said I wouldn't be petted, I wouldn't be a doll, for I'm a woman now."

"My own queen of hearts! that's what you are, Amy; but you are tired, darling—rest till I come home."

She was glad to lay her head upon her pillow, with such a glad feeling of perfect content, for she was sure to win in the race that she was running.

At six o'clock, a nice supper came from Delmonico's, but John said it didn't beat Amy's dinner.

There were some slips, some few failures; but Amy's perseverance never flagged, and John's patience never tired.

And so, although she came to her husband only a doll-wife, by John's patient tenderness and Amy's true womanliness, notwithstanding the folly of a silly mother, she was not only the singing bird of her home, but the pride and joy of her husband. So we cannot bring our story to a pathetic close, for Amy did not die like Dickens' Little Dora, for she said that "she would conquer," and she did.

AN OLD STORY.

I sing of a knight who to battle departed;
His plume danced over his helmet gay!
And brave was the knight, and his lady true-hearted,
And bright was the morn in May.
Over the sky, over the sky,
The soft clouds floated, the birds flew by,
And the knight rode onward singing.

thing of a lady fair, wandering lonely;
Her hair gave largess of gold to the breeze;
ate thought of him whom her heart held only,
soAnd sighed with the sighing trees.
Over the sky, over the sky,
She saw but cloud, through the mist in her eye,
For ever her tears were springing.

I sing of a knight who made noblest endeavor,
No lance was strong to withstand his might;
Till he fell where he fought, with his heart stilled forever,
And his face upturned to the light!
Over the sky, over the sky,
He saw the death-dark gathering nigh,
And he slept, and knew no morrow.

Now what is left for my song's relating?
The knight's young life is over and past,
But alas, for the lady's long, long waiting,
With a grief for its crown at last!
Under the sky, under the sky,
There still be some who must strive and die.
And some who watch and sorrow!

[*Written expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.*]

A ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS.*

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES AND EMILY READ,

Authors of "Ingremisco," "Wearithorne," "Old Martin Boscawen's Jest," "Aytoun," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Through the pass of By-and-by
You go to the valley of Never."

Day is over; twilight darkens in the windows, gray and blank.

Margaret lets her book fall in her lap. The dusk has blurred the lines to her—but yet that last paragraph she has been reading, seems to lie clear and distinct under her eyes. Perhaps it is because she has had to strain them a little, to make out the last words, and so those have come slowly and impressively; at any rate, the sentences are these:

"There are women who live all their lives long in the cold, white moonlight of other people's reflected joy. It is not a bad kind of light to live in, after all. It may leave some dark, ghostly corners of the heart unwarmed; but like the other moonlight, it lets a great deal be seen overhead that sunshine hides."

Margaret has nearly let the book slide from her knee, with the shiver that goes through her; she puts out her hand hurriedly to arrest the fall, but she thrusts the volume from her, on the window-sill, as if something in it jarred on her. It is like the thought of chilly blasts creeping in at undefended doorways, while the balmy spring breathes about her. And it is spring—spring in every sense; and to-night Roger is coming home.

After eight years.

But how the moments drag out now—those years hardly seemed longer in passing. There is the shrill wailing scream of the engine now, the heavy panting as the long train labors in. With the breadth of the village between, Margaret seems to herself to see how it draws up to the station—some one tears open a car-door—

Of course it is far too early yet to look for him; other eyes would be upon the watch—old, faded eyes, weary of watching, which had the right, no doubt, to the first glimpse. The telegram had been for Miss Alethea, but she had mentioned to Kate that no doubt Roger would have her bring him down that very night to see his old friends at the Burnley house.

Of course it is far too early yet, Margaret reiterates; yet she has dressed in a tremor of haste—he always liked her in white—and then, to calm her restlessness, took up that book, which she thrusts from her now, and leans both arms upon the sill, and looks down blankly on the rose-garden below. There is the light roll of wheels now and then over the graveled path, the flutter of another white dress through the greenery. Usually, it is Margaret's part to wheel the garden-chair up and down there—but this evening she has not even heeded that some one took her place.

For, after eight years—

When Rip Van Winkle awoke out of his enchanted sleep upon the mountain-side, and once more trod the familiar village street, it was with no more bewildered sense of having last trodden it yesterday, than is just now making confusion in the heart of a man sauntering in the late spring twilight through Little Medlington, down toward the river. He has separated himself from the evening stream of passengers from the railway station on the edge of town, and with a keen glance here and there from under the slouched rim of his hat, has been striding rapidly along the shortest way, until he is in sight of the quaint old weather-beaten brick house that fronts upon its garden upon the river's brim, and turns its many-windowed gable on the street. When he sees that, he slackens his pace and comes slowly on.

Has the house-door been standing open thus, all these long years, within its bowed Venitian blinds? The man feels like one moving in a dream of the past, as he goes by, with a glance

up at the embowered porch, as if he expected to find some one there.

There is no one, however. But as he looks under the Greville rose that trails about the latticed archway of the porch, and catches a glimpse of the tangled garden beyond, he seems to see a flutter of white which is not the mere stirring of the the tall seringa, or the bridal-wreath that flings its garlanded boughs to the soft beeeze. And so he passes on, along the somewhat rickety vine-patched fence, with a feeling that eight years are effaced with one sweep of time's wing which has wafted him here this evening.

Yes; and there she goes, among the roses—white and rosy as themselves, in her white dress, and with her fluttering grace.

"Blossom——"

Was ever fairer one trailed by the twilight breeze across the garden path? The name is on the man's lips as he pauses at the fence; yet after all it is not spoken by him, but in a childishly impatient tone, by some one whom till now he does not see. Some one in a garden-chair, which the girl has been pushing up and down the path, and on the back of which one hand of hers is resting, while the other puts aside a trespassing branch.

"Blossom," the querulous voice says again; "there is some one there. See what he wants, child—send him away—we'll have no tramps here."

The girl turns round, and looks; and then she hurries across to the gate under the great apple-tree. The petals of the apple blossoms come floating down, flushed and hurried, to claim her as akin to them, as they nestle in the shining braids of hair, and on the pretty shoulder.

"Blossom!"

Two "flower-soft hands" flutter down over the gate, at the call, and are taken into the man's grasp as he comes up.

"Is it you, Roger? But of course I know it is; even if we had not been expecting you this evening, I should still have known you anywhere."

"And I you, Blossom."

There is something in the man's voice which is not in her frank greeting; something in his intent gray eyes which they do not find in hers, for all their searching into them. Roger Gillespie stifles back a sigh.

"Yet time does bring his changes, Blossom, after all. When we parted eight years ago, it was not after this cool fashion."

Even in the twilight, he can see her vivid blush, which shows she understands his meaning, though she answers:

"Eight years! you can't expect me to remember. But we are not parting now, Roger; when we do, it will be quite soon enough to compare times and fashions."

"When we do? Blossom I used to think, when once I came back from my exile, we would never part again."

There is a startled air about her as she listens; evidently the words are new and strange to her. But she has not time to wonder at them; an interruption comes:

"Blossom, send the fellow away. It is not safe to stand talking to tramps."

As the thick, uncertain utterance reaches her, the girl glances over her shoulder with a troubled gesture. "Dear papa, it is no tramp. We are coming presently. Roger, you won't mind—it is papa—and you know—"

"I know." He gently stops the apologetic tone. "You must not think I could rest ignorant of anything that has befallen you in all these years. I never wrote to you, because I could not, without saying what was in my heart. Do not suppose I did not hear of you. All that I heard, went to make of the boyish romance a man's hope. But the life of a struggling engineer in South America was not one to ask a girl to share; therefore, I did not write. The struggle is over now—"

He breaks off. Her startled attitude, as she stands half-turned from him, glancing over her shoulder up the garden path, as if she fain would follow it to the house, where a just-kindled lamp beckons through the trees, does not encourage him to ask anything just now. In his pause, she falters:

"I don't think I understand. So young as—"

"I have said, it was a boyish romance. Let the past go then, Blossom, though I *had* hoped to bring some faintest influence out of it, to help me now. But it shall go hard if the present can't be made to serve my turn," he says, under his breath. "At least, no one has plucked the Blossom yet?"

"It is such an ordinary little Blossom, Roger," she says, half laughing, half embarrassed; "no one has wanted it."

He reaches up, and breaks off a fragrant spray overhead.

"The sweeteet things bloom at our doors in the old home. I have missed just these, among all the tropical splendors over the sea there. Let us go halves, little friend; fasten these in for me, will you?"

A slight friendly office, which she cannot refuse, when he makes it such a mere matter of course. She puts his part of the divided spray into his button-hole, and tucks her half away amidst her golden braids, where the other petals placed themselves. She would have done the same, had she known any one was watching. As for Roger Gillespie, his eyes follow the pretty movements of her fingers with a strange intentness, as if he were learning them and her by heart. Eight

years—has he been thinking of her all that while, and yet not known her until now? and yet not loved her until now? For he is conscious of a new thrill, which had not been in his calmer thoughts of her. The boyish romance, the man's hope, are, as it were, faint smouldering embers kindling into full warmth as she breathes upon them near. The wind has loosened a bit of the apple-blossom from her hair, and it comes floating down against his hand, and he catches it and puts it to his lips while she is not looking. Would he have done the same, had he known some one was watching?

Some one standing at an upper window of the house, who has been observing the whole scene. Some one who has not moved until now, except, as he came up, to clasp her hands with a gesture which was almost a thanksgiving.

Now, they fall apart, in a slow, hopeless way; and she moves back from the window in her white dress, too.

One moment; then the hands begin, in a sort of desperate impatience, to tear off the white dress, and to put on a dull gray, which, awhile ago, she had flung off disdainfully across that chair. She needs no light to do it, the gloaming still lends her some, and she is putting on no ornaments save the brooch that fastens the linen collar. But after she has finished, she does light her candle, and carries it shaded to her mirror, and looks in.

Twilight draws one picture of her; candlelight another.

That by twilight might almost be taken, at a first glance, for the portrait of the young girl yonder at the gate. There is the same general contour, though the cheek has lost its roundness and the mouth its dimple; and the temples are sunken just a little, less beneath the weight of years than of care and thought. But candlelight puts sharper touches to the picture: marks some weary curves of unforgotten griefs about the mouth, a troubled line upon the brow, and pales the blush-rose tint to white, takes all the merry glint from the blue eyes, and traces here and there a silvery thread amidst the hair, the gold of which is dulled to brown, and waves less thickly from the temples than it used. One looking at this candlelight portrait, set in the mirror's frame, would have no thought of tender blossoms, but of a woman who has borne the burden and heat of the day. And if a calmer time had followed, as if life's twilight were already closing in—neutral-tinted, chilly perhaps—

For one long moment the face in the mirror has a sadder meaning than that—the grayness, the ghastliness of despair—in it. But she forces herself to look on steadily, there on her knees, until that bitterness of death is past, and she can smile into the unexpectant, faded face of every day. Who but she need ever know that for one breathing-space her life had seemed to bloom into a second blossoming? She smiles at the vain expectation now; the second blossoming is always evanescent, bare of fruitage. But—they need not know.

They! Is it any wonder that as she rises from her knees, she is drawn to the window again, and stands there watching them? The girl is opening the gate at last to let him through—their hands meet on the latch, and he keeps hers in his an instant longer than he need, then draws it in his arm with a quiet air of posession which the woman up there at the window understands, though the girl at his side does not. Then the two come sauntering arm in arm up the short path, to the invalid's chair, apparently in no haste to reach it. There is a stop there—a hesitating introduction of:

"Roger, papa—Roger Gillespie, you know, who used to be here so long ago."

A dazed uplifting of the gray old face which has lost its eager look, a sort of fumbling after the old habit of courtesy, as the palsied hand reaches out for the young man's.

"Roger—Roger," the quavering voice says, vaguely, "yes, yes, I know—it is you have brought him, Blossom."

How much of conscious meaning the words have in them, the girl cannot tell—Roger's swift glance at her has laid a stress on them, which deepens the color in her face, and makes her lashes fall. And then he comes to her side, and together they wheel the chair up to the porch steps.

It is as they pass directly under that upper window that the girl says:

"I must take papa in out of the night air; you won't mind going into the drawing-room, and waiting—oh—" she interrupts herself with a touch of self-reproach in her happy young voice—"how could I have forgotten? You have not yet seen my sister. I wonder if she is expecting you by this time? And she will be wondering where I am."

"She'll not be thinking of us," the man answers carelessly. "If *you* had half forgotten me, I can't expect *her* to remember. I'll wait here until you come back; I won't go in until then. Only one moment first—tell me, were you waiting at the gate for me, Blossom?"

Blossom! At the word, the woman's hands loose their clutching hold upon that window-sill above and go up to the throat of her dull gray gown, trembling upon the brooch as if they would unfasten it. She half stoops, reaching out after the white dress which lies crumpled together on the floor at her feet. But she draws herself up with a faint, self-disdainful smile. Blossom! Was there ever one who fits the name so fairly as that young creature at his side?

When, after comfortably depositing the old man in his easy chair, in the library, for his customary twilight nap, the girl returns for her visitor,

and the two make their appearance together in the drawing-room, through the white curtains of the window opening down upon the porch, they find the elder sister leaning back in her chair, under the lamp-light, a square of embroidery in her hands, and the colored wools laid out in piles in her lap and on the table at her elbow.

"Oh, Margaret, here is Roger," cries the girl, breathlessly, entering.

Margaret lifts her head, a calm contrast to the other's eagerness—lifts her head slowly, and sees the figure standing behind the girl in the dark background of the window. The eyes of the man and woman meet for the first time since that evening, eight long years ago, when they two parted just here.

Margaret keeps that memory bravely out of her eyes now; and it is not in Roger's as he looks across at her. For it is not the blooming, glowing girl he left, whom he sees; but a grave woman, something cold and still, on whom the lamp-light shines, and spares no altered line, no faded tint, as she must have known it would not. She shows every day of her twenty-eight years, lengthened by all the griefs with which the last eight have been doubled. The man yonder, eager, impetuous, full of vigorous life that ran warmly enough through his veins a moment since, stands chilled in her cool presence, and as one in a confused dream gazes across at her. Or is he dreaming? Has he not been dreaming all these years, and only just awakes?

It is no ghost of his old love that looks out upon Roger Gillespie through her quiet eyes. A ghost might have brought him back to her, with piteous appeal in its white face—but this calm woman simply looks at him as if there were no past, as if there never had been any other life for her more vivid than the stillness in which she sits, and lays down her embroidery—first sticking in her needle—and puts out her hand to him.

"Roger knows I am very glad to see him. He won't mind my not rising, for I have just sorted all these treacherous blue and green wools."

And Roger crosses the floor as if it were swaying dizzily with him; and goes and takes her hand in his. While it yet lies there, she is speaking to the little sister:

"Blossom, dear, if you would ring for tea—I hope Roger has not been so long away in foreign parts, that he has forgotten the old home customs, but will take a cup of tea with us."

"Blossom—"

It is Roger's voice that repeats the word, hoarse and low. Not to the young girl—she does not hear it, for she is moving toward the door.

"Perhaps Hessy can give us something better than just a cup of tea to-night, in honor of Roger's arrival," she is saying. "I'll go and inquire into her resources."

The door shuts upon her, and the two are alone together. Well, what matter? It is a thing that may often happen; Margaret knows she must bear it without flinching, first as well as last.

"Blossom—"

Whether he has absently let her hand fall, or whether it has withdrawn itself, it is busying itself now among the tinted wools, laying one skein against another, as if intent upon the grouping of their hues. She does not look up, as she answers:

"You are wondering how little May got that old forgotten name of mine? It is quite hers, now; every one forgets I ever had it, as well as the 'Daisy,' from which mamma first gave it me, you know. The child does not know I ever had it, nor how she gained it. But since papa's stroke, after a long interval his memory came back, just a little—not enough to recognize me, I had changed so much; but to recognize the likeness in the child to me before I had changed. And papa took her for me—he has called her his Blossom ever since—"

If there is a break in her clear voice, it is just at the last, over her father's name. That is so natural; how is Roger to know the double pang that catches her breath, in that she has outlived her bloom for father and for lover both?

"She is wonderfully like you," he says, after a pause, filled with the thought of whom that first pronoun shows.

"Like me as I was, not am. Like me when I was young."

With an effort Roger lifts his eyes from the floor and looks at her in a troubled way. *She* is not troubled—she is drawing the thread through the needle with steady fingers.

"When you were young!" he says, with an uneasy laugh. "Have you forgotten you are just my age?"

"Am I? No, not quite—I am seven weeks younger. But, Roger, change those weeks into as many years, and give them to me instead of to yourself, and you will come nearer to our comparative ages. Women age more rapidly than men, perhaps. You are young still; you are climbing up, and are not tired of the climb While I—my way of life slopes down the other side; slopes slowly, it may be, but at the end is rest."

She keeps all sadness from her voice, as she says this; every tone which might hint to him that just to-night—to-night, when she stood at the height of all her hopes—she has begun to descend upon the other side. She has let her work fall in her lap, folding her hands over it, and gazing before her with the calm outlook which the old have when they speak of rest. Roger sees, and his heart smites him with that pity with which he never dreams her whole soul and body are aching for herself.

"You are wrong—wrong; you are too young

to put life from you so," he cries, and falters on that last word.

For one breathing-space, she wonders why; then she hears a merry, lilting voice coming this way along the hall—a voice his ear has been the first to catch. At that, she looks straight up at him, and sees his eyes turn in confusion from her face. He says, in a hurried way, still listening to that voice, even while he speaks:

"I forgot—I had but a moment this evening, just to announce myself. I have not been to Aunt Alethea yet. I will come again, and I must see Kate, and you will tell me of Delphine and all—but to-night you will excuse me, you and May."

He is holding out his hand, and Margaret puts hers into it, as he ends his stammering speech.

"Blossom," she corrects his last word. "Stay, I am not shaking hands with you, for I don't intend to let you go, just yet."

"You are very kind, but—"

"Roger, answer me one word." She is standing now, her other hand laid on his with a detaining clasp. "If I am wrong, you will forget it—but are you fleeing from my darling out there? Roger, are you trying to hold yourself bound by some shadowy, unspoken vow to the Blossom faded long ago, which this other Blossom, fairer than she ever was, has made you forget?"

He does not answer the still voice in words; it is his face speaks for him—his face, with that dark flush of pain in it. His eyes are on the ground again; hers dare soften just an instant, as she says;

"*I* never held you bound; and Roger, do you think that I, whose youth and love-time are well over, as I said, can grudge youth and love to her? There is but one last Blossom left on the old stem; if you can gather it—"

"Heigho! daisies and buttercups—" lilts the careless voice outside the door, sinking low as it draws near. A slight clatter of china and glass sounds the accompainment, and the girl holds the door open for a servant to pass in with a tray.

"You see, Aunt Hessy and I have been putting our heads together to ward off starvation, Roger."

There she stops short, for somehow there is a ghost of a scene still lingering in the room. Margaret is the one to exorcise it with a smile.

"You are just in time, my Blossom. Roger was trying to say good-by, fearing starvation in some shape, perhaps. He will not fear it now. Here, child, come gather up these worsteds I've let fall, and Roger may help you, while I pour out tea and take papa his cup."

Is not life made up so of trifles? The hours come and the hours go, thrusting their trivial tasks into hands which weakly let them fall, or steadily take hold of them one by one. And the cup we pour to others need not be a bitter one, because that which some heedless hand holds to our own lips may be full of wormwood, and we drain it to the dregs.

THE END.

OUR MOONLIT WALK.

AUGUSTA MOORE.

Beneath the winter sky I walk with May,
Within the mighty circle of the hills,
Where purple splendors drape departing day,
While peace and patience the pure air distills.

How beautiful is Earth, all robed in white!
How sweetly solemn is the river's psalm!
Not even morning's gracious, holy light,
Hath in it such a finished, perfect calm.

In the far North, the golden, full-orbed moon
Mounts joyfully the sacred heights of heaven;
About her face a misty veil, that soon
By the full glory of her smile, is riven.

Glad moon! she sees along the crimson West,
The banners of her royal lover stream;
And him she sees, just sinking to his rest,
Where all the glories of the sunset gleam.

But following on in all her queenly grace,
Reflecting, generously, the light he gives,
She hastes, still gazing on his ardent face,
In whose great light and warmth alone she lives

Glad moon! so fair! so beautiful! so bright!
Beholding *him* how large she grows, how free!
How full of power! She hath *abolished* night;
And shares her joy with lovely May and me.

READING ALOUD.—Reading aloud has its physical advantages, while contributing to the cultivation of the voice. The lungs are thus expanded, and their healthy action is promoted in a degree which does not occur in mere conversational utterance. The use of the voice in singing demonstrates the full capacity of the lungs, yet in no more practical sense than can be reached by elocutionary exercise. A distinguished physician says:

"Reading aloud, when properly done, has a great agency in inducing vocal power, on the same principle that muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted disuse of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it for ever. The general plan in appropriate cases is to read aloud in a conversational tone thrice a day for a minute or two, or three, at a time, increasing a minute every day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result."

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

BY I. J. ROBERTS.

"So you have really come back to me after this year of silence. I imagined, Celia, that your love had died the death natural to such love."

"Oh, Hallie, how could you think such a thing? Cease to love you—never! I have been teaching in a country school since I last saw you, and although my duties were many and arduous, I should have written time and again, only I could not frame the kind friendly letter you demanded, and you positively forbade the love-letters."

"And so you really care for me yet, Celia; but not with the old, crazy school-girl love, which used to throw you into such hot and cold fits of passion?"

Ceila bowed in silence; her great, shadowy gray eyes, which always seemed to hold in their depths a subdued passion, fixed with a strange shyness and pride on the face of her questioner.

"It is just as crazy as ever. I believe if you told me to stand on my head in that corner, I should do so."

"Silly girl! Out of compassion I'll spare your love that test."

Celia continued, warmly:

"There has never been a day—scarcely an hour—that I have not thought of you; and yet you always seem so unreal, more like a beautiful dream extending back into my past and forward into my future. Oh, Hallie, I love you so! Don't stop me—you won't let me write it, and I must say it; and don't tell me I am foolish, or that you are unworthy my worship—it is all useless!"

Celia was breathing hard and fast. Dropping her cool hand on that of the excited girl, Hallie said, quietly:

"Now tell me all you have been about, during this year."

In obedience, Celia recounted her little history; a year of the life of a young teacher in a district school—its trials, disappointments, and transient pleasures. "And oh, Hallie," she said in conclusion, "I had almost forgotten to tell you that I am engaged to be married."

"Engaged to be married, you—Celia! Why you seem a mere child. And how calmly you announce the momentous fact."

"I am nineteen," Celia said, a little indignantly, continuing gently: "Dear Hallie, I don't presume to ask your confidence, but may I not know something of your life during the past year?"

"I suppose you want to know if I am likewise blessed in regard to matrimonial prospects? No, Celia, ne'er a one have I, although your senior by two years."

"Hallie, you will never marry—you are in yourself complete."

"A prophecy!" Hallie exclaimed, laughingly. Holding fast the hand Hallie had accorded her, Celia went on, with a tremulous eagerness in her voice:

"I have ceased to wonder how it is that I love one of my own sex to such a degree. I feel an insane happiness in your presence—my life is glorified by my love for you, and the knowledge that you deserve it. At times you have been very cold and repellent to me, but now I feel as if you loved me a little—is it so?"

"Yes, Celia, I love you dearly," Hallie said, gravely, turning away her calm hazel eyes from the passionate gray, feeling pityingly that she could never make a commensurate return for this wealth of love and admiration, although she gave the girl a wise, sisterly affection.

"I know you don't like me to talk in this way—that it is indeed foolish and sentimental—but I am famishing for your love."

"But you have your betrothed now—does he not satisfy you?"

"Oh Hallie, how cruel you are! I remember you saying that when I found a man to love—the legitimate object of the passion in my heart—I should find you supernumerary. Know then, that when I compare the affection I bear Murray Wentworth to that which I cherish for you, I doubt if I love him."

"Tell me something more about Mr. Wentworth," was Hallie's response.

"I am afraid you would not like him; but he is good and kind, and loves me truly; and Hallie, although you would never choose him, he will be sure to fall in love with you."

Hallie laughed and said:

"Did you ever have a friend, male or female, whom you did not think would at once surrender to my charms? Rest assured he will not fall in love with me, unless he is some outlandish specimen of his kind, or some eccentric genius. If he is straight of limb and sound of mind, you have no occasion to fear," and she smiled, as she thought of the queer assortment of human moths her little light had attracted about her.

"Dearest, if ever you should meet Murray, you must not condemn my choice—it is for the best," Celia continued, pleadingly.

"Surely, you would not give him up if I should disapprove of him?"

"I don't know—I can't tell," Celia said, doubtingly.

"Oh, Celia, you do not love him then!" Hallie exclaimed, with almost horror.

"Yes I do, only I am disappointed. I had thought to give the man I marry a love like to that I bear you."

After another hour had passed in a mutual exchange of confidence, Celia went.

Celia's revelation concerning her engagement haunted Hallie. She felt that the girl had ac-

cepted Mr. Wentworth for the same reason that she had sought the position of school-teacher—to escape a home made miserable by a weak-minded step-mother and a set of unruly children. She desired of all things to be a true friend to her little admirer, and she felt that now was the time to assert her power, if thereby she could insure Celia's welfare. She longed for a personal acquaintance with Mr. Wentworth, whom from his betrothed's description she much distrusted, so as to decide to her own satisfaction whether he was worthy or not of her friend; but she saw no means of obtaining her wish, as Celia lived out of town.

Three years before, Celia Gardner and Hallie Stafford had first met at school. From the very beginning Celia had worshiped Hallie, and through the potency of her passion had succeeded in awakening in Hallie a reciprocal interest, which finally grew into a strong sisterly love, of which Celia was well worthy, for she was, in truth, a sweet, generous, and artless girl. All through her life Hallie had received a worshipful love from her own sex—rarely from the opposite. Her lovers had always been girls, and she thought it must be that she possessed some subtle masculine elements in her composition. In appearance she was undoubtedly fine-looking, but whatever beauty she possessed owed itself rather to the expression than to the material form of her features. There was a conscious power and uprightness in the refined face, and a dignity of address and deportment, that made familiarty a thing impossible, though it placed no bar to love.

She was an orphan and lived with her aunt, a wealthy, captious, ill-tempered invalid, whose interest had gradually narrowed down to her variable ailments and to the saving of money. Outside of these subjects her mind never strayed. A week after Celia's call, there came an invitation from her, pressing Hallie to pay the the long-talked-of visit to Fernwood.

"I don't intend to let you go in less than a month, remember. If you love me, come," wrote Celia.

Hallie at once sent her acceptance, right glad to get away from the gloomy house in which she felt a complete nonentity. A day or two after, Hallie was welcomed to Fernwood, and it was with supreme content that she contemplated her surroundings, and the prospect of a month spent therein. On the evening of her arrival the girls seated themselves on the cool piazza in the starlight, and chatted softly, until a low, musical whistle broke on the air.

"It is Murray," Celia exclaimed, with evident trepidation, rising to meet her lover at the gate, and conducting him to Hallie, introduced them to each other with much impressiveness.

He made a laughing remark on the tantalizing darkness which hid from his sight the face of Celia's goddess, and with this opening the conversation flowed freely and steadily, though Hallie contributed but little. Hallie liked his voice, his manner, his easy conversation; she admired his outline, softly defined against the dark blue sky, and felt that Celia had done him injustice. He helped Celia lay plans for her friend's diversion, offered happy suggestions for the best employment of the long holidays, revealing in all he said a master mind, a kindly heart, and a quiet, unobtrusive devotion to his little mistress.

"Oh Murray, you are truly an inventive genius," Celia exclaimed, with delight.

"Perhaps I ought to confess that my suggestions are not entirely disinterested. You know I have a three weeks' holiday on my hands, and you must help me put it in," he replied.

"Oh, most willingly!" Celia said, joyously; and thereupon made arrangements to spend tomorrow in the woods.

After Mr. Wentworth had gone, Celia asked, eagerly:

"Well, what do you think of him, Hallie?"

"I like him very much, and if he is all that I judge him, and you do not love him truly, you are not worthy of him."

Celia looked much pleased, and said:

"I was almost afraid to ask the verdict, for you were so quiet and reserved that I imagined you were thinking all sorts of uncomplimentary things about him."

"Not at all. I am naturally quiet in the presence of strangers."

The next morning, Celia, Hallie, and Mr. Wentworth, set out in all the gay paraphernalia of picnic costumes and well-laden baskets for a neighboring woods. The weather was lovely, the party in high spirits, and the prospect of an altogether charming day unclouded.

As was natural, Hallie and Murray underwent a mutual examination, which to the former resulted in an increased satisfaction in her friend's choice, but to the latter in keen disappointment, for he had expected from Celia's glowing accounts to find Hallie little less than "a daughter of the gods."

Celia was in a glow of ecstasy, and seemed fairly wild with the joy of having Hallie with her. It was her attention she called to this or that bit of scenery, her approval she demanded, her judgment to which she deferred. She brought flowers for her to botanize, introduced subjects for her to discourse on, and hung on her words with rapt attention, almost completely ignoring the presence of her affianced, who, before long, showed the effect of her treatment by his loss of humor and cordiality.

Hallie became uncomfortable under Celia's unflagging devotion; her efforts to draw Mr. Wentworth into the conversation had failed repeatedly she was acutely conscious of his coldness and

taciturnity, and she felt that somehow she had earned his disapprobation.

Celia was utterly unconscious of the mischief she had effected, and when it was time to go home, said it had been the happiest day of her life.

Hallie complained of a headache, and went to her room soon after the evening meal. She was thoroughly dissatisfied with the day—it had turned out so differently from what she expected. As she sat at the open window, thinking how she could prevent the reoccurrence of the day's discomfort, she heard voices in the garden beneath, which passed unheeded until there rose clear and distinct these words:

"Well, for my part, I think your Miss Stafford priggish and pedantic. You hang on her words as if she were a female Plato or Aristotle, and she receives your homage as if she were a veritable goddess. Believe me, you do not touch her heart—she tolerates your devotion through mere vanity."

"Murray!" The unspeakable anger and indignation expressed in that word are indescribable.

"I speak for your own good, Celia; I hate to see you deluded. She knows she has unbounded authority over you, and it is impossible to say to what use she may put her power. Upon my soul, I wish your friendship for her was at an end; she has already sown dissension between us."

"That's man's justice! It is not Hallie, but your jealousy, that has sown the dissension. Oh Murray, how could you so malign my dearest friend?"

Hallie drew back from the window aghast, a look of intense pain and mortification on her pale face. Her first impulse was to pack her trunk but she stopped to think.

"No, I will not go," she said, at length, with decision. "I will *prove* to him that Celia has bestowed her friendship worthily—I will make *him* acknowledge my worth, as well as his deluded little sweetheart. If I went now, my name would be an everlasting reproach to her, and when she married we would be utterly parted. Ah, that hurts me. I did not know I loved her so. Or, if I went now, it might be the means of separating them; for Celia is just impulsive and generous enough to espouse my cause, and thus through me lose one of the very best of men, for such I truly believe him, in spite of his poor opinion of me. For the sake of her good, let alone my pride, I must remain. And now, Mr. W., you shall see one of the uses to which I can put my power."

The next day Hallie had a talk with Celia, in which she told her that her attentions were too exclusive, and made her uncomfortable. "You will make everybody in the house jealous of me," Hallie said, with a smile.

Throwing her arms around her, Celia cried, passionately:

"Oh, my queen, who is worthy of love beside you? In you there is no fault or shadow of fault."

The programme for Hallie's entertainment, sketched out on the first evening of her visit, was rigorously carried out, but Mr. Wentworth absented himself whenever possible. He was ever polite, ever attentive to Hallie's comfort, but the cordiality with which he had greeted her had given place to a reserve which just escaped positive coldness. Hallie pursued the course she had marked out for herself, quietly and unflinchingly. She had confidence in her own integrity, and in his capability to recognize it, and she did not despair, although Celia was nearly heart-broken over the uncongeniality existing between her friend and lover. Hallie had never tried so hard to please anybody as she did Mr. Wentworth, and gradually he felt the power she exerted so subtly—he regarded her with more interest, listened to her conversation with undeniable pleasure, and found himself studying her whenever the occasion presented itself. When Hallie found he was awakening to her true character, she no longer intruded herself on his moods. Frequently she would leave Celia and him alone for hours on some excuse, and when sought, would be found with a book, or listening to Mrs. Gardner's troubles, or else amusing herself with the children, with whom, by reason of her wonderful stories and descriptive ballads, she had become a great favorite. When Mr. Wentworth began to seek her presence she did not repulse him, but welcomed his friendship with unfeigned gladness and reciprocrity, and soon they were the best of friends. The new-found congeniality between Hallie and Murray made itself apparent in a hundred ways. He unconsciously borrowed much of Celia's manner toward Hallie, looking to her for appreciation of the passing views in their delightful excursions by land and water, appealing to her judgment and addressing his thoughts to her, rather than to his betrothed, and many a long evening was spent in talking on subjects beyond Celia's participation though within reach of her enjoyment. Those were the happiest days of Hallie's life, and she sighed when she thought of going home. The only drawback to her perfect happiness was Celia's manner, which daily grew more variable and incomprehensible. Sometimes she would fairly throw herself at Hallie's feet in excess of love, then again she would regard her with apparent distrust and freezing coldness, which last mood was generally followed by a burst of penitence and a passionate prayer for forgiveness of some unspoken fault.

One evening, as they sat on the porch in the moonlight, a silence of unusual length fell on all. Hallie was looking on the radiant clouds with a

dreamy smile on her lips, when suddenly the silence made itself apparent to her. She looked toward Murray—he too, was gazing at the moon, an expression of exceeding sweetness and dignity resting on his countenance. A sudden inexplicable pang shot through her heart; her eyes refused to leave his face, rendered almost radiant by the moonlight. Then a deep sigh rent her breast, and she looked up with an unspoken prayer for help. In that moment she knew that some dire misfortune had befallen her, but what, she scarcely realized as yet.

"What is it, dearest?" Celia asked, affectionately pressing Hallie's hand.

Hallie gravely studied the deep gray eyes uplifted to hers, sighed again, rose, and saying it was late, bade them good-night. She went to her room and endeavored to comprehend this unforseen calamity, which like a pall had fallen on her happiness. Her brain was in a fever, and at last stretching up her arms in a gesture of inexpressible longing and weariness, she said passionately:

"I am tired of playing oak to Celia's vine. I long for something nobler, more masterful, more *real* than this sickly feminine passion. I am tired of woman's kisses! I know I shall be sorry and ashamed to-morrow for saying this, but to-night I feel reckless. What is this which thrills me through and through one minute and makes me feel like grinding my teeth the next? Am I wicked? Have I become demoralized? What is it that causes me this intolerable pain?" She rose, stood at the window, and looked up at the starry sky, for the moon had set. Almost as clearly as spoken, without her volition, her thoughts repeated the beautiful lines ascribed to Plato: "Lookest thou at the stars? Were I heaven, with all the stars of heaven, would I look down on *thee!*" And like a bird, her thoughts dropped from the clouds and alighted on Murray Wentworth. Falling on her knees she burst into tears. The cause of her trouble was explained; it was no surprise—it seemed as if she had always known it, and her heart closed over its acknowledged love and refused to give it up. "Celia does not love him," she thought. "She never could love him as I do—to give him up would not cost her half the pain the very thought inflicts on me. I know he does not love me now, but it is impossible to believe that my love would not win its 'precious meed.' Hallie Stafford, stop! Are you crazy that you give rein to such thoughts? You see clearly the only path, and you will take it though it should lead to the Valley of the Shadow of Death! Steal Celia's affianced, take vows plighted to another, rob her at one fell blow of both lover and friend, act the part of viper and sting the warm heart that has nourished you so fondly? Oh Hallie Stafford! Celia, thou hast raised to me an altar of trust—I will never prove unworthy of it."

Hallie never told how she passed that night; the next morning her face was ashen pale and wore a strange expression of patient endurance. She told Celia that she was obliged abruptly to terminate her visit—that she must leave Fernwood the next day.

Celia received the news with consternation, and presently asked:

"Is it because of anything I have done?"

"No, little girl, no," and Hallie succeeded in putting her off with a spurious reason.

All that day, Celia's mood alternated between a wild gayety and a tearful sadness, and she lavished a thousand caresses on Hallie.

In the evening Hallie found herself alone on the porch with Murray. He said:

"It is not possible, Miss Hallie, that you are going to leave us to-morrow? I had forgotten that you and Celia must part. I have been trying to realize what we shall do without you, but my imagination fails—it is too dreadful."

Hallie blushed with pleasure and then asked, gravely:

"Mr. Wentworth. do you think I am worthy of being Celia's friend?"

"Miss Hallie!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"You do not think then, I would put to uses vile the power I possess over her."

Something in her tone checked his impulsive denial. He seemed dimly to recognize his own words, but it could not be that he had ever applied them to Miss Hallie!

She saw that he was mystified, and said, with a smile:

"I had the advantage of overhearing your analysis of my character, on your first acquaintance with it. Now don't apologize—it is all forgiven."

But he was overwhelmed with shame, remorse, and disgust, and could not say enough to express his sorrow and mortification.

Extending her hand, she said, cordially:

"Say no more; hereafter I shall remember it only in contrast with what you have said to-night."

Thanking her warmly, and still retaining her hand, he said:

"Indeed, I wish you would not go—could any amount of coaxing change your mind?"

She shook her head and said:

"I must leave you now—I have some packing to finish. And now, good-by."

"Oh no, it is not good-by yet. You will let me drive you to the train, to-morrow?"

"Thank you, no. Celia is to take me in her pony-phaeton. Won't you say good-by? I really must go."

Pressing her hand warmly, he said:

"I will only say good-night. I shall be at the depot to bid you good-by."

Hallie turned away, her eyes suffused with tears, her heart shaken with a paroxysm of grief.

The next day she bade good-bye to Fernwood, and seated beside Celia in the carriage, turned her face depot-ward. Suddenly Celia slackened the reins, and said, passionately:

"I can't stand it—I must confess! Oh, darling, can you ever forgive me? I have been *jealous* of you, at times almost *hating* you. I knew you were not trying to win Murray from me, but your charming manner, your beautiful conversation and speaking face, nearly set me crazy, for I thought he could not help loving you."

"Oh Celia!" Hallie exclaimed, feeling an inclination to cry.

"No one but God knows how I have striven to master my base-born feelings," Celia continued with passionate vehemence. "Oh Hallie, can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, dear, most fully. And so you love him well enough to be jealous of him?"

Hiding her face on Hallie's shoulder, Celia half-sobbed:

"It would kill me to lose him."

At that moment the horse gave a sudden start, the reins slipped from Celia's relaxed grasp, became entangled in the beating hoofs, frightened the animal, and sent him flying at a reckless speed along the road the carriage following awhile in the mad race, then overturning and throwing the girls out on the roadside. Celia was unhurt, and rose with a frightened little laugh, but Hallie lay white and motionless. Celia thought she was dead, and her frantic cries summoned two or three men to the spot. After the usual restoratives had failed, some one offered a carriage, and Hallie was borne, apparently dead, back to Fernwood. The physician, on being summoned, looked very grave, said there was a great probability of internal injuries, and after he had succeeded in restoring Hallie to consciousness, pronounced his fears confirmed.

All night long Hallie suffered inexpressible agony. "Hold my hand, Celia, dear—hold it tightly, tighter yet," she would murmur, when the paroxysm seized her, Celia obeyed, though she looked as if she endured the torture of the rack. As morning dawned, Hallie became very tranquil, but the doctor's face was unpropitious, and reading there his foreboding she demanded the truth. He told her at the most she had but few few hours to live, but that her suffering was at an end. For a while she lay very still, a great wonder in her eyes, but when Celia bent to kiss her, with awesome tenderness, she burst into tears, in which Celia's freely mingled.

Hallie was the first to regain composure. She said:

"I have been very happy the most of my days, especially during this visit, but life was begining to grow too hard to bear. Perhaps God saw that the burden would be too heavy for my small strength, and called me hence to save my sinking under it. Oh Celia, I was getting so desperately unhappy that anything would be better than living."

Celia greatly desired to ask Hallie to unravel the meaning of her words, but the invalid looked so wan and weary that she refrained.

In the afternoon, Celia begged to bring Murray to Hallie. "He does nothing but walk the floor, and only opens his lips to ask about you," she said.

With a delicate blush, Hallie answered:

"Yes, he may come; tell him I want to see him."

She had been laid on a couch by the open window, in order to catch what little air was stirring, and she looked strangely lovely amongst the snowy pillows. Her face lit up to absolute beauty when Murray entered, and with a smile of surpassing sweetness, she extended her hand, which he took with a tender reverence, his features working with the effort to restrain his emotion.

Hallie said, softly:

"We did not expect this, but it has come with exceeding gentleness—a precious gift from my Father. Oh Mr. Wentworth, I am glad you know me to be worthy Celia's love. Celia, dear, you never knew how hard I strove to keep the high place to which your love exalted me."

Celia flung herself on the floor, and for the first time gave full sway to her heart-breaking sorrow, praying passionately that she might die with her heart's chosen, the David of her soul.

The tears slid quietly down Hallie's face, and Murray rose to lift Celia from the floor, bidding her, almost harshly, to be more mindful of the invalid.

Pressing her handkerchief to her eyes, Celia left the room.

"Is there no one you would like us to send for?" Murray asked gently.

"No one; after it is over you may inform my aunt—she will tell you what to do. I am sorry that I have become such a trouble."

"Oh Hallie, you are killing me," he exclaimed, falling on his knees at her side. "When you depart my heart goes with you."

She read in his face and voice the love and pain unspeakable, and they were instantly reflected in hers, only the love was stronger than the pain. Laying her hand timidly upon his, she said, in a voice in which the spirit triumphed over the flesh:

"I thank God I die, now that I *know*. I can *die* true to my dearest principles, and Celia's love—who can say that I could have *lived* so? Oh Murray, it is for the best."

With a smothered groan he pressed a long kiss on the pale lips, which caused the life-blood to leap up once again to the marble cheeks, and the tears to spring to the hazel eyes. The bitterness of parting suddenly assailed her, and with a low sob, she said:

"It is hard that it should be necessary for me to die—but there is nothing else for me to do. Life might have been so beautiful."

That was her last and only murmur against her fate. Then, placing her hand with infinite tenderness on the bowed head at her side, she faltered:

"His will be done," and "God bless you, Murray."

Drawing down her fingers to his lips, he kissed them with passionate tenderness, and retained them in his close, warm grasp. When Celia reentered, Hallie withdrew her hand from Murray's, and putting in its place the warm rosy hand of his betrothed, looked at him beseechingly. He hesitated, and then seeing that he caused her pain, bowed his head and said, solemnly:

"So be it."

With infinite content she then gave to each a hand, and no word was spoken. The moon rose and fell on the pale, serene face,

"but not from moon or star
Had shone the light that dwelt so deep within
Those lifted eyes."

Thus held by those she loved best on earth, she fell asleep, and from that sleep passed tranquilly into eternity.

* * * * * * * *

It was not until a year after Hallie's death that Mr. Wentworth claimed Celia at the altar. One day shortly after their marriage, Celia asked, with a strange reverence in her voice:

"Murray, did you not love Hallie?"

A cloud passed over his face; he looked inexpressibly pained. After a slight hesitation, he answered:

"Celia, I love you. I love you as much as when I first asked you to be mine. Surely you do not doubt my affection?"

"No, but you have not answered my question," she said, with gentle persistence.

"Well then, yes, I loved Hallie. My love sprang to sudden life as she lay dying, or at least it was then I first woke to its existence; but when she died I uprooted the flower from my heart and gave it burial in her grave."

"But if she had lived, Murray?"

"Celia, I am yours—let the dead past bury its dead."

BANISH all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity designs to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and a revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself.

FUNERAL BLOSSOMS.

BY H. P. M.

I am gathering flowers for my dead;
The scattered and fugitive flowers,
Lone relics of those dear hours
When the roses of summer were red.

They are drooping, but beautiful yet,
Pale as the brow of the loss;
Torn by the storm, and tossed,
And wet as my cheeks are wet.

O sad, sweet ones, did you fear
The chill of the winter's snow?
Now, alas! you must go
To the snow-cold breast on the bier.

Soon you must moulder away.
Like that which must moulder beneath;
Only a withered wreath
Upon a handful of clay;

But all is not buried there,
And I fancy the one that I love
In the heavenly streets above,
With a flower-wreath binding her hair.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN
OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.
NO. 17.
A SECOND POCAHONTAS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

There is a strange witchery about the story of Pocahontas, hackneyed as it is in the school histories—a witchery that the lapse of over two hundred and fifty years has not dimmed, although it has cast historical doubts on the existence of the heroine.

More than two and a half centuries later, the tragedy of the second Pocahontas was enacted—a story of far greater depth and sorrow than that of her prototype.

The noble acts of the daughter of Powhatan—her saving of Captain Smith's life, and the lives of the Jamestown Colony, by warning them of danger, and carrying them supplies of food—were performed by a *child*. For Smith plainly describes her as such, when he first saw her in 1607. "A girl," he says, "of ten or twelve years of age, who, not only for feature, countenance, and expression, much exceeded any of the rest of her people; but, for wit and spirit, was the only nonpareil of the country." Her successor, however, suffered as a woman; and Captain Smith, for whom Pocahontas probably entertained a filial affection, was replaced by a young soldier, who doubtless inspired a deeper feeling.

It was the period of the Seminole war, or rather of the second war with England, in which the Seminoles fought against the Americans; and the head chief of these Indians at that time was one of such wisdom and foresight, that he was

known as the Prophet Francis. He was a magnificent specimen of free, untrained manhood; tall and graceful, with a most commanding presence, and fine, regular features of the Indian type.

Francis was as famed for bravery as for wisdom; and it was the pride and boast of his followers that he had never lost a battle, and had never been taken captive. His war-cry, whenever heard, roused every warrior to action, and none hesitated to follow, however great the danger might be. His enemies feared him; his followers adored him; and when the British officers succeeded in securing him as an ally, they felt quite sure of victory.

It has been said, with too much truth, that, "from the landing at Jamestown, down to the last war with the Indians, the white man has invariably been the aggressor;" and these sentiments were instilled into the mind of the Seminole chief from his earliest years. Not only had he heard of the base and dishonest acts of the white settlers in driving the Indians from their hunting-grounds; but he had also witnessed conduct worthy of the most savage barbarians; and it is not to be wondered at, that, when the British announced their intention of driving the colonists from the country, he should look upon them as friends and deliverers.

The hatred of the Americans was a common bond of union; and it scarcely needed the promises and rewards held out to him to enlist the magnificent Seminole in their cause. His influence not only carried his nation with him, but other tribes also; and however hard-fought the battle, victory always followed the Prophet Francis. He was made much of by the British, and included in all their councils of war.

Meanwhile, the Southern Pocahontas, whose real name is not known, was growing up into beautiful womanhood among the flowers and everglades of her native soil; and of her, too, it might be said, that "for feature, countenance, and expression, she much exceeded any of the rest of her people."

The great chief had two daughters, both of whom inherited his beauty and grace; but the younger one was especially attractive. She was accomplished, too; could speak English with perfect ease, and was well acquainted with many books. She was the fairest and most accomplished of Seminole maidens, as her father was the bravest and wisest of Seminole warriors.

When the war was ended, Francis, the Prophet, was urged to make a visit to England on the return of the British officers and soldiers; and after the usual deliberation of his race on any matter of importance, he consented to go. His family, carefully provided for, were left behind, while the enterprising chief was borne triumphantly over the ocean in one of the British transports.

The first thing, after reaching London, was, of course, a military pageant; and one of the papers of the day had the following paragraph:

"The double sound of a trumpet announced the approach in the procession of the patriot chief Francis, who fought so gloriously in our cause in America. He was dressed in a uniform of red trimming, decorated with gold. In his sash he wore a tomahawk, with gold mountings."

Crowds flocked to gaze upon the Seminole hero, whose name and fame had preceded him long before; and his princely aspect and elegant manners were the wonder and admiration of all who saw him. Thanks and praise were showered upon him for his noble devotion to the British cause; and after sufficient adulation to turn any ordinary head, the chief returned, loaded with presents, to his native land.

Here he seems to have taken up his life again just where he had left it—except that his hostility to Americans was stronger than ever after his experience of British hospitality, and the flattering terms of equality on which they had met him.

He had vowed eternal vengeance against the enemies of his race, and the subject of his own and his ancestors' wrongs at the hands of the encroaching white men was agitated at every council fire. The thunder tones and burning words of the prophet sank into the hearts of his followers, until the united wish of the nation was to exterminate the hated intruders from the soil. No quarter, no kindness, was to be shown; and bloodthirsty as hungry wolves, they resolved to wreak their vengeance on all who fell into their power.

Attacks were constantly made by the savages on isolated and unprotected places, and it was necessary to establish military stations and forts through the south for the defence of the inhabitants. One of these was Fort Gadsden, and a soldier belonging to the fort was, one day, made prisoner by the chief and some of his followers, who were out on a scouting expedition.

The soldier had lost himself in the forest, while on a fishing excursion, and had thus fallen into the hands of the Indians. No mercy was to be expected; for he knew, and his enemies knew, that had an Indian been captured by the troops, he would have been shot down like a wild beast on the spot.

The prisoner was, however, allowed the respite of being taken into the camp; and as he was a warrior, a council of war was immediately called to consider what was to be done with him. There was but one voice in the matter: many Indians had been cruelly murdered by the whites, who looked upon them only as dangerous vermin, and blood must flow for blood. Repeated outrages and treachery on the part of the settlers had roused all the barbarity of the savage nature; and they now gloated over an opportunity of revenge.

The doom of the soldier was irrevocably sealed: death at the stake.

The prophet chief having calmly conducted all the proper ceremonials, and avoided undue haste in allowing his prisoner time to prepare for his sudden and terrible transition to another world, gave the order for him to be taken out and bound to a tree, around which were piled dry fagots, in readiness to be kindled, by the blazing torches.

An immense assembly of exulting savages were gathered to witness the scene of execution, women as well as men; and among them stood the chief's youngest daughter. She had manifested no emotion at what was taking place; for young as she was, she had become accustomed to such spectacles. The maiden had even attired herself as a young warrior, contradictory as this seems to the rest of her character, and fought in more than one battle, from which she bore off the scalps of her enemies.

This strange, and beautiful, and accomplished girl, the belle of the Seminole nation, shrank not from scenes like the present; and waited now, apparently as indifferent as any, for her father to give the fatal word.

Everything was ready. The savages had closed around their victim, and even the torches were lighted at the council-fire, ready to be hurled upon the pile at the word of command. A young, fine-looking Indian, of the same age as the prisoner, stands in advance to throw the first brand; and he is getting impatient at the delay. But the chief has not spoken, and no one dares to move.

They take their eyes from the victim, and turn them toward the Prophet. There, on the ground before him, kneels the beautiful girl, who is as dear to him as the apple of his eye, pleading earnestly for the life of the doomed soldier.

The chief sternly compressed his lips, as he remembered the wrongs of his people; and the frown so terrible to his enemies came between his brows. He felt almost like spurning the suppliant before him, as he ordered her to rise, declar that the prisoner should suffer the death all the settlers so richly deserved.

"Nay, father," argued the girl, "spare just this one as an act of mercy, and for my sake. I know that his nation have robbed and wronged us; but he is young, and it may be that he has never done any harm. O let him live, my father!"

"Foolish and persistent girl! have not the council condemned him to death? How then can his life be spared? He must die, and the signal shall no longer be delayed."

"Then, if I cannot save him, I will die with him!" exclaimed the maiden, with all her father's lofty spirit; and springing to her feet, she ran to the astonished prisoner, and threw her arms around his neck, before the word of command could be given.

A scene of wild confusion followed. Torches were brandished; but no one dared to fire the pile; some tried, without success, to loosen the girl's arms from the victim; the Prophet Francis stood irresolute.

Presently the chief spoke, and ordered the prisoner to be unbound. His daughter's heroism had prevailed, and he loved and admired her more than ever; although she had crossed his will, and left a rankling doubt in his mind. Why did she risk so much in behalf of this particular white man?

The soldier was untied from the stake, and informed that his life had been spared at the intercession of the chief's daughter; but he was still detained in captivity.

The maiden listened with downcast eyes and becoming meekness to her father's remonstrances; but neither entreaties nor commands could induce her to reveal the secret of her strange interest in the white prisoner.

"Remember," said the chief sternly, "that you are the daughter of Francis the Prophet."

She bowed her head in acquiescence, and went her way. The subject was ended then and there.

The young soldier was very kindly treated, and allowed the largest possible liberty, for the sake of the chief's daughter, who had free access to him, and from whom he received many other proofs of the noble generosity which had saved his life at the risk of her own. The captive could easily have escaped, had he chosen to do so; but as some slight return of gratitude to the girl who had rescued him from a dreadful death, he resolved to remain a prisoner until released by outside help.

He was finally seized by some of the Spaniards, while he was hunting in the woods; but finding that he belonged to the American army, they conveyed him there; and he resumed his duties again as if nothing had happened.

After these events, the American force became stronger, and they could afford to be aggressive. Amid the destruction of other Indian forts and towers along the frontiers, to insure their greater safety, it was resolved to demolish the garrison of St. Marks, the stronghold of the Prophet Francis and his followers.

They were too formidable, however, to attack openly and in daylight; so, under cover of the darkness, and in the most stealthy manner, they crept upon the slumbering warriors. The fortress was easily stormed, and taken possession of; and the chief, with his family, and all his men, were made prisoners. They were ignominiously bound, and led away to their death.

A single effort was made for their rescue. The chief's eldest daughter had escaped from the assailants, and being as fleet of foot as a deer, she distanced all her pursuers, and ran on into the darkness and solitude of the forest, where she was safe for the time from the enemies of her race.

But the dreadful thought that those whom she loved would certainly be put to death by their captors, drew her from her hiding-place, and she resolved to seek their destination and make an effort for their rescue.

Francis and his wife and younger daughter had been taken on board an American schooner, but the eldest daughter was told that they were on a British vessel. She took a light canoe, and sped with the swiftness of love over the waters, until she was within speaking distance of the vessel.

A bitter disappointment awaited her in the unwelcome sight of the Stars and Stripes at the mast-head, and in the information given by the hoarse, gruff voice that accosted her. In utter despair, she turned her frail bark homeward, feeling that the floating prison behind her was bearing to death those who were dearest to her on earth. Beseeching the aid of the Great Spirit, she made her way to the wilderness, where she hoped to find help from some of her own race.

But no time was allowed for rescue; for without even the show of a trial, the Prophet Francis and a chief taken with him, were hung like the vilest of criminals.

"It may be that he deserved death," says the historian, "but not the death of a felon or a traitor. He had, in defense of his own soil and race, spread death through many ranks, and many were made widows and orphans by his hand; but it was in what is denominated honorable war, and the justice of his cause, in comparison with that of his enemies, the white men, will appear when all nations shall be assembled at the last tribunal.

It is a wonder that the red man, who has witnessed such aggressions, and received such inhuman treatment from the white man, should look with suspicion and distrust upon his religion? It is said of Ninigret, the proud and noble chief of the Narragansetts, that he opposed the introduction of the white man's religion among his tribe, and that he was deaf to all the entreaties of the missionaries, who plead that their religion would infuse a greater benevolence, kindness of heart, and humanity, as well as raise his people in the scale of civilization and refinement.

"Nay," said he, "when the Gospel makes good white men, then come to Ninigret and his red brethren, and we will receive you,"

When the great Seminole chief met his ignominious death, there stood among the band of American soldiers who surrounded the place of execution, the man who not long since had been rescued by the same chief's daughter from a death that at least had the merit of not being an ignominious one. At the foot of the scaffold, his deliverer was weeping heart-broken over the sorrow and disgrace of her father's death; but not a word of comfort or remonstrance was uttered by the ungrateful youth.

This man, whose daughter had saved his worthless life just as the thread was about to be snapped, was to him only an obnoxious Indian, worthy to die the death of a dog; and the world would be rid of one more pest when they had made an end of him.

So he spoke no word to stay the hand of those who tightened the rope around the neck of the princely chief, and he saw unmoved the fainting form of the brave girl borne from the dreadful scene.

But a sense of her beauty, and probably an over-confident remembrance of all that she had done for him, came over him as he recalled the scene, and going in quest of the injured girl, he had the effrontery to offer his hand, for heart he had none, as an atonement for the wrong he had done.

"Remember," said the chief sternly, "that you are the daughter of Francis the Prophet." These words were ringing in her ears, though they were uttered before a knowledge of his baseness had come to her; and with a whispered "Father! I will remember," the Indian maiden turned upon her craven-hearted wooer eyes of such lightning-like scorn, that he trembled and shrank from her.

"Do you *dare*," she exclaimed, "to ask the daughter of the murdered chief to become your wife? *You*, who could look on, silent and unmoved, at his shameful death, when his child had saved your worthless life at the risk of her own? Do you suppose, too, that I would ally myself to a nation who, besides their former injuries to our race, have just murdered my noble father in cold blood? *Never!* I should despise myself, and my people would justly abhor me; rather than accept such ignominy, I would place myself on the scaffold, and share my father's death."

Every word told, and the cowardly soldier felt as though he had been pierced with a hundred weapons. Even had she loved him in the past, the lofty spirit of the Seminole chief rose in her now to crush such unworthy weakness; and turning her back upon the presumptuous wooer, the Indian maiden took her mother's arm, and turned with her into the solitude of the wilderness.

From that day, the desolate family were never heard of more. Wild legends gradually sprang up of the Indian girl in her light canoe closely pursuing a phantom ship, until, with a wail of despair, she sped her frail bark over the rocks, and vanished from mortal sight; but the younger sister's fate has never appeared in story or tradition. In all probability, she soon died of grief and exposure—her inherited hatred of the white man deepened and intensified by her own sad experience.

Poor Pocahontas! (for she seems to have a right to the name) her tragical history was soon ended; and if she does not appear altogether so womanly and lovely as the heroine of Jamestown, much must be forgiven to her strange training,

and the wrongs and injuries which developed her character.

She was, at least, true to herself and her race; and buried in her own bosom the love for which she had dared so much—first, in obedience to her father's prejudice, and deeper, yet beyond all hope of resurrection, when she saw its object fallen from his pedestal, and groveling in the dust before her.

NO. 18.

ANNE OF BOHEMIA.

BY H. G. ROWE.

When Richard II., son of the valiant "Black Prince," and grandson of the renowned Edward III., ascended the English throne, the choice of a consort for him became an important question, and the wise heads of the kingdom deliberated long and anxiously upon the subject—not only in open council, but also in secret conclave, where intriguing politicians planned and labored to further their own private schemes under the guise of a laudable zeal for the public welfare.

In truth, there was need of more than ordinary caution and discernment in this case, for the young king's character was a curious mixture of frivolity and pride, accessible to flattery while scorning argument and reason; and filled with an overweening estimate of his own importance and dignity, which he had not the mental ability and strength to make good in the eyes of others. Just the man, in short, that a clever woman could, as the saying is, wind about her fingers at will, and it behooved those who had the good of the king and kingdom at heart, to make a wise and discreet choice in the matter.

One after another of the marriageable princesses of Europe was proposed; but in each case there appears to have been some important drawback to a matrimonial contract. Not that Richard himself seems to have been very difficult to please, but because his uncles, the joint protectors of the realm during his minority, found it impossible to agree upon the same person. The truth was that each dreaded a rival to himself in the young king's good graces, and looked with jealous eyes upon every candidate proposed by the other for so important a position.

At length, remembering the peace and prosperity that Philippa, of sweet and gracious memory, had brought to England during her long and beneficent reign, the councillors singled out as best worthy the honor of an alliance, her nearest female relative, the Princess Anne of Bohemia, eldest daughter of the Emperor Charles IV., to whom they immediately sent an embassy demanding her hand for their young king.

Although favorable to an alliance, the friends of the lady objected to the immediate consummation of the marriage on account of her extreme youth; they also seem to have been rather puzzled and doubtful as to the state of civilization in this far-away island, for they despatched the Duke of Saxony on a voyage of discovery, to ascertain what sort of a country it was, and whether it was far enough advanced in the manners and usages of civilized life to render it a fit and comfortable residence for their young princess.

As the duke on his return brought with him magnificent gifts and jewels and rich apparel for the ladies who had charge of the princess' education, it is to be supposed that no further doubts were entertained of the ability of the English monarch to make suitable provision for a German princess.

About this time the insurrection of Wat Tyler broke out in England, and by the time that that calamitous uprising was fairly suppressed, the young princess had reached the age of fifteen, and was now supposed capable of taking upon herself the vows of matrimony, a fact which she signified by writing to the English council that she "was willing to become the wife of their king with full and free will"—an assertion that few of the royal brides of that day could conscientiously have made.

On her arrival in England, the Lady Anne was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy by all classes, and her entry into London was unsurpassed in magnificence by anything that had ever before been seen even in that city of pageants.

Among other quaint designs, we read that at the upper end of Chepe was erected a huge castle with towers, from the sides of which ran continual fountains of wine, while from the tops of the towers beautiful maidens blew bits of gold leaf in the faces of the royal pair as they rode by, and threw counterfeit golden florins under their horses' feet.

The young couple were married in the chapel royal of the palace of Westminster, and at the end of the week the king carried his bride to Windsor, where they kept open house, delighting themselves and others by exercising the most unbounded hospitality to all—peer and peasant alike shared in this grand marriage feast.

Immediately after her coronation—which ceremony followed close upon her marriage—the young queen gave token of the gentleness and humanity of her disposition, by pleading that a general pardon of all political offenders should be proclaimed in celebration of that event—a prayer that her enamoured husband readily granted.

To realize the great importance of this act of mercy, we must remember that, since the suppression of the Wat Tyler rebellion, the common people of England had lived, as it were, beneath the axe, thousands of the ignorant peasantry hav-

ing suffered upon the scaffold for their part in that ill-advised, yet terribly provoked insurrection.

No wonder, then, in view of their pitiful condition, that the grateful populace should have bestowed upon the gentle lady who had interceded for them, the title of "Good Queen Anne"—a title that, during all her after life in England, the English people never found cause to reverse.

Of her taste in dress—a matter of quite as much importance in those days as in our own—the "Good Queen" seems to have made a lamentable failure. The English ladies had hitherto contented themselves with the simple, modest coverchief as a head covering, but Anne introduced the hideous horned cap—a favorite with the ladies of Bohemia and Hungary—that with its immense proportions fairly put to shame the unpretending head-gear that dames of the highest degree had hitherto worn, in blessed unconsciousness of its antiquated simplicity.

These caps were at least two feet high, and as many wide. The frame was built of wire and pasteboard, like a wide spreading mitre, and over these horns was thrown a covering of glittering tissue or gauze.

To such an extreme was the fashion carried, that even the Church at length interposed, and vehemently denounced these absurd head-dresses as the "moving tires" mentioned by Ezekiel—a likely supposition, as they had in the beginning been brought from Syria by certain German crusaders, and adopted by their fair country women, probably for their novelty, as they certainly had neither beauty nor convenience to recommend them.

But, defiant of taste and reason, fashion had her way as usual, and soon every dame and damsel wore her towering head-gear complacently in the face both of outraged priest and grinning rustic, with a constancy and determination worthy of a better cause.

Nor was this fashionable fanaticism confined to the softer sex alone. With the advent of the Bohemian Princess and her train, appeared those ridiculously long-pointed shoes for gentlemen, called Cracows, from a town in Poland, which country was at that time under the dominion of Anne's father.

The toes of these shoes were so long that they were often attached to the wearer's knees by a gold or silver chain, while some of them were ingeniously twisted, like a ram's horn, to keep them from interfering with outside objects in walking.

As some atonement for the importation of these hideous fashions, the new queen is said to have introduced pins, such as are now in use—a great improvement upon the little ivory skewers with which ladies of fashion had hitherto been obliged to content themselves.

She also brought with her the first side-saddle ever seen in England. A clumsy affair, to be sure, being simply a bench with a hanging step upon which both feet were placed, thus necessitating the fair horsewoman to have a page or squire at her bridle rein, to lead the animal.

But it is to Anne of Bohemia, as the first Protestant queen of England, that we look back to-day with feelings of the deepest interest and sympathy.

Huss, the Bohemian reformer, tells us that—

"Our noble Queen of England, sister of the Cæsar, has the Gospel written in three languages, Bohemian, German and Latin."

And it is a well-known historical fact that, when the life of Wickliffe was in danger of the council of Lambeth, Anne used her influence with the king to save the great reformer from the stake.

The civil war, headed by the Duke of Gloucester, and young Henry of Bolingbroke, had for its *ostensible* purpose, the extirpation of Lollardism in the royal household—a convenient mask to hide the deep political schemes of its crafty and aspiring leaders—who, in their hour of triumph, instituted a parliament that was well termed the "Merciless," whose principal object was the destruction of the king's most faithful and trusted servants, under the convenient charge of heresy.

In vain the daughter of the Cæsars humbled herself to the very dust in hopes to save the lives of her faithful friends and servants. The powerful synod that was at that time keeping its sovereigns in a state of restraint little better than actual imprisonment, sternly refused her frantic prayers and entreaties.

For three hours, its is said, the gentle lady was on her knees before the Earl of Arundel, pleading with tears for the life of her favorite squire, John Calverly, a brave knight and faithful servant, whose life-long devotion to his ill-fated master had early marked him as a victim of the cruel cabal.

The only answer vouchsafed her by the haughty lord, was—

"Pray for yourself and your husband, that is all that you can do, and let this request alone."

For two years the royal pair were held in a species of restraint, most of their time being spent at the palaces of Eltham and Shene, the latter a favorite summer residence of the queen, so named, it is said, by Edward the Confessor, on account of the lovely landscape about it. It was here that the poet Chaucer paid his court to the young queen; and as some of her ladies took offence at the bard's satires upon woman, his royal mistress gave him as a penance the task of writing a poem in commendation of the many wives and maidens who had, throughout the world's history, showed themselves faithful even to faithless men.

From this hint of his fair patroness, the now

aged poet wrote his "Legend of Good Women," a mere unfinished fragment, but evidently designed for the beginning of an extended and elaborately wrought treatise upon the notable women of the earlier ages.

Upon attaining his twenty-second year, Richard boldly declared himself ready to assume the reins of government that had so long been withheld from him by an ambitious protectorate, and he was accordingly re-crowned in St. Stephen's chapel; and the nobility, tired of the stern rule of Gloucester and his compeers, willingly renewed their oaths of allegiance, although some at least of them must have foreboded a terrible hour of reckoning for themselves, when the king was once more fairly in possession of his rightful power and place.

It was in celebration of this important step in his life, that Richard—whose love for pomp and display was never forgotten, let his difficulties and dangers be what they would—appointed a grand tournament at Smithfield, where, under a magnificent canopy, surrounded by the great lords and ladies of her court, the youthful queen sat as judge of the combat and awarder of the prizes. These prizes were an elegant jeweled clasp and rich golden crown, to be bestowed upon the knights who, in their lady's estimation, bore themselves most gallantly in the lists. After the queen and her attendants were seated, the knights who were to enter the lists came in a grand cavalcade through the streets of London. There were sixty in all, each of whom was led by a silver chain in the hand of a lady mounted upon a snow-white palfrey, and wearing the queen's colors of green and white.

The tilting was on a grand scale, and after the tournament the Bishop of London invited the royal pair and their train to a grand banquet, where music and dancing, with other amusements of the day, served to entertain them until a late hour of the night.

These grand shows, however frivolous they may seem to our quieter tastes, really went a long way toward making the young king's rule popular, not only with the pleasure and pomp loving nobility, but especially with the citizens of London, who counted on all such occasions as their own harvest time; and the queen's encouragement and participation in them was taken as a strong proof of her kindly interest in their prosperity and advancement.

Indeed, in all their differences with the king, the Londoners seem ever to have counted upon Queen Anne as a friend and a mediatrix between themselves and offended royalty.

On one occasion, after a more than usually aggressive riot, the angry king declared that, as the city would not keep the peace, he would resume her charters—a threat so terrible that the frightened citizens, foreboding mercantile disasters and ruin if he kept his word, humbly appealed in their distress to the queen, praying her, in words of the most piteous appeal, to make their peace with the king, who, it was well-known, would listen to her voice, even when deaf to that of mercy or even of policy.

It required, however, no little womanly tact to accomplish this, for Richard was in one of his most obstinate, not to say surly moods, and the riotous Londoners were old offenders, as they very well knew.

Being about to remove from Shene to Westminster, Anne succeeded in inducing her angry lord, much against his will, to pass through London, herself riding by his side in unusual splendor, her dress studded with precious gems, and a rich carcanet of diamonds about her neck—a politic concession to her husband's love of display and finery that shows her feminine tact and address when about to approach him as a petitioner—when her benign and gracious countenance, while it formed a striking contrast to the king's sullen unapproachability, served to reassure the anxious citizens, who waited with no little trepidation the result of her promised intercession.

All the principal thoroughfares through which the royal procession was to pass, were hung with gold and silver tissue; red and white wine ran free to all, and at a certain point in their progress an angel flew down in a cloud and presented each of the royal pair with an elegant golden circlet, while the Lord Mayor made a speech, full of humble protestations of the loyalty of the great metropolis, with numberless hints concerning the becomingness of mercy to great princes, and a plentiful sprinkling of the flatteries that Richard's weak mind was ever most easily influenced by.

To this speech, the queen replied in an *aside*: "Leave all to me," and when Richard was seated upon his throne in the great hall of Westminster, she entered, followed by her ladies, and knelt with them at his feet.

The king hastened to raise her from her lowly position, while he asked, with tender solicitude:

"What would you, my Anne? Ask, and your request shall surely be granted."

The queen's appeal in behalf of the distressed Londoners was garnished with so many honeyed and adulatory phrases, that one wonders how even so vain and silly a prince as Richard could have been pleased with it. But that he was pleased, is proved by his instant and gracious reception of her petition:

"Be satisfied, dearest wife," he replied. "Loth should we be to deny thee any reasonable request. Meantime, ascend and sit beside me on my throne, while I speak a few words to my people."

Then, with his gentle queen beside him, he harangued the citizens at considerable length, and at the close of his speech, graciously restored to them the key and sword—emblems of their special

privileges—with a broad hint that they would do well to look to their behaviour in future, as they might not find him so placable another time.

This was the last contention between the king and the Londoners that disturbed the tranquility of the realm during the life of Queen Anne, although the king's extravagance still called forth no little censure from his heavily taxed subjects. Nor can we wonder at their discontent, when we read the records of history in regard to the style of housekeeping affected by the young couple. Hume tells us that—

"This prince lived in a more magnificent manner than any of his predecessors or successors. His household consisted of 10,000 persons. He had 300 in his kitchen, and all the other offices were furnished in proportion."

With such an enormous train to support, it is not strange that the king's purveyors should often have resorted to cruel and unjust measures to wring money from the people wherewith to supply the royal coffers, or that the people should, in their turn, have rebelled against the unbearable tyranny of their exactions.

Had his queen, with her wise and pacific influence over him, been spared, it is very possible that the mistakes and misfortunes of Richard's after-life might have been averted, and this last of the kingly Plantagenets escaped the dethronement and bloody death that closed his ill-regulated and ill-starred life.

This faithful wife and good queen died suddenly after only a few days illness, at her favorite palace of Shene, where her funeral was celebrated with a pomp and parade never before seen in England. A long procession was formed to escort the body from Shene to Westminster, and the number of torch-bearers was so great that a large quantity of wax was imported from Flanders for the express purpose of doing honor to this much-lamented lady.

So great was Richard's sorrow at her loss, that he ordered the beautiful palace of Shene to be leveled to the ground, declaring that he could not endure the sight of a place where they had passed so many happy hours together.

This piece of vandalism was only partially carried into effect, the wing where she died being dismantled, but afterward restored by Henry V., who made it one of his favorite residences.

Unlike most of the English queens of that age Anne of Bohemia had no pretensions to beauty of face or figure; but the sweet, womanly virtues that characterized her life made her not only the beloved of her husband, but the idol of her people, who found, in her loving thoughtfulness for their advancement and welfare, something far better than mere personal attractiveness.

Many of the benefits conferred by this queen were, of course, temporary, and consequently soon forgotten; but her one great work, the introduction of the Bible into England, should secure her a place in the affections of every Christian man and woman throughout that kingdom to-day. It was the first step in that nation's religious progress—a step in which credit is due to the queen alone, for Richard took little or no interest in the religious education or progress of his people. He was simply a pleasure-loving, weak-minded, yet kindly-natured man, disposed to humor the fancies and forward the plans of those he loved, without troubling himself personally in the matter at all. To his mother, the dowager Princess of Wales, and his Bible-loving queen, belong alone the credit for whatever reforms were set on foot during his reign, and the protection afforded to the eminent reformers and scholars that sought a refuge in England from the persecutions that menaced them abroad.

SICK-ROOM FANCIES.

So tired! so tired! drop the snowy curtain,
And shape the pillow for my weary head,
Shut out the noises of the busy city,
And leave me, darling, as you would the dead.
For I am dead to all that makes your life sweet,
Excitement, business, pleasure, joy and fame;
They seem but far-off echoes from some dream-land
Haunting this feeble, wearied, stricken frame.

Here let me rest upon my cushions, idly
Watching the sunlight flicker through the vines;
Taking the keynote of my sick-room fancies
From the cool murmur of the rustling pines.
So tired! so weary! ever let me rest here,
Never disturbed by other sight or sound,
Till the tired soul drifts to the shadowy future,
And the tired body its own rest has found.

How the pines whisper! soft winds must be blowing
Drifting white clouds over the land and sea:
Would I were wrapped in one all bright and fleecy,
Floating forever, calmly, restfully.
How the cool waters to the breeze must ripple,
Reflecting cloud-land in its azure deep!
Would I were floating upon peaceful waters,
With tired eyes hidden in the last long sleep.

The last long sleep!—how sweet will be its coming!
Too tired am I to think of crowns and palms,
Too tired to think of angelic processions
Harping His praises with the voice of psalms.
But e'en for me His love has made provision,
Upon the shining river's starry sod—
Beneath the tree of healing for the nations,
A weary soul may find the peace of God.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good, he is arriving to that height of goodness that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it prove his death, his virtue is at its summit; it is heroism complete.

A BLESSED BLUNDER.

People said that it was a little strange that Marion Ellis had never married. She had been a pretty girl; she was now, at thirty-five, a pretty woman. To tell the truth, she thought it strange herself, for she knew her own self well enough to be sure that she was really worth loving.

She had had lovers, it is true, but not *the* lover, and now had ceased to look for his coming. She was old now; men loved beauty, she knew, and youth only was beautiful.

So by degrees she had laid aside one and another of the ways of youth. She wore soft grays and browns: hesitated over wearing the delicate blue ribbons in which her soul, and her complexion also, delighted, and substituted lavenders in their stead. She agreed with the witty Frenchman, who thought the two most disagreeable creatures in life were the girl who tried to be a woman, and the woman who tried to be a girl, and so went to a nun-like extreme in dress and manner.

It would be utter folly to say that she was entirely content. She had a warm, loving nature, a heart too strong and too true to be satisfied with the small demand upon it. She had money enough to lift her above any anxiety as to what she should eat, and drink, and wear. She owned a pleasant home that had been her father's before her, and his father's before him.

She was not one of those single women who devote themselves to Sunday-schools or sewing societies; was not on all the committees, nor did she go round gathering up lecture courses.

I do not mean by that, that she neglected her social or charitable duties, but simply that she did not try to feed her soul with any such perishable bread.

But like Solomon's model woman, she minded well the ways of her household, and when her brother Robert Ellis died, and left his daughter, now too wholly orphaned, to her care, she opened her doors and her arms to her namesake Marion, and felt that at last God had given her work to do. And he had; for Marion, the younger, was a wild, harum-scarum child, just the child to keep one on the alert, and wondering what she would find in the way of mischief to do next; and yet a sweet, lovable girl, her wildness just the overflow of happiness consequent upon perfect health and high spirits.

She brightened up the old house wonderfully; was the favorite among her schoolmates, at once the pet and torment of the servants, and the very light of Marion's eyes. She was twelve years old when she came, and was now seventeen. In these years she had probably climbed more fences than any other girl in the little town; had spent more hours rowing on the river, to which their garden sloped greenly down, than she had over her embroidery, and was the better, mind and body, for it. A fair scholar, too, learning easily the things she liked, and trying conscientiously to like the right things "for Aunt Marion's sake."

Now at seventeen she was a light-hearted, unaffected girl, with a girl's romantic dreams, to be sure; but with no morbid sentimentalisms to destroy the fresh charm of her girlhood. Her home and training had been too sweet, and simple and wholesome for that. She had never developed a taste for chalk or slate-pencils, either physically or mentally.

Truly, Aunt Marion had put her hand to a good work when she took this fatherless and motherless girl, and made her her own by these years of love and care.

They had been very happy years to her, the maiden aunt. It had been a pleasant thing to see this gay girl grow up beside her. It was almost as if she had been her own. If she had felt her youth defrauded, the later years made amends in part. She had seen the girl softly through childhood, and now that she stood "where the brook and river meet," the elder Marion found her cares increasing.

Marion the younger was very pretty: with bright eyes and rosy cheeks and lips, and hair that crinkled and curled in the most bewitching and bewildering way imaginable. It just wouldn't stay smooth. It triumphed over a net, and set hairpins at defiance. So most of the time it had its own way, and a very sweet way it was, and lay upon her shoulders, and curled around her forehead, just as though it enjoyed it. Now where there is a pretty maid, there will, sooner, or later, come a youth also. And so it was in this case; and so it was also, that for the reason that Marion the niece went here and there to parties and festivals and concerts, Marion the aunt emerged little by little from her seclusion, and went also. Invitations which heretofore Miss Ellis had declined, she accepted now because they included Miss Marion Ellis, also, and if Miss Ellis had, or thought she had, turned her back long ago upon gayety, Miss Marion's face set wistfully in that direction.

So she yielded to little Marion's entreaties, and went out into the world again—solely, as she said, for her sake.

She was perfectly positive that she had left her youth so far behind that she could find no pleasure in the things that belong to youth, and when she found that her capacity for enjoying was not utterly gone, she looked upon herself with some disapproval, as claiming that to which she had no right. In her fear that she should present that pitiful spectacle—a woman who is not young, and will not be old—she erred in the other direction.

But little Marion enjoyed it all so much—how could the elder Marion fail to find a certain pleas-

ure in it? She enjoyed seeing the pretty girl, prettily dressed, gay with all the gladness of innocent girlhood, entering upon her woman's kingdom.

And when Dr. Ryder, for the little lady's sake, paid them the attentions he so seldom offered to any woman, Aunt Marion became slowly conscious that her capacity for enjoyment was not quite exhausted.

Now Dr. Ryder had been their physican for a good many years—ever since the little girl had come to her aunt's home. In fact, the first time Miss Ellis had ever seen him she had called him in to set a broken bone. Her active charge had managed to fall from an old tree in the garden, and break her arm, and insisted upon calling in the new doctor, whom she pronounced a great deal nicer than Dr. Morrison. So the new doctor was called, and since that time Miss Marion had given him a good amount of practice. She had—out of pure kindness, she said—broken the other arm, had sprained an ankle once or twice, had caught measles and whooping-cough, and everything she could, she said, and by this means had made Dr. Ryder almost as much at home in their house as in his own.

Now his little patient was a young lady, and a pretty one at that, what wonder that he should find it pleasant to continue his attentions, making them friendly instead of merely professional.

And he did make a very agreeable escort, so both the ladies thought.

One morning invitations came to a grand party to be given by a certain Mrs. Hill, who owned the handsomest house and grounds in all Mayville, and who also counted among her possessions a very handsome daughter.

It was said, too, that both mother and daughter entertained a high opinion of the eligible Dr. Ryder.

That gentleman called upon the Misses Ellis, to see if they would need and accept his attendance to this party.

"I am not going," said Miss Ellis, "but Marion can go, if you will take charge of her."

"And why don't you go too?"

"I'll tell you," broke in little Marion, not heeding a warning glance from her aunt. "She says she's too old to be going to parties; that people will make remarks, and say that she is trying to be young, and all that nonsense. Why, she is prettier now than half the girls of twenty," as if that settled the matter. "Besides, look at the married ladies twice her age, who go night after night, and dance and dress like—"

"But they are married, Marion."

"What difference can that make, unless it be a reason why they should give up some of the pomps and vanities? Dear me, it does seem as if this dear, delightful world held some dreadfully stupid notions. I wish I could cure it of some, but I don't think I was made for a reformer; but don't you think aunty might go, Dr. Ryder?"

"I certainly think you had better go, Miss Ellis; if you are not young enough for these things, what of me? and I certainly don't feel like an antediluvian, no more than—than—you look like one."

"There!" triumphantly cried the niece. "I told you so."

So they triumphed.

Niece Marion, dressed in fleecy white, stood in the parlor, chatting gayly with the doctor and waiting for the aunty—for Miss Ellis had been dressing-maid to the young girl, and saved only a scant half hour for her own toilet. And she had a strong desire to look well that night. She hardly acknowledged the desire to herself, and certainly not the cause of it. And when, the last touch given, she looked again into her mirror, she thought it was not so bad after all. Her hair, still soft and abundant, was dressed in all the intracies of wave and puff, but enhancing, not hiding, the beauty of her finely-shaped head; the eyes were large and luminous; and though the cheeks had lost their roundness, there was a soft flush upon them, fairer to some eyes than the rosiness of mere youth. She wore a dress of pearl-gray brocade, and the pearl ornament that her grandmother wore before her.

When she came down into the parlor, Dr. Ryder ceased suddenly talking to little Marion—he lost the self-possession which habitually characterized his manner—lost it, and did not soon regain it, but stood in a strangely embarrassed fashion, regarding her with a surprised admiration.

She thought she had interrupted a tender scene, and wished anew that she had been faithful to her first resolve, and sent them off without herself. It was too late now, so they started; the little Marion the only one of the party who was entirely natural and unembarrassed.

It was a brilliant scene, and one could hardly fail to fall in, in some degree, with the spirit of it. Bright lights, beautiful flowers, gay dresses, fair faces and manly faces, and delicious music, all conspired to drive away dull care, to make the sad forget their sorrow, the old forget their years.

Miss Ellis found it very pleasant; her return to society was welcomed; more than one sought her society, more than one admiring glance repeated what her mirror told her in that last look. So she was enjoying herself, looking a little after her niece, who was as happy as a girl could be. The world was all beautiful to her. It lay before her an enchanted land, upon which she was just entering.

Late in the evening, Dr. Ryder came to Miss Ellis, and said:

"Let us go into the conservatory; we will find it cooler and quieter there."

They stood half hidden by the tall plants, and heard their own names spoken.

It was Kate Hill's voice—

"Isn't it absurd the way Miss Ellis acts, making an excuse of that niece of hers to go to all the parties."

"I don't see anything objectionable in what she does," said a softer voice.

"You don't? well, I do. Why, don't you see that she's just throwing herself at Dr. Ryder, and don't you see that all Dr. Ryder endures her for is for the sake of the niece? Such actions in a woman of her age are too ridiculous! She ought to be home darning stockings. When I'm an old maid of thirty-five, I hope I'll be no such person as she is."

"My word for it, Kate, you'll be no such person," and the other voice had a little touch of sarcasm in it.

Dr. Ryder looked vainly about for some way of escape—some way to take Miss Ellis out of the sound of their voices. There was no way, so they waited till the speakers had gone away.

Then he looked at her face. Ah, how different it looked from the face of a half hour ago! The brightness gone, and such a pained look about the tender, trembling mouth.

He could say nothing to her then; whatever he might say would seem only prompted by pity, and that would add to her humiliation. So, when he spoke, it was in gay tones, saying:

"It's time to go home; you see what it is to have a physician for an escort; he allows no very late hours, and watches symptoms of weariness from habit. I see you are tired, so I will find Miss Marion, and we will go home."

This, then, was what they said of her, because she had allowed herself to take what pleasure she could find, in just the ways that other women did.

Again and again that night Miss Ellis felt the flush come to her thin cheeks at the thought of the charge they had made against her. This girl had said she was throwing herself at Dr. Ryder, was accepting as her own attentions meant for a younger and fairer woman. And this, then, was the cause of his embarrassed manner, when she came into the parlor that evening; perhaps, nay probably, she had interrupted him in a declaration.

The thought that possibly he, too, held the same opinions, filled her with utter agony. You see, in some things this old maid had a younger heart than many a girl yet in her teens.

It does sometimes happen that the unmarried sister carries to her grave higher ideals, truer, purer views of love and marriage, and a loftier standard of manly and womanly excellence, than many a wedded wife. Some keep through all their years the dew of their youth. But they are those who have not frittered away their hearts in flirtations and make-believes.

Marion Ellis, the elder, was such a woman.

Looking it all over, she did not see why Dr. Ryder should not love and marry her niece. She did not see why the little Marion should not love him. True, the years were many between them; but *love*, real love, takes small note of time, and he was noble, manly, and true. Why should it not be? She resolved that she would look a little more carefully, and certainly she would interpose no obstacle. And she took to absenting herself a little from the parlor when he was there, and staying at home more and more, that they might go together—an arrangement she failed to get any great amount of satisfaction from.

Miss Marion, true to her instinct for creating small sensations, was now taken suddenly and seriously ill.

This brought Dr. Ryder daily to the house. He and Aunt Marion watched the patient with that untiring watchfulness that is born of love. Through long nights he shared her vigils, and she saw in this more than the dictates of friendship, more than regard for his reputation; she saw, or thought she saw, the man's heart breaking with dread, lest his darling should be taken from him.

By and by the invalid began to mend; then they sat in the little sitting-room, adjoining the sick room, and talked and read, attending to the sick girl as she needed. Miss Ellis, realized as never before, how generous and unselfish he was; how tender as a woman he could be, and yet so self-reliant and strong. She realized, too, what every truly lovable and womanly woman sometimes in her life realizes, that it is a pleasant thing to lean.

Now Miss Marion was so much better that she could be brought down to the couch in the sitting room. They made the room bright as they could; let in all the pale winter sunshine that they could, and set the geraniums with their scarlet blossoms where her eyes could feast upon them. Dr. Ryder brought her down in his strong arms, and when he laid her down, he smoothed her hair back gently with a loving touch, and said:

"There, little girlie, we have you again, thank God!"

Then the invalid looked gladly and gratefully around; saw all the dear familiar things; called the doctor "a dear old darling," and curled herself up on the sofa, and went to sleep.

And Dr. Ryder took up a book, and read something from the Earthly Paradise; and Miss Ellis listened. Then she looked at the pretty sleeper; then she began to think, what it would mean to her to be young again. She looked at the grave, handsome man, and vaguely wished that it were not too late for love to come into her life; perhaps if I were young, she thought, and pretty, too, he might love me—and the thought sent the color to her cheek, and made the eyes luminous, even though a hint of tears.

He looked up. "What is it?" he asked; "do you find this so touching?"

"I do not know. I was not thinking—or rather, I was thinking."

It was a favorable time for him to say what was in his heart. He knew that he loved the woman beside him; but he hesitated to tell her so. He wanted to—he was going to—but just now he remembered that he had a patient who needed him, and he thought, "I will tell her to-morrow, but not now," and taking a last look at the sleeping Marion, he went away.

Aunt Marion was quite convinced that Dr. Ryder loved her niece; but she said to herself, "The girl is so young, he does well to wait."

Niece Marion thought nothing about the matter at all. Dr. Ryder had always been good to her, and she thought him just splendid; and there it ended with her.

The man at whose coming her girlish heart was beginning to waken, was a younger man than the doctor.

But Miss Kate Hill was anxious upon the subject. She had tried all fair means to win the doctor to her side, and she had failed. The idea of such a man as he devoting himself to a spinster of thirty-five, or a miss of sixteen, was more than this lady of twenty-five could endure; and she resolved that at least she would find out which one he sought, and if she could do no more she would break the friendship between them, which event would naturally lead the gentleman to seek other society—and why not hers?

Now the fact that the aunt and niece bore the same name, occasioned now and then a little mistake.

The elder lady's letters were usually directed to Miss Ellis, or Miss Marion Ellis. The younger lady, for the sake of, as she said, "knowing which was which," followed her first name with the letter V.

Now, it often happens that the very sharp people of the world over-reach themselves, and Miss Hill did, decidedly.

She had an idea that Dr. Ryder was in love with Niece Marion, whom she was wise enough to know did not wish to marry him. Her plan was to write a proposal of marriage to the Aunt Marion, purporting to be from Dr. Ryder.

"This, you see," explaining it to her listener, "she will only be too glad to accept. Dr. Ryder will retreat—say he never wrote it—which will be true, but they will not know that; Aunt Marion will be humiliated to death; Niece Marion, who adores her aunt, will be angry; the doctor, man-fashion, will not know what to do, and whatever he does will be the worst thing he could do; and don't you see? this present state of things will cease, and the doctor will look about for fresh fields and pastures new."

"Meaning the charming society of Miss Kate Hill?"

"Possibly: at all events, Miss Kate Hill will be no worse off than she is now, and will have the happy consciousness that she has made an effort."

But, as I said, intriguers usually make a mistake somewhere. Miss Hill was perfectly positive that it was Miss Ellis who wrote her name with the V, so the proposal which bore the name of Miss Marion V. Ellis went to the wrong lady, to the "little miss of sixteen."

Little Miss Marion read it, and rushed to her aunt.

"Why auntie, what in the world does this mean? Here is a note from Dr. Ryder; and O! auntie, he says he wants to marry me. What in the world does he want to marry me for?"

"What reason does he give for wishing it?" said the other.

"Why, let me see, he says he loves me. What an idea. Love *me!* What will I do?"

"You will answer it, of course, and tell him—tell him what you think best. Couldn't you love this good man, Marion dear?"

"O! I couldn't marry him. Oh! I never, never could. Why, auntie." and the girl looked up with honest, unashamed eyes, but with a burning blush. "I love Ed. Wallace, you know, and he loves me. How could I marry any one else?"

For a moment, Aunt Marion looked at the girl with something like jealous envy in her heart, Why should this gift which would have opened the very doors of heaven to her, be cast at the feet of one who cared nothing for it? Then she stood ashamed of her own weakness and wickedness, as she called it, and gathering the little bewildered maiden in her arms, gave her a tender kiss, and left her.

The next morning Dr. Ryder received the answer to the proposal he had not written. A No, too; gentle and womanly, but a very firm No, after all.

He had been exceedingly busy for the two days previous, and had made no calls save professional ones. He read his letters as he ate his breakfast. This one he read and re-read. "Some one has played a trick upon us, that is beyond doubt; but as true as I live, I can't tell which lady has been proposed to, and has declined. Which one is it that is Marion V.? I haven't a scrap of paper from either one. If it is little Marion it is no matter: if it should be the other one—ah!" and the doctor pushed his plate away, and rose with the air of a man who had received a deadly hurt.

"They have blundered," he said, "whoever did this piece of work. I should write no offer of marriage. I should trust nothing to pen and ink, but would bring the power of my personality to bear in such a case as this. But I will know before I am an hour older which woman has said No to me."

But Tom Jones took that morning to come

down with diphtheria, and Jack Harrison felt called upon to fall on the ice and put his shoulder out of joint. So our doctor found not a minute till evening came that he could call his own. He carried the missive of rejection in his pocket all day, and the thought of it came into his mind even when Jack Harrison was howling his loudest. Then after, his hard day's work, he walked over to the Ellis home. He felt it very embarrassing, and a little comical withal, this uncertainty as to which lady had given him that terrible little No; but he knew that it made all the world of difference to him which one it should prove to be.

Little Marion was playing and singing in the back parlor. In the front parlor, in a great sleepy hollow of a chair, sat Marion the elder, listening to the music and musing. The heavy curtains that divided the rooms were draped back, and she could catch a glimpse of the singer—of the singers, I should say, for Ed. Wallace was there, too. Miss Ellis made a pretty picture as she sat—her white hands folded in her lap; the room was lighted only by the fire from the open grate, the flames danced and flickered and threw a soft light over her violet cashmere dress, and a delicate glow upon her sad face.

Dr. Ryder thought it was a very fair sight. He stood beside her, and spoke before she was aware of his presence:

"I came to see, Miss Ellis, if this No is indeed final. I am not eloquent. I am rude of speech and all that; but can't you take the No back and give me Yes instead?"

Miss Ellis rose from her chair, saying:

"I do not understand."

"Neither do I quite, but I want to understand. Will you be my wife, Marion? I love you dearly."

"Dr. Ryder, you love me? How can that be, when only yesterday you proposed to my niece?"

"All a mistake. It was meant for you. She told me No, as she ought—but you—Marion, dear, give me my answer."

"But she is young and pretty, and I am so old—thirty-five."

"And I am forty. Little Marion is a child, with a child's face and a child's heart. I want a woman. I want you, Marion Ellis—give me my answer."

And unresisting she was clasped to his strong, true heart.

Little Marion ceased her singing, and put aside the curtains that minute. She uttered the girlish exclamation:

"My stars! Why, Dr. Ryder, I thought you wanted to marry me! And it's Aunt Marion after all." Then in true feminine fashion, "What if I *had* accepted you? What would you have done, and wouldn't I have felt humble enough to creep under a thimble?"

"You'd have been a broken-hearted damsel, for I should have deserted you, sure as you live."

"I saved you the trouble, didn't I?—but oh, I'm so glad," and the little lady laughed and cried by turns.

"Some one has blundered," said the doctor, "But it's been such a blessed blunder that we will forgive them, won't we, darling?"

And out of the fulness of a happy heart Aunt Marlon answered:

"Yes."

"I declare," said Kate Hill, a few weeks later, as she saw the doctor and his wife ride by. "I don't just see how I *could* have so miscalculated. I meant to spoil her game, but I played right into her hand instead."

Fun For The Fireside.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Art.—No. 15.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Persons having charge of young children will find great advantage in furnishing them with occupations, which serve to employ any stray moments of time, and save both the ward and the guardian from the too frequent repetition of that most wearying and exasperating demand for "something to do," which is the fruitful source of irritation in many nurseries. Fortunately, nature herself provides the innate impulses that lead the little ones to the active exercises necessary to strengthen the physical powers. Healthy children need no stimulus to incite them to the running and jumping requisite to their muscular development, and the mother can devote her attention to providing such quiet employments as will attract the child to the wholesome repose of body, while at the same time inducting the infantile intelligence by insensible degrees to the labors of maturer life, by gently accustoming both body and mind to habits of industry and persistent attention.

Among the readiest means of furnishing this necessary employment, will be found a little instruction in the art of pencil-drawing. Almost all children have a natural taste for the art, and a very little skill can be immediateiy directed so as to furnish many happy hours of pleasing employment.

When a picture is to be reproduced, a very little child can be amused by tracing the lines, by laying a thin piece of paper upon the picture and following the outlines upon it with a pencil. This of course, only requires a steady hand; and it is well, when possible, to fasten the tracing paper firmly upon the picture to prevent any moving. This "shining throngh" often furnishes much pleasure, and is the secret of the continued pop-

ularity of the favorite toy known as the transparent slate.

When the copy is required to be larger than the original, greater difficulties arise. These can be most readily met by blocking out the original into squares, by drawing straight lines across the picture. If, for instance, the copy is to be increased four times, mark the original into four squares or blocks. Then lay out the paper upon which it is to be copied, into four blocks or compartments, each of which is the size of the original. The lines contained in each of the squares in the original can then be drawn in the corresponding space upon the copy and suitably enlarged, with much less labor and much more certainty than by the measurements of any unaccustomed draughtsman.

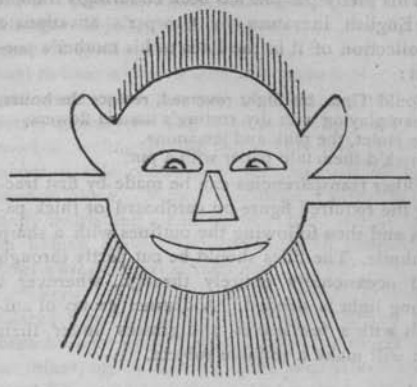
An amusing toy for the little folks can be made by their own hands after the pattern given in Figure 1.

Fig. 1.

This is intended for a mask or false face, and is presented in half, the paper being folded by the dotted lines, so that the two sides shall be alike. The figure is cut out by the other lines, and when completed will be found to furnish a rude presentment of a mask, with open spaces through which will appear the mouth, nose, and eyes of the wearer. The band of paper is to be so lengthened as to be pinned round the head, and secure the mask in place, while the ears protrude at the sides, adding much to the absurdity of the whole.

If the ears are cut as in Fig. 2. they can be made much larger, and may be formed of different colored paper with great effect. A short fringe of paper cut at the top of the face to serve as hair, and a longer fringe at the chin for beard, makes a striking addition to the mask, and can be curled in imposing style by drawing the fringes firmly across the blade of a knife. If the hair and beard are formed of a different color, as for instance, red upon a white mask, the effect ls quite terrifying. A long, blue beard can also serve for a dramatic presentment of the renowned hero of juvenile literature. With a little ingenuity and labor, a variety of masks can be manufactured from the same pattern. Brown or red-

Fig. 2.



dish paper, striped with light colors, can furnish forth a whole tribe of noble savages.

Many boys take particular delight in amateur "serenader" performances, while the parents find serious objection to the lasting effects produced by their lavish distribution of the burnt cork. Although much less artistic, the paper masks can be well used as a peaceful and wholesome compromise. When cut in black paper these false faces can be made abundantly hideous by pasting narrow strips of red paper upon the inside so as to show around the eyes and lips. A fitting supply of small jokes, a couple of conundrums, an old drum, a broken fiddle, and a popular song or two, are sufficient properties, with a few of these masks, to furnish a band of boys with all that is necessary for a serenader performance which will give rapture to themselves, and amusement to their indulgent friends.

A party of Indians can be much improved in appearance by the addition of headdresses of feathers. A long red tongue hanging from the mouth, also adds much terror to the brown visage of a chief, many boys being not too fastidious to place the strips of red paper upon their own tongues, so that they can be moved at will.

Quite young children will frequently find amusing occupation in pricking pictures with a pin, and become so dexterous in the art as to produce unexpectedly good results. As an instance, sketch lightly with a pencil upon rather stiff paper, the outlines of a simple house, with plain, square doors and windows. Let the child follow all these lines by pricking with a common pin. Then turning the paper, prick from the wrong side the spaces left to represent the window-panes, door, and roof. This will serve as a sort of tinting, and will appear distinctly when held between the eye and the light. If a simple bell-flower with leaf and stem is used, reversing the pricks as a shading for the picture, a pretty little transparency can be formed. A specimen

of this art hung in the window, will afford huge gratification to the young artist, and incite him to further industry.

This pretty pastime has been enduringly framed in English literature by Cowper's affectionate recollection of it in the lines to his mother's portrait:

"Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink and jessamine,
prick'd them into paper with a pin."

Other transparencies can be made by first tracing the required figure on cardboard or thick paper, and then following the outlines with a sharp penknife. The lines should be cut partly through and occasionally entirely through, wherever a strong light is needed. A distinct group of animals with a few leaves and grasses under their feet will make a suitable subject.

Fig. 3.

A profile view of a human figure also serves well, a distinct and simple outline being absolutely necessary. The soft lights falling through the punctured carboard, when well managed, are almost as mellow as the tints of the china transparencies, and taste and skill can find a pleasing exercise in producing them. The rude efforts of children will, however, give them occupation, and often develop a native taste into sudden activity.

Shadow pictures cast upon the wall may also be used to furnish needed fun for the fireside. A picture with clear, bold outlines should be chosen, and slight cuts made in sufficient number to allow the light to pass through and delineate a distinct shadow when held between the wall and a lamp. For an evening entertainment, this offers a pleasing variety of industry. No verbal description can explain exactly how these effects are to be produced, except by directing that all the light places of the picture should be cut out. A few experiments, however, will determine the best size for the picture, as well as the relative position between it, the wall, and the light, requisite for producing the most vivid shadow picture.

Balloons, kites, and other toys that float in the air, are generally very much admired by children, and amusement can be found in the manufacture of a home-made parachute, similar to that represented in Fig. 4.

Fig. 4.

To make this toy, it is necessary first to take a square piece of paper. Fold the square crossways, that is from corner to corner, so as to form a triangle. Repeat this until it is folded four times, when the paper will assume the shape presented in Fig. 3.

Next cut by the curved dotted line, and make a sharp puncture with a large needle or pin through the center of this curve, piercing through all the foldings.

When unfolded, a circle will be disclosed, formed of sixteen small scallops, in each of which will appear the puncture. Through each of these punctures a light thread of cotton or silk is run, drawing the ends together in a knot so as to round the paper slightly to form the parachute; finally, attach a small piece of cork as ballast.

When a light breeze is blowing, these toys can be tossed into the air, and they will float away, winning great admiration from the infant observers. If attached by a slender, long thread to a balcony railing, or to a window-ledge, they will float to and fro in wayward flight, obedient to every current of the air.

When constructed of tinted paper, the toy may look quite gay and pretty, and furnish many moments of pleasure to the little folks who are weather-bound within the confines of their nursery walls.

A square of paper may be folded in the manner described for the parachute, and cut with the same curved end; but before unfolding it, let some slight notches be cut with the scissors upon both the folded sides, taking great care that the incisions do not reach the inner point of the paper. When unfolded, the paper or circlet will then exhibit a variety of ornamental openings, which will surprise the young artificer, who is not prepared to expect the multiplication of his cuttings, or the harmonious design which will result from such simple means.

"IT WAS, IT WAS THE CAT!"

BY G. E.

"I wish I were an ancient Roman!" This startling remark burst from the lips of little Dolly Warren, a very modern young American, aged nineteen. She was exceedingly short, also exceedingly plump. She had "*twinkly*" brown eyes, a bright complexion, chestnut hair, and a *prononcé* "snub" in the way of a nose. At this moment, she was standing before the glass, rubbing said nose discontentedly, with a view to promoting a downward tendency. She and her friend, Clara Willoughby, were *tête-à-tête* in a long, low, sunny room—Dolly's "boudoir," as she loved to call it. I hate preliminaries almost as much as my reader does, but before cutting into the heart of my story, I must mention that Clara was Dolly's "most intimate friend"—what young lady is without one?—and that she (Clara) was spending the summer at Mr. Warren's large country-seat.

Clara Willoughby was an heiress—not as our novels will have it, "a *beauty* and an heiress." She was called "fine-looking," "graceful," "stylish," everything but beautiful, or even pretty. Her eyes were hazel, her hair golden brown, and she had fine, clearly cut features. Her teeth were exquisitely white and even, and she showed them considerably, her mouth, being large, "just about the size to let the big words out," or so said that untamed specimen of boyhood, Ned Warren. Clara was also very tall, rather stout, yet withal exceedingly graceful; and lastly, she was recommended as a "great catch," to the youths of her acquaintance, as she was an orphan, worth about a million, more or less. She was at present wearied of receptions, operas, theatres—everything connected with gayety. She was tired of her elegant house, and, as she expressed it, "oppressively devoted" old uncle and aunt. She was worn out with the throng of young men, who, armed with bouquets and confectionery, haunted her doors. In short, she was satiated with city life; so she turned her back on her ancient relatives and a prospect of Saratoga, packed *one* trunk with some of the poorest and most "old-fashioned" dresses she possessed, and fled to "the wilderness," for by such a dreary name did she designate Mr. Warren's beautiful place.

So here she is, and here is Dolly, rubbing her *petite* nose. Lest it should disappear under the friction, I will resume.

"Yes I do!" said she again; "I wish I were an ancient Roman! For then I'd have a decent nose!"

"If you're on the wishing tack," said Clara, rising to her immense height, "I can get ahead of you—I wish I were 'Job's turkey,' or as poor as that feathered specimen was supposed to be!"

"What a goose you are, Clara!" was Dolly's elegant reply. "For my part, I think Job's turkey was a miserable, starveling old fowl, and I don't envy him at all. And seriously speaking, Clara," resumed Dolly, turning from her nose to a larger subject, "I think you're an awfully ungrateful girl! It's '*treemenjus*,' as Ned would say, to hear a person with the amount of money, and consequent increase of blessings, that you have, actually wishing to be *poor!* It is the most morbid feeling in the world, this talk of yours about people continually seeking you for your money alone. Why," continued Dolly, theatrically flourishing a hair-brush, "have you no faith in human nature, no confidence in yourself, or your own personal attractions?"

"Very little, I can assure you," answered Clara; "you wouldn't have either if you had been brought up as I was. From the time I was an infant, my 'prospects' have been talked about until I have wished that I had no more money, or no more chance to get any, than my favorite character in history—Job's turkey. I have been fairly *fed* on such sentences as these, from my uncle—'*You'll* never want for suitors—a girl with *your* fortune?' or, '*You* won't have to beg for love, I can tell you!' Why, auntie was constantly telling me, when I first went into society, that my thousands would bring me in enough offers to allow of my having plenty of splendid 'matches' to choose from! It is fearful to have one's faith in honest affection undermined from one's very babyhood! I remember when I was a tiny child, and my uncle said something to me about my everlasting *money*, I said, 'But I want them to like *me*, too.' And then he laughed, and he answered, 'They'll like *you*, little one, but they'll like you better for having a little money!' Indeed, you are right when you say I am morbid about it. I declare to you, Dolly, that my sensitive, doubting disposition, and the mercenary training I have received, have made me so suspicious of people, that I can never believe that one of the dozen men who have sworn they loved me to distraction, were not more than half, if not wholly, actuated by mercenary motives! I haven't a bit of confidence in my own attractions! If I were pretty, like you, it would be a different thing. But I'm not; and in spite of the money spent on my education, I've not enough talent to attain much success in any accomplishment. I *haven't* an atom of faith in human nature, in *men* anyhow, and I'd give every cent of my wealth to be loved by some good, *true* man, and loved for myself alone!"

Clara's eyes filled with tears, and her usually pale cheeks flushed with excitement.

"As I said before," remarked Dolly, "you are a perfect goose! I suppose lots of men *are* fortune-hunters. Not that I've had any experience, for in *my* case, there isn't any fortune to hunt! But it doesn't follow that *all* of your lovers are

mercenary; indeed, *I* don't believe but that every man who asked you to marry him cared more for your dear lovely self than for all the 'chink'—to quote Ned—in your possession! And you ought to be sued for damages on account of the hearts you've broken!"

"Well, I'm thankful that I'm 'incog'—*here*, at all events," said Clara, ignoring the heart question. "I didn't want to come here and have everybody pointing me out as 'Miss Willoughby, the great heiress.' Thanks to you, little Doll, I don't think many people know that I'm worth a *sou!*"

"Many? You'd better say *any!*" exclaimed Dolly. "Indeed," she added ruefully, "I consider it the crowning act of my unselfish existence"—here she struck an attitude—"that I followed your directions to the letter. Just think how high-toned it would have sounded for me to announce that Miss Willoughby, the heiress, daughter of Anthony Willoughby, esq., and niece of the Hon. Jacob Grinder, was coming to visit me! But no! I must speak of your having taught little Emmie Fox music (which you did from pure benevolence, and, of course, you never got a penny for it)!—I must speak of it in such a way as to give the impression that you teach music for a living! I must allow you to wear the oldest and most hideous garments—some of which, in a fit of absurdity, you made yourself—and then I must hear old Mrs. Leatherbee praising you up as a 'poor dear, and *so* ingenious about your clothes, which are *so* suitable for one in your humble position!' All this I have to bear, like the martyr in the cause of friendship that I am! Oh, I've effectually followed your injunctions, and, as you cautioned me, I have let people imagine you were poor, 'without actually saying so.' Clara, your eccentricity is painful—simply *painful*"—concluded Dolly, solemnly.

"That may be, my dear," answered Clara, laughing, and shaking out a melancholy looking black serge dress; "but, for *once* in my life, I can leave my money-bags behind me, and have the opportunity of forming some *real* friends. Though I'm nearly sure that Harry Thorne must have heard about my being a 'golden calf,'" she added, reflectively. "Clarke Harrison is a very intimate friend of his."

"Well," said Dolly, now really provoked, "so you actually suspect Harry, too, do you? Let me tell you that I've known him for years, and I *know* that he hasn't a mercenary bone in his body! His attentions to you were as genuine as could be, and the cause of his suddenly falling off in them, is owing to the fact that no man of any spirit would stand being systematically snubbed; for you know you did snub him fearfully at first, Clara!"

But their excited colloquy was cut short at this juncture by the advent of "Ned the Rambunctious," as his father called him, with the announcement that "Mr. Colton was awaitin' to see Doll, with a *bokay* as big as a cabbage, 'n' she was to come down right away!"

Dolly flushed to the top of her white forehead, and in a second Clara and her cynicism, Harry Thorne, and every one else, went out of her foolish little head, as she hurried down the stairs.

Clara watched her with a smile. "It isn't likely," thought she, "that *her* faith in human nature will fail, as long as Charlie Colton exists."

CHAPTER II.

Next to Mr. Warren's residence stood a large boarding-house. It was a comfortable looking edifice, and the appointments were unexceptionable. It was not strictly a family house, though occasionally a matron weary of gayer resorts, would go there, accompanied by a pretty daughter or so; it was generally frequented by *old young* ladies, *young old* ladies, and an influx of young men, who came to enjoy the opportunities for shooting and fishing which the region afforded. Harry Thorne always made one of the latter class; for years he had spent the summers there, enjoying the society of his "chums," who came down from time to time, and an occasional walk and talk with his old friend, pretty Dolly Warren. This summer, however, he had spent little time at his once favorite pursuits; for no sooner had Miss Willoughby arrived, than he had, as he expressed it to his friend and crony, Clarke Harrison, deliberately "walked into" love with her. He was a good looking youth, tall and fair, with big gray-blue eyes, to whose eloquent love-glances Clara Willoughby had almost succumbed—that is, as much as her pride and prejudice would allow. "How you and Harry can assimilate is more than *my* sagacity can fathom," Dolly used to say—"for you are both as full of crotchets as —well, as Ned's mouth is of molasses candy!" she added, making a desperate effort at an appropriate simile.

Harry *was* a little eccentric—so his friends said. He was not rich, though his father was a man of considerable wealth. But Harry refused to depend upon anything but his salary, which was no larger than that of most young men. Then it was a matter of mystery to his friends that he preferred Mrs. Hoffe's quiet country boarding-house to any of the gayer summer resorts. But so it was.

His attentions to Clara had been pointed, all the season. He seemed to her on the eve of a declaration, and it is more than likely that her scruples and prejudices would have bowed before her loving heart, had not Mr. Harry ceased his attentions with the suddenness of a thunder-clap. All his invitations to ride, or to row, his constant sending of bouquets, etc.—everything that was in any degree lover-like in his behavior—had come

to an end. He seldom or never joined her in the street, and called only at long intervals. Clara was almost thankful that afternoon, when Dolly had left her, and she started for a ramble, to think that it was the last week in August, and that she would soon have to go home.

She had wandered on for some time, along her favorite lane, when she heard footsteps behind her. She recognized the firm tread, and her heart almost sprang out of her body with excitement; "He can hardly *help* joining me now," she thought—"mere friendliness demands it, after all his attentions. It would be horridly rude not to do so, when we are both going the same way."

"Good evening, Miss Willoughby," said Mr. Thorne, returning her salutation politely, as, crushing the innocent field flowers under his feet, he walked rapidly past her, and was soon lost to sight in a by-path in the adjacent wood. In a second, it seemed as if the sunshine had grown dark to Clara; the very trees and flowers appeared to dance before her eyes. How could he do such a thing! She would never have believed it of him! So rude—so utterly unkind and unfriendly! But she recovered herself rapidly, and walked on with as firm a step as his. "It is just as I thought!" she murmured, indignantly. "Dolly said *she* had never told him I was wealthy. Clarke Harrison *did*, I suppose, but hearing the report that I am poor—he ceases his attentions! Like all the rest, I suppose he was after my dollars and cents. I see I was wise to think of such a test for people,—I have found *him* out, at all events. And oh! to think I might have married him! Well, I shall waste no more thoughts on him, that's certain. I wonder, too, what made me trust *him* any more than the rest? However, it never shall be said that *I* cared long for a man who did not care for me!" And she shouldered her umbrella defiantly and walked home with the mien of an empress.

"Aha, old Fuzzy," she said, seizing her pet Maltese as she entered the "boudoir," "you're a faithful friend, aren't you, Pussykin? I'll take you for the companion of my old maidenhood."

"And a nice one he'll be, to be sure, if you don't cure him of fighting with my bow-wow," exclaimed Dolly, breaking in abruptly upon these meditations. "It's awful the way those creatures fight; I really thought the dog would be reduced to *canine* hash, the other day. And Fuzzy sat on the porch-roof nearly the whole of last night, snarling at poor Jacky, when he was innocently howling at the moon."

"Well, for my part," said Clara, smiling, "I think Jack makes more noise than Fuzzy."

"I guess Harry Thorne would like to consign them both to another sphere," said Dolly. "His window at Mrs. Hoffe's is right opposite one side of the porch-roof. I'd venture to assert that they keep him awake at night!"

CHAPTER III.

"I'd like to know," soliloquized Harry Thorne, as he wended his way home to Mrs. Hoffe's from a merry gathering at one of the neighboring country houses, "I'd like to know where in the dickens I put that letter I wrote to Clarke Harrison. One half of it is in here," putting his hand in his coat pocket, "and the other half—well, it's gone where the good letters go. I must ask Betty if she found it and stowed it away. I do wish I didn't leave things about so, and that she didn't jam them into impossible places. She and that belligerent dog and cat are my pet grievances. She put my pocket-book into the slipper-case yesterday, and—but hallo! there come Miss Warren and her party! I'll get out of the way, I guess." And he turned into a lane near by, just in time to avoid Clara and Dolly, who, with their escorts, were coming rapidly towards him.

"Well, didn't we have a delightful time!" said Dolly to Clara that night.

"Very," answered the latter, yawning; "but if you want to keep those flowers Mr. Colton gave you, you'd better set them out on the roof. Put them in that vase of mine."

"I will," answered Dolly, setting the vase and flowers outside. "Now, Clara," she added, presently, "did you ever hear anything like the noise that cat and dog are making? Just listen!"

The girls were silent a moment, while the combat raged furiously. Jack was howling and barking, and Fuzzy was screeching at him from a safe distance, with fiendish malignity.

"Mrs. Hoffe will vote our pets a nuisance to the neighborhood," said Clara.

Suddenly they heard a sound as if a window were being raised, and then something came *crashing* down on the roof. Both girls started violently.

"Goodness! What's that?" said Dolly.

"Why, somebody's endeavoring to silence those animals by 'heavin' rocks,' as Bret Harte elegantly phrases it," answered Clara.

"I'll wager anything that it's Harry!" ex-Dolly. "Wait a second, and see if he throws anything more at them."

There was silence for a moment, broken only by the barking and howling of the infuriated quadrupeds.

Then *bang! crash!* went another missile against the roof.

"By Christopher!" sounded in smothered accents through the summer air, as Harry Thorne, just returned from the roundabout nocturnal ramble he had taken to avoid meeting the girls, slammed his window vindictively, and turned back into his room.

"There!" he muttered, "I hope I've silenced them for to-night, that's all! I can't stand it any longer. It's bad enough to have one's own torturing thoughts to keep one awake, without

having a Bedlam under the window! But I'm afraid I've done some mischief. Wish I'd had something else to throw besides that old vase. I'll have to pay Mrs. Hoffe for it, cracked as it was! I wanted it to break that feline's skull, anyhow," he added. "Hope it has!"

CHAPTER IV.

The morning sun was shining brilliantly into the boudoir; Dolly and Clara were standing at the window, ruefully regarding the crushed fragments of Clara's pretty little vase, which lay upon the roof, together with some bits of coarse-colored china.

"That's Harry Thorne's doing, you may depend," said Dolly. "I *thought* I heard something that sounded like his favorite exclamation—'By Christopher!'—just before we heard the last crash."

"I must say," remarked Clara, "Mr. Thorne's 'eccentricity' has taken a singular form this time. His attack upon my innocent cat has resulted in the total destruction of my favorite vase."

"I don't wonder at his attack on your cat," said Dolly, coolly. "If I enjoy any more midnight vigils, I'll attack him myself. But what's this?" and Dolly leaned out of the window and possessed herself of a crumpled bit of paper, which had evidently fallen out of the "cat-suppresser," as she had designated Harry's missile.

"Some paper of Mr. Thorne's, I imagine; it was probably stuffed inside of that old vase he threw at Fuzzy," answered Clara. "But don't read it, for pity's sake, Doll," she added, horrified, as Dolly commenced to peruse it, "he might not like it—it's awfully dishonorable to read other people's letters: don't!"

"Well, I'm not troubled with too much honor!" retorted Dolly, comfortably. "I saw your name on it as I picked it up, and I'm just going to read it! It may be only a bit of waste paper, after all."

She read on for a little while, her eyes growing rounder each minute; then she sprang up and cried:

"Clara, I absolutely insist on your hearing this! No—don't stop your ears—you *shall* listen—it may affect the whole of your future life!" And she proceeded to read the following extract, which was no other than the missing part of Harry's letter to his friend:

"Yes, Clarke, from the moment I received your letter, I decided to cut short, 'nip in the bud,' as it were, my attentions to Miss Willoughby. You know my utter contempt for such fellows as Corson, who, being penniless themselves, or virtually so, like your humble servant, marry rich girls, and live on their wives' fortunes. Not that I would ever do that, of course; I would work, as usual, at the mills; but I cannot ask Miss Willoughby to marry, when I cannot support her entirely. My salary is an elegant sufficiency for myself, with my well-known bachelor habits; but for *her!* No, indeed; I cannot consent to lay aside my scruples, which I have held from my youth up, and 'marry a fortune!' I always said, you know, that I would never marry until I could support a wife comfortably; and Miss Willoughby is accustomed, I suppose, to more luxuries than I could give her, if my salary were twice as large as it is. I had no idea that she was wealthy; I have lived out of your city so long, that I know very little about the young ladies in it. She seems to dress very plainly, and, unaccountably, a report is circulating here to the effect that she is poor, and teaches music for a living. I imagined, after the usual manner of romantic youths, that, as in two or three years I should be able to marry, and give her a comfortable, if not luxurious home, we could 'wait and hope' for that time together. But long engagements are wearisome enough, as a rule, and I suppose it is for the best that I did not declare myself. I was very near doing it—just received your letter in time to prevent the catastrophe. Then, what is more, I had 'dared to hope.' I felt moderately and *modestly* certain of success, in spite of some 'snubbing' at first, which, I was acute enough to see, was 'put on.'

"But from the time that your epistle came, and I heard of her thousands, I decided to 'decline and fall off,' as Mr. Boffin says, in my attentions. I was doubly determined upon this course by the fact of your having said that Miss Willoughby was exceedingly sensitive about her wealth, and imagined that very man who proposed to her was offering his hand to her bank account! She shall never think that of *me*, at all events. Though, for the matter of that, one might as well be thought one kind of a villain as another, for of course she looks on me as a perfectly heartless flirt.

"But I've given it all up, anyhow, and do not be surprised if I accept your invitation, and come up to town, for——" here Dolly stopped.

"There! that's all!" she said excitedly, "and *now*, Miss Clara, what do you say? Did you ever hear anything so deliciously romantic and *novelly?* You won't have to be advertising—'Lost—a young lady's faith in human nature'—any more, will you?"

Clara blushed, and looked as confused as only a "fancy-*bound*" maiden can look.

"But how on earth did you find out that I cared anything about him, Dolly?" said she, shyly.

"Oh, I know the signs! Trust *me* for finding out things!" said that astute young person.

"But it's just the same, after all," sighed Clara, sadly. "How can I ever make it right? I cer-

tainly *couldn't* and *wouldn't* lower my pride so far as to send for him, and then I could never induce the dear, foolish fellow to believe—"

"Oh, *I'll* fix *that* part of it," said Dolly, valiantly coming to the rescue. "I've known him for ages, and I'll confess to him that I read the letter—what *do* you want, Ned?"

"Why, I say, Doll," said that youth, who, after having tried vainly to make an impression on the door panel and the drum of Dolly's ear, had effected an entrance by sheer physical force; "I say, Mr. Thorne's down stairs, and he wishes to see Miss Willoughby for a moment. He wants to apologize for smashing that vase—I told him it was yours, Miss Clara—and he's got another like it in his pocket, and you'd better hurry up!" Whereupon Ned turned a back-somersault, and vanished.

"Let *me* see him first," said Dolly, mysteriously, "I'll call you down in a second."

How it was all arranged, is more than I can say; I rather think they left it to Cupid. But suffice it to say, that, by some mysterious means, Harry's scruples were upset ignominiously, and Clara's faith in humanity assumed a gigantic growth, as she had discovered a fertilizer for that feeble plant, in the shape of love.

"What a blessed little matchmaker you are, Fuzzy," said she, that evening, when they were all assembled in the family sitting-room.

"Yes, indeed," responded Harry; "and I should thank Betty also, for exercising her favorite propensity for stowing things away. If she hadn't considered a cracked vase a proper receptacle for a stray letter, I should have hugged my scruples to the end."

"But I think Fuzzy deserves the highest meed of praise," put in Clara, speaking up for her pet.

"Yes," said Harry, "who knows what lonely bachelor's path I might have been pursuing, had not that cat interfered?"

"That's so," exclaimed the ubiquitous Ned, appearing from behind a sofa, and singing, "It was, it was the cat! You're right! it was the cat!"

THE term "blue-stocking" is often applied to a class of ladies of literary pretensions, but, originally, it was conferred on a society of literary persons of both sexes in England, organized in 1760.

The society derived its name from the blue worsted stockings always worn by Benjamin Stillingfleet, a distinguished writer, who was one of the most active promoters of the association. This term was subsequently conferred on literary ladies, from the fact that the accomplished and fascinating Mrs. Jerningham wore blue stockings at the social and literary entertainments given by the celebrated Lady Mary Montagu.

BLONDEL'S LAY OF THE KING.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

Loud raged the wassail, and the bumpers were quaffed;
Quick flew the jests, and loudly they laughed;
Those bold warrior knights in the old castle hall,
Where banner and shield hung high on the wall.

For the Crusade was over, and the trumpet no more
Summoned the brave from England's fair shore,
To the fiercest of battle in that far Holy Land,
Where Christian and Paynim both crimsoned the strand,

Where blood flowed like water, and life went for life,
To win holy places by most unholy strife.
And the fields where Christ walked in the days that are past,
Were won by the Christian crusaders at last.

Blondel, the troubadour, touched his guitar—
"Sing us," they said, "a ditty of love,
Of knights and fair ladies, O! brave troubadour,
Of peril and sorrow our feelings to move.

"Why dost thou pause with gaze fixed afar,
As though seeing the gleam of a Crusader's tent,
Where Christian and Paynim are fiercely at war,
And their life-blood together in one stream is blent?

"Sing us, O minstrel, a story of love,
A tale of fair ladies, or gallant young knights—
'Mid the dance and the tournament let thy thoughts rove,
And not to the war with its soul-chilling sights."

Blondel the troubadour spake not a word,
Neither jest nor entreaty he seemed to have heard;
But pondered in silence the theme of his lay,
And thought not of wassail nor tournaments gay.

For England's valiant king, the lion-heart,
In dungeon pined. The foeman's keenest dart
Were better than the Tyrol castle, where his life
Was wearing sadly out in such ignoble strife.

A king who never stayed the helping hand
For poorest vassal's aid—whose mighty brand
Dealt death and terror 'mid the Paynim horde—
So that the very mention of his name and sword,
Stilled fractious children at their very worst,
And made the Moslem peasant hiss, "*Accursed!*"

This flower of English knights no help had found
In all his realm of England's spacious bound;
Not one among his subjects' countless host
Had moved to raise his ransom's heavy cost.

For Austria's crafty king loved English gold full well,
And only at a mighty price would he his captive sell.
But loyal hearts would sooner part with all that gold can bring,
Than leave in dungeon hold to pine their sovereign lord and king.

Then Blondel sang at last—but not a lay of love·
"I can but sing," he said, "of that which fills my mind—
I can but try my power your loyalty to move."
And then he told them how he chanced to find

Fair England's captive king in his dull prison tower,
As 'neath the castle wall, as was his wandering way,
He sang, one morn, a ditty sweet, of wondrous power—
But only he and Cœur de Lion knew the lay.

And how the king's voice answered from within,
Making the echoes ring with sweetest sound;
And then he knew that his lost lord had been
A prisoner in this German stronghold found!

Cheerly he sang: "Be strong and hopeful, O my king,
And trust in English love and English gold;
For loyal hearts thy ransom soon will bring,
And free their sovereign from this dismal hold."

The airs of May were playing round the place,
The swaying boughs were green and fair to see;
The summer's bloom was coming on apace;
And England's king was longing to be free.

The Minstrel paused; but not a word was said—
Grim silence reigned within the castle hall—
Half-bowed to listen seemed each knightly head,
As though awaiting some expected call.

Then Blondel's strain took on a louder tone,
As boldly rose his voice: "Who goes to free
Our sovereign lord from Austrian dungeon lone,
And bring him back to love and liberty?

"Our warrior-king, whose ever-dreaded name
Filled every alien heart with trembling fear;
And English hearts should fill with grief and shame
That England's king is not already here!"

Then every knight that sat around the board
Was, in an instant, upright on his feet,
And pledged, with solemn oaths, his knightly word,
On England's soil his rightful king to greet.

Was ever stronghold built so stout it could not be
Unlocked by any hands that bore a golden key?
Was ever heart so hard it would not weakness prove
When forced by that most daring burglar, love?

THE BEST OF COMPANIONS.—Search where you will, you cannot find a more companionable person than yourself, if proper attention be paid to the individual. Yourself will go with you wherever you like, and come away when you please—approve your jokes, assent to your propositions, and, in short, be in every way agreeable, if you only learn and practice the true art of being on good terms with yourself. This, however, is not so easy as some imagine, who do not often try the experiment. Yourself, when it catches you in company with no other person, is apt to be a severe critic on your faults and foibles, and when you are censured by yourself, it is generally the severest and most intolerable species of reproof. It is on this account that you are afraid of yourself, and seek any associates, no matter how inferior, whose bold chat may keep yourself from playing the censor. If, then, you would find true happiness, study to be on good terms with yourself.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

There is one rule of conversation which should be thoroughly impressed on the mind, which is to remember there are two persons of whom you should never suffer yourself to speak—one is *yourself*, and the other your *enemy*. The reason is evident: you run into two dangers—egotism and injustice.

Women are too justly accused of a love of scandal, and in a group of ladies collected together for a "chat," it often happens that severe remarks on the conduct or motive of their neighbors form the staple of their conversation. The time passed in conversation on servants and babies, or the more reprehensible animadversions we have just alluded to, is neither very entertaining nor very instructive. The topics of the day, the new books, amusing anecdotes, pretty work, and graceful feminine occupations, should form the staple of conversation. They are subjects free from danger to that "unruly member" which requires such constant restraint.

From a mind well stored with good reading, good words are almost sure to emanate; and more attractive than beauty, is the pleasant, intelligent companion, whose clever and original remarks will be full of refreshment to the tired man of business on his return home, who will know that at home a bright welcome awaits him from one whose pleasant "talk" will refresh and amuse him, and render the evenings at home as agreeable as those passed in society.

Having fully impressed yourselves with the first rule we have laid down respecting the two subjects of conversation to be avoided, I would suggest that you should remember never to talk too fast nor too loud.

Many mothers, and those who have the care of the young, are apt to restrain them too strictly from conversation during meals. It is better to make a rule that they should speak only when spoken to, and then address them on subjects suited to their comprehension, encouraging them to give their own ideas of things that are daily occurring, questioning them on the books they have read, and drawing out their minds, so that conversation will be no effort to them when they go out in society, and that painful *mauvaise honte*, which makes a girl afraid to hear the sound of her own voice, will be effectually avoided.

One final piece of advice we would give before we close this subject. Of late years a very lax style of conversation has prevailed: I mean what is called "slang"—foolish, misapplied words, which are entirely destroying our native language, and for which we really need a new dictionary.

Better was the stilted, verbose style of the days gone by, than this slovenly utterance of a language which is so full of beauty when the words are well spoken and well chosen.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.

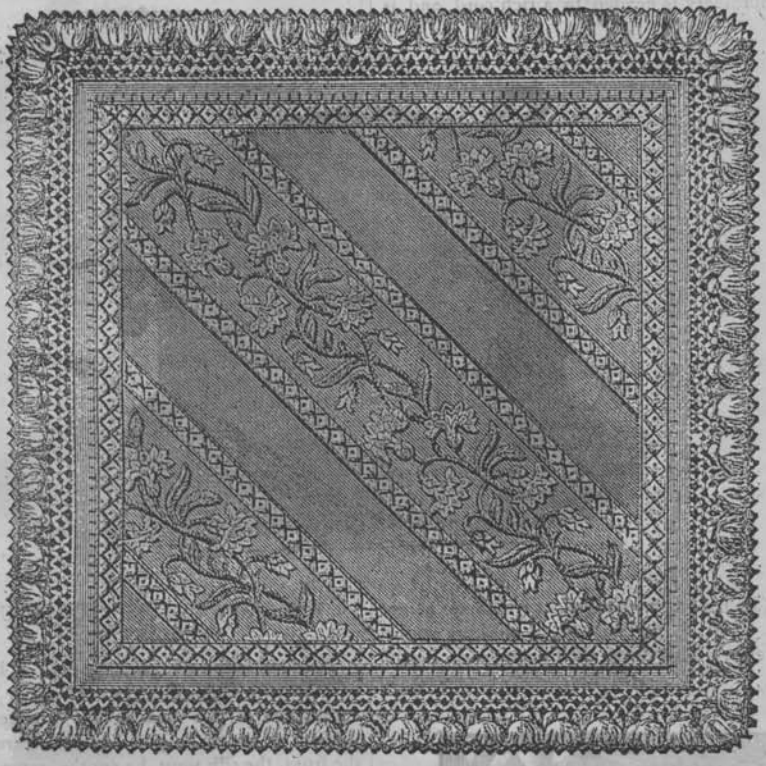


Fig. 2.

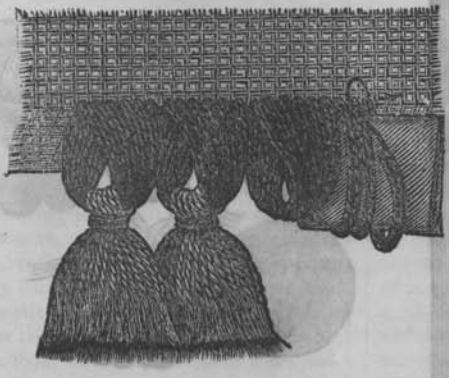
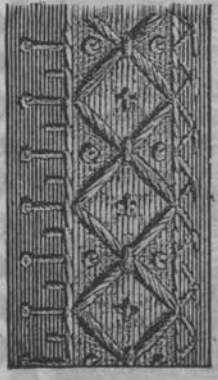


Fig. 3.



FIGS. 1, 2 AND 3.—SMALL TABLE CLOTH.

Fig. 1 represents the cloth in its finished state. The embroidered band, which ornaments the cloth, is in brown French flax, and the embroidery is executed with silks of soft shades. The design in Fig. 3 represents the galon that edges the embroidered bands, and the heading to the fringe, which is shown in Fig. 2. The fringe matches the embroidery. The plain bands are of dark crimson plush.

FIGS. 4, 5 AND 6.—WORK-BASKET.

A plain round wicker basket is used for this purpose; it is lined with quilted blue satin; the outside is covered with dark blue velvet, ornamented with a design in renaissance embroidery. The embroidery is headed by a rich cord, and is finished by fringe, two designs for which are given in Figs. 5 and 6, the method of working which will be clearly seen from the illustrations. Berlin wool is used for Fig. 6, and Andalusian for Fig. 5. For the balls in Fig 6, turn the wool twelve times over the first two fingers of the left hand, tie in the centre, cut through the loops of wool, trim the edges evenly, roll in the hands, and steam over boiling water until they assume an even, round form; after this fasten the balls upon the galon, as seen in illustration.

Fig. 4.

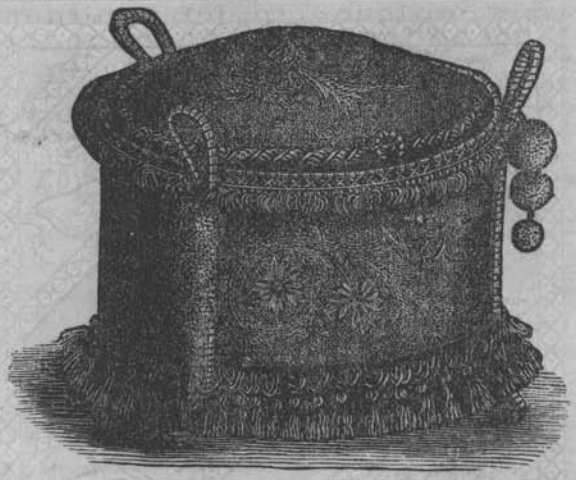
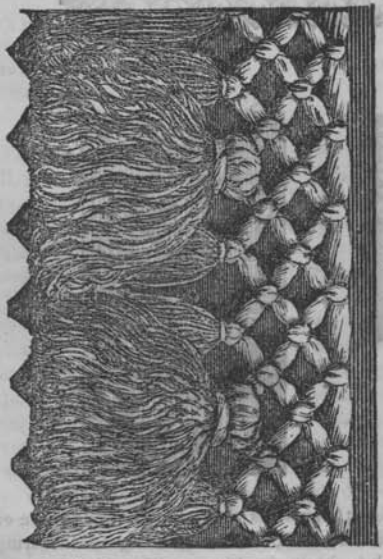


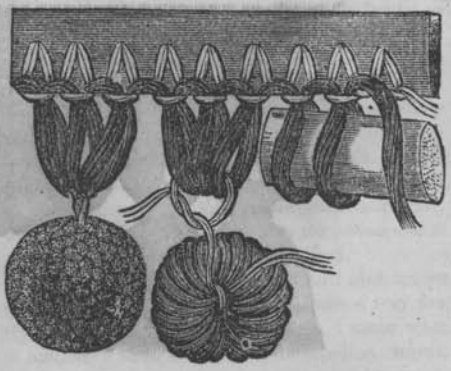
Fig. 5.



FIGS. 7 AND 8.—CASE FOR COURT-PLASTER.

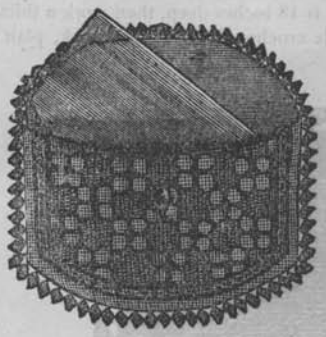
The foundation of this little case is blue silk, covered with embroidered canvas. For the back, cut a piece of silk measuring 3½ inches square, shape it as nearly as possible as Figure 7. For the front, the silk must be cut the same breadth, but not so deep; silk canvas the same size as required. This is embroidered, as shown in Fig. 8, with ruby silk. As will be seen in this illustration, the circles are outlined with back-stitches, the silk being carried from one side to the other under the canvas to form a background to the

Fig. 6.



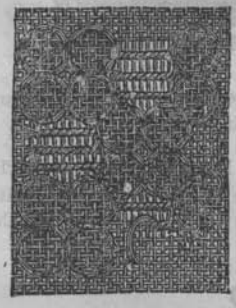
design; the open work is made by sewing over two threads of the canvas and drawing them together with silk of the same color. Place the

Fig. 7.



canvas over the silk, and lay the front in the proper position on the back, turn in the edges of both, and seam them neatly together; work a row

Fig. 8.



of point lace picots round the case with blue silk. The top of the back forms a flap, which is buttoned over to the front of case.

COVERS FOR FLOWER-POTS.

To make covers for flower-pots, take the shape and size of the flower-pot in stiff buckram, or milliner's bonnet-net. Choose ears of wheat, barley, or oats, having even stalks of smooth straw; tack them close together round the upper edge of the shape, leaving the ears to stand upright above the pot; they must be quite close together at the top to look well; tack them also at the bottom in order to place them evenly. Take green or cherry-color satin ribbon, about half an inch wide, and after undoing the tacking at the bottom, plait it over and under the straws, commencing from the top until the whole is filled up; fasten off securely at the bottom. Cut the straws even a little below the edge of the ribbon, draw out the buckram shape, which will serve over and over again. Make handles, if you like, of straws and ribbon, and sew them at each side.

Lavender stalks may be used in the same way; but they are not so pretty, though the scent is pleasant.

FIG. 9.—SCARF-PIN.

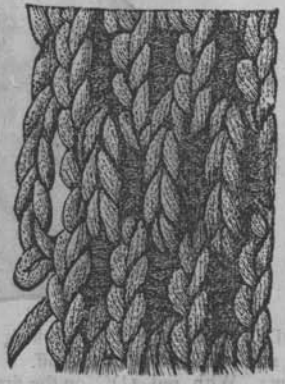
Gentleman's scarf-pin, being a claw of gold and black enamel, holding a solid pearl.

Fig. 9.

FIGS. 10 AND 11.—DOOR MAT.

We have often heard of the mats for the poor, made of rag or cloth; the engraving gives one crocheted in red and black cloth, and list, rags, or

Fig. 10.



scraps of any kind, may be used. When they are employed they must be cut in lengths half an inch wide, and made round by sewing them together in the middle, laying one edge over the other,

and slip-stitching the edges down. The pattern forms a honeycomb in crochet of red on black. In the first instance, prepare your materials and wind them into separate balls. The stitch is rather troublesome at first, therefore try it in wool.

Make a chain of 23½ inches in length with red, turn 2DC. on the 2d and 3d chain, *4ch, miss 2ch., 2DC., repeat from *, end the row with 2DC. Fasten off at the end of the row.

2d row: With black, 1DC. on the twist of the loop just behind the top of the first DC., 2ch., 2DC. on the 2ch. of the first row.

Foundation row, working behind the last row: 4th row: With black, 1 DC. on the first DC. of last row, taking it up behind, *4ch., 2DC. over the four black chain at the back of the last row, repeat from *.

Repeat these two rows alternately until the work is 18 inches deep, then work a thick row of double crochet all round the work, plait the colors employed into a thick plait of three, and sew on round the edge.

Fig. 11.

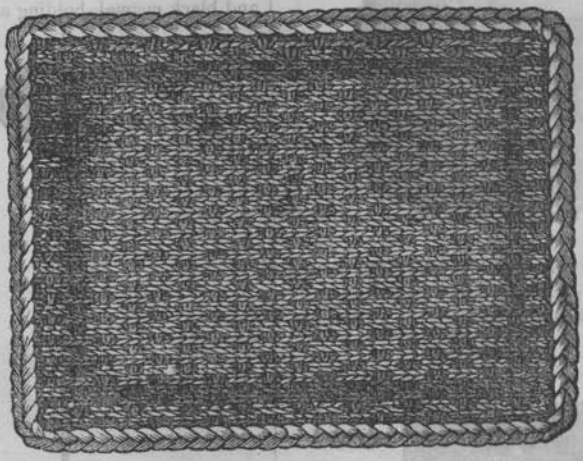


FIG. 12.—VIDE POCHE.

There are three styles of working this wall basket. The first is with cross stitch on a plush ground, the bird being copied in tent stitch; the canvas is tacked over the plush and drawn away when the work is completed. The next manner is to embroider the design on satin sheeting; and the third is by broderie Perse, viz., cutting the design out of cretonne chintz, and mounting it on black satin. The model is shown in cross-stitch.

Fig. 12.

4ch., 2DC. on the next 2ch., working behind as before; repeat from and fasten off.

3d row: With red, 1DC. on the first of 2DC. of the 1st row, 4ch, *1DC. on the first black DC. in 2d row, putting the needle under the four red chain, 1 DC. on the next black DC., 4ch. repeat from * to the end and fasten off.

FIGS. 13 AND 14.—PINCUSHION.

Pincushion made of blue satin and embroidered in gold and colored silks. Full working size for the cushion is given in Fig. 14. The edges of the points are finished with a fine buttonhole stitch in colored silk. The cushion is made up with two rows of quilled satin ribbon around it, as shown in Fig. 13.

Fig. 13.

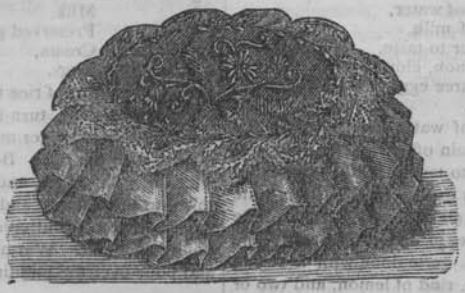
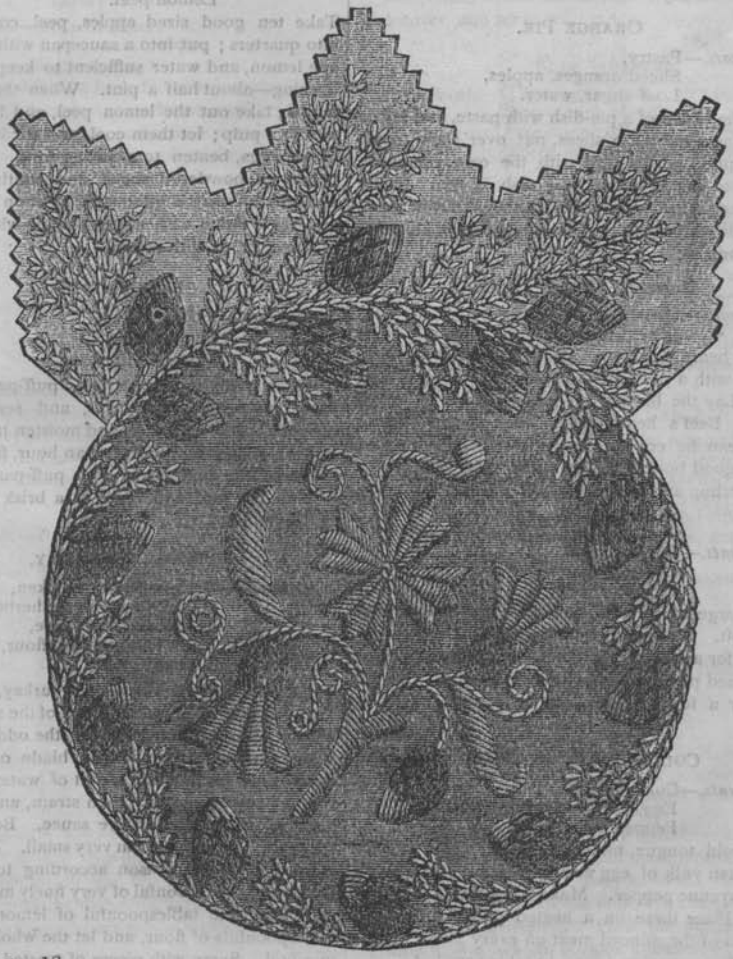


Fig. 14.



RECIPES.

APPLES WITH RICE.

Ingredients.—Half pound of rice,
One quart of water,
One pint of milk,
White sugar to taste,
Rind of lemon, cloves,
Yolks of three eggs,
Six apples.

Put the rice in a quart of water, set it on the fire till the water boils. Drain off the water, and add one pint of milk; sugar to taste, and the grated rind of lemon. Let it stay on the fire till the rice is quite done, and has absorbed all the milk. Put in the beaten yolks of three eggs. Peel and core the apples; simmer them till quite done with a strong syrup of sugar and water, rind of lemon, and two or three cloves. Arrange the apples on a dish, with the rice in a border round them, and pour over the syrup previously boiled down.

ORANGE PIE.

Ingredients.—Pastry,
Sliced oranges, apples,
Loaf sugar, water.

Cover the inside of a pie-dish with paste, and lay on it some oranges cut in slices, put over them some sliced apples peeled, and with the core removed; then more oranges, until the dish is full. Plenty of loaf sugar, with enough water to moisten them. Cover the whole with paste, bake, and sprinkle sugar on the outside.

BROILED CALF'S HEART.

Ingredients.—Heart,
Jelly, butter.

Cut the heart lengthwise about half an inch thick. Broil it with a piece of bacon attached, for ten minutes. Lay the broiled pieces on currant jelly and butter. Beef's heart, pig's, lamb's, and sheep's hearts can be cooked in the same way. Calves' liver is good boiled in the same way, and served with ketchup and melted butter.

BREAD SAUCE.

Ingredients.—Grated bread,
Onion, milk,
Butter, flour.

Boil a large onion with some milk and pepper until quite soft. Strain on grated bread and cover very closely for an hour. Put into a saucepan with a good sized piece of butter rolled in flour. Boil all together a few minutes, and serve hot. Salt to taste.

COLD TONGUE ON TOAST.

Ingredients.—Cold tongue,
Egg, cream or milk,
Pepper, toast.

Take cold tongue, mince very fine. Mix it with the beaten yolk of egg and cream or milk, with a little Cayenne pepper. Make thin slices of buttered toast. Place these on a heated plate, and put a spoonful of the minced meat on every piece. Cover with a dish-cover, and send to table very hot.

GINGER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Rice,
Milk,
Preserved ginger,
Cream,
Eggs.

Put half a pound of rice to boil with a pint of milk; when wholly done, turn into a pan, and mix with it some preserved ginger minced very fine; mix thoroughly with the rice. Beat up half a gill of cream with the yolks of six, and whites of three eggs; put this into the mixture and stir for some time. Pour the whole into a buttered mould, and steam for an hour and a half. Warm some of the ginger syrup, and pour over the pudding when you turn it out.

APPLE SNOW.

Ingredients.—Apples, eggs,
Lemon peel.

Take ten good sized apples, peel, core, and cut into quarters; put into a saucepan with the rind of one lemon, and water sufficient to keep them from burning—about half a pint. When the apples are tender, take out the lemon peel, and beat the apples to a pulp; let them cool, and stir in the whites of ten eggs, beaten to a strong froth. Add half a pound of powdered sugar, and continue beating until the mixture is quite stiff. Put on a glass dish and serve either with custard made with the yolks of the eggs, or with cream.

BEEF PATTIES.

Ingredients.—Puff-paste,
Rump steak,
Pepper, salt, flour.

Cover a patty-pan with thin puff-paste. Have some rump-steak cut small, and seasoned with pepper; salt a little flour and moisten it with gravy. Let this stew for a quarter of an hour, fill with it the inside of the pan, cover with puff-paste; make a hole in the top, and bake in a brisk oven about twenty minutes.

MINCED POULTRY.

Ingredients.—Cold turkey or chicken,
Onion, mace, sweet herbs,
Worcestershire sauce,
Eggs, lemon juice, flour,
Toasted bread.

Take cold roasted chicken or turkey, and mince the meat very finely without any of the skin or bone, but put the skin, bone, and all the odd pieces into a stew-pan with an onion, a blade of mace, and some sweet herbs; add a pint of water. Let this stew for nearly an hour, then strain, and add a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Boil two eggs very hard, and chop them very small. Mix with the minced meat and season according to taste; add the gravy, a teaspoonful of very finely minced lemon peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let the whole just come to a boil. Serve with pieces of toasted bread.

Cow Heel (Two Ways).

Ingredients.—Cow heel,
Mushrooms,
Butter, lemon juice,
Pepper, salt, onion, carrot,
Eggs, parsley, thyme,
Cloves.

1. Boil the heels, remove the bone, cut up the meat. Take enough of the liquor from which all the fat has been removed, add to it a piece of butter rolled in flour, one dozen button mushrooms, pepper and salt. Remove from the fire and add the yolks of three eggs beaten up with a little lemon juice. Add the meat and serve hot, but do not let the mixture boil.

2. Boil the heel, cut off the meat. Put the trimmings and bones into a stew-pan with two pints of water, an onion, and a sliced carrot. Add some parsley, thyme, clove, whole pepper to taste. Simmer slowly for three hours, then strain the liquor, remove all the fat, put in meat cut in pieces. Simmer until very hot, then serve.

Lobster Ragout.

Ingredients.—Boiled lobster,
Butter, salt, pepper,
Eggs, mace.

Cut the meat from a boiled lobster into small pieces. Pound the spawn to a smooth paste with two ounces of butter, salt, pepper, and a little mace. Put a gill of water into a saucepan, and thicken it with two eggs well beaten. Then add the spawn and stir briskly over the fire for ten minutes. Then add the lobster, boil up once, and serve very hot.

Winter Salads.

1.

Ingredients.—Artichokes,
Onions, oil, vinegar,
Pepper, salt, carrots,
Cauliflower or beet.

Take some cold boiled artichokes and some onions; slice them, and pour over them a mixture of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt. Cut up some cold boiled carrots in the shape of olives, and garnish with pickled cauliflower or slices of pickled beet.

2.

Ingredients.—Beet, cream,
Vinegar, pepper, salt,
Horse-radish, eggs.

Slice a cold boiled beet. Arrange the slices to overlap each other. Make a mixture of cream, very little vinegar, pepper, and salt. Pour over the sliced beet. Garnish the dish with horse-radish, hard boiled eggs, whites and yolks chopped separately.

3.

Ingredients.—Carrots,
Cream, lemon juice,
Oil, vinegar, pepper, salt,
Eggs, parsley, capers, olives.

Slice some cold boiled carrots, and arrange them in a dish with a dressing made with cream and lemon juice, or oil and vinegar, with pepper and salt. Garnish the dish with hard boiled eggs cut in slices, with minced parsley and capers, and chopped olives.

Sage and Onion Sauce.

Ingredients.—Sage leaves,
Onion, pepper, salt,
One ounce bread crumbs,
Butter.

Chop fine as many sage leaves as will fill a dessert-spoon full, chop as much onion very fine as will fill a tablespoon. Let these simmer gently with four tablespoonfuls of water for ten minutes. Then add half teaspoonful of pepper, half of salt, and one ounce of bread crumbs. When these are well mixed, add a quarter of a pint of thin melted butter or gravy. Let the whole simmer a few minutes.

A Good Pudding.

Ingredients.—Eggs, lemons, flour,
Sugar, milk, butter.

Beat lightly the yolks of ten eggs, and the whites of six. Take three quarters of a pound of powdered sugar, the grated rinds of two lemons, six and a half ounces of flour, and one pint of boiling milk. When this is nearly cold, add the beaten eggs, and half pound of melted butter. Bake an hour and a quarter, and serve with sauce.

Fine Muffins.

Ingredients.—Three eggs beaten very light,
Three cups of milk,
One ounce of butter melted,
Three tablespoonfuls of yeast,
One tablespoonful white sugar,
One teaspoonful of salt,
One teaspoonful of baking powder.

Flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. Take all the ingredients excepting the eggs, mix them well together, sifting the baking powder with the flour, and set to rise. If to be used in the morning, set at night; if for evening, early in the morniug. Half an hour before baking, add the eggs. Bake in muffin rings twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Horseradish Sauce.

Ingredients.—One tablespoonful mustard,
One tablespoonful vinegar,
One tablespoonful melted butter,
Two tablespoonfuls sweet cream,
One-half tablespoonful sifted sugar,
Three tablespoonfuls grated horse-radish.

Mix well in a deep bowl, and beat together as you would eggs, until it is a smooth sauce. Excellent with cold meats.

Pudding Made with Sugar Biscuits, or Rusks.

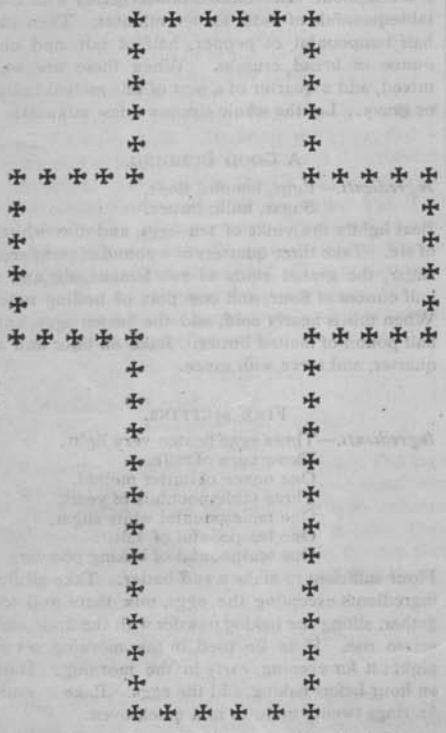
Ingredients.—Eight rusks or biscuit,
One quart of milk,
Four eggs beaten very light,
One-half pound of powdered sugar,
One-half teaspoonful of baking powder.

Take off the hard part of the crust from the biscuits. Pour over them one pint of boiling milk. Add the baking powder. Set away to cool. Make a custard with the rest of the milk, eggs, and sugar, with any flavoring desired. Pour the custard over the biscuit, and bake in a quick oven.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

LATIN CROSS PUZZLE.



The cross is formed of ten words of six letters each, and two words of thirteen letters each. The words begin and end with the same letter.

1. To bind.
2. To last.
3. To pour out.
4. To blot out.
5. To emit.
6. To die.
7. To lay open.
8. To make angry.
9. A tax.
10. A machine.

The two longest words describe the chief charm of soda water, and the character of the substances of which it is composed.

A GEOGRAPHICAL HEXAGON.

Each of the six words is composed of six letters; each begins and ends with the same letter.

1. A town in New Hampshire.
2. A town in Michigan.
3. A town in Pennsylvania.
4. A town in Massachusetts.
5. A town in China.
6. A river in Russia.

A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. Always belongs to me, but never to you.
2. A domestic animal.
3. A military manœuver.
4. A deed.
5. Is always in hate but never in love.

The central words are a present friend, whose name urges us to action.

RIDDLE.

A word composed of letters four—
It is an animal and nothing more.
Abstract my first, and I am then
The talent of the smartest men.
Abstract my third, and bring to view
What's worn by many, perhaps by you.
Abstract my first, transpose the three,
And I will live on the deep, blue sea.
Remove my head, again transpose,
And I am a pest, as every one knows.

ENIGMA.

I am only one, but place men before me and I become dangerous. Set me after a fierce animal, and I instantly change to a fruit, and with the sun in front of me I am a general comforter.

ADDITIONS.

I usually contain a short sermon, but add a certain syllable to me and I take away. Add a different syllable and I will take it back, but add another syllable to me and I will draw together.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

I am one word which is composed of two words, my second being a repetition of my first with a change of head. My first is a person, my second a thing, and my whole is always my second, yet my second may teach my first much wisdom, and my whole is often the best friend of my first.

No. 2.

My whole is a machine made expressly to remove my first from my second. My first as well as my whole is frequently the property of my second, and in such case the whole is esteemed a great convenience by my second, and the rest of mankind.

GAMES.

DUCK-ON-DAVIE.

Rough and dangerous as this game is, it appears to possess a singular fascination for school-boys and maintains its popularity despite the severe accidents that must neceesarily occasionally interrupt the performance. The game derives its title from the fact that there must be at one end of the play-ground some kind of raised base or little hill called the Davie, upon which is placed a large round stone or ball named the Big Duck. Each player furnishes himself with a round stone, which he calls his own Duck, and they range themselves in line at what is determined to be a good "throwing distance" from the Davie.

Each boy then throws his stone, striving to hit the Big Duck. The player who makes the worst throw, or whose stone is judged to fall farthest from the mark, is instantly proclaimed Keeper of the Davie. This unfortunate takes his stand beside the Davie, while the rest of the players return to the line, and throw in turn at the Duck, endeavoring to hit it and throw it off the Davie. These stones must lie where they fall, until some lucky player dislodges the Big Duck, when each player is at liberty to rush in, lift his own stone and carry it in to base. This must, however, be done before the Keeper succeeds in replacing his Duck upon the Davie, and if the Keeper sees this movement, he may instantly give chase, and if "tagged" the player must assume the office of Keeper.

The Keeper may, if he chooses, extend to any one of the players the privilege termed "one foot." This privilege consists of allowing some chosen player to place his stone upon his foot and by one kick endeavor to send it home to base. "Two feet," or even "three feet" may be accorded as a special favor by the Keeper. If any boy, to whom this liberty is granted, succeeds in displacing the Duck, all the other players may rush in and endeavor to carry their own stones to the base. When a player thus privileged fails, he must immediately assume the office of Keeper.

WILD BULL.

As its name denotes, is also a rather violent pastime. The players form a ring, deciding upon some base at a short distance to which the Bull must make his run. The largest or strongest boy is then chosen as the Wild Bull, and takes his place alone within the ring. The other players link hands firmly, when possible with the "sailor's grip," and form a strong ring.

The Bull passes around inside, asking the players as he touches their hands—"How strong is this?" They reply with any chance answer, as strong as iron; as brass; as a broken reed, etc. The Bull then without warning endeavors to break through by pressing, jerking or pounding the hands. When he succeeds, the two players whom he has severed give chase, and try to catch him. If caught, the Bull must try again, but if he can reach his base and return to the ring without being tagged, the slowest of his pursuers becomes Bull.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NO.

Answer to Corkscrew Puzzle.

C A S T
M A S T
M A I N
A N N A
R A T E
E V E N
R E A M
E L L A
B E E T
A N O N
H A T E
T I M E
E D N A
R E A P
R E S T
E D E N
W E A K
T Y R O

Answer to Geographical Ellipsis.

P A D U A
A N D E S
I N D U S
S E D A N
B A D E N

Answer to Double Diamond Puzzle.

S
T U N
S U G A R
C A T
R
P
I L L
P L U M S
A M Y
S

Cross-word Enigma.

Stars and Stripes.

Name Puzzle.

Clara.
Emily.
Laura.
Irene.
Adela.

Riddle.—G-nat.

Transformation.

Ash; gash; wash; cash.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York :—

VIVIAN, THE BEAUTY, by Mrs. Annie Edwards. One of the Handy-Volume Series.

A novel of German life, written in a fresh, sprightly style, with a charming little heroine, who is not, by the way, Vivian the Beauty.

DI CARY, by M. Jacqueline Thornton.

A novel of Southern life, after the war, written apparently by a Southern woman, but full of clear, common-sense views of the situation. Without abating one jot of her love for the sunny South, the author is willing to see that the Northern influence is exerted for good, not for evil, and in a most charming work of fiction, grasps boldly a great national question.

GREAT SINGERS. Faustina Bordini to Henrietta Sontag, by Geo. T. Ferris.

Entertaining biographical sketches of the singers, Bordini, Gabrielli, Arnould, Billington, Catalani, Pasta, and Sontag, written in very entertaining style, and full of bright incidents.

—

From DICK & FITZGERALD, New York :—

BIBLICAL THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN. A collection of facts, notes and information, concerning much that is rare, quaint, curious, obscure, and little known, in relation to biblical subjects.

A volume that will be taken up with pleasure and put down with regret, and which, while readable and interesting in itself, is also very valuable as a book of reference for the Bible student. It should be in every Bible class in the country.

—

From S. R. WELLS & Co., New York:—

HOW TO BE WELL; or, Common Sense Medical Hygiene. A book for the people, giving directions for the treatment of acute diseases without the use of drug medicines; also hints on general health cure, by M. Augusta Fairchild, M. D.

While the result of trusting to any book of this character in positive diseases is doubtful, it will be valuable to many, from its clear practical suggestions for preserving health. The writer gives much personal experience, and writes earnestly, in the full belief, evidently, of introducing a new manual of health for home use.

—

From T. B. PETERSON & Co., Philadelphia :—

ANGELE'S FORTUNE, a story of real life by André Theurich, translated by Mary Neal Sherwood.

An interesting romance of the life and misfortunes of a would-be actress in Paris, with the usual objectionable features of the French novel.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY, with other sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life, particularly adapted for every-day reading, by Robert Morris.

A volume of short, readable sketches, upon a great variety of subjects, written in pleasing style, and containing many practical suggestions.

MYRTLE LAWN, a novel by Robert E. Ballard, of North Carolina.

A story of Southern life of the present day, full of romantic incident and dramatic scenes.

HOW SHE WON HIM, or the Bride of Charming Valley, by D. A. Moore.

A novel of life in Pennsylvania, Cincinnati, and California, full of incidents, and written in a pleasing style.

—

From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE PICTURE ALPHABET.

Two beautifully bound and handsomely illustrated juvenile books, which the little people will be sure to enjoy and appreciate. A toy will tire, sweets will sicken, but to an attractive book a child will return again and again with undiminished pleasure, and these are two whose contents are inexhaustible funds of delight.

APPLES OF GOLD.

A collection of short stories in prose and verse, profusely illustrated, and a very attractive book for the holidays.

—

From LEE AND SHEPARD, Boston, Mass :—

SHORT STUDIES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Brief, but entertaining sketches of Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Howells, Helen Jackson & Henry James, Jr.

—

From G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York :—

THE ART OF COOKING. A series of Practical Lessons, by Matilda Lees Dods, of the South Kensington School of Cookery, edited by Henrietta De Condé Sherman.

Although there are so many cook-books published that their name is legion, we prophesy a large sale for this most valuable addition to the number, and heartily commend it to all housekeepers.

—

From HENRY C. LEA, Phila :—

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES, edited by T. Minis Hays, A. M., M. D., Jan., 1880.

—

MUSIC RECEIVED:

From GEO. D. NEWHALL, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOW MUCH DOES THE BABY WEIGH? Song and chorus by Will S. Hays.

A MUSICAL SURPRISE. Sketch by Clara E. Richey. Music arranged by L. Fairfield.

BRIGHT IMAGININGS. (Imagini Ridenti) Caprice, by Charles Vienkel.

THE SMILE OF MY MARY. Song and Chorus. Words by S. N. Mitchell. Music by H. P. Danks.

THE GELSEMINE VINE. Song by Will S. Hays.

O! BE JOYFUL. (Jubilate Deo) by J. R. Fairlamb.

WHY NEED I FEAR WHEN THOU ART NEAR. Sacred Song. Giannetti.

JOHN GILPIN'S RIDE. Galop, by Robert Challoner.

THE DANISH PEASANT GIRL. Nocturne, by Jas. E. Perring.

MUSIC MADE EASY. The rudiments of music explained in a concise and novel manner, by Robert Challoner.

Easy to be understood by beginners, and designed as a guide and assistance to private teachers, schools, classes, and students in general.

Our Arm Chair.

MARCH, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not answer correspondents through the Book. All communications requiring an answer must give name and address, and have a return stamp enclosed.

Mr. Darley has contributed to this number one of the finest steel plates we have ever placed before our readers. It is a scene from Mrs. Browning's exquisite work "Rhyme of the Duchess May," and one of the most striking in the poem. Our illustrations of the poets by Darley, bid fair to rival his illustrations of Waverley, and are winning him new laurels to add to those already offered him. Each picture is a gem of art.

The mammoth steel fashion plate gives in shape and color the newest styles of dress for the month that, bidding adieu to winter, lingers coquetting with the stern old snow-king before smiling spring quite asserts her sway.

For this season we can heartily commend the stylish and comfortable wrap for which we give the full size diagram in this number. It is a street jacket with added basque, and is at once very novel and very handsome. It can be made in any material to match the street dress, or is handsome in black silk or velvet.

The novelty page is a tobacco pouch of chamois skin, with a silk bag, suitable for a present to a gentleman. It is a new design, and very pretty when made up and embroidered.

Our music page is unusually attractive, and both in the Work Department and Fashion pages will be found many entirely new articles that will commend themselves at once to the tasteful reader.

Roslyn's Fortune is continued, increasing in interest with every chapter as the plot developes. The Rosebud Garden of Girls is concluded, and our readers will regret to part with the galaxy of heroines, but will find consolation in the new serial "Glenarchan," which will be commenced in our next number.

A Hard Lot.—Much is said and written of the cruelty of the step-mother. With the mother-in-law she is chosen as the target for ill-nature. But is her lot pure Elysium?

Her marriage is generally an unsentimental one. She needs a home, and her husband requires a mother for his children. It is a business transaction on both sides. But if little sentiment exists, the call to duty is clear; and many a step-mother who subsequently meets with abuse starts with a desire to do her duty.

How hard it is to perform a duty where sentiment is conspicuously absent, those who know can tell; and she soon comes upon her trials. The children are prepared to give her all the trouble they can. They remember the kindness and forget the weaknesses of their own mother. Every old servant who is found fault with, tells them privately how different things were in their dear mamma's time. Every novel they read treats of the injustice and cruelty of stepmothers as a fact clearly ascertained, and as invariable as that bees make honey, or that wool comes from sheep. Every fault that the step-mother commits is seized on, that she is true to the character of her class; and the children triumph in the vindication of a general truth. She cannot always reckon on the support of her husband, for he loves his children and hates family disputes. He is apt to side with the children as against a legal wrong-doer.

The wife, although she may have married prosaically, does not like to stand this—she does not like to be set at naught in her own house, and she determines to get the better of her husband. Every source of domestic anarchy thus becomes increased until the entire house is plunged into all the miseries of a sort of civil war. And the poor step-mother bears the entire blame.

Girls, old and young, should think carefully before consenting to occupy such a trying position.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

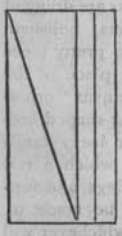
Number Twenty-Six.

Low-down grates, or wood-fires, with andirons, fenders, and all the old appurtenances, are now considered quite essential in completing the artistic effect of modernly decorated houses, in which an air of quaintness pervades the whole furnishing, and many old style things are brought into service again, in some cases just as they were used by our great-grandmothers. The antique fire-screens are dragged out of their hiding-places in garrets, polished, mended, and are now made to hold a pretty piece of the modern "art embroidery" in place of the faded and clumsy figures of the old canvas "cross-stitch work." The frame for a banner-shaped fire-screen should have a firm and rather *heavy* standard, that it may not tip over, from which a rod (about the size of a broomhandle) springs, and supports the banner. The frame may be made of walnut, ash, oak, or ebonized wood, whichever will conform best with the furnishing of the room in which it is to be used. It should move easily on castors, so that it can be placed in front of the fire when necessary. If made of ebonized wood, with a nickel-plated spear-head for ornament at the top, and small nickel-plated rings, by means of which the banner is attached to the cross-rod, the effect will be quite elegant. The tall middle rod should measure six feet from the point where it is joined to the standard. The banner should be twenty-two inches wide, and twenty-seven inches in length; the cross-rod, which supports it, should be three-quarters of an inch in diameter. This rod should be suspended by cords, so that it will hang just twelve

inches below the spear-head, or whatever ornament is used as a finish for the central rod. These cords must of course harmonize in color with the ornamentation and finish of the banner, and may be of silk or worsted, as will best conform with the other trimmings. The banner is made of plain, heavy, and firmly woven linen, which is as thick as that used for covering stair carpet. This, after being smoothly tacked on an artist's drawing-board, is to be ornamented (in oil colors) with a branch of the Pyrus-Japonica, with its rich coral-red blossoms and delicate olive-green leaves. When this part of the work is done, and has become entirely dry, the linen should be closely basted around the edges to a piece of thick buckram of the same size. Then two wedge-shaped pieces, and a narrow border (for the sides) of dark olive-green silk plush, make the finish for the front (see Fig. 1.) with a fancy fringe of cords and tassels. The back is covered with dark green, or black silk, or silesia will answer. The plush, which is the heavy upholsterer's stuff, with long nap, will be the only expensive item in the materials for the screen. The price asked for this is four dollars, or four and a half dollars per yard; but as it is twenty-four inches wide, it will only be necessary to procure two-thirds of a yard of the plush. By reference to Fig. 2. it will be seen how the wedge-shaped pieces, and the strips for the sides, may be cut, so as to require but this small quantity of material. The tassel-fringe or trimming for the lower edge of the banner is made of cords and tassels of shaded olive-green zephyr, with a few strands of "filoselle" or filling silk, of corresponding shades, mixed in, to give it life and brightness.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.



The tassels, which are attached to the upper row of loops of cord, should be two inches long. For the second row the loops are longer, and the tassels (three and a half inches long) hang between the upper ones. In place of the spear-head, an acorn-shaped ornament of wood may be used for the top of the standard; and small iron rings, painted black, to hold the banner. A strip of sheet-iron two inches wide is sewed in between the linen and buckram at the lower edge of the banner, to make it hang smoothly. This makes a much handsomer and less expensive screen than the old style ones, which were stiffly framed like a picture, and made to slide up and down on the supporting rod.

E. B. C.

WEST BRIDGEWATER, MASS., December 7th, 1879.

Enclosed please find $2 for my subscription for 1880. We have every number of the LADY'S BOOK since it was started.

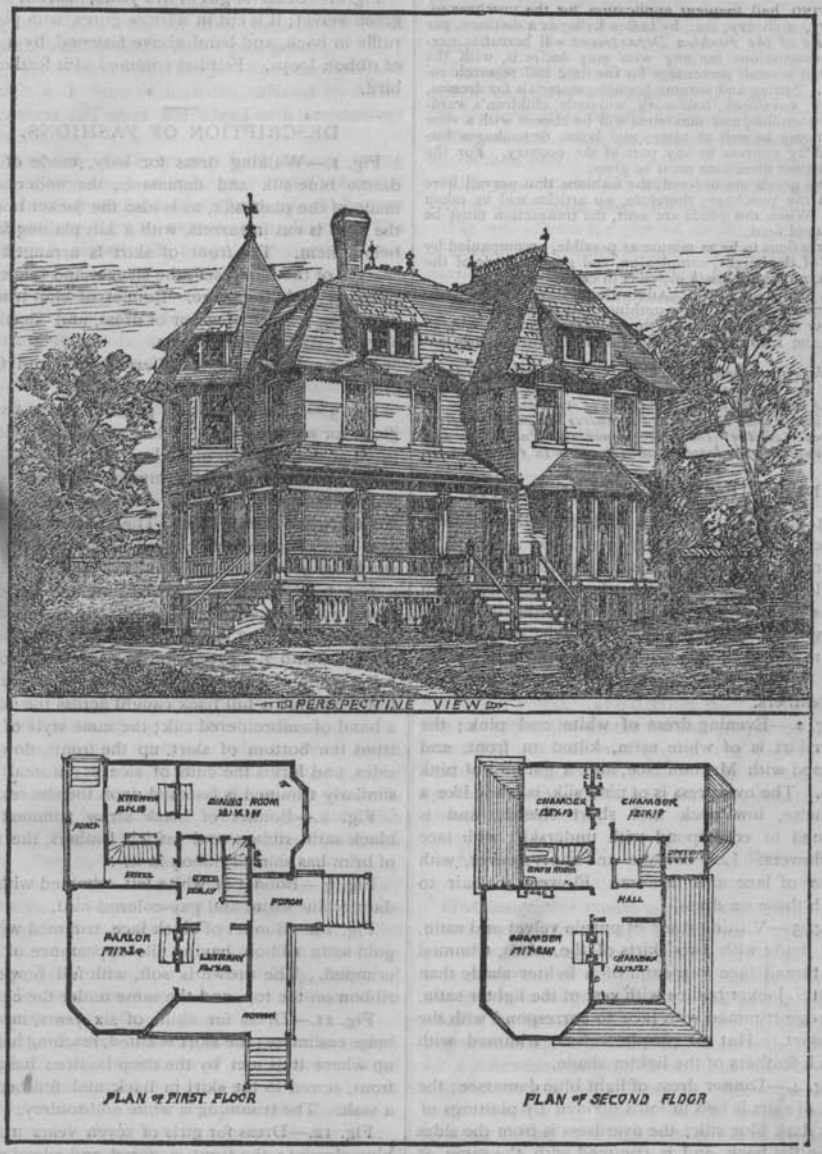
CORNELIA ALGER.

CLEANING BLACK SILK.—One of the things "not generally known," at least in this country, is the Parisian method of cleaning black silk; the *modus operandi* is very simple, and the result infinitely superior to that achieved in any other manner. The silk must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table and well sponged with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry, and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease, and restores the brilliancy of silk, without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or, indeed, any other liquid. The silk really appears thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent. Our readers who will experimentize on an apron or cravat will never again try any other method.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is full of interest for the home circle, where it is an ever welcome guest.—*Gazette*, Martinsburg, Va.

LIVING IN QUIET.—A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of dis putation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel, and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it. Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair, above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute detail of the domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

WE received, early in November, no less than eleven remittances for subscriptions for 1880 from ladies who report that the LADY'S BOOK has been a regular visitor in their families since the first number was published, and all agree that it never presented a better appearance, nor contained more entertaining and useful matter than it does now.



GOTHIC VILLA.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects, 520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above villa possesses, for a small family, all that style and effect that is obtained in expensive residences—cosy, easily warmed, and perfectly ventilated. It can be built of frame, weather-boarded, in good style, and finished for $3,000. We will make full drawings and specifications complete for sixty dollars, subject to change that may be desired to suit lot and position.

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent application 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, envelopes, 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.

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.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice.

The publishers of the LADY'S BOOK have no interest in this department, and know nothing of its transactions; and, whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the LADY'S BOOK, the Fashion Editress does not know.

Orders accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, are to be addressed to the care of the Godey's Lady's Book Publishing Company (Limited).

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

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of two shades of slate colored satin, and striped velvet and satin. The underskirt is of satin of the darkest shade, the front breadth puffed; the edge of skirt trimmed with pieces of a lighter shade. The overdress is cut like a long coat double-breasted, the skirt turned back with revers of the plain satin, and three capes trimming the waist part. Hat of felt, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of white and pink; the underskirt is of white satin, kilted in front, and trimmed with Mechlin lace, and a garland of pink roses. The overdress is of pink silk, is made like a polonaise, low neck and short sleeves, and is trimmed to correspond with underskirt with lace and flowers. Low corsage and short sleeves, with bertha of lace and flowers. Flowers in hair to match those on dress.

Fig. 3 —Visiting dress of purple velvet and satin. It is made with two skirts of the velvet, trimmed with thread lace over satin of a lighter shade than velvet. Jacket bodice with vest of the lighter satin, the edge trimmed with lace to correspond with the overskirt. Hat of purple velvet, trimmed with ostrich feathers of the lighter shade.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of light blue damassee; the front of skirt is laid in folds divided by plaitings of plain dark blue silk; the overdress is from the sides and in the back, and is trimmed with the same, as is also the edge of the skirt. Panier basque, sleeves trimmed with plaitings of blue silk. Fan-shaped piece made of the blue trims the front of corsage.

Fig. 5.—Carriage dress of olive-green plush and damasseé in cashmere colors, the front of skirt is of the plush laid in kilt plaits, with straps of the damasseé fastened by buckles crossing it. The back of the underskirt is of the damasseé, the side breadths of overdress are of the plush, the panier basque is made very deep, is of the damasseé, and is trimmed with fringe; it is full on the shoulders, and at the waist in front. Vest of plush, and plush cuffs trimming sleeves. Bonnet of plush the color of dress, trimmed with satin and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Dress for girl of five years, made of myrtle green velvet; it is cut in narrow gores, with pleated ruffle in back, and band above fastened by a knot of ribbon loops. Felt hat trimmed with feather and bird.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress for lady, made of gendarme blue silk and damasseé; the underskirt is made of the plain silk, as is also the jacket bodice; the skirt is cut in turrets, with a kilt plaiting falling below them. The front of skirt is arranged with scarves of the damasseé, the sleeves and bodice are trimmed with the same. Bonnet of chip trimmed with long feather of color of dress, and faced with shirred satin inside the brim.

Fig. 2.—Bow of *point d' esprit* lace, and China crape.

Fig. 3.—The illustration gives a pretty style of glove for evening wear. They are of black kid, finished at the top with black lace over white.

Fig. 4.—Cap of white muslin, trimmed with a narrow cross-stitch border. It is edged with two rows of kilted Breton lace. The front is ornamented with bows of pale blue corded ribbon, with a cross-stitch design, and rich fringe.

Fig. 5.—Cap made of square handkerchief of fine lawn, with a cross-stitch border. It is edged with two rows of kilted lace.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Front and back view of morning robe made of pale blue cashmere; it is gored in front, and has a full back caught across the skirt by a band of embroidered silk; the same style of band trims the bottom of skirt, up the fronts, down the sides, and forms the cuffs of sleeves; a small cape similarly trimmed is fastened upon the sleeves.

Fig. 8.—Bonnet of black straw trimmed with black satin ribbon and ostrich feathers, the inside of brim has shirred ribbon in it.

Fig. 9.—Bonnet of white felt, trimmed with gendarme blue satin, and gay-colored bird.

Fig. 10.—Bonnet of black lace, trimmed with old gold satin ribbon, having the appearance of being crimped. The crown is soft, with full bow of the ribbon on the top, and the same under the chin.

Fig. 11.—Dress for child of six years, made of beige cashmere; the skirt is kilted, reaching half way up where it is met by the deep bodice; basque in front, sewed to the skirt in back and finished with a sash. The trimming is white embroidery.

Fig. 12.—Dress for girls of seven years made of blue cheviot; the front is gored and edged with a kilting, the back of skirt is laid in kilt pleats with an overdress trimmed with striped cheviot in gay colors. Jacket for out-door wear quite deep, the cuffs, collar, pockets, and edge being trimmed with the same cheviot as skirt.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Back and front view of dress for girl of thirteen years, made of olive-green delaine. The front of skirt is laid in very fine kilt plaits, the back trimmed with narrow ruffles; above this is a polonaise with drapery in the back, a band of damasseé catches this with a narrow plaiting on each

side. The front is trimmed with bands of the damasseé, also collar and sleeves.

Fig. 15.—Dagger for the hair, of gold enameled with different colors.

Fig. 16.—Gold bracelet with chains, from which depend a small gold fan and a gold pencil.

Fig. 17.—Infant's shirt made of linen cambric, and trimmed with rows of insertion, divided by tucks. The sleeves and neck are edged with embroidery and lace.

Figs. 18 and 19.—Front and back view of spring wrap for lady, made of light gray camel's hair; it has a sacque front, back like a sacque at the bottom with a dolman over it, and dolman sleeves. The trimming is corded silk, fringe, and passementerie ornaments.

Fig. 20.—House dress for lady, made of black silk; the skirt is laid in kilt plaits, divided by bands of cashmere colors embroidered. The waist is shirred down in the front and back to meet the skirt, a sash fastened over where the two are joined, edged with a band of the colors; it is fastened at the left side, cuffs upon the sleeves, and collar to match the bands on skirt.

Fig. 21. House dress for lady, of écru camel's hair; it is made with two skirts, the under one trimmed all around with one ruffle, above this in front is a deep band of embossed velvet in shades of brown, above this another ruffle, the overskirt is short in front, deep in the back. Basque bodice trimmed with fringe and ribbon bows, cut V shape in the neck, with two rows of Breton lace around it. Elbow sleeves trimmed with the same lace, and ribbon.

Fig. 22 —Bonnet of gray straw, trimmed with deep red ribbon, and gray ostrich feathers.

Fig. 23.—House dress for lady, made of black cashmere; the underskirt is trimmed with one kilted ruffle all around, and narrow ruffles all up the front. The overskirt is double, open in front, trimmed with a band of Pekin satin, the upper one with satin and fringe. Basque bodice trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 24.—House dress for lady, made of pale blue cashmere. The underskirt is deeply kilted; the overdress is double, trimmed with a plaiting of the material, and a band of blue satin embroidered in colors. Basque bodice with vest of satin, cuffs, and collar to match the bands on skirt. Ribbon bows trim the dress in different places.

Fig. 25.—Ladies' dressing sacque, made of white cambric trimmed with rows of tucks, embroidered band, and plastron of lace down the front; the same extends around the neck, and trims the sleeves.

Fig. 26.—Ladies' chemise, made of fine linen, the front ornamented with tucks, rows of insertion, and Breton lace The skirt is trimmed to correspond with the yoke.

Fig. 27.—Ladies' drawers, made of fine muslin, trimmed with embroidery, lace, and tucks.

Fig. 28.—Bow for the neck, made of Breton net, trimmed with pleated Breton lace.

Fig. 29.—Cape formed of four rows of pleated lace, with a ruche around the neck, fastened in front by a colored ribbon bow.

Fig. 30.—Ladies' morning slipper, embroidered with gold thread, and lined with old gold satin, old gold satin quilling around the top, and rosette in front.

Fig, 31.—Ladies' morning slipper, made of blue velvet, embroidered with silver, trimmed around the top with swan's down, and lined with blue quilted satin.

Figs. 32 and 33.—Front and back view of dress for girl of ten years; it is made of silk and cashmere, the underskirt is of silk trimmed with a pleated ruffle and puff. The polonaise is trimmed with lace and ribbon bows.

Fig. 34.—Suit for boy of six years, made of black velvet, short pants, vest, and jacket.

Fig. 35.—Dress for girl of thirteen years, made of cheviot cloth; the underskirt is trimmed with six narrow kilt plaitings, the overdress and basque bodice with brocaded satin in cashmere colors.

Fig. 36.—Dress for girl of five years, made of gray beige; the underskirt is kilted, the waist is a deep basque, the skirt and basque are both edged with navy blue silk.

Fig. 37.—Dress for girl of seven years, made of cloth, navy blue and white; the underskirt is of the blue kilted, the overdress of white with trimming of blue.

Fig. 38.—Dress for girl of nine years, made of brown camel's hair; the underskirt is trimmed with two plaited ruffles, the polonaise with vest and revers, with rows of white braid.

Our diagram pattern this month is for a ladies' out-door wrap, jacket with basque added, which can be made of embossed satin, silk, cloth, or the same material as dress. The pattern consists of six pieces, one front, half of back of basque, sleeve, cape, and collar. The deepest part of the cape is the front, and the pieces for the jacket are joined according to the notches on the paper. The buttons are iridescent pearl. This cannot fail to prove a desirable pattern for our lady readers; it is given in the full size.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PAGE.

(*See front of book.*)

Our design this month is for a tobacco pouch, a pretty present for a lady to make for a gentleman, and one that can be made with a very small outlay. It is composed of three pieces of chamois leather five inches in length, and three and one half inches wide in the broadest part, and tapering down to a point; each piece is corded around with silk, and has a letter embroidered upon it, in silk the same color as the cording. The three pieces are joined together, a silk bag finishes the top, and a tassel ornaments the point at the bottom. Any design can be embroidered upon the pieces that fancy may dictate, instead of an initial.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Although early in the season, a few spring goods can already be seen in our stores; percales are already shown in their bright and delicate coloring, and their beautiful and quaint designs, after the heavy goods of winter, make us exclaim, and wonder if we ever before saw anything half so pretty and fresh-looking. The styles are very similar to the cash-

mere effects given to goods during the past winter, gay colors upon delicate grounds, also the ever-popular fine figures, dots, and hair stripes, which always make up pretty and useful home morning dresses.

The brocade fabrics, so much in favor the past winter, will continue quite as much so during the spring. The old-fashioned muslin-delaines are again revived; these and French cashmeres in pretty armure and brocade patterns, promise to be very popular; these will be made up with plain materials, as portions of the dress and trimmings, and will be made up in both walking and indoor costumes. But the newest, and what promises to be the most popular of spring fancy goods, is the printed Indian cashmere, in small multi-colored pine patterns over a light ground.

We have seen a dress of this description, the pattern of which was chiefly in blue and green tints, with a dash of crimson over a silver gray ground. The skirt was made with a gathered tablier in front, and tabs of plain bluish green silk at the sides; gores of pleated silk formed these tabs. The back was draped and looped up with clusters of loops of satin ribbon, and the bodice was a casaquin jacket of printed cashmere, with facings, collar, cuffs, and pockets of greenish blue silk. The buttons were of dark pearl.

Another is of beige cashmere; the trimmings are of seal-brown armure silk. The skirt is arranged in upward folds in front; lapels of the armure silk are draped into paniers at the sides, and the *bouffant* trimming at the back is of both materials combined.

There is very great vartety in the fashion of hair dressing. Some ladies wear plain bandeaux laid quite smooth over the brow, with a small chignon placed just in the nape of the neck. With a clear-cut profile and well-shaped head this is all very well, but there are others for whom a more elaborate style of coiffure is infinately more becoming. Fancy combs are as popular as ever, and for those who like anything odd and novel, the "Mephistopheles" is a singular comb, which, adopted by a noted beauty abroad, at once became a favorite. Although its oddity has prevented an absolutely similar form from being used, a modified form is to be found at the most fashionable comb-maker's in Paris. Every one will remember the curious horn-decorated cap of Faust's companion, a pointed piece of scarlet cloth, upon which two little black horns curling forward are set. The inaugurator of the Mephistopheles comb fancied having these little projections in gold, with flashing ruby stars dependant from the tips. The effect with the black hair proved fine. To suit it the hair must be much puffed and high, and with clusters of curls among the puffs, so that the comb's points rise like an eccentric and be-jeweled puff from among the wilderness of those myriad hair puffs, to which many ladies of decided fashion still show their unalterable preference. There is certainly great softness in this coiffure, especially when that softness is contrasted with some strange, unexpected ornament like the comb described above, or with the jeweled-eyed head of some gorgeous bird or a wide winged and seemingly just poised dragon fly, with bulging orbs of diamond, ruby, or emerald; or again, a crescent of glittering diamonds.

A lady writing from Paris, states that at a certain grand fete she counted eleven ladies *coiffées a l' Arabe*. The beautiful headdress which she describes, and the arrangement of hair which it demands, are well worthy of notice, and would be adapted to the regularity of the American type, as well as to the rich complexion of certain of our noted brunettes.

The Arabe is a scarf of live oriental colors, heavily intermingled with gold thread, and with a gold embroidery which has the effect of embossage. This scarf is a yard and a half in length. Its proper adjustment requires that the entire mass of the wearer's hair be taken into one rich braid. This is caught at the back of the head, neither high nor low, and twisted with the scarf in such a manner that while the folds of the rich material form one massive wave above the brow, the hair forms another, and is then knotted beneath it at the back. On the right of the head fall the ends of the scarf, one a little below the other. These ends are richly fringed by the unraveling of the material. The decidedly becoming effect of this headdress accounts for the favor of its acceptance. It is one of those things of which the vogue is decided at once. But it is rumored there is soon to be a radical change in hair-dressing; a return to the plaited chignon and the light clusters of curls which so well became the pretty head of Madam de Sévigné. Already some charming women have tried this style of coiffure, and have found it by no means unbecoming. If it does not become exclusively adopted, it will at least bring a grateful change in the coiffures of the present day.

A successful conceit of the milliner is to stud ribbons and bandeaus with imitation flies, so wonderfully natural that they cease to be mere fashionable inventions, but rank as curiosities of art. Brilliant red, golden green, and blue flies, alternate on the bandeaus for face trimming, giving a play of colors that suits the changeable silks and feathers of the outside. The house-fly, with its iron-gray body and filmy wings, is taken for an invader of the sanctity of spotless ribbons, until, on the attempt to wave him away, he is found fixed to his place, a creature of light metal and isinglass.

There are to be seen now many bonnets formed entirely of feathers. An excellent model is a very beautiful and unique imported bonnet, which forms part of what will be the trousseau of a lady of this city; it is in the shape of an oriental turban, but entirely formed of the alternating breasts and tails of the larger species of humming-bird. The tail is fan-shaped in this species, and the breasts are flame-color, emerald-green, or a blue similar to dark peacock-blue. In this bonnet the various breasts used have all these colors exquisitely mounted and arranged, so that nothing is seen of the satin forming the bonnet itself. Fifty breasts and tails were required to form this bonnet. At the extreme back, and floating downward over the low-dressed hair, is a willow plume of ostrich feathers, over which is laid, upon each of its loose and waving lengths, other parts of humming-bird plumage, entirely covering the willow feather beneath. The

effect of this moving to and fro of the low-toned yet dazzling plumage is wonderfully fine, and the bonnet is of unsurpassed elegance. Another feature of this trousseau is a superb cape of humming bird's feathers, which it has required many months for that Paris house at which it was made to collect. The shape is that of a large and deep *plastron*. This bonnet and cape are not to be duplicated by the house which furnished them.

Caps and head-dresses are most fancifully made and adorned. One entirely of golden moss, another of maiden-hair fern, and forget-me-nots. Then there are the Marie Stuart caps of black velvet edged with a double row of pearls, which are extremely becoming to some faces, and those made entirely of marabout feathers, which suit almost every one.

Velvet lace is a novelty among trimmings. It consists of a band of velvet with openwork embroidery designs. As trimming for a velvet dress, this is very effective.

Neither blue nor yellow is now used in dress to the extent that they were the past season; at least, not in the bright shades which light up every other color by which they may happen to be surrounded. But in small quantities, both blue and yellow are introduced into almost every species of design and fabric, and the result is a sort of illumination, which could be obtained in no other way. The yellows are the shades of jonquil or gold, the buttercup yellow and the bright tint of the mustard at its fullest flowering. The blues are the old blues of pottery, the modern China blue used in Dresden porcelain, the peacock tints and the amethyst blue, as distinguished from the turquoise.

These colors in the minutest specks, gem the surface of all figured materials, which belong to the richer class, and star them as daisies, forget-me-nots, and dandelions do the darkly shaded depths of a forest dell, or the emerald surface of a grassy meadow.

All the best effects in color are produced by this species of illumination, for the dark or neutral body; and the reason an all-red dress, or an all-yellow dress, sometimes looks well in a crowd, is because the majority always wear dark or neutral colors, and the wearer makes a bright spot in a collection which would be otherwise too gay or too sombre.

In consequence of the Spanish marriage, Spanish styles are very popular in Paris, and are being introduced here. The Spanish veil is much in favor, in both black and white Spanish lace. Red and yellow are being much used together, feathers of the two colors trimming black lace bonnets. Long black kid gloves with a bracelet of small yellow rosebuds at the top is one of the caprices of semi-dress toilets.

The newest lace cravat is a large lace bow called the Merveilluse, in imitation of the bows worn during the French Revolution. It may be made of any trimming lace by sewing the straight ends together, and of this forming an ordinary bow of two long loops and two ends strapped in the centre; below this the lace is then formed into a jabot formed like a fan, the two shells like rows coming together in a point below. This point reaches nearly to the waist line, while the large bow is high about the throat—indeed, just under the chin.

Another bow, called the butterfly, has two little pleated pieces of white India muslin strapped tightly where they are joined, and this forms the centre. Wide lace, either Languedoc, or duchess, or Valenciennes, is then sewed to the pleated ends, and when the bow is worn, the upper edge of this lace is pinned high about the collar, and it is allowed to fall open below and display the pretty design wrought upon it.

Small round wooden fans with a long stick as a handle, are ornamented with water-color painting; they are used as after-dinner fans, as they serve for a hand screen to protect the face from the fire. The same shape fans are made of black or light colored satin, and are decorated with embroidery in colors, or water-color painting in flowers, buds, etc. The ordinary Japanese fans are also made in this same shape now.

A feature of Turkish origin, and which has obtained favor, is about, it is said, to become a favorite in Paris, and will, is is rumored, appear upon persons who have hitherto avoided everything like eccentricity or conspicuousness in dress. The adoption of this jacket, called the shoulder-jacket, is innovatory, more from its now appearing in the Turkish fabrics and colors, than in its form, for a large and important establishment noted for the beauty and grace of its wraps, issued some time ago a black velvet, jet-embroidered, Turkish jacket, carelessly attached to, and in its entirety dependent from, the right shoulder. The jacket is massively embroidered in gold on a dead oriental lizard-green, the material velvet. Accompanying it is a tight-fitting waist of velvet of a darker shade of the same hue, but striped with gold bands. The skirt is of dark velvet. The hair is dressed low in Turkish braids, and this *toilette* is not, it appears, to be considered a fancy dress, but it is to be issued at a wedding reception. Two ladies will appear thus attired on a notable occasion in Paris. The entertainment is to be given to the daughter of a gentleman for many years resident in Tunis.

In bonnets we notice two decided novelties. The Zulma bonnet is entirely novel. It is of black straw, front and top, a broad and high scooped brim, and the entire crown is covered with satin of a rich Persian design, outlined in heavy gold thread and in what in contradistinction to those termed the "dead" are called the "live" oriental colors. Arching forward from the entrance back of this satin-covered crown is a peacock's head, very small, in gold filigree, and with a superb natural crest of feathers taken from a real to place on the gold head. Pendant from the beak of the bird is a gold crescent, which swings to and fro with the motion of the wearer. Wide *brides* of black tulle embroidered with gold thread are loosely fastened below the chin.

The Vashti is a magnificent headdress in the eastern style, consisting of three low-set bands along which run rows of golden crescents. Below each row is a succession of large spangles, each the size of a pea and much thicker than the spangles used for dresses. The hair must be loosely and elaborately puffed and curled for this headdress, of which

the effect is novel and striking. The Colibri crown is purchasable in Paris separately from the other adjuncts needed to complete the hat. It is costly and consists entirely of the small birds called *colibris* of which the heads are removed. These birds are the tiniest of all humming-birds, and the rage for them in Paris has been increased by the fact of their present scarcity, and the discovery that artificial colibris are made on false bodies and prove an illusion and a snare. The crown above mentioned is of satin beneath and completely overlaid with the headless, clawless, and flattened birds. A band of velvet embroidered in the colibri colors, or a band of gold-braided black satin if preferred, is then associated with this beautiful crown, and two curled plumes of ostrich feathers, black or emerald green, are then fastened at the side, low, being held in place either by a whole colibri or by a gold ornament of oriental design. These superb hats are *haute mode*, rivaling the still more gorgeous Zulu and canaque bonnets, the gueule red hats with mixed black and gueule red plumes, and the black hats embroidered in gold thread in massive oriental designs. Among the new ruches for the neck and wrists is some fine crepe lisse edged lace, dotted with pearls, which forms pretty garniture. Another ruche is of black lisse, edged thickly with very fine jet; this also is becoming and less expensive than white, as it does not soil so easily; pleated net edged with jet is also worn.

Plain linen collars and cuffs are edged with a frill of narrow lace. Very fine torchon lace trims underlinen, also flannel skirts, bodices, and dressing-jackets very effectively, and wears well, owing to the strong thread it is composed of.

Pillow-cases are made square, and hemmed with a four-inch hem, then edged all round with a narrow frilling, which is goffered when laundried. Sheets have the upper hem four inches wide, and the lower one two inches, then the upper one edged with a ruffle which adds much to the finish of a bed when made.

Children's stockings are marvels of beauty; it is most important that they should match the dresses; they can be purchased in all styles, solid colors, striped, speckled or plaids, but certainly those of solid colors are the most economical, as these can generally be worn with any dress.

Many girls are wearing their hair cut *en garcon*. but this is becoming only when the hair is naturally wavy or curly; then it is charming, and as short-cut hair keeps it in health and strength, it is to be recommended.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

Fancy parties have been the fashion now so long, and have met with such marked success and favor, that any novel suggestions respecting them will, we think, be welcome to our readers. We therefore propose this month to give our friends an account of a child's fancy party (as they are so very popular for children), which can, of course, with a little alteration, be made available for older persons. At this party, a certain number of the children were asked to appear in the dresses appertaining to the fairy story of the Sleeping Beauty; in her train were Titania, Puck, Rainbow, Starbeam, several fairy godmothers, Cobweb, Snowball, Moonlight, Daisy, Sunbeam, ladies of the court, maids of honor, the King, Prince Charming, the Jester, and many other characters, the story having been somewhat amp'ified for the occasion. The maids of honor wore gold-colored satin trains over chintz petticoats, with long stiff bodices, high cuffs, powdered hair, and large feathers. The court ladies' dresses were copied from an old picture—blue silk trains, caught back with roses of many colors, a satin front, high cuffs, high-heeled shoes, and coquettish hats. Another party were dressed for the fan quadrille. The ladies appear in old brocades over satin quilted skirts, long mittens, high-heeled shoes, large buckles, the hair dressed high and powdered, a tiny fan replacing the comb. All of the twenty-four who take part in it carry fans the same shades as their dresses. With these fans they go through a series of manœuvers, being drilled like soldiers. Each one was dressed in a distinct color, with fan to match. Another amusing set of figures was the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, and her numerous progeny. A sprightly Vivandiere danced "La-Lithuaienne," followed by the "old woman's children," in fancy cretonne dresses, who danced the polka until the old woman scattered them with a broom, and throwing off her own loose dress and cloak, appeared in Spanish costume, and danced a Spanish dance. Next the nine Muses danced the Muses' Waltz, a slow, weird movement. They were dressed in white gauze, embroidered in silver over white satin, with togas of different shades, which they manipulated in the course of the dance with much effect. The Maypole dance always gives satisfaction and delight. Of course the Maypole must be previously prepared, and children will always be found to dance around it with a will. There should several times in the evening be a regular march round, and at the party here spoken of the host and hostess occupied chairs at the upper end of the room, which was made to resemble a drawing-room as much as possible, the elders standing round and forming a species of court. Each of the children was introduced to them as they passed round, and bowed low at the ceremony. Many of the dancers had flowers and bonbons given to them at certain figures. Much amusement was caused by a figure, where two buns were given to two little girls, while two others were thrown among the boys; those who caught them dancing with the two little girls in question. Old books are ransacked to discover suitable set dances for fancy dress entertainments; but nothing to our minds could be prettier than the sylvan dance from Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." The latest idea of all, however, is a Noah's Ark quadrille—the actual ark occupying a position at one end of the room, in which the several pairs, from the ark or supposed to be from it, take part from time—the animals and birds uttering the cries peculiar to them, and the comic dresses (the heads being mostly habited in the grotesque paper heads which accompany the natural history Cossacks, better known as crackers) cause a great deal of fun. FASHION.