F. O. C. Darley — John C. McRae

"Nay, nay, let me stay,
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin
Is my heart she said to day."

The Ranger.
J. G. Whittier

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL 1880.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 10

Fig. 11

Fig. 12

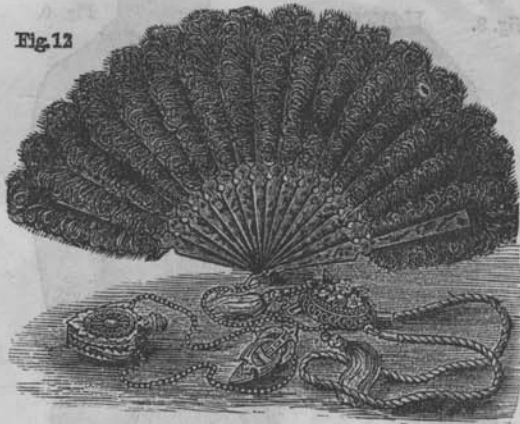

Fig. 13

Fig. 14

Fig. 15.

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

Fig. 18

Fig. 19

Fig. 20

Fig. 21

Fig. 22.

Fig. 23.

Fig. 24

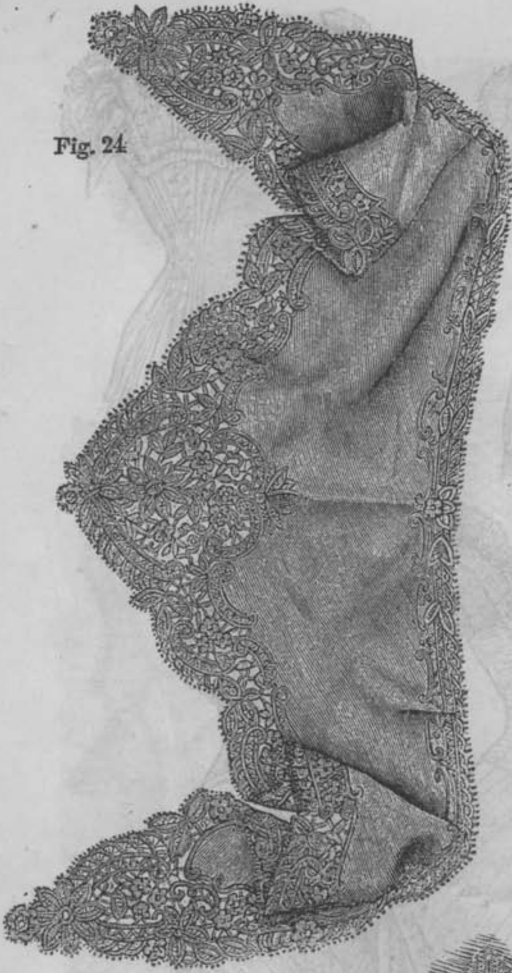

Fig. 25

Fig. 26

Fig. 28

Fig. 29

Fig. 30

Fig. 27

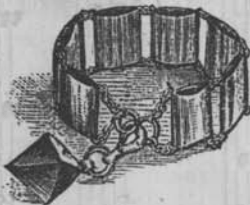

Fig. 31

SECRET LOVE.

GAVOTTE.

Allegretto.

By JOHN RESCH.

p

sf

f

f

p

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TRIO.

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sf

FINE.

Fig. 32.

Fig. 33

Fig. 34.

Fig. 35

Fig. 36

// GODEY'S
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VOLUME C. No. 598.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

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

CHAPTER X.

WARNING AND RESULT.

"The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun."

This is what Hugo Duncan says to himself, as having watched the cavalcade out of the gates of Cliffton, (Lovelace accompanying them for the sake of the ride,) he finds himself alone, face to face with the realization of what has befallen him.

He begins to understand it now—to comprehend the height and depth and breadth of meaning which it has for him. He has asked Roslyn to be his wife, and she has said No; all is over—his hopes, his plans, his very life, as it were, seems to him blotted out by that simple word from a girl's lips. He has been so single-hearted in his devotion—he has given so much, and thought so little of return—that he is startled now by the passionate agony of his despair.

"I knew how I loved her, I knew how the thought of her was twined into my heart," he says to himself; "but I did *not* know how awful it would be to have to do without her."

Then he thinks, or tries to think, how mad he has been to hope for any other end. How staid, and grave, and middle-aged he must seem to this girl in the first flush of her youth—the girl who has by her side a lover fitted for her in every respect.

"What could be more natural than that Geoffrey Thorne should win her heart?" he thinks. "God grant he may deserve her! But how I would have loved her and cared for her, and made her life a thing of sunshine, if she had but given me the power!"

So it comes back to that sad and bitter "if" which makes the burden of such anguish. The mystery of it is almost appalling. Why should that be denied to one, which is given to another, with often less desert?—how is it that love, (be it ever so true-hearted) cannot win love in return, but must stand back and see its crown of life taken down by careless hands? There is no answer for these questions, asked as they are by many passionate hearts; and there is no hope, no comfort, to lighten the darkness of such an hour as passes over Hugo Duncan now.

It has set its mark upon his face, deepening lines which, before this grief came upon him, were scarcely to be perceived, and giving an altogether new expression to his eyes when Lovelace sees him, after returning from the ride to Verdevale. This ride, it may be said, proved by no means so agreeable as Mr. Lovelace had anticipated, for Roslyn was not herself at all—being silent and *distrait* to a most unusual degree—indeed, exciting in him a suspicion which the first sight of Duncan's face confirms.

"By Jove, he has done it!" thinks Lovelace. "I half-suspected that he would—and yet I am surprised. What a fool he was, to be sure! A child might have seen that he had no chance—that the girl's head is too full of other things."

What it is that stands for "other things," in Mr. Lovelace's mind, may readily be imagined; and it may also be imagined how warmly he congratulates himself on his opportune arrival, and on the apparently brilliant success of his line of strategy.

Except for the betrayal of his face, Duncan bears himself well, and makes no confession of suffering; but Lovelace is not surprised, when supper being over, and they sitting with their cigars by an open window, through which all manner of sweet odors come on the damp air, he says, abruptly:

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"Should you mind, Harry, if I left you here alone for a week or two? I have business which makes it necessary for me to go away, and I don't know how long I may be delayed. I leave everything at your disposal and service, however, if you can face the prospect of solitude for a time."

"My dear fellow," says Lovelace, "don't hesitate for a moment. I am quite used to living alone—in Louisiana, you know, I have often to spend several months on the plantation, where the madre never goes—and I should be inclined to pack my traps and be off, if I thought that you would let my presence here inconvenience you in the least. Go, by all means, and don't hasten back a day earlier than you would otherwise on my account."

"Remember, then, that I leave you in full command of the house and stable; and if you are quite certain that you won't be lonely, I think I will be off to-morrow morning."

"I am quite certain that I shall not be lonely," answers Lovelace. "I have an unlimited capacity for indulging in *dolce far niente,* and then, there is Verdevale where I can occasionally drop in for a little society."

"Yes," says Duncan, "I have no doubt they will be glad to see you; only—he hesitates an instant, a new thought flashing into his mind for the first time—"don't go too often, Harry. Remember that there may be danger in such intercourse, for you and—for some one else, perhaps. You don't misunderstand me, I hope. I"—he chokes a little—"I have nothing to win or to lose, there."

"I do not misunderstand you," says Lovelace. "I accept your warning in exactly the spirit in which you mean to convey it, and I assure you that I shall avoid any trifling that would lead to possible danger. I hope I am a man of honor—at least I know what is due to the woman I have promised to marry. If I fancied that there was any danger for Miss Vardray or myself, in our chance association, I should leave here instantly. But"—he shrugs his shoulders, lightly—"I am somewhat too *blasé* to fall in love with a girl's pretty face, and I should insult Miss Vardray if I supposed that I was so fascinating as for my presence to be fraught with danger to her peace of mind. However,"—he pauses for a moment, then goes on—"I appreciate your feeling; and if you desire it, I too, will leave to-morrow morning."

"No, no, certainly not," says Duncan, shocked at himself for having seemed to imply distrust of the other's honor. "By no means, Harry; I only meant to warn you in a kindly way—people often drift into such things as this without considering where they may end, until it is too late. Stay here as long as you like, and go to Verdevale whenever you feel inclined. They are the most hospitable people imaginable, and will be glad to see you, I am sure."

So the matter ends, and the next morning sees Colonel Duncan drive away from the door of Cliffton, his destination altogether uncertain in his own mind. But in such a malady as his, the impulse of flight is always strong; the sufferer feels as if passive endurance is more than can be borne, as if there may be relief elsewhere, or at all events as if motion is in itself a sort of relief.

It is with the most sincere satisfaction that Lovelace bids his host adieu, and watches the vehicle in which he is borne away, as it vanishes from view. "Poor fellow!" he thinks. "He has certainly had a 'facer'—but how lucky it all chances for me!"

To fully explain this luckiness, it must be stated that Mr. Lovelace has become interested in Roslyn beyond the point necessary for strategic success. Not that he has in the least fallen in love—for that is something of which he is absolutely incapable—but, like many men of boundless egotism and small passion, he has a facile fancy which is easily taken captive by a new charm, easily stimulated by resistance, and utterly ended by possession. This temporary interest being genuine, gives a character of earnestness to his flirtations, which is the chief secret of their success. He not only seems to be, but is, thoroughly taken captive for the time being; and real ardor, like real everything else, has a power which the counterfeit can never possess. Interest, especially in love affairs, can never be very well simulated; and if it ever successfully imposes upon its victim, it is because that victim is, for the moment, incapable of an act of judgment. Now Lovelace, being well assured that Roslyn has refused his cousin, might readily feel that his self-appointed task as a strategist is unnecessary; but, in truth, the girl herself has wakened his admiration and excited his vanity to a degree which makes him eager to pursue the affair for his own gratification and amusement. He feels that his fascination has been, in a manner, defied, and this consciousness acts upon him as a challenge. He *must* see those frank and fearless eyes fall before his, the lovely color deepen as it has never deepened yet at his coming or his voice. For him, a veteran in flirtation, to be baffled by a girl as narrow in experience as she is young in years, is, he feels, altogether unendurable. The longing to win her favor, the desire to draw from her some sign that she reciprocates the feeling so strong in himself, is almost as intense with him as with a real lover; only there is the great and essential difference, not only that his motive is altogether selfish, but that the desire, once gratified, will prove as short-lived as it is now keen.

Under these circumstances, he naturally does not long delay presenting himself at Verdevale. Before half the morning has elapsed, he is sitting with the family group on the broad, vine-shaded piazza, and has told the news of Colonel Duncan's

departure. If he had doubted what share Roslyn had in this, the expression of her face as he speaks would assure him of it. She starts, her color changes, and she looks downward, uttering not a word, while the rest express their surprise.

"Why, you are left quite alone at Cliffton, then, Mr. Lovelace," says Mrs. Vardray. "Will you not be very lonely?"

"I shall be alone, but not lonely," answers Lovelace, with a smile. "I cannot affirm that I am one of the people who make it their proud boast that they 'are never less alone than when alone;' but I have some resources within myself, and I do not object to a little solitude now and then; it gives one time for reflection, which the rush and whirl of one's ordinary life does not."

"Yet I should think you were much more at home in the rush and whirl," says Mrs. Vardray, who is secretly distrustful of this fancy for solitude, and inclined to the opinion that Colonel Duncan should have taken his guest with him.

"I am afraid the meaning of that is not very complimentary to me," replies the young man; "but I am bound to confess that in a general sense you are right. I must also confess that I should doubtless look upon solitude at Cliffton in a very different light if I had not society at Verdevale to cheer me."

This is well brought in, and obliges Mrs. Vardray to make a becoming rejoinder, in the form of a hope that he will not hesitate to frequently cheer himself with the society of Verdevale. "But we must not monopolize you," she goes on. "There are some pleasant families in the neighborhood whom you might like to know."

Anxious not to excite distrust, Lovelace does not avow his decided disinclination to meet any of these pleasant families, but replies in general terms, and waives the subject, being quite determined that he will suffer no diversion of the kind.

The morning passes in pleasant idleness, but, although Mrs. Vardray acknowledges the charm of the intruder, this charm only steels her purpose the more against admitting him to any greater familiarity than can possibly be avoided.

"He must go home; I shall not make a precedent by asking him to stay to dinner," she says resolutely to herself; and in order to avoid the awkwardness of disregarding what seems almost an obligation of hospitality, she leaves the piazza about the time when she knows that Lovelace must order his horse. But, alas! "the best laid plans of men and mice gang aft aglee," and it chances that Mr. Vardray steps accidentally upon the scene just as the young man has reluctantly issued the order.

"What, Mr. Lovelace," says that hospitable gentleman, without an instant's consideration; "going to ride home at this hour of the day? Tut, tut! you'll have a sunstroke! Take dinner with us, and go home in the cool of the evening; that is the proper thing to do. Since you are alone at Cliffton, we need have no compunction about keeping you."

"It is I who should have the compunction, I am afraid," says Lovelace. "You are very kind, but really to trespass upon your hospitality so much—"

"Nonsense!" interrupts Mr. Vardray. "We are not used to that sort of talk here. We are always glad to see our friends; and I feel that we ought to take particular charge of you, since Duncan has gone off and left you in this shabby way. Never mind about the horse, Jim; the gentleman is going to stay."

Lovelace does not gainsay this, for in fact he would be very much disappointed if forced to go. He has not seen Roslyn alone at all this morning, and he wants to see her alone, for several reasons, which may be briefly summarized: first, to gratify himself; secondly, to carry his wary siege of sentiment a little farther; and thirdly, in order to discover the meaning of a change in her which is very perceptible. She has been remarkably quiet all morning, and there is an air of effort about her which strikes and puzzles him. The true solution does not occur to him—that she is thinking of Duncan, with a sorrowful and impersonal realization of the pain she has inflicted upon him—but he does think that she may be regretting her answer, perhaps, in which case it is, from his points of view, essential that he should efface the regret with stronger feelings as soon as possible.

When Mr. Vardray has countermanded the order for his horse, he turns, therefore, to Roslyn and says:

"If I stay, may I not beg for the pleasure of a ride with you this afternoon? Pray, say yes"—as she hesitates—"you don't know how much I have built upon the hope of it."

"You must have built very quickly, then," she says, with a flash of her accustomed brightness as she looks at him; "if the idea has only occurred to you since papa begged you to stay."

"I was not speaking of this special idea, but of the general hope of riding with you," he replies. "If you remember, I proposed *that* instead of our excursion yesterday."

"Don't speak of our excursion yesterday," she says, with a little shudder. "It was a failure from beginning to end."

"It was not all a failure to me," he says. "That time on the rock, for instance—"

He breaks off abruptly—what a great part of the capital of a flirt unfinished sentences are!—but his well-trained eyes say much, and Roslyn meets them. But now, as before, he is uncertain what effect the eloquent glances have upon her. She only smiles with a gay maliciousness.

"The time on the rock would be still more memorable if you had fallen into the river, as I

fancied you would," she says. "A day at the falls seems incomplete without anybody having been wet."

"And you are absolutely sorry that I was not covered with absurdity as with a garment!" he says, reproachfully. "What have I done to deserve such vindictiveness? But I will forgive you all evil hopes and intentions if you will go to ride this afternoon."

"I usually ride with Geoffrey," she answers; "but for once—yes, I will go with you."

CHAPTER XI.

GEOFFREY FORMS A RESOLUTION.

Three weeks have passed since the pic-nic to the Falls, and since Colonel Duncan left Cliffton, on unexplained business, when Geoffrey goes up to Roslyn one morning as she stands on the piazza, and says, abruptly:

"Will you take a walk with me? I have something to say to you.

She looks at him with a little surprise, not so much on account of his *brusquerie*, for that of late has become a marked characteristic of manner with poor Geoffrey, as on account of the formality of the request; but she answers quickly, with the ir of one anxious to conciliate:

"Of course; I shall be very glad to take a walk, you will bring me my hat and gloves."

He goes into the hall, finds the hat and gloves, d returns with them. She ties on the first, aws on the second, and then, looking at him th a smile, says, "I am ready; where shall we ?"

"Oh, anywhere," he answers. "It makes no difference to me; but we had better go into the woods, I suppose; there we *may* be free from in terruption."

She understands exactly to what special interruption his sarcastic emphasis refers, but she answers:

"By all means, let us go into the woods; I always enjoy a walk there."

So they set forth—more like a pair of new acquaintances than like two people who have grown up from childhood together—take their way through the garden, and, passing out of the gate, soon find themselves in the wood beyond. Avoiding the path which leads in the direction of the Stanhope place, they follow another that takes them deep into the heart of the green shades, and finally brings them to the bank of a limpid stream, that runs gaily over its stones "in little sharps and trebles."

"This is where we used to come to fish," says Geoffrey, flinging himself down on the mossy bank. "Many a minnow have I caught here—and so have you, Roslyn. You were a famous fisherman in those days."

"I wanted to do everything that you did," says Roslyn. "I wonder I did not kill myself in trying to keep pace with you in all possible sports. My great grief was that I could not use a gun; but after I nearly shot you, papa forbade it, you know."

"*Did* you nearly shoot me?" says Geoffrey, looking up at her as she stands over him, in the flickering light and shade, a sight "to make an old man young," in the winsome grace and sweetness of her youth. "By heaven, I wish you had succeeded!"

If spoken lightly, the words would mean nothing, but there is a passionate earnestness in the young man's voice and eyes that startles Roslyn.

"Why do you talk so?" she says in a reproving tone. "It is very wrong—very foolish."

"It may be foolish; but it is not wrong," he answers. "At least it is not untrue. Don't you know that I would rather have died than have lived to suffer what I do now?"

"Are you suffering?" she says, gently, sitting down by him. "I am very sorry."

"Yes, I have no doubt you are sorry; I have no doubt you would be still more sorry, if you could know all that I suffer," he replies; "but you are not sorry enough to help me, Roslyn."

"How can I?" she asks in a low voice.

"You know," he answers, not looking at her, but at the sunlight flickering down through the green boughs overhead to the flashing water. "You know what I feel for you—that is, you know *something* of it—and you may judge, therefore, what it costs me to see you drawing farther and farther away from me every day."

"But I am not drawing away," she says, eagerly. "Why do you fancy such things? You are just what you always were to me, Geoffrey—just what you always were!"

"Am I?" he says, still not looking at her. "Well, I suppose I ought to be content with that—but I am not. I wanted to be more to you, and I see that I cannot be. There is the trouble, and you can't help it—not unless you tell me that some day you will love me well enough to marry me."

Silence—a troubled silence on Roslyn's part, in which she dimly hears the gurgle of the brook over its stones, and the rustle of the leaves above her head. This is no new revelation to her of Geoffrey's feeling; but now as ever it troubles her—coming as an element of discord into her life, marring the serenity of her attachment to him by demanding something which she cannot give. It is in the nature and necessity of love to do this—to cast away that which it has as valueless, because it cannot have more. Friendship and affection are scorned by the imperious tyrant—"all or nothing," is his demand, and he flings aside much that might sweeten life, as failing to satisfy the cry

of his hot heart. So it is now with poor Geoffrey. What is Roslyn's affection to him, when the love of which she is capable is reserved for some other man? "I want her heart, her whole heart!" is what he says to himself; and while he says it, he feels that it is not for him to win that heart.

"I don't know how to answer you," she says at last, slowly. "It seems to me strange that you should think of such a thing. We have always been like brother and sister, and I—I cannot have any other thought. If you would put away such ideas, Geoffrey, we should be a great deal happier."

"You might as well tell me to put away part of myself," says Geoffrey. "It has grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I have never had any other idea, Roslyn, as far as you are concerned. But I did not bring you out to tell you this," he goes on, abruptly, "for I think you know it as well as I do; I only wanted to tell you that I am going away."

"Going away!" repeats the girl. A sense of dismay comes over her—what malign fate is this which seems to force her to estrange and send away her friends? The tears rise into her eyes.

"O Geoffrey, don't, pray don't go!" she says. "What harm have I done to you? Why should you leave home because I cannot feel towards you exactly as you desire?"

"That is not why I am going," answers Geoffrey. "If it were simply *that*, I would wait and hope: but I cannot stay and see another man win you before my eyes; and that is what is coming to pass, Roslyn."

She answers not a word. Her eyes fall before the searching gaze of his, and she begins nervously to pull to pieces a daisy that she has gathered. She would reassure him if she could; but can she?

Seeing his fears confirmed by the expression of her face, and by this significant silence, the young man struggles for an instant with the sharpness of his pain—for how deceitful in hope the heart is we never know, until some such moment of keen realizing certainty comes—and then, having mastered it by an heroic effort, goes on:

"It is hard for me to see this; harder than you can even imagine," he says. "But will you believe me when I tell you that I almost forget myself in thinking of you? I am certain—more certain than I can express—that you are making a great and terrible mistake in giving your heart to this man; and I would be willing to suffer all that I do, and more besides, if I could only warn you to some purpose."

His earnestness is pathetic in its sincerity; and if he feared to speak, he sees when Roslyn lifts her eyes that there was no need of fear.

"I have not given my heart to him yet, Geoffrey; at least, I don't think so," she says, almost in a whisper. "But tell me—I want to be reasonable—why do you think it would be 'a great and terrible mistake' if I did so?"

"Because I do not trust him!" says the young man, energetically. "You will think that is no reason, perhaps; but if one's distrust has good ground, it is not to be despised; and it is not jealousy that makes me distrust him. There is Colonel Duncan; it would cut me to the heart to see you marry *him*; but I should know that you had given your heart and your life to one who is incapable of betraying any trust placed in him; and, therefore, I should not be without comfort. But what should I feel if I saw you give yourself to this other man? He is careless; he is selfish; by his own confession he has idled away his life, and sought nothing but the gratification of his own pleasure; if he has a high thought, or a high aim, I have never heard him utter the one, and he has certainly lost sight of the other."

"You are very severe," says Roslyn, flushing deeply. "I thought something like this of him at first; but a man may drift into modes of life which he would not deliberately adopt. He has had everything to tempt him to idleness and pleasure; but now that he is old enough to think seriously, he says he feels the need of higher aims and more definite objects."

"I have no doubt he tells you so," says Geoffrey, "for young as he is, he knows that no plea is so effective with a woman as that which says, 'Help me to mount to higher things.' Well," he goes on, after a moment's pause; "I have said my say, and I am glad it has not made you angry. Give it a little thought, won't you, Roslyn? Indeed I speak as if—as if I were your brother."

He looks pleadingly at the girl, who returns his gaze with an expression which perplexes him—the expression of one who is wakening to the consciousness of new perceptions.

"Yes, I will think of what you have said," she answers, "but I wish that I could hear no more of the subject—I mean from anybody. I thought love sweetened and broadened life; but, instead, it seems to fill it with bitterness, to make one hurt one's friends, and take them away from one. Am I punished for wishing to taste everything? It must be better to believe in some things, than to taste them. But you won't go away, Geoffrey, surely you won't go away!"

"There is no reason why I should stay," says Geoffrey gloomily. "I am sure I am not agreeable company to anybody, while if I go to poor old Uncle James—I had a letter from him this morning, begging me to come—he won't care how miserable I am."

"But *I* care," says Roslyn, who feels as if this is more than she can bear. "Geoffrey, it is not just—it is not right," she cries passionately. "You should not make me feel as if I had willfully made you wretched. How could I help it?"

"Of course you could not help it," replied Geoffrey, whose chivalry is stirred by this appeal. "I am a brute and a fool to have said anything about it—but don't fret! If you want me to stay, I'll stay. No doubt I should be more miserable away from you than with you; so I won't go—now."

CHAPTER XII.

HONOR BEFORE ALL THINGS.

On the afternoon of the same day which witnessed the scene with Geoffrey in the morning, Roslyn ends her siesta somewhat earlier than usual, and comes down stairs equipped for walking. From the lightness of her step in passing through the house, it is evident that she does not wish to attract attention, and Geoffrey, who is stretched at ease on a sofa in the sitting-room does not stir as he sees her pass swiftly and almost noiselessly through the hall. "She is going out," he says to himself, "and she does not want a companion. She must expect to meet Lovelace."

Jealousy and injustice generally go hand in hand, and so they do in this instance; the truth being that Roslyn, as she lies awake during the long hot hours of the afternoon, pondering the perplexities of her situation, has decided that she will take counsel with Lettice, who she knows possesses a remarkably clear power of judgment. "It will be a comfort to speak to somebody," she thinks—and so thinking, determines to walk over to the Stanhope place, since Lettice is detained at home by the sickness of some members of the family.

Outside the house the heat is not so great as within, for there is a light, fresh breeze stirring, and the sun in declining westward has lost the fierceness of his power. Long shadows are stretching over the green sward, while floods of level light stream between the great trunks of the forest trees, and light up all the sylvan picture with glory.

Roslyn, who is quick to feel the beauty and sweetness of nature, is walking along the woodland way, swinging her parasol in one hand, while her eyes roving to right and left take in all the loveliness of the scene, when suddenly a turn of the path brings her face to face with Lovelace.

She is so much astonished that for an instant she cannot speak, and it is he who, lifting his hat with a flashing smile, says:

"What a wonderful thing the power of divination is! I felt sure that I should meet you, and here you are all alone, like a fairy princess."

"I am on my way to see Lettice," she replies, "so it is very natural that *I* should be here; but I am surprised to see *you*."

"The explanation of my appearance is very simple," he says. "I was paying a visit to Mr. Stanhope, and being tempted to go to Verdevale by this path—for I felt an instinct approaching to a certainty that I should meet you—I asked him to send my horse over later by a servant. Now may I ask if your intention of going to see Miss Stanhope is fixed as fate, or may I not propose a diversion?"

"My intention is by no means so fixed that it does not admit of a diversion," says Roslyn, smiling, and owning to herself that the pleasure of being with him is not lightly to be relinquished; "but before I speak positively, I must know what you propose."

"I propose that we shall take a walk through these beautiful woods, and find, perhaps, some spot as lovely and lonely as the glen where you led me one morning—do you remember?—where we can rest and talk."

"I can lead you to that same glen, if you like," she says. "It is a favorite haunt of mine, but—"

She stops, remembering that it was in the very place of which he spoke that Geoffrey gave his warning so short a time ago; and fraught as it is with that association, she hardly feels like going to it now.

"But what?" he asks, as she pauses. "Surely you don't mean that there is any reason why you cannot go? Is there any important matter demanding that you shall see Miss Stanhope?"

"O no, not any at all," she answers. "I was only thinking that novelty is a desirable thing sometimes, and that I can take you to many other places quite as lovely as that."

"Novelty is not always desirable," he says softly. "When certain places are associated with pleasant memories, one prefers to return to those places in preference to the loveliest that have no such associations. But what made the charm in this place can make it in another, so lead me where you like."

"Let us see what we can find, then," she says, turning into the woods.

What they have found half an hour later, is a cool, green nook, all in shade, save that its tree tops are gilded still with the declining rays of the sun. An abrupt hillside covered with a wealth of tangled greenness rises over it, and at the base of this flows the same bright, capricious stream which runs through the glen Roslyn has avoided. It is likely that she forgotten all her reasons for avoiding it, and that the stream brings no reminder to her thoughts, for Geoffrey would certainly groan in spirit could he see how interested she is in the talk of her companion.

That the latter knows so well how to command this interest, is no small part of his attraction, and yet, as Roslyn has sometimes felt, if she were called upon to state clearly in what the charm of his conversation consists, she would be unable

to recall anything that could be expressed in words. It is, indeed, a charm of manner more than of words, and it is also largely owing to the infusion of a personal element. Unconsciously, as it appears, but in reality very consciously, Lovelace's talk falls into the channel of discussing his own or his companion's life and character, tastes and opinions. When we are talking of ourselves, we do not weary; and if we feel any thing like a keen interest in another, we do not often weary while he talks of himself. Lovers, whether acknowledged or unacknowledged, are tireless in egotism, for the exchange of confidences on all these points of personality is only an exchange of egotism.

The conversation on this occasion, however, is drifting into deeper meaning than usual, for Lovelace, as he lies back on the grass and looks up at sun-reddened tree-tops and the blue sky beyond, says meditatively:

"What a perfect existence this is! What an ideal life—a dream of summer days, and happiness, and peace! If only life, the whole life, might be like it, what could one ask better?"

"One would not ask anything very extravagant, then," says Roslyn, who, sitting on the root of a large tree, looks as much like a nymph and as little like an ordinary girl as possible. "Of course it cannot be always summer, but life in the country flows in the even current that you see, very much the same at all seasons. Frankly, I think you would grow very tired of it after awhile," she adds, with a laugh.

"You say that because you don't know, or you don't care to acknowledge, what makes the charm for me," he answers, quickly, with an irritation in the words like the irritation of pain. Nor is this feigned. Those who play with edged tools are likely to be wounded; and to Lovelace's great surprise, he has found of late, that he is wounded very deeply indeed. He meant to trifle, and trifling has grown into earnest before he knows where he stands. Whether it be impulse, fancy, madness, or what, he feels at the present moment that he would give anything of which his life holds the possession or the promise, to be free to make the girl who sits before him entirely his own. But he is not blind to the real and tangible obstacles to such a step. He is an engaged man, a man overwhelmed with debt, and a man who must "do the best for himself," let the consequences be what they may. But he is also a man who is accustomed to following the fancy of the moment, whenever it does not interfere with the more serious matters of life, and he has grown day by day more recklessly anxious to win from Roslyn a confession of love, at least.

"Whatever makes the charm for you," she answers, a little surprised by his manner, "there is no harm in saying that you might grow tired of such a pastoral mode of life. I can tell you by experience, that it is quite possible to grow tired of it. And if *I* feel this, what would *you* feel, whose life has been so different."

"Very different, indeed," he says, "but it is the fact of this difference which makes me appreciate what I have found here. I have told you before this how I have squandered my fortune and thrown away my chances in life, been an idler, a good-for-naught, a spendthrift in every way; but I have not told you yet what is the heaviest fetter upon me, what I feel most bitterly now."

"No," the answers, looking at him with something of curiosity, but more of apprehension—for she is instinctively aware that some blow which may strike her very hard is about to fall—"you have not told me. If it is anything you dislike to dwell upon, don't tell me."

"I *must* tell you," he says in a voice that seems hoarse with resolution. In truth it has occurred to him as a sudden inspiration, that perhaps by means of the truth he may most readily and with least responsibility arrive at the full knowledge which he desires, and which it is now an imperative necessity with him to gain. "I ought to have told you long ago," he says, "but I have been living in a paradise of dreams, and I put away all disturbing recollections, thinking that forgetfulness for a little while could do no harm. But it *has* done harm, for awaking must come at last to all dreaming; and to me it has come in the bitter realization that I love you with all my heart—and that I am engaged to marry another woman!"

Silence—a silence which may be felt. The world seems going round with Roslyn, and there is the sound as of many waters in her ears. The shock is so great that for a minute she is stunned, and she feels with a dull sense of consternation that she has absolutely no control of her countenance or her voice. She is incapable of uttering a word, and after a moment he goes on:

"Do you know what this means for me? It was a family contract made with my cousin, a mere arrangement *de convenance;* but my honor is bound, and I, who carelessly entered into the bondage, feel now that I, have sold every possibility of happiness in life. Roslyn," he draws nearer and takes her hand before she can prevent—"what am I to do? I love you, you only, you alone!"

Then Roslyn forces her stiff, dry lips to speak, and says, with a composure that surprises herself:

"It seems to me that there is only one thing for you to do. If your honor *is* bound, you must fulfill your engagement. As for what you feel for me"—drawing her hand from his clasp—"*that*, fortunately, is a matter of no importance."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"THE OPAL RING."

BY KATE CROSBY.

"October's child is born for woe,
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest."

"Well, I guess I'm fated to know 'life's vicissitudes,' but heaven help me if I am born to know any more about them than I do already, for no opal graces this breast of mine," I say, as I turn from the window, "and there is no likelihood," I continue, "of my ever being so fortunate as to possess one," and my eyes survey the room which though very cosy and comfortable enough, does not exhibit that sign of wealth in any way suggesting opals. I throw myself in a chair stare into the fire, and go over my past life. The happy times we had when wealth was ours; the dark days when my father's absent air and troubled looks, my mother's tearful eyes, told me something had gone wrong, when my father invested the last dollar he owned in a speculation which proved a bubble; the darker days still, when, having learned of the failure of his expectations, by which he intended to rebuild his fallen fortunes, my father went half mad with despair, the report of the pistol which rang through the silence, and the lifeless form stretched on the office floor, told the men, who, stricken with horror, had forced in the door, that Edward Houston Mordaunt was dead, and by his own hand.

The sale of our house and furniture came next, and finally the severing of all the so-called friendships which had existed during our palmy days.

Foremost among the soi-disant friends was a gentleman named Reginald Vaughan; he was several years my senior, handsome and polished; in fact, an elegant man of the world. Ah, me! I was only eighteen, and 'twas the old story; the earnest blue eyes caused mine to sink beneath their gaze, as they had caused many another woman's, and at the end of six months' acquaintance the engagement between the handsome Reginald Vaughan and the wealthy Miss Mordaunt was announced in the fashionable world. So, in my hour of deep distress, to whom could I turn for comfort but to the man who had often told me, that if God saw fit to take my wealth, gladly would he toil from early till late, and for his reward ask but my love.

My mother had passed from one fainting spell into another, until exhausted she fell into a heavy slumber. My brother Fred, who was two years younger than I, sat gazing out the library window, his face, like mine, white and careworn; but there was a look of horror in his eyes that haunted me for many a day. That afternoon, returning from college, he saw a crowd near father's office: several men were loitering near him, and in answer to his question as to what was the matter, one replied, coolly:

"Oh! a man, who was fool enough to blow his brains out; speculating did that business, for they say he's lost every red he had in the world. It'll bring them swell Mordaunts down a peg when they hear the old gentleman's shot himself. What the mischief's the matter with you?" he exclaimed, more quickly, as looking up, he saw the ghastly, horror-stricken face of my brother, as he stood for an instant as if turned into stone; then suddenly, without a word, Fred strode up the street towards home.

I met him in the hall; a look at my face sufficed to tell him that what he had heard was true. "I know everything," was all he said as he entered the library.

Two hours after I went in search of him, and found him, as I said, sitting white and stern, and that awful look in his once laughing eyes. I rang the bell, and bade the servant take the note I gave him to Mr. Vaughan's office; then going to my brother, I put my arms around his neck and burst into tears; we were very fond of each other, and I felt his arm tighten around me, and soon hot tears mingled with mine; 'twas that, so said the doctor afterwards, which saved his reason. Suddenly he burst forth, "Father was a coward!"

"Fred, Fred!" I exclaimed, in horror, "think what you are saying."

"Yes, and I mean it," he went on, "a coward to leave us, not only in poverty, but with a stain on our name which time can never efface from the memory of the world."

Before I could speak, the door opened, and a note directed in Reginald's writing was handed me. I tore it open hastily, but stood aghast at the first words. "My Dear Miss Mordaunt." Finally I managed to read further; he said he had heard of our sad bereavement, and was deeply grieved for me; but as he had come of a proud family, upon whose escutcheon no stain, however slight, had ever been cast, he thought it would be best if I would break our engagement. He went on to say that if there was anything he could do for us he would do it gladly, and begged to remain "my sincere friend, Reginald Stuart Vaughan." I read the note to the end, and yet stood conning over every word, as if they each contained some terrible fascination for me. I was aroused by my brother touching me.

"What is it, Trix," he said, anxiously, "any more bad news?"

I gave him the letter and left the room. Going straight to my own apartment, I took the letters and presents which Mr. Vaughan had sent and given me at various times, and was arranging them with a precision which was painful to myself, preparatory to returning them, when my brother entered. "I have answered your note,

Beatrice," he said, quietly, handing me a letter written in his fine, firm style. It ran thus:

"Mr. VAUGHAN—My sister desires me to inform you that she releases you most gladly from your engagement, and returns your letters and gifts. We are highly honored at your offer to help us, but we do not need your assistance, for though but a boy in years, I am fully able to protect my mother and sister.

"FREDERIC CARROLL MORDAUNT."

When I finished, the tears were coursing down my cheeks, and Fred, taking the note from me, and pressing one loving kiss on my forehead, left me.

The funeral took place very quietly, and then we disappeared from the fashionable world; our names were forgotten as utterly as if I had never trod the pavements of the "Promenade," proudly conscious of being the belle of the season—as if I had never been the "observed of all observers"—the heiress of the immensely wealthy Mr. Mordaunt, and the betrothed wife of the handsomest man in the city. Well, well, such is life—and here I waken to the fact that it is growing dark; that the room is as cold as charity, and that I wanted to practice for the last time the Easter anthem for to-morrow. I had quite a fine soprano voice, and thanks to my father's love of music, it had been thoroughly cultivated, and I found it invaluable to me at this time. I had engaged as first soprano in one of the largest churches in the same part of the city in which we now lived, directly after my father's death; and two years constant practice, together with the cultivation it had received, served to develop my voice wonderfully, until my singing became quite noted up-town. Just as I sang the last note, the tea-bell rang, and my brother coming in at that moment cried: "Bravo, Trix, that vocal organ of yours is something of which we might be justly proud." Two years had made a great change in this brother of mine; in spite of his youthfulness, there was a manly air about him; a determined set to the finely curved lips; a steadier light in his eyes; in fact, I considered him a paragon of brothers.

The next morning was bright and clear, but the walking dreadfully slippery, as a day of snow and one of rain is apt to make it; so my brother and I, with many injunctions from mother to be careful, set out for church. We were not very talkative. My mind reverted to the pleasant Easter mornings we used to have, and I guess Fred's was not far from mine. My eyes were fixed un the ground, and I was humming absently, "Christ the Lord has risen to-day," which was to be the master-piece of the morning; suddenly I saw something sparkle, but thinking it was only the ice, went on. I had gone but a step or two, when I let go my brother's arm and turned back.

"What have you dropped," he inquired, as he saw me stoop.

"Oh Fred!" I exclaimed without answering his question, "look what I have found!" It lay glittering in my gloved palm, an opal ring set with diamonds.

Without any provocation I burst out laughing. Fred looked up in surprise. "Listen brother mine; I was born in October, an unlucky month, 'But lay an opal on my breast;' or *finger*, it don't matter which, I imagine—'And hope will lull my woes to rest,' and behold! Fate has thrust the wondrous talisman upon me," I continued, in a semi-tragic tone.

"Well, we won't talk about 'Fate's thrusting it upon you,' until we find out to whom it belongs," Fred interposes practically, "and then, perhaps, the owner of the 'wondrous talisman' might seriously object to your kind Fate bidding you appropriate articles which don't belong to you. But come along, or we shall be late for church, and you would not feel very much indebted to your 'fate,' if you were to hear the second soprano murdering the solo by which you were to have won so many laurels."

"Wise boy," I remarked, slipping the ring on my finger, and drawing on my glove. I arrived just in time, and I think the talisman must have commenced to show its power at once, for I never sang so well in my life; or as the papers said in recording the Easter services, "Miss Mordaunt's voice rang through the church like the clear, musical tones of a bell. Her rendition of the anthem, 'Christ the Lord,' was grand, and something to be remembered by all who heard it."

Fred declared I grew a foot taller as he read out the notice with a dramatic flourish.

We advertised day after day, until a month had expired, yet no one put in a claim for the ring. "It was surely fashioned by my fairy god-mother and placed where my glance alone should fall upon it," I say, laughingly, to my brother, who was examining the costly bauble at the gas-light, whilst I was dressing for a soiree. Not in such attire as I used to array myself, and I smile involuntarily as I don a plain black silk; yet Fred, with brotherly enthusiasm, exclaimed: "There won't be a handsomer girl in the room; and those scarlet flowers look a thousand times better on you than all their diamonds will on others."

I thank him with a kiss for his remark, and off we start.

The room was quite crowded when we entered, and passing through the throng, I took my seat near the piano with some ladies who, like myself, had volunteered to contribute to the enjoyment of the assembled guests. I was the first to sing; the piece was "Robert, toi que j'aime," from the opera of "Robert le Diable." As I finished, quite a storm of applause greeted me. I bowed my thanks, and for an encore sang some simple ballad. Suddenly I looked up, and saw a gentleman with his eyes intently on me. I

flushed crimson with anger, but, concluding my song, I took my brother's arm and was presently so busy talking to my friends, and listening to the music that the circumstance soon faded from my mind. As I was leaving, a lady touched my arm and whispered, "I have a cousin, Mr. Hazeltine, who is wild to be introduced to you, my dear, and until this moment I have had no opportunity."

I hesitated an instant, but raising my eyes, I saw the "cousin" was no other than the "impertinent man," as I privately called him, who had annoyed me, and now he was watching me so closely as to make me fairly clutch Fred's arm with indignation.

"Your friend is very kind," I replied quietly, and not without a shade of sarcasm in my voice, "but I have not a moment to spare;" and before she could speak I bowed a smiling "good-night" to Mrs. Lennox, and sailed by the offending individual with an air, as Fred said, absolutely majestic.

"I declare," I exclaimed to Fred as we were walking home, "I cannot forget the look that man gave; there was something so searching in it, as if he were trying to read my very soul."

"I'd like to pitch him into the street," growled Fred, ferociously.

But try as I could, it was some time before I could entirely forget the intentness of the gaze. It was about a week after the occurrence that I received a note inviting me to a small company. Once more the trusty black silk was called into use, but ornamented this time with buff roses; and Fred's criticisms again proving satisfactory, we were soon ushered into the lovely parlor of Mrs. Lennox.

The evening passed very pleasantly; towards the close I was sitting in a bay window awaiting the return of my escort, who had left me for a few moments, when I heard a man's voice ask: "Whom do you mean? The lady in black and buff? Why my dear fellow, she is the daughter of Edward Mordaunt, who commited suicide some years since; rather a gay old boy, I imagine. Had too much to do with the handling of other people's money."

"Did you know her?" was the next question.

"Slightly; mere acquaintance, that was all," was the answer, in a careless tone.

Instinctively I arose, and parting the curtains saw Mr. Hazeltine, and with him—ah! I knew I could not be mistaken—Reginald Vaughan. Both gentlemen started as they saw me. I rested my eyes, apparently very casually, on Mr. Vaughan's face; but I know they must have shown some of the scorn I felt rise within me, for he colored vividly. He made a move as if to speak to me, but not noticing it, I took the arm of my escort who at that moment returned, and walked down the room.

"By Jove! she heard you;" Mr. Hazeltine said, in a smothered voice, as I passed them.

Vaughan shrugged his shoulders, but I saw his teeth sink in his underlip, an old fashion of his when deeply vexed. I dared not look again, for they had turned, and their eyes were upon me.

Later Mrs. Lennox came to me, leaning on Mr. Hazeltine's arm. "This naughty boy would be put off no longer," she said laughingly, "so allow me: Miss Mordaunt—Mr. Hazeltine."

I bowed coldly, and he, taking a seat by my side, talked of music, dancing, in fact everything which interested me, but extracted scarcely more than monosyllables from me. The man's pertinacity angered me. Suddenly I was startled by the change in his voice, it was so full of honest sympathy, as he said in a low tone, "I am sorry you overheard our conversation this evening."

My eyes flashed. "If the gentleman," I replied, putting a sarcastic emphasis on the word, "had adhered to the truth, he would have done well. Although my father may have been unfortunate, he was never dishonest." As I finished I fairly trembled in my indignation. "Of the money intrusted to him," I continued, "the owners received every penny."

At that moment my brother came up; so, rising, I introduced Mr. Hazeltine, and bidding him "Good-night," I went to the dressing room. As I was coming down stairs, before leaving the house, Mr. Hazeltine met me and said:

"If Mrs. Lennox will be kind enough to bring me, may I have the pleasure of calling on you? I acknowledge," he continued, smilingly, seeing I hesitated, "I was but just introduced; still, you will also have to acknowledge that it was not my fault."

I laughed involuntarily, "Well, yes, if Mrs. Lennox will bring you" I said presently.

"Thanks," he said, heartily; and wishing him again "good-night," I left.

One evening about a week after this incident, Mrs. Lennox, accompanied by Mr. Hazeltine, called. We had a most delightful time; the "impertinent man" possessed a wonderful tenor voice, and we found so many songs which we could sing together, that eleven o'clock struck before we knew it.

"Good gracious, Tom," exclaimed Mrs. Lennox, "if we do not hurry home my husband will think we have eloped." So donning her out-door apparel they bade us good-night, Mrs. Lennox laughingly declaring that now Tom had found his way here, she expected that there would be no end to his visits.

"Always supposing it is with Miss Mordaunt's permission," interposed her cousin, looking at me.

"You have it," I answered smiling.

"But put in a proviso," put in Mrs. Lennox, "that he always behaves himself."

"Do let me put in a word edgewise, Helen,"

said Mr. Hazeltine; "I was going to thank Miss Mordaunt for her kindness in granting my request; and now to you," he continued, "I have to say, that the sooner we go the better, or else you will have all my badness told." So laughing gayly they departed.

It was not the last visit which Mr. Hazeltine paid us, and he was now also a constant attendant at our church. "It is so much more convenient than the one to which Helen goes," he remarked gravely; and in fact was so regularly my escort home, both from morning and afternoon services, that Fred finally declared his mission over.

"Nonsense," exclaimed I; "you and he do the talking, and all I can do is to listen."

"Oh yes;" returned Fred dryly, "he talks to me, but looks at you, and I know he is thinking all the time, 'Why on earth does she have that bore of a brother tagging after her all the time?' I say Trix," he continued, suddenly looking me straight in the eyes, "is that opal ring going to 'lull your woes to rest,' or if not the ring, is something or *somebody* else going to? That is," he added, "generally supposing a life of single blessedness to be the greatest of woes to a maiden fair."

"Don't talk foolishly; I do not care for"— I stopped, and then continued hastily, "anybody that is of the masculine gender, except yourself," and then, throwing him a kiss, I left the room.

Several evenings after this, upon the occasion of one of his visits, Mr. Hazeltine and myself had been singing, when he startled me by saying suddenly: "Do you know, Miss Mordaunt, why I looked at you so intently the first evening I saw you?"

I shook my head.

"First, on account of your singing; and second, because of the remarkable resemblance of that opal ring on your finger, to one I lost some two months or so previously. I was obliged to leave the city the next day, and only returned the morning of the day I met you."

"Why, I found this ring," I exclaimed, "on my way to church on Easter Sunday. We put advertisements in the papers for a month; but as you did not return home until a month later, it is not likely you could have seen them, so it must be yours;" and I drew the ring off my finger.

"Wait a minute, my dear young lady," he said, smilingly, until I prove whether or not the article in question is my property."

He took the ring from me, and upon pressing one of the diamonds, the opal flew back and disclosed a tiny picture of a very beautiful lady; then taking a locket which hung from his watch-chain, he opened it, and there was a counterpart of the lovely face. "It is my mother's picture," he said softly; "she gave me the ring when she was dying."

Here Fred put his head in at the door to ask some question, and I exclaimed: "There, Fred, my fairy godmother proved a myth after all, for I have found an owner for the ring."

My brother came in, and after a few moments were occupied in examining the ring, he turned to me with a wicked smile and said: "'October's child is born for woe,' etc.; commence to weep, Trix, my dear, for the gloomy future; your opal's gone, and your fairy godmother's a fraud." And then, to my disgust, he related in full, with a few exaggerations, the account of my finding the ring. Mr. Hazeltine laughed heartily, and bravely defended Fred from my attacks, until that young gentleman fled precipitately from the room.

"Now for the reward," said Mr. Hazeltine, when we had finished laughing.

"Which will be," I interrupted, "that you accept the position of tenor in our choir, which Mr. Hastings offered you at Mrs. Lennox's last soiree."

"Is that all?" he asked, in apparent surprise; "would you accept no other reward?"

"I do not understand you, Mr. Hazeltine," I replied haughtly.

Just then mother came into the room to congratulate him upon the recovery of his ring, and remained until he took his departure. So of course nothing further was said, and I bade him good-night very coldly.

"What did he mean?" I said angrily, after I had entered my own room; "did he think I would take *money?* I wish his ring had been at the bottom of the Red Sea before ever I saw it. I am afraid I shall have to return to my first opinion of him."

The next day a picnic was to go to Mr. Lennox's country seat. I had anticipated a glorious time; but now I was so vexed that I could have remained at home; but Fred had only two weeks' vacation from the office in which he had obtained a situation immediately after father's death, and he had set his heart upon going; so I could not disappoint him, for he would not go without me. So, as the carriages laden with merry, laughing people drove up, I smothered my anger as best I could, and took my seat with the others. Somehow, vexed as I was, and flirting desperately with my neighbor, I took a dislike to the girl who was raising her eyes so bewitchingly to the smiling face of Mr. Hazeltine. "I think," I said to myself, "he might have had the decency to show in some way that he regretted what he said last evening. But I don't suppose he does regret it," I continued moodily; "or at least he does not seem to."

"Your wits must certainly have gone wool-gathering, Miss Mordaunt," exclaimed my neighbor, Mr. Hartley, "for I have said at least a dozen pretty things to you, and I don't believe you have heard one of them."

I started, and looking up quickly, caught the eyes of Mr. Hazeltine fixed upon me. I colored deeply, and wondered if he had read my thoughts.

The place was only a few miles from the city, so about eleven o'clock we were wandering about the lovely grounds at our own sweet wills. It was a beautiful morning, the birds seemed ready to burst their little throats in their efforts to outvie each other in their sweet music. The great profusion of flowers rendered the air fragrant with delicious perfumes; but I did not feel very amiable, and the gay laughter only served to make me worse; so I stole off unseen, and found a lovely spot, thickly inclosed with cedars on the side towards the house, and almost so on the other. I pressed the low branches of the trees aside and stepped in; then seating myself on the grass, was brooding over the insult, as I termed it, which I had received, when some one suddenly sat down beside me, and Mr. Hazeltine's voice said:

"People who do not wish to be discovered, should take better care of their property," and he held up my crimson scarf. "I found it just outside," he continued, "so I knew some one else had found out my favorite resort, and I gave a pretty fair guess who that 'some one' was."

"I beg you pardon, Mr. Hazeltine," I said coldly, "I was not aware I was trespassing."

"You foolish little girl," he said, in a half-vexed tone,—"No, you shall not go," and he held my arm tightly, as I attempted to rise.

Presently he exclaimed; "Come, I want to know what I have done that I deserve all these dark looks and dignified tones."

"I think you might know yourself," I replied, a trifle excited, while tears of wounded pride stood in my eyes. "I may be poor, Mr. Hazeltine," I went on, "but not poor enough to accept rewards"—at this juncture I heard a low laugh; I looked up, and our eyes met. Like a flash I comprehended everything, and the color mounted to my face as I turned my head away.

"Not if the reward consists, Trix," he said softly, putting his hand on mine, "of the life-long love and devotion which even such a blundering fellow as I am will give you?—and tne opal ring, which, in spite of your fairy godmother, slipped off your finger, but only to find a permanent resting place on it again—if you *will*, Trix?" This very softly, with a suspicion of pleading in the voice. I don't think I made any answer; and if that is so, he certainly took "silence for consent," and appeared perfectly satisfied.

Some little time after, we returned, to find the party at dinner.

"Ah! here come the truants," exclaimed Mr. Lennox; "I am glad you found Miss Mordaunt, Tom," she continued, laughingly, "but you took an awful while about it—just two hours and twenty minutes by the watch."

I took my seat by the hostess, and I felt my cheeks burn as her eyes rested on my left hand; for Tom had told her the story of the ring, and to see it on his hand one evening, and on mine the next day, was, she told me later, "to say the least of it, very suspicious." And the burning in my cheeks was by no means dispelled by that self-same lady whispering: "Let me congratulate you, dear, for he is worthy of you."

The next evening, when Tom came to see mother, Fred listened until the parlor-door closed, and then coming towards me said, as he pointed to the ring, "I say, Trix, fairy godmothers are not such myths after all, are they? And opal rings are very nice, when accompanied by such a jolly incumbrance as your "Fate" down-stairs. Never mind, old lady, I won't tease you any more, so God bless you;" and kissing me heartily he ran out of the room, and I am very certain I saw tears in those dear eyes.

One day, some time after the above event, we saw by the papers that a member of one of our most aristocratic families had been arrested for embezzling to the amount of thirty thousand dollars, but for the present the name would be suppressed. Of course it all came out later, and we found that the member of the aristocratic family was no other than Reginald Stuart Vaughan.

I remarked to Fred how strange it was that the very crime of which he had wrongfully accused father, he had committed himself.

Six months after came the wedding-day, and as Fred congratulated us, he remarked, "It is a pity fairy godmothers and opal rings, with agreeable fates attached, do not come to everybody." And so say I.

THE ONE SONG.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

I taught my docile goldfinch
My loved one's song to sing,
That ever, with its singing,
It dreams of her might bring.

But she is now another's;
Yet, while the bird sings on,
The dreams that so rejoiced me,
Will nevermore be gone.

The cage I wildly open,
And bid him fly away:
He sings her song for answer,
And with me still will stay.

The song but brings me sorrow;
He will not change his lay,
But still will sing to-morrow,
The song he sang to-day.

TRUTH, like roses, often blossoms upon a thorny stem.

SEND ME SOME VIOLETS.

BY FRANCIS E. WADLEIGH.

Mrs. Hayden stood for a moment irresolute: should she read it or should she not? Had the note been sealed she would no more have even contemplated opening it than she would have contemplated picking Nanette's pocket; but it was *not* sealed, and therein lay the temptation. Some people might have thought it just as dishonorable to read the open note in its owner's absence and without her permission, but not so Mrs. Hayden: we all draw a line between honor and dishonor, and she drew it at breaking a seal.

"It is from Mr. Wylie, I know his writing," she mused, "and surely I ought to know what is in it; it is my duty to read it; Nanette is like a daughter to me."

Curiosity overcame her yielding scruples, she glanced quickly over the clearly written lines signed "your devoted and anxious Stephen," and as she read a vexed, puzzled look spread over her face. Laying the note exactly where she found it, she retreated to her room and took counsel with herself.

Very different was the look upon Nettie Hayden's pretty face, as five minutes later she read the note for the second time, totally unconscious that any one had so much as entered her room during her brief absence from it. Pressing a kiss upon it, she tucked it carefully away in her sparsely-furnished jewel box and put the key in her pocket; then she took from her closet her hat, muff and jacket, and was about arraying herself for a walk when her aunt called her.

"Here I am, Aunt Betty," said she, entering Mrs. Hayden's room, "do you want me?"

"Yes—but you are going out," answered the older lady, observing her niece's hat, "must you go now?"

"Oh, no, there is no hurry; my errand will keep."

"Then I wish you would make some cake for tea; I would do it myself, but I have strained my right wrist somehow;" and as she spoke she exhibited the wrist, bandaged in arnica and ice-water.

When the cake was made there was chicken salad to be prepared and half a dozen other things to be looked after, which Mrs. Hayden never trusted to a domestic, for, as she explained:

"Oh dear, Nettie! Troubles never come singly. Here am I with a lame wrist, Florie just sick with her cold, and on top of it all, Mrs. Barrett sends me word that she is coming to spend the afternoon and take tea with us, and that she will bring Elsie and Clara to visit you."

Mrs. Hayden's memory must have been very treacherous; she quite omitted to mention that she had sent a note to Mrs. Barrett, as soon as she had read Stephen Wylie's missive to Nettie, requesting her to come with her daughters to take tea that evening. "Accept *if possible*," Mrs. Hayden had written, "and write to me as if the idea were all your own; I have a *very particular* reason for not wanting Nanette to know that I have invited you. Say you will come *early*."

Ignorant of this plotting, Nettie exclaimed, vigorously:

"I do despise those Barrett girls! They haven't an idea in their heads beyond dress and dancing."

"Which do you dislike the most—Elsie or Clara?"

"Elsie—she is a shade more inane than Clara."

"So I supposed! Elsie is quite *épris* with your organist friend," answered Mrs. Hayden, smiling maliciously. "I fear that there is just a little jealousy at the bottom of your aversion."

"Nonsense, Aunt Betty! As if I would be jealous—" Nanette checked herself. She supposed that her aunt knew nothing of the contents of Stephen's note, and she did not wish to make them public until she had seen him once more.

"Of course not. I was only in jest. It never really entered my head that you would pull caps with Elsie Barrett for Mr. Wylie," replied Mrs. Hayden, innocently.

There was a touch of scorn in her voice, which stirred Nanette's soul, but she was silent; "time enough for a discussion," thought the girl, "when he announces our engagement; for, thank fortune, however much she may object to such a marriage, she cannot prevent it; I am over twenty-one, and my little property is all my own."

For this scorn of Stephen Wylie, and these covert sneers, were nothing new. Ever since Mrs. Hayden had begun to suspect that there was more than friendship between her niece and the organist of St. Andrew's, Nanette had heard the same thing in a dozen forms. Mrs. Hayden was a Virginian, and held the theory that a gentleman could not, must not work, and that a music teacher, however high his attainments or position, was decidedly a being of a lower order. She had no music in her soul, and regarded a musician as a second-rate Bohemian; had Mozart or Beethoven aspired to her hand, she would have refused him with a rebuke for his presumption; and the man who not only played the church organ for a salary, but also gave lessons (at a good round price), in singing and on the piano, was not, in her eyes, a fit match for her husband's niece.

But no one in Hamilton shared her sentiments. Mr. Wylie, a gentleman as well as a musician, was received everywhere, and there were some very "exclusive" people there. He might have married any one of the most aristocratic girls, but none of them had ever stirred his heart, until, at her father's death, three years ago, Nanette Hayden had come to Hamilton to make her home with her uncle.

After some months' acquaintance he had awaked to the unwelcome knowledge that he was desperately in love with Nettie, and the late-kindled love of a man of thirty-five is deep and lasting. He bitterly regretted this imprudence on his part, for he could not afford to marry; his income was a good one and was yearly increasing, but his invalid sister-in-law and her children had fallen on his hands at his brother's death, and they spent every cent he could earn.

Now, however, after two year's silent waiting, he could ask Nanette to be his wife; for the day before he sent the above mentioned note, a distant relative of his sister-in-law had bequeathed her a handsome fortune. And the first use he made of his freedom was to write an impassioned note to Nettie, declaring his love, and concluding thus:

"To-morrow night, I must escort my sister-in-law to Boston, where she has to interview her lawyers, and will be obliged to remain there until Saturday assisting her. I can not longer rest in uncertainty as to your feelings towards me; so if you are disposed to listen favorably to my suit, I will take courage if you will wear a knot of violets at your throat this evening. It is your aunt's reception-night, and I know I can not get a chance to say a word to you in private; but by this sign I will know whether to speak on my return or remain silent."

This was the note. And it was to prevent the purchase of the significant violets that Mrs. Hayden, with her sham sprain and her company, had kept Nanette so busy all day. The nearest florist was a mile away, on the other side of the town, but, as Mr. Wylie well knew, Nettie went there every day or two to purchase a little knot of flowers. Flowers and music (and just now musicians) were her passion.

The short December morning had melted into afternoon before Nettie found rest from her labors, and then the Barretts arrived; in short, she found no time to go for her violets, and there was no one whom she could send. Thereat, Mrs. Hayden rejoiced:

"Now," she thought, "I have checkmated Mr. Wylie; he will see no violets, and he will think himself rejected."

"Elsie," said Mrs. Hayden, early that evening-"I wish you had brought your music with you; your friend Mr. Wylie will probably be here by and-by, and you ought to sing for him."

Elsie laughed, and replied:

"In time of peace I prepare for war—I *did* bring a song or two."

"I don't see what all the girls in Hamilton find to admire in him," exclaimed Mrs. Hayden. "*I* consider him a very ordinary fellow. He plays divinely, to be sure, but one's husband can't be forever at the piano; he is not handsome—"

A chorus of "ohs" arose from the Barretts. Nettie alone was silent.

"He is not by any means young; he is—"

"Just thirty-six," interposed Clara, "he and Cousin Harold are the same age."

"*Forty*-six, you mean. You don't believe that he is any less?" replied Mrs. Hayden. "Far too old for you, Elsie."

Elsie blushed bewitchingly, and answered:

"You forget that he was born here. Besides, I never did like boys."

And thus they discussed Stephen, to Nettie's disgust.

The first glance that Stephen Wylie cast at Nettie, when he entered Mr. Hayden's drawing-room a little later, gave him, as he thought, the answer to his note. Not a vestige of violets was visible.

Disheartened, he turned from her as soon as he had given the greeting that civility demanded, and conversed a few moments with her aunt, who, you may be sure, was close at hand to prevent any untoward explanations.

"Miss Elsie Barrett is willing to sing for us, this evening," she hastened to say, "may I depend on you to play her accompaniments?"

"I regret very much that my engagements will not permit me to do so," replied Wylie, "I must take the midnight train for Boston."

"Do you remain long?"

"Yes—no—until Saturday," he answered, watching Ira Crawford, who was now doing his best to absorb Nettie's attention.

Mrs. Hayden followed his glance, and said, sweetly:

"Mr. Crawford's devotion is very evident."

"It is indeed. Is he—has he—does Miss Hayden reciprocate it?"

Mrs. Hayden looked at him with a perfect semblance of pity in her eyes; maybe she did pity him—she did not dislike Wylie herself, only she honestly thought she was doing her duty by Nettie in preventing this marriage. She exclaimed, tenderly:

"Oh, Mr. Wylie! I am *so* grieved!"

He understood her. His dark eyes gathered an additional blackness, the soft light died out of them, and in a low tone he replied:

"Guard my secret, Mrs. Hayden; no one knows it but you and she."

"She! Why she never hinted so much to me."

"No, she is too true a woman to attach the scalps of her victims to her belt; but it is true, I offered myself, and she—" he could say no more.

"I am not surprised. Pardon me if I seem rude, but you know Mr. Crawford is young and very gallant, handsome, wealthy, and wide awake."

"And dissipated! No fit husband for a pure girl like Nanette."

"Oh, he will be steady enough when he marries. You can't expect too much of twenty-five; ten years hence he will be all right. Besides,

most women do like men with a spice of the devil in them," says Mrs. Hayden, quoting a slander rife among men.

Elsie Barrett now joined them, and in a short time Wylie took his leave without making any effort to speak to Nanette.

"I wonder if women *do* prefer dissipated men," said Wylie to himself, as he walked home. "I can't believe it. But aside from his character, I must confess that Ira is a dangerous rival. I ought to have known better than to speak; what chance would a solemn old fellow like me have against a ready-tongued compliment manufacturer? How can I hope that Nettie will overlook his curly, golden head, to look with favor on my gray hairs?"

For Wylie was slightly gray, in spite of his comparative youth, and was rather sensitive about the silver threads so plainly visible in his jet black locks; he need not have been, however, for by contrast with his soft black eyes and well-trimmed mustache, they made his clear, honest countenance more handsome than ever. Late hours and superabundant liquor had never got an opportunity to set their indelible marks upon his face.

Nettie was greatly disappointed when she found that he had really gone before she could have any conversation with him. But she consoled herself by thinking that on Sunday she would wear the violets, and perhaps he would remark upon them; if he did not do so voluntarily, then she would call his attention to them. For she took it for granted that he would walk home from church with her, as he had done for months past.

The organ in St. Andrew's church was at the head of the left aisle, and on a level with the chancel. From his post the organist could see and be seen by all who sat near the head of that aisle, and here were usually congregated (it was a free church) the most ardent of his admirers, Elsie Barrett, for instance, and Clara. Nanette sat with her aunt on the centre aisle; but though they were behind him, a strip of looking-glass above the key-board allowed Wylie to watch Nettie at his leisure. On this Sunday, a glance in the mirror showed him that Nettie was present and Crawford with her, but—such is the dullness of men and timidity of lovers—it failed to point out to him the goodly bunch of violets which reposed just below her dimpled chin. He noted her steadfast gay eyes, her waving dark brown hair, her peachy cheeks and her rosy mouth, just made for kisses, and he told himself that she and Crawford would make a handsome couple.

Then he made a mistake, a great mistake. Thinking "I must forget her," he forced his reluctant vision to travel over the rest of the congregation, until he saw, in the mirror, that Elsie Barrett was gazing at him with very evident admiration. More to distract his thoughts from Crawford than for any liking for flirtation, he turned his head suddenly and glanced directly at Elsie, with a smile in eye and mouth. Elsie was surprised and fluttered; she blushed, and he smiled again with genuine amusement.

This took place while the rector was reading the second lesson, and fully half the congregation saw this bit of by-play, Nanette and her aunt among them, and all who saw it placed more importance upon it than it deserved. Wylie had never been known to do such a thing before. He was invariably devout and seemingly quite unconscious of the congregation; and now to deliberately turn his head, while the people were seated and could see his every movement, and smile twice at Elsie—well, this certainly meant something! And no one was surprised that he walked home from church with her instead of Nettie—how were they to know that she waited for him, so that she might take him to task for making her laugh in church? Not that it grieved her very deeply, but then it was such a fine way of establishing a confidence between herself and the rather unimpressible organist.

As soon as Nettie reached home, she took the offending violets and cast them into the fire; their very odor sickened her, and never could she see or smell them after that without remembering her heavy heart that morning. Wylie smiling at Elsie Barrett! How little he seemed to feel her apparent refusal of him!

But he did feel it, deeply and bitterly; his was no calf-love, no idle fancy of the moment, no mere admiration of a pretty face; it was a strong man's adoration of a noble character and a gentle disposition, familiar to him for nearly three years. He tried to forget. Heedless that people might note and understand his conduct, he kept away from Mrs. Hayden's house, but accepted the numerous invitations that others were constantly pouring in upon him. He tolerated Elsie's homage, and allowed her to coax him into assisting in the management of one or two private concerts given by Mrs. Barrett, and drilled Elsie and Clara in their efforts to master the rolés of Josephine and Hebe in an amateur *Pinafore.*

He sedulously avoided Nanette, and she made no efforts to encounter him. She was mortified to think that she had ever wished to marry a man who could so soon console himself—and with Elsie, her pet aversion.

Encouraged by Mrs. Hayden, young Crawford paid his court to Nettie, but could not, for some time, make up his mind to propose. He feared, with reason, that he would receive an uncompromising "no." Nevertheless, the Hamilton gossips settled the matter to suit themselves, and it was generally believed that there would soon be a Mrs. Ira Crawford.

In February there was a large party given by

Mrs. Barrett, which Nanette could find no good excuse for not attending. Crawford was so persistent in his attentions that to be rid of him she announced her intention of not dancing. This disconcerted him, but it did not keep him altogether away from her side.

While a quadrille was being walked through, she found herself wedged in a corner, with Wylie on one side and Crawford on the other. Behind her on a table was a mass of fresh violets, and Crawford (to disguise the odors of brandy and tobacco) was redolent with Lubin's extract of violet. In the heated room the flowers gave out their odor most bountifully, assisted by Crawford's handkerchief, and this (to her) suggestive perfume, combined with Wylie's silent presence, was too much for Nettie's over-tried nerves; she felt herself growing ill and faint.

"Oh dear," she said to herself. "I must not faint. It would make such a sensation."

But Wylie could see out of the corners of his eyes; he cried:

"Miss Hayden, you are very pale; are you faint?"

"Just a little," she murmured, "I will be better in a moment."

"I will get you a glass of water," exclaimed Ira Crawford, jumping up and leaving the room.

But the dizzy sensation increased. Wylie saw it, and said:

"If you get into cooler air you will be better. Let me assist you into the library."

Her dread of making a scene was greater than her desire to avoid her former suitor, and leaning on his arm, she was soon out of the heat and away from the violets.

"It is not usual for you to become faint: have you been ill?" asked Wylie, after depositing her in an arm-chair, with a hassock under her feet.

"Oh, no," she answered. "It was the heat and those horrid violets."

"The violets! Are they offensive to you?"

"Yes, they sicken me."

"You used to wear them."

No answer.

He continued, a little spitefully:

"When you have a right to dictate to Mr. Crawford, I presume you will not permit him to use so much of Lubin's violet."

Still silent. She could not trust herself to speak of Crawford, for her voice might betray her. She examined the lace border of her handkerchief very intently.

"Silence gives consent," Wylie said, when he found that she did not speak. "Accept my congratulations."

No, she could not let it go so far.

"Upon what?" she asked.

"Upon your engagement to Ira Crawford, the handsomest, richest, most popular young bachelor in town."

"You are decidedly premature. Mr. Crawford, however, ought to know how highly you esteem him."

"I! *I* consider him a dissipated, empty-headed Adonis; and whoever my fortunate rival may be, I am glad, for your sake, that it is not he."

She could not reply, but she must say something; a silence now would be awkward and significant.

"Pray do not let me detain you here longer, Mr. Wylie," she exclaimed, hurriedly. "I feel much better, quite well, in fact, and I know Elsie is looking for you."

"Let her look," he replied laconically, not moving. "Men do not leave paradise voluntarily."

What could the man mean? She glanced up at him in wonder, but the longing, the hopeless expression in his dark eyes, confused her. She concentrated her gaze on her handkerchief.

"Have you always detested violets?" he asked. "I think you used to wear them. I know you have, on at least one occasion, pinned them on your dress."

She remembered the time, one evening when he had been more devoted than usual, and had begged her to wear them because her little cousin had just fastened a few of them in his coat. She bit her lips and tapped her little foot nervously—with vexation, he thought.

"I beg your pardon for alluding to it—I was a conceited coxcomb, to have drawn the least encouragement from such a trifle—but drowning men will catch at straws. You are not really offended?"

"Oh, no. Why should I be? Those days are past and gone, and you had a perfect right to change your mind. Elsie is very attractive," she said, with a poor counterfeit of indifference.

"Yes, I suppose so—but good heavens, Nettie, *you* don't believe that I care for her? You must think me fickle!" he answered, eagerly.

"You are with her a great deal."

"I must be somewhere. A bachelor's lodgings are not the most attractive spot on earth. I can not be with you, so it don't make much difference where I am."

So she had been mistaken after all! He either did not see, or did not understand, the bunch of violets at her throat that Sunday; and she would take a step, a little step, towards him. Rising to leave the room, she said, with flushed face and downcast eyes:

"If you ever again ask a lady to wear your favorite flowers, be sure and send her some with your note."

She was on the threshold of the door as she uttered the last word. Springing to her, he grasped her hand and cried, breathlessly:

"Did you mean to wear them? Did you mean to say *yes* instead of *no*?"

"I don't know what I might have *said*, but I was so busy I could not get out of the house that day, or—" she hesitated, "well, I did wear them that Sunday when you had eyes for no one but Elsie."

Transferring his grasp from hand to waist, he drew her to him, and with his mustache brushing her velvet cheek, he whispered:

"Never mind the violets, love. Say that you will be my wife—if I am not too old, if my gray hairs—"

"Your gray hairs, nonsense! You know that they are infinitely more becoming to you than the 'dissipated Adonis's' golden locks are to him," answered Nettie, a little tenderly, but with a jesting voice.

"Perhaps I was somewhat harsh in my judgment of Crawford—but oh, Nettie, I was jealous and miserable! Tell me plainly, dearest, do you, can you, love me?"

As if she was going to "tell him plainly" any such thing! Evidently he was no skilled wooer, or he would have known that it requires some coaxing to extract such a confession from a girl for the first time.

Slipping quickly from his embrace, she glided from the room, saying:

"Send me some violets to-morrow, and *maybe* I will wear them."

"LIFE'S REWARD."

Have you found your life a shadow,
And your fondest hope a dream?
Have your pleasures turned to sorrows?
Casts your setting sun no beam

That reminds you of bright moments,
Golden moments, quickly sped?
Is there not one ray of gladness
In your heart so cold and dead?

Has Fate dealt with you so hardly,
Turned all love for you to hate,
And at last is hope forbidden
Longer in your breast to wait?

Life has much of sun and shadow,
All must have some cloud and rain,
Ev'ry heart its sorrow knoweth,
Ev'ry soul its secret pain.

Let not care nor disappointment
Mar your short life's brightest hour,
Let not "hope deferred" e'er darken
Stifle *all* love's sweetest power.

For to him that overcometh
And a perfect faith retains,
Looking upward, striving onward
He a crown immortal gains.

Adversity does not take from us our true friends; it only disperses those who pretended to be such.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 19.

MARY LYON.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

The founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, which has furnished blessings to thousands in the shape of teachers, missionaries, wives, and mothers, was a truly remarkable woman—combining as she did all that was lovely and feminine in character with great strength and grasp of mind, judgment and decision with the tenderest love and sympathy, and unbending Christian principle with the manners of a perfect lady.

In addition to all this, she was an unusually successful teacher, and may be said to have inaugurated a new era in teaching—making the most distasteful studies pleasant, and looking beyond the mere imparting of knowledge to the nobler work of elevating and purifying the minds and hearts committed to her charge.

The life of Mary Lyon, the school teacher of South Hadley, is a powerful sermon—full of those 'footprints' which others 'seeing, may take heart again;' and its dawn was a sweet and loving childhood among the hills of Western Massachusetts. The "Three Corners" consisted of Conway, Ashfield, and Buckland; and here in 1797, on a 'wild, romantic little farm,' the subject of this sketch was born.

She was one of a family of seven children who, although poor in this world's goods, were blessed with devoted Christian parents; and happy in each other, and in their lovely little home, they cared little for the riches and pleasures of the outside world.

But in the sorrows of those about them they never failed to sympathize, and to relieve their needs as far as possible; from the death of the husband and father, when Mary was but six years years old, Mrs. Lyon was, in her daughter's words, 'a sort of presiding angel of good works in all that little neighborhood'—while her cheerful, loving spirit was so strongly reflected in her child, that an acquaintance of thirty years' standing testified of the latter that he never saw a cloud on her countenance.

The little farm was so prudently managed by the widowed mother, that it seemed to yield all that was needed for the comfort of the family; and the sunny-tempered little girl took everything that was provided for her as an especial blessing. Spinning and weaving were then common domestic occupations in New England; and Mary took great pleasure in watching the progress of a new dress through its various and complicated phases.

The summer school dress of linen began with

the growing flax; this she saw broken and hackled and loomed upon the distaff, from which her mother spun the web. There was no lack of dyes on the farm; peach-leaves, smart-weed, birch-bark; and from the little country store indigo, or copperas, might be had. Then it was spooled and warped, and woven in the loom; while Mary wound all the quills, and did her share of helping.

Then, for the winter dress, she watched the sheep-shearing, the wool-picking and washing, the sending of the wool to the carding-machine, and the sacks of rolls as they were returned. Spinning again, at the large wheel this time; and here the little girl could take a part. Many useful lessons for after life did she learn at this same wheel; and it is very characteristic of the family training that, when the "unbanding wheel" troubled her, the mother would sing:

"It's not in the wheel, it is not in the band,
It's in the girl who takes it in hand."

When the bright red flannel was returned from the mill, it was ready to be made into the warm frock that defied snow and cold; and with a blue and white checked linen apron, and shoes made from the skin of their own calf, the little country girl felt that she was very nicely dressed.

The Sunday suit, 'kept expressly for the occasion,' was bought with the proceeds of the butter which Mary helped to make, and which was sold at the store for *sixpence* a pound. She also helped to make the blankets and bedquilts; and from the summer and winter coverlet, 'which had a blue side for winter and a white side for summer, so that it could be used all the year round,' she learned, oddly enough, many a valuable lesson in the building and arranging of Mount Holyoke Seminary.

These quaint reminiscences were lovingly dwelt upon in after years by the experienced teacher for the amusement and instruction of her pupils; and these young girls were never tired of hearing about the little mountain farm, and the loving, careful management that made things go so far, and even had a surplus over for those who were poorer.

"Often there was a pound of maple-sugar, a basket of apples or some other good thing, to be sent to one who had failed to gather manna enough for the winter; and that one would ask, 'How is it the widow can do more for me than any one else?' We find the answer to this inquiry in her own words, which thousands have heard fall from those lips that ever opened in wisdom: 'Comfort and economy, good taste, and true Christian liberality, may be found together, but their union requires rare forethought and good judgment.' 'Never destroy anything that God has made, or given skill to others to make.' 'Never think anything worthless till it has done all the good it can.' 'Economy and self-denial are the two great springs which feed the fountains of benevolence. Practice them for Christ's sake, but talk very little about them.' 'Be very thankful for a little, and you will receive more.'"

It was proverbial in the neighborhood that nothing ever died in Widow Lyon's garden; and people often asked permission, to put their rare plants there, as though there were some mysterious property in the soil that would cause them to live for ever. Miss Lyon assured her pupils that the roses, the pinks, and peonies, which keep time with Old Hundred, could nowhere grow so fresh and so sweet as in that little garden. And nowhere else did she ever see wild strawberries in such profusion and richness as were gathered in those little baskets. Nowhere else were rare-ripes so large and so yellow, and never were peaches so delicious and so fair as grew on the trees of that little farm; and the apples, too, contrived to ripen before all others so as to meet in sweet fellowship with peaches and plums, to entertain the aunts and the cousins.

Miss Lyon's tribute to her mother was no less beautiful than deserved. She said of her home that nothing was left to take its own way. Everything was made to yield to the mother's faithful, diligent hand. Early and late, she was engaged in the culture of the olive-plants around her table." She could testify, too, that "a mother whose time and thoughts are necessarily engrossed with the care of the family, may yet have much enjoyment in God." "I can see," she says, "through a veil of forty years, in that mountain home, growing on the perennial stalk of great principles, the buddings of sentiments, of customs, and of habits, which, if spread over the country, and fanned by the gentle breezes of intelligence, influence, and Christian sympathy, would produce a rich and abundant harvest to the treasury of the Lord."

Never was a mother more loved and honored than the mother of Mary Lyon; and it was a heavy trial to the child of thirteen to have her mother marry again and leave the little farm to live at Ashland—taking her two younger daughters with her. There was but one son, the oldest of the family; and with *him*, Mary spent nine happy years at the homestead. At fifteen, she was his sole housekeeper—doing all the house work, and receiving for it a dollar a week; which seemed to her a very large sum.

After this brother's marriage, Mary was still a welcome inmate in his house; and she found great comfort and pleasure in caring for his children. It was one of her sayings that people became more Christ-like by loving little children. In 1819, she was parted from these relatives by their moving to Western New York; and as she had already found her mission as a

teacher, she stayed where duty seemed plainly to have placed her.

Mary Lyon's life-work was begun at the age of seventeen, at Shelburne Falls, Mass., and in return for her services, she received her board and seventy-five cents a week. She was to 'board round,' and there were just five days for each scholar; but the parents declared that she helped the children so much out of school, they would not have cared much if they had boarded her all the time for nothing.

She was helpful in every way, and endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact; one of her entertainers, who heard in after years of her great suceess in teaching, and of her winning so many hearts to herself and to Christ, said, 'Even then, she was so full of benevolence we were all drawn to her.' The teacher, however, was not satisfied with herself; and she looked upon it as a valuable discipline to begin in this humble way, and to find herself valued at only three dollars a month.

It was only a district school that she taught at Shelburne Falls, and she had probably learned all that she knew herself in just such a school, until she went as pupil to the Academy of Ashfield, in the autumn of 1817. Her small earnings were unequal to the payment of both board and tuition here, and an arrangement was made to work out of school hours to defray the expense of the former.

Soon every one began to talk of "that wonderful Mary Lyon," who had learned the Latin grammar in three days, and could recite in almost every class in school. It was said that none of the boys could keep up with her; and the practical question that arose was, "How about her *work?* Is she generally expert at what every woman ought to be able to do?"

When the gentleman at whose house the ambitious student boarded, was asked confidentially, "Does she really do anything, or do you just about give her her board?" he replied, "Well, Mary *wings the potatoes.*"

This sounds very comically, and "opens to us the good, old-fashioned farm house where she boarded; the great, open fireplace with its generous back-log and fine bed of hot ashes in front, where the potatoes were often and well roasted." Mary's duty, it seems, was to bend with her turkey-wing brush over the smoking pile of potatoes when they were taken from the ashes, and dust them off carefully that they might present a suitable appearance for the table.

Afterward she received free tuition from the trustees of the Academy, and was not obliged to return to spinning and weaving, as she had intended, to enable her to continue her studies. Always grateful for the smallest kindness, she was deeply touched by this consideration; and said of this period of her life, "I received many acts of unfeigned friendship while creeping my way along toward a humble place in my Master's service."

Miss Lyon also had a term in Amherst Academy, where she was able more fully to gratify her love of the sciences. It was said of her here, and elsewhere, that she gathered knowledge by handfuls; and what was still better, she kept what she gathered. Her sweet, obliging ways made her a favorite wherever she went, and a daughter of one of her school-mates says:

"When I was a little girl, my mother used to sit and tell us about Mary Lyon at school. She would make us see just how she looked in her linsey-woolsey dress, and how ready she was to give a kind look and a loving heart to every one. She was always to be found, out of school hours, in her favorite corner, studying as hard as she could, but ready to help every one that cared to be helped. If any one wished to change her seat in the school-room, 'Oh! I will change with you; I would like to do it, if you prefer my seat,' would be heard from Mary Lyon's lips. If there was an undesirable seat-mate in all the school, she was always ready to sit by her, and help her on her way, even though it was on a window-seat; and mother would add, 'Do you wonder, my little girls, that we all loved and respected Mary Lyon?'"

When that mother died, she requested that her daughters might be sent to Mary Lyon's school; and many a father has been called upon, undei similar circumstances, to make this promise. "It often seemed as if there was not a school on earth where were so many daughters of mothers passed into heaven. And when we saw the truly maternal love there given them, we did not wonder that the dying mother, with her eye upon Jesus and her hand already in His, should have been directed by Him to whisper Mary Lyon's name as the guardian of her children on earth."

At twenty-four years of age, Miss Lyon was still a student, and had found her way to the Academy at Byfield. Her great respect and love for the principal, "good Mr. Emerson," as she was fond of calling him, made her look upon his instruction and example as invaluable, and from him she said she learned the true object of education—to do good. From Byfield she returned as a teacher to the Academy at Ashfield—"grateful," she said, "to do a little for the school that had done so much for her."

After two or three years spent in this way, the desire of her heart was granted, by being associated with her friend, Miss Grant, in the Adams Female Academy, at Derry, New Hampshire. The two friends were as one in their views of the great responsibility and sacredness of the teacher's office; and Miss Lyon was delighted to find that her friend had made such an

arrangement with her employers as to feel at liberty to use one-seventh part of the intellectual energies of her pupils upon what is contained in that storehouse of knowledge, the Scriptures. The Bible was studied every day in that school. There were recitations every Monday, and some parts of the term every day; and after months of trial, Miss Lyon said this study had excited deeper and more universal interest than any other, and just so she found it in all her schools in after years.

The Academy at Derry being closed for the winter, Miss Lyon had a little school of her own at Buckland, and in this school were brought out in full force her wonderful powers of interesting and governing her pupils. Arithmetic and geography became new studies under her teaching, and when told that "grammar measures the whole mind, and that a young lady who cannot go into grammar, cannot penetrate anything," this study was divested of its dryness, and became a test of mental capacity.

The faithful Bible teachings and prayer-meetings bore abundant fruit, and the earnest teacher wrote of the close of the term: "Those days must be numbered with the most precious of my life; and sometimes, I can scarcely believe that all those scenes were real." The little school was a blessing to the neighborhood.

For several succeeding years, Miss Lyon taught alternately at Derry, Ashland and Buckland; but wherever she was, her work was the same, and blessings followed in her wake. At the close of the sixth winter in Buckland, when the school numbered ninety-nine pupils, the principal wrote to a relative:

"I should be glad to give you a description of this school, but it would be impossible. I believe that my schools here have been more interesting every winter; and we all think this has been most so of all. I have never witnessed such an improvement in moral character, in ardent desire to possess meekness, humility, patience, perseverance, etc. A spirit of benevolence has seemed to reign among us to such a degree that selfishness has appeared to most of our little community, somewhat in its own character. We have made it an object to gain enlarged and correct views, especially relating to our own country; its present state; its interesting character; its wants; its prospects as to what needs to be done, and finally, as to what is our duty.

Many intelligent, refined young ladies, who had been brought up in the lap of indulgence, thought they should be willing to go to the remotest corner of the world, and teach a school among the most degraded and ignorant, might it only be said of them by their Master, as it was said of one of old, "She hath done what she could."

Miss Lyon's high views of the teacher's office were constantly inculcated in the minds of those about her; until it was impossible not to view the subject from the same lofty point that she did. Ladies, she said, should not expect a large compensation for teaching. They should go into the work with the same motives with which the servant of the Lord goes into the ministry. Be willing, she would add, to do anything and go anywhere for the good of others; and remember that you are responsible for elevating the character of every one with whom you have to do.

After leaving Buckland, Miss Lyon was associated for four years with Miss Grant at Ipswich; and here she was as honored and useful as in her former engagements. But her great desire was to found a permanent Seminary; and in view of the many difficulties to be overcome before it could be accomplished, she felt that while such a work might be effected at some future day, it would scarcely be sooner than from twenty to fifty years.

She never lost sight of this object, however; but prayed and worked for it until, with the counsel and substantial aid of friends, she left Ipswich to give herself entirely up to it.

Two years of waiting and struggling had passed, when on the 3d of October, 1836, those friends assembled to lay the corner-stone of Mt. Holyoke Seminary.

The edifice was to cost about $15,000, and to be 'an institution for the education of females.' Upon the corner-stone was written by the founder, "The Lord hath remembered our low estate;" and thanking God for the privilege of spending and being spent in so glorious a cause, she said, "The feeble efforts which I am permitted to put forth in co-operating with others in laying the foundation of this new seminary will probably do more for the cause of Christ, after I am laid in my grave, than all I have done in my life before."

Friends were raised up for the new institution at South Hadley; and the ladies of Ipswich contributed the generous sum of one thousand dollars. All could sympathize with Miss Lyon as she wept tears of joy over the rising walls, and echo her words, "The stones, and brick, and mortar, speak a language which vibrates through the very soul."

It was more than a year from the laying of the corner-stone before the building was finished; but then Miss Lyon felt that she had "a footing sufficiently firm for her feet to rest upon for the remainder of her days; and where her hands could work for young ladies, who, she hoped, would live for Christ."

The school was opened on the 8th of November, 1837, with eighty pupils. It differed from other schools of the kind in its strong religious tone, and in the family atmosphere that pervaded it.

The house-keeping department of the new seminary was, at first, a serious objection with many; but Miss Lyon's reasons for this arrangement were in accordance with her usual high motives of action.

"An obliging disposition," she urges, "is of special importance in forming a lovely, social and domestic character. Young ladies at school, with all the conveniences and comforts which they *should* have, and with all the benefits of system which they should enjoy, can have but little opportunity for self-denial. This little should be used to the best advantage. To bring every such opportunity to bear on the character is a leading object in the arrangement of the family. The domestic work done by the young ladies, in the varied and mutual duties of the day, furnishes many little opportunities for the manifestation of a generous, obliging, and self-denying spirit, the influence of which, we trust, will be felt through life."

The school at Mt. Holyoke was certainly a rare combination; for although great stress was laid on mental progress, the gifted principal could say, "I consider bread-making of so much consequence that in giving attention to it, I am confident that I am serving God."

The second year pupils were turned away from the seminary because there was no more room; and the third year opened in like manner, while hundreds were disappointed of gaining admittance.

Sickness and death visited the school, but the great work went quietly on; and confidence in its wonderful mission was more fully established than ever. Miss Lyon had seen her dearest wishes realized, her most earnest prayers granted; and for ten years she was spared to act the part of mother, as well as preceptress, to her numerous and loving family.

Her last illness was a short one; and her death was probably hastened by her attendance at the bedside of a dying pupil when she was not fit to leave her room. This last act was quite characteristic, in view of her self-forgetful life: and in less than two weeks afterward, she had passed to her eternal rest.

Mary Lyon died on the 5th of March, 1849, and was interred in the seminary grounds. The little enclosure is marked by a simple monument of massive Italian marble; and although thirty years, with all their changes, have passed since her death, that lonely grave is still held in reverence, and her spirit seems to pervade the institution which she founded.

Other schools have been established on similar principles by pupils of this faithful teacher, and a girls' school in Persia is the direct outgrowth of Mount Holyoke Seminary—of whose noble founder it may be truly said that she did not live in vain.

NO. 20.

MARIA THERESA OF AUSTRIA.

BY H. G. ROWE.

When the Emperor Charles VI., after a troubled and unprofitable reign of thirty years, died brokenhearted, and oppressed with anxious forebodings in regard to the future of his distracted and impoverished kingdom, he left the crown that had for him proved itself most emphatically a "crown of thorns," to his only child, Maria Theresa, who thus became Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and Archduchess of Austria.

This beautiful and spirited princess had been for several years the wife of Duke Francis of Lorraine, a handsome, amiable, and accomplished gentleman, yet little calculated by nature for the turbulent scenes into which an untoward fate seems constantly to have forced him.

The young heiress had given a single proof of that indomitable will and determination that made her after life so illustrious, in her persistant refusal to listen to any matrimonial overtures from the neighboring princes who sought her hand, on the plea that as her heart belonged to the noble Duke of Lorraine, no sordid considerations of State policy should force her to bestow her hand elsewhere.

It was rather a stormy courtship, however, and some desperate, even humiliating expedients were resorted to, that true love might, for once, have his way in a royal household.

Austria was at war both with France and Spain, and had been for some time steadily losing ground in the unequal contest. The emperor, sick in mind and body, gave way to the most distracting apprehensions; until at length, rendered desperate by continued defeats, he condescended to solicit a secret accommodation with France.

Louis well understood his extremity, and with his usual pitilessness took advantage of it to make this arrogant demand: "Give me the Duchy of Lorraine, and I will withdraw my armies; if not, I will have all Austria."

What more terrible alternative could have been presented to the distracted monarch? His prospective son-in-law could not, for an hour, unaided, hold his hereditary dominions against the overwhelming forces of France, and the withdrawal of that aid was precisely what the French king so imperiously demanded.

It was a cruel sacrifice, and the young duke manfully resisted it to the utmost of his power. But both himself and his royal ally were made each day to feel more and more their utter powerlessness, for the French armies, everywhere victorious, were already fast approaching the very wall of the imperial city.

"No cession, no archduchess!" whispered the wily minister of the emperor in the ear of the distracted duke; and Francis, submitting to the

bitter necessity against which he had struggled in vain, surrendered his duchy into the hands of his abhorred enemy, while he found what consolation he might in the arms of his beautiful bride.

The French court, however, in consideration of his peaceable abdication, promised him that when Tuscany, one of the most important of the Italian duchies, should be left vacant, it should pass into his hands; a promise that was fulfilled upon the death of the old duke, some two years later, when Francis with his young wife hastened to Leghorn, and took possession of his new domain with great splendor and rejoicing.

Although Maria Theresa was incapacitated by her sex from aspiring to the Imperial dignity, it had been considered, both by prince and people, a settled thing that her husband should, upon the death of his father-in-law, became King of the Romans and Emperor of Austria, although, by some strange oversight, the dying sovereign had neglected to take the necessary measures to render his election sure.

Taking advantage of this unsettled state of affairs, the Duke of Bavaria, an ambitious and unscrupulous prince, hastily raised an army, and prepared to claim the unappropriated crown as his own by right of inheritance.

Never dawned a darker morning upon the youthful princess than that which placed in her hands the fiercely-contested sceptre of her fathers: The long and disastrous wars had drained Austria both of men and money, and what was worse still, of hope and courage. There were only forty thousand dollars in the treasury, and the few discontented troops were rife for mutiny, fiercely clamoring for the pay that had so long been withheld.

From Bohemia and Hungary came ominous sounds of discontent; and even in Vienna, her own imperial city, the new empress met only discouraged and apprehensive faces.

It was a situation to try the courage of the bravest man; but the blood of a long line of heroes was in Maria Theresa's veins, and scorning womanly fears and weaknesses, she rose boldly, determinedly, in defence of her throne and country.

All the principal nations of Europe sent in their recognitions of the new sovereign except France, but while awaiting the tardy action of this late hostile power, a new and powerful enemy appeared from an unexpected, and consequently unwatched quarter:

Frederick, the young King of Prussia, following his favorite rule that "might makes right; and princes should know no honor but self-interest," conjured up some long-forgotten claim upon the neighboring province of Silesia, one of the richest jewels of the Austrian crown; and making a sudden swoop with his great army, in the midst of winter, npon the ill-defended territory, took almost indisputed possession of its principal cities and fortresses, almost as soon as the news of his advance had reached the empress and her dismayed court.

That the Austrian empress and her council should have been utterly unprepared for these hostile demonstrations on the part of Frederick is not surprising, when we remember that the Emperor, her father, had only a few years before, braved the displeasure of his powerful neighbor, by affording an honorable asylum to this same Frederick, when, an outlawed and utterly friendless prince, he fled from the insupportable tyranny of his cruel and unnatural father, Frederick William, whose brutality in his own family would have disgraced a drunken hod-carrier.

But Frederick, in his thirst for conquest and military glory, seems to have been utterly insensible to all feelings of honor and gratitude, of generosity even, for he despatches a messenger to the empress, with the lofty, insulting message:

"No one is more firm in his resolutions than the king of Prussia. He must and will have Silesia. If not, his troops and money will be offered to the duke of Bavaria."

Intimidated by the audacity and the conquest that he had so suddenly achieved, the councillors and even the husband of Maria Theresa, counseled her to cede the disputed province to the royal highwayman without farther delay, arguing that it was better to retain even a mutilated kingdom than none at all.

But the royal lady remained inflexible. "The resolution of the queen is taken," she said. "If the House of Austria must perish, it is indifferent whether it perishes by an Elector of Bavaria, or an Elector of Brandenburg."

About this time she gave birth to a son, the Archduke Joseph, and strengthened by her newly aroused feelings of maternal solicitude, in her determination not to disintegrate her own and her son's empire, she refused still more decidedly to listen to the timid counsels of her frightened ministers, and having matured in her own mind a plan for arousing and uniting the nation in defence of their queen and country, she set to work with her usual promptitude, to carry it into execution.

Hungary, although discontented, was still loyal, and it was to this warlike and rugged people that she determined to appeal, in spite of the warnings of her veteran statesmen, who reminded her of a time when her father had made an effort to secure their assent to the Pragmatic Sanction, and the proud barons had replied with sarcastic bitterness:

"We are accustomed to be governed by men, not by women."

But Maria Theresa was a better judge of human

nature, and she believed that the native chivalry of these same proud barons would lead them to rally round a defenceless woman, whose rights were invaded, and whose crown lay at the mercy of any red-handed spoiler who had the strength and audacity to snatch it

In pursuance of her plan, she visited Hungary with a magnificent train, and by her majestic presence and gracious manner quickly aroused the chivalrous admiration of that rugged, but generous people, inspiring them with an affection for her person that was easily kindled into the most self-sacrificing loyalty.

Having established her temporary court in one of the principal cities, she summoned the Hungarian nobles to meet her in the great hall of the castle, where she appeared before them, dressed in deep mourning in the Hungarian costume, the ancient crown of St. Stephen resting upon her luxuriant tresses, and the royal cimiter at her side.

With a majestic step she ascended the platform from which the kings of Hungary were accustomed to address their congregated nobles, and in clear, ringing tones, appealed to them in behalf of her imperiled throne.

In elegant and impassioned speech, she pointed out to them the perils and dangers that beset the kingdom, and finished by a touching personal appeal to their often proved loyalty and courage.

She ceased, and in an instant a thousand swords sprang from their scabbards, as the owners, with one voice, shouted in tones that made those lofty arches echo and re-echo the cry:

"We will die for our KING, Maria Theresa!"

Hitherto, the queen had presented a calm and undaunted exterior, but the outburst of enthusiastic loyalty was too much for her woman's heart to bear in silence, and dropping her proud head upon her arms, she burst into tears.

Then a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Every eye was moist with sympathy, every heart warm with loving admiration, and not one in that vast assembly hesitated to place his purse, his sword, and his vassals, at the command of his beautiful and heroic mistress.

The enthusiasm spread like wild-fire over all Austria. The national troops forgot their grievances, and loudly clamored to be led against the invaders of their country; old age forgot its apathy, and youth its selfish indifference, in a common desire to support their noble empress. The young men and students of the universities were especially active and enthusiastic, and in an incredibly short time, an immense army, composed of the very flower of that empire, was in the field, determined to maintain the cause of their queen to the latest breath.

Such a general and unexpected uprising intimidated the allies, and Frederick was the first to sue for a peace, which the queen was quite as anxious for as himself, and for which she even condescended to sacrifice a small part of the disputed province bordering upon the Prussian king's dominions.

The nation, however, had but short breathing space; for the duke of Bavaria, her husband's rival for the Imperial crown, joined his forces with those of Frederick, and again invaded Austria, where, in spite of the heroic conduct of her Hungarian troops, who fought with the most persistant valor, they did much damage to the country, and even succeeded in reducing some of the most important fortresses.

Thus, with varying fortunes, the war raged for seven long years, during which time, in spite of reverses that might well have discouraged the bravest heart, that heroic woman astonished all Europe by her lion-like courage and determination, never wavering from the decision to which she had given utterance when the crown was first placed upon her youthful head:

"I owe it to my people that no part of Austria shall pass into the possession of strangers and enemies, and with God's help I will keep the trust that he has given me."

The love and loyalty that this magnificent woman had, in the beginning of her reign, inspired in the breasts of her subjects, seems never to have grown cold or wavering. The Hungarians, especially, regarded her with a feeling bordering upon adoration, and no sacrifice was too great, no risk too doubtful, if undertaken in her behalf.

As an example of their impetuous courage and hardihood, we read that in storming a fortress upon the bank of a deep river, the Hungarian troops boldly swam the stream, with their swords held between their teeth, and routing the enemy, had gained possession of the fort before the tardier Austrians in their boats had succeeded in reaching the shore.

At one time Prussia, France, Bavaria and Saxony were all arrayed against Austria, and but for the friendly intervention of England, whose king, George II., warmly espoused the cause of the heroic empress, it is more than probable that in spite of all her intrepidity and skill, Maria Theresa would have been forced to retire defeated from that contest in which her own and the national honor were so closely interwoven.

It is no small proof of her natural courage and freedom from the prejudices of the times, that when inoculation for the small-pox was introduced into the kingdom, she immediately submitted herself and the royal family to the operation, thus proving to her subjects her own faith in its efficacy, and fearlessness of any harm resulting from it. She even established a hospital at Vienna, where the poor might receive the benefit of this new and important discovery.

As a wife and mother, Maria Theresa was more intent upon the aggrandizement of the objects of

her affection, than on their real happiness and comfort. One great object of her ambition was to match her numerous progeny with the most powerful princes of Europe; and when her youngest daughter, the beautiful Marie Antionette, was betrothed to the son of the French king, her exultation and satisfaction were unbounded. Little did she dream that that fair young head was to fall beneath the axe of a French executioner, or of the sufferings and humiliations that the future had in store for this, her favorite child.

Truly as she loved her husband, she never allowed him to forget for an instant that she was his empress; and this, to a delicate minded, sensitive man, must often have been a bitter humiliation.

It is told that on one occasion, being present at one of her magnificent levees, he retired to a corner where two ladies of the court were sitting; and as, in accordance with royal etiquette, they rose respectfully at his approach, he remarked, with a bitterness that he vainly tried to disguise beneath a veil of pleasantry:

"Do not regard me, for I shall remain here until the *Court* has retired, and shall then amuse myself in contemplating the crowd."

One of the ladies replied:

"As long as your imperial majesty is present, the Court will be here."

"Not so," he rejoined, with a forced smile. "The Empress and my children are the Court. *I* am here only as a private individual."

The mother of sixteen children, Maria Theresa seems to have taken a pardonable pride in her numerous and beautiful family, although, engrossed in cares of state, she found little time for those tender offices in which humbler mothers find their sweetest joy and solace.

She seldom saw them oftener than once a week, but each morning the court physician made a minute report of the state of their health, with whatever suggestions he deemed necessary for their comfort and welfare.

As the Empress advanced in years, the fire of martial ardor in her breast gradually declined; and when, only a short time before her death, a quarrel arose between her son and her old enemy, Frederick of Prussia, she wrote the latter, with her own hand, the following conciliatory lines:

"I regret exceedingly that the King of Prussia and myself, in our advanced years, are about to tear the gray hairs from each other's heads. My age and my earnest desire for peace are well known."

Touched by this unwonted gentleness, the stern old war-horse, for once, turned back from the battle, and a peace satisfactory to both parties was easily arranged.

Her death was caused by a lung trouble which gave her great pain in speaking; in spite of which she held long and earnest consultations with her son Joseph, who was to succeed her, pointing out with minute particularity the various projects and reforms that age and experience had taught her the necessity of, when too late to carry them out.

On one occasion when, pained beyond endurance at sight of her sufferings, he implored her to seek repose instead of distressing herself by her directions and counsels, she replied with solemn earnestness:

"In a few hours I shall appear before the bar of God; and shall I waste those in sleep?"

She died at the age of sixty-four, mourned for as a mother by her people, and regretted throughout all Europe, even by those against whom she had so long and nobly defended her own and her childrens' royal inheritance.

"LOST."

MRS. LUCY MARIAN BLINN.

I have lost a gem—a precious gem;
The centre link in a circlet fair;
Its lustre shone with a changeless glow,
And I watched my prize with a miser's care
I had thought to keep it, guarded close,
But *other* eyes saw its beauty shine;
Another heart guessed its value, too,
And it rests on another hand than mine.

A sweet bird came to the dear home-nest,
And sang sweet carols the whole day long;
I thought her voice was for me alone,
But I knew not the power of that luring song;
She twittered and trilled in rollicking mood,
When alack! and alas! one fateful day
An answering note came over the hills,
And she fluttered from out the nest away.

I had reared a rose, a pure, white rose;
Of all sweet flowers I loved it best,
But a stranger came, and with eager hand
He gathered it to his sheltering breast.
I had thought to keep it my very own;
But because he loved its sweetness so,
I put my longing heart aside,
And kissed my white rose, and let it go!

But my gem will shine with as clear a ray,
Although I may not see its glow;
My bird sings songs in *another* ear,
As sweet as the ones I used to know.
And my white rose yields, in another home,
As beautiful gifts of fragrance rare,
To the strong true heart and the loving hand,
That guard it now with brooding care!

"And I?" I shall linger, as mothers must,
In the light of memories, oh, so sweet!
And smile as the echoes from out the past,
Tell of flying fingers and dancing feet;
The echoes may bring a thought of pain,
And the smile be a tearful one at best;
But hope's glad songs will breathe content,
God and true love will do the rest!

A SUPERFLUITY.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

Night was closing in, silent and snowy, when Dr. Fletcher reined his horse at the gate of the old Vaughan homestead, to make the last of the day's round of calls. Through the darkness, deepened with fast-falling feathery flakes, the low, broad, sombre fashioned dwelling loomed in a gloomy, angular mass, relieved by a warm glow of light from two of the lower windows, and by a pale glimmer, like a reflection, from a smaller one above.

Evidently, the sound of the doctor's sleigh-bells had been heard within the house, for, as he glanced up at its front, a shadow flitted momentarily across the upper window, followed by the vanishing outline of a woman's form.

"Esther," said the doctor to himself.

What was Esther doing in a chilly upper room that wintry evening, alone? There was light, and warmth, and human presence in the sitting-room below; there was cold and silence, and the feeble gleam of an expiring candle in the chamber above. What was Esther doing? What it falls to all of us to do some time in the course of our lives—thinking sad thoughts—trying to see her way clear through the perplexed present—trying to shape to herself some definite end in the blank, uncertain future.

Six weeks before, the master of the Vaughan homestead had been carried out of its doors in that mournful fashion which never grows old; and Esther was left fatherless. The neighbors, good souls, wondering in the usual way—"what Esther would do now?" finished with wonderful unanimity by "guessing likely" she would find a home with one or the other of her half-sisters, Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Wyning; for she was the child of John Vaughan's second marriage, and it was known that his property reverted at his death to the two elder daughters, leaving Esther unprovided for. But, however busily other people might speculate upon the chances of Esther's future, it had not occurred to her to think of it herself until to-day; the old farm-house and its surroundings had been so closely associated with the twenty-five years of her life, that she had felt it like a sudden blow, when Mrs. Holt said to her that morning—

"It will be time for you to think of making up your mind about things before long, won't it, Esther?"

"About what?" asked Esther.

"About what?" echoed the sister. "Why, you know we are going to sell the farm; you'll have a thousand dollars, or something like it, and everything else goes to Anna and me. But you need not fret; for though Anna is better off than I am, it shan't be said that Cornelia Holt had a roof, and didn't share it with her father's child. I ain't a poor woman, goodness be thanked, if I *am* a widow; but I must see what Anna says."

"You are very kind," came from Esther's lips, mechanically, and she turned away, feeling as if some fuller expression of gratitude was expected from her, but not able to utter it. It made no difference to Cornelia, who, as she herself would have said, did not expect much of Esther. She was a good-natured, bustling, obtuse woman, whose kindnesses were seldom such as cost her any great sacrifice, and she was too conscious of her own magnanimity to be much concerned about the effect upon its insignificant object.

Poor Esther! Called upon to face at once the ruthless demolition of her past, and the certainty of great changes close at hand, this assurance of Mrs. Holt's benevolent intentions threw no great light of consolation over the future. Her early remembrances were associated with unpleasant images of strife between her two half-sisters and the gentle, shrinking mother, whom she was so like. Anna and Cornelia had both married while Esther was still a child, and the little intercourse she had had with them had not tended to draw the ties of sisterhood closer. They had never been able to forgive her, Esther felt, for being her mother's child. And now, except for these unwilling sitsers, she was alone in the world. No wonder Esther began to scan her destiny with anxious eyes. All day long, while she went about quietly, directing household tasks, or complying with the thousand and one exactions of Cornelia's two spoiled children, she was busy with thoughts of the past and questionings of the future.

Esther's had been the quietest imaginable of young days. She had been a pupil of the venerable "academy" in the village near by, until her mother's death threw the household responsibilities upon her shoulders; she went to church and to Bible-class, and, once a year, to the county fair; she occasionally spent an afternoon or evening at a friendly neighbor's, or received neighborly visits in return. Her father had been a reserved, undemonstrative man, to whom, as long as his daughter made no demands and uttered no complaints, it never occurred that she needed or desired anything more than she had. And Esther did not remember that he had ever given her a caress in her life. Doubtless he loved her in his way; but if any idea of being accountable for the trust of his daughter's life ever crossed his conscience, he made no sign. She had food, clothing, a comfortable home; what more could a woman need?

Sometimes the youthful life in Esther's veins revolted against the aimless monotony of such an existence, and prompted daring thoughts and wild wishes; but she was too dutiful by nature and training to harbor them long. Now and then, came an experience of greater bitterness. For instance: Esther had had a passion for drawing

in her school-days; her teacher discerned, or fancied he discerned in her the hand and eye of the artist; but it came to nothing. She left school; there was no encouragement for her at home; her father considered lessons in "picture making" a useless expenditure of time and money; and so the beautiful talent which God had bestowed on Esther was left to take its chances. After all, John Vaughan was not more singular than many parents, who believe themselves to have fulfilled the whole duty of man toward their offspring.

Could there be a simpler story than this of Esther's, unless it were that of a daisy growing by mischance on the wrong side of a hedge, where the sun only peeped by transient glimpses? She knew many who lived similar lives, and found them all-sufficient; or so it seemed to Esther, who was accustomed to regard her own fits of incipient weariness and discontent as sins to be striven and prayed against. And now that the old life was over forever, she had tenderer thoughts of it, and made much to herself of the bright spots scattered through it here and there.

Meantime, Anna and Cornelia were holding sisterly conference.

"I spoke to Esther this morning about the breaking up," said the younger. "It's a good deal of a change for her, when you think of it."

"Humph!" said the elder, drawing her needle through her work with a twitch.

Anna was a slim, incisive blonde, with the coldest of pale eyes and the thinnest of lips; while Cornelia, on the contrary, was stout, with a comfortable aspect and florid good looks.

"Of course," continued Cornelia, "Esther will have a home wlth me, if she likes; but I thought it would be only right to speak to you about it. You've no children, you know."

"Frederick's father and mother live with us," said Anna, in her frosty voice; "and we have adopted one of his nephews; I'm not going to burden him with any of my relations while business is so dull; and Esther is nothing but a half sister, when all is said. If you take my advice, Cornelia Holt, you'll let the girl look out for herself."

"But what will people say?" reasoned Cornelia. "And after all, Esther is a nice, quiet girl, and she will be able to save me a good deal of trouble with the children, I'm sure. They take to her."

"Most likely she'll make you more trouble than she'll save," said the sharp Anna. "There's nothing of her but a spine and a bundle of nerves—a white, spiritless thing, just like her mother! It would be a great deal better for her to be obliged to exert herself. With the thousand dollars and the education she ought to have, after going year in and year out to the academy so long, she might easily take care of herself. It will be no harder for her than for the rest of us."

"But consider the look of the thing," urged Cornelia. She was always aware of Anna's being the stronger party.

"Oh, the look of the thing!" said that tender hearted person with scorn. "If you are a slave to public opinion, I'm not, I can tell you. If you choose to burden yourself with that woman's daughter for the rest of your days, do it—do it; but don't expect me to help you."

"Esther may marry some time," said Cornelia, in faint protest.

"Oh, she'll never marry," snapped Anna, with another twitch of the thread. "Esther will be an old maid—she has all the signs of an old maid about her. You mark my words, Cornelia Holt; Esther Vaughan has always been a superfluity in this family, and she always will be."

"Well, well," said Cornelia, in deprecatory tones; and much confused in intention, let the matter drop. Neither of them saw a white face disappear from the doorway, convulsed with a sudden tremor of pain; neither supposed that Anna's last cruel words had fallen upon Esther's ears, and rang here mockingly, as she fled up stairs to the solitude of her little chamber.

A superfluity! The words pierced poor Esther's heart; they seemed to embody all the desolation of her life, past, present, and to come. Never to be necessary anywhere; never to find an anchorage for her lonely heart, which had beat about so long on cold seas, under a steely sky; always to sit in sight of the banquet of life, where there was no room for her, no invitation to come up higher; finally, to slip out of the world—old and gray, perhaps—nobody missing her, nobody seeing more than that a pale spark of life, never well-lighted, had gone out, leaving no perceptible darkness anywhere. Esther crouched down in the chilly silence, in an agony of forlorn distress. She could not help thinking how well it would be if she were out of the world; and out of everybody's way; there was no place for her; what had she to live for in all the long years that might be before her, if she waited for them to come?

The dark crowd of thick-coming temptations did not besiege Esther long; there were well-springs of strength in her nature which had never been tried.

"Get thee behind me, Satan!" she said to her counsellors. Surely, since God had sent her upon the earth, she was not a superfluity in his sight, whatever might be the verdict of Anna and Cornelia. Esther came out of her Gethsemane strengthened, if not comforted, and resolved to take up her cross and bear it to the bitter end.

Roused from her painful reverie by the jingle of bells, Esther, glancing from the window, saw Dr. Fletcher drive up. A thought entered her mind. Here was a link between her and that

unknown world lying outside her little horizon, towards which she began already to look, vague outlines of resolutions gathering more definite shape in her mind every moment. Why should she not consult the doctor? To whom else could she go? She had known him all her life; he had been a school-mate of her elder sisters; and lately, during the long weeks of her father's illness, they had become very good friends. Then, too, a faint under-current of neighborly talk had lately come to her ears—a whisper that Dr. Fletcher was beginning to "pay attention" to Mrs. Holt. It did not surprise Esther. Certainly, all the Doctor's calls could not be set down to the account of Arthur's colds and Amelia's cramps; and Cornelia, though not always grammatical, was attractive in her way, and possessed of a sufficient store of this world's goods with which to grace the altar of a second marriage.

It was not Esther's wont to begrudge others a fuller cup of life than her own; and she did not ask herself why, in glancing at these things, the world seemed to grow larger and lonelier, as if she were really a superfluity on the vast stage, to whom Fate had forgotten to assign a *rôle*. There was no time to indulge in self-analysis; she remembered that she would be needed downstairs presently. Cornelia's Arthur and Amelia, in their mother's opinion, were always either ailing or threatened with something; the house was continually pervaded with an atmosphere of paregoric and hot flannel, the family rooms were almost hermetically sealed, and Esther and her faithful Bridget being rapidly reduced to the position of hard-worked courtiers of their small highnesses.

The doctor, as was his wont, exclaimed wrathfully when he walked into the sitting-room:

"You women shut up yourselves and the children in an atmosphere like this, and expect to be healthy! I wonder at you. How many times have I told you that when you have made yourselves sick, you must not call upon me to cure you? I can't do it."

"For heaven's sake, Dr. Fletcher! I hope it's not so bad as that!" said Cornelia, in some alarm. "Arthur's throat is a great deal better to-day; he was quite lively again this afternoon, poor little fellow!—weren't you, dear? Do come and look at him yourself, doctor."

"Oh, he's all right," said the doctor, patting the urchin's round head and smiling on him. "He would be perfectly well, if you would only let him out, like the other boys, to play in the snow and skate."

"Ah, you talk like Anna and Esther," said Cornelia, shaking her head; "but I think a mother's instincts are wisest."

"Well, well," said the doctor, aware of the hopelessness of an argument against maternal instincts. 'And how is Esther?" he added, abruptly, as if Esther were a sort of afterthought.

Cornelia drew a step nearer, to assume a more confidential tone.

"I'm a good deal worried, doctor, and you're such an old friend that I don't mind speaking to you about our affairs; and then, we're only three women with nobody to advise us, as you may say. I don't count Anna's husband anybody, for he's tied to his business. Now, doctor, if Esther were *your* sister, what would you do?"

"Do?" said the doctor. "Do? Why I'd take her home and take care of her, and glad of the chance. That is your opinion, too, I know, Mrs. Holt."

"Just what I said to Anna," said Mrs. Holt, a little oblivious as to what she really had said, but immensely fortified by the doctor's prompt decision—his view of the matter might be more important than Anna's, after all. Cornelia felt that it was safe to accept it. "It's taking a great deal on one's self, to be sure, and Esther only a half-sister; but, then, it's not her fault if father made a foolish marriage; I ain't one to remember things against people."

"No, no," said the doctor. "A woman as kind-hearted as you are—I should hope not. And no doubt you will find Esther's companionship a great comfort."

"Yes, there's the children to be considered; they're very fond of her already; I never knew them so ready to make friends with any stranger—unless it was you, doctor," said the gratified Cornelia, leaning on her adviser, and almost persuaded that it really would have been an injustice to her, if Anna had forestalled her in the offer to provide for Esther.

Five minutes later, the doctor, unceremoniously invading the kitchen in quest of a cup of warm water, found Esther there in her black dress.

"Always alone," said the doctor, surveying the little figure, not without secret compassion.

"Always alone," replied Esther, in a low voice.

"Bad theory of life—worse practice," said the doctor, moving about in his restless way. "You have had too much of it. That sister of yours must not let you shut yourself away from society as if you were preparing to enter the cell of a Trappist. I shall take the liberty of telling her so. I may, you know; Cornelia and I are old schoolmates, and I've rocked your cradle more than once when I was a little chap, like our friend, master Arthur."

The doctor's friendly smile called up no answering smile into Esther's face.

She looked up with sad, questioning eyes, and after a meditative pause, said slowly:

"Do you think I ought to go to Cornelia's, doctor?"

"I hope you don't prefer Anna to Cornelia,"

said the doctor, with an involuntary grimace. "Mrs. Holt has a good heart—she means well."

"Yes," said Esther, clasping her slender hands tightly before her, "but she don't need me—nobody needs me now."

According to the doctor's experience of womankind, a burst of tears was likely to follow this forlorn little confession; but though eyelids and lips quivered, that was all. Esther was not making a weak appeal to his sympathy.

"I thought I would ask you, doctor," continued Esther, when her lips were firm again, "if you would not be kind enough to enquire among your friends in the city, about a situation I could fill. I have a good English education, as you know, and patience enough; I could teach; and my handwriting might do for copying. I do not like to trouble you, but there is nobody else whom I can ask."

"Well, Ettie!" said the doctor; and stood still, thoughtfully pulling his moustache, and looking at Esther. Then he held out his hand, saying cordially, "Rely upon me for anything in my power, Esther. You know best what will suit you; but how will your sister take it?"

"I thank you with all my heart," was Esther's only reply, a wan smile coming to her lips at last. It was impossible to enter into an explanation of her relations towards Anna and Cornelia; but the doctor, with the ready sympathy for which he did not always receive credit from those who judged him chiefly by his somewhat brusque exterior, immediately understood and respected her reserve. He said nothing more about the sisters, but he spoke with her about her plans and prospects in a way that caused Esther, quick to feel changes and shades of feeling in others, to think that the doctor had never seemed so kind before. It was like unexpected sunshine, and warmed the lonely little heart that lay so chill in Esther's bosom. Afterwards, notwithstanding the comfort the doctor's advice and friendly sympathy had been at the time, she could not quite repress a consciousness that it would have been better, had they not been quite so much at her service. We are not assured that Lazarus was satisfied with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. The doctor's kindness was a precious thing; but how if it were simply a vicarious tribute to Cornelia? Esther was as far as possible from being exacting; but she was not an exception to the laws of human nature.

It happened thus that, on the same day Dr. Fletcher was made the confidant of Mrs. Holt's good intentions, and of Esther's desire to evade them. Certainly, nobody could deny that it was the most natural and proper thing in the world for Esther to be received into her sister's home; indeed, as everybody had been saying, where else was she to go? But her unexpected reluctance to accept this convenient view of her destiny, placed it in another light. The doctor could not put the matter out of his mind. All the evening, sitting in his comfortable library with a medical quarterly before him, the image of Esther, timid, solitary Esther, with an experience almost as unvaried as a nun's, going out into the bustling world of bargain and sale, whose tender mercies to the weak are apt to be cruel enough, kept flitting between his thoughts and the heavy columns of professional detail, in all its pathetic incongruity.

He rose at last, and paced up and down the room for an hour or two, according to his habit, the natural outgrowth of a restless temperament. The wind, howling at intervals outside in the drifting snow, perhaps gave a melancholy turn to the doctor's thoughts, for he presently found himself wandering from the consideration of his little friend's lonely position to his own; somehow, the large house, tenanted only by himself and his two servants, had never had such a solitary look in his eyes before. What did the doctor miss? and was it consistent with the course of his busy life to finish the evening by constructing a regular Babel's tower of an air-castle, story after story, until it culminated somewhere near the entrance to the seventh heaven? I am no metaphysician to decide. But I know that he came out of his reverie at last with a start, and some such admonition as this addressed to himself—"Pshaw! I'm too rough for *her;* only"—bringing his hand down on the closed volume of medical wisdom as if he were making an affirmation—"I should like to make the poor little woman happy."

But Esther did not hear that.

"She has more spirit that I expected," Anna said, when Esther's determination was made known. "But it's only a freak. She hasn't the courage to carry it out, brought up in idleness as she has been. Will she try to teach district-school or go out dress-making, I wonder? her mother was a dress-maker. But it won't last long, Cornelia Holt, you'll see!"

"I hope it won't," said Cornelia, with mournful visions of a lost nurse-maid flitting before her eyes—a nurse-maid whose services would have been invaluable, and whose pay next to nothing, and to whom she had fairly come to believe she had a right. "It looks so queer. As if I hadn't the feelings of a sister! And she gets along so well with the children! And the doctor saying how well it was for Esther that I had a home and a sister's heart to offer her, or something like that, for I ain't good at repeating other people's words; and now, what will he think of me?"

"How important his opinion is!" said Anna, with a sneer, tossing her borrowed flaxen braids with an emphasis that made Cornelia color and turn away. She was afraid of Anna's sarcasms, and aware of bearing the weight of her sister's disapproval. Did she—a widow with two children

—really intend to marry Dr. Fletcher? to "make a fool of herself," was Mrs. Wyning's caustic way of putting the case. "She might see what comes of second marriages, with Esther on her hands," for Anna was not to be persuaded that Esther's ambition to be independent was anything more than a freak.

Esther herself soon began to realize that being independent is something far easier in theory than in practice. She made earnest efforts. She wrote to a distant relative of hers, who was the principal of a large school, and never received any answer; she advertised in two or three papers, and waited patiently week after week for results which did not come; she corresponded with a governess-seeking lady, whom the doctor had discovered among his acquaintances, but, alas! Esther, with her little French, and less music, had no chance against the gold-medaled graduates of fashionable schools. She tried to be very brave. She determined to offer herself as housekeeper or seamstress, if nothing else came in her way, since a servant's place and pay seemed preferable to dependence on those who, even if her blood ran in their veins, felt no sisterly tenderness for her.

Esther's heart often sank very low. Even the doctor's friendship had acquired an element of pain, and when he stopped at the farm-house, it began to be more and more her habit to steal out of sight into some remote corner, where the sound of his voice and of Cornelia's talk and laughter could not follow her. And if the doctor inquired for Esther, Cornelia thought it enough to say, "Oh, Esther is busy." Of what importance was Esther, to be sure?

The weeks passed slowly enough at the farm-house, but they passed; it came to be March, and some days of wind and sunshine were lowering the big drifts in the garden and by the road-side, and fringing the eaves with multitudinous icicles. The new owner of the farm was to take possession of it on the first of April. Mrs. Holt and Mrs. Wyning were preparing to return to their respective homes; and Esther—where was she to go?

She had had an offer from the trustee of the district school over the hill, a munificent offer of twenty dollars a month, and the privilege of boarding around; and her hesitation to accept it was interpreted by Anna as proof that she was beginning to repent of her freak, and by Cornelia that she would not lose her nurse-maid, after all.

"It will be so much better for Esther to go home with me, don't you think so?" said Cornelia to the doctor one day, when he had felt Arthur's pulse and examined Amelia's tongue, as usual. "Now, I rely so much on your judgment and you have so much influence with all of us—if you'd only speak to Esther, you might induce her to listen to reason."

"Yes, I'll speak to her," said the doctor, with a grim sense of humor, and marched off to the kitchen, where, between daylight and darkness, Esther sat trying to mend her nephew's stockings, close to the narrow window.

"What's this you are about?" said the doctor, with friendly abruptness, planting himself before her. "Do you really mean to throw yourself away on that one-horse, Crow Hollow school, and go boarding around to get dyspeptic on salt pork and sweet cake?"

"It seems to be all I can find to do just now," said Esther, smiling a little. "It will not do for me to despise the day of small things, nor look down on the Crow Hollow school."

"Hang the Crow Hollow school!" cried the doctor, drawing up his under lip, and taking two or three turns up and down the kitchen. Then he came back to his old position.

"If you think I came here of my own accord to meddle, you are mistaken," said the doctor, oddly, as if he were arguing against a remonstrance of Esther's. "Your sister sent me—Cornelia sent me. She wants me to induce you to listen to reason."

"Cornelia!" said Esther to herself, bitterly. She thought she knew what was coming. No matter; as well bear it now as at any time. But she clasped her fingers tightly together, and turned her face from the waning light.

"But never mind that; I was coming on my own account, at any rate," continued the doctor. He paused. Esther remained silent.

"Well?" said the doctor.

"Well?" said Esther.

"It is no surprise to you, perhaps, Esther?"

"Oh, it is no surprise," said Esther. She rose up, white, with compressed lips, looking at her own clasped fingers, and nerving herself to hear what would make her more of a superfluity than ever.

"Will you give up Crow Hollow and the rest of it if I ask you?" said the doctor, taking the cold little fingers into his own warm grasp, with a tenderness Esther could not have expected in the prospective husband of Cornelia. It was too much just now; it wrung the girl's heart. With a low exclamation of pain, unintelligible to the doctor's ear, she made an effort to draw her hands away.

"Ettie, my little Ettie, does that mean that you don't care for me?" cried the doctor, with a vehemence that thrilled Esther through with a sudden, incredulous joy.

"So you are not going to marry Cornelia!" she said, breathlessly.

"Cornelia be—sent to the Hottentots!" said the incredulous doctor. "No—I take it back, if she's to be my sister-in-law. Esther Vaughan, will you marry me, or shall I go to my grave a miserable wreck of an old bachelor?"

It is needless to repeat what Esther said. We all know. And no pen can do justice to Anna's astonishment or Cornelia's wrath and dismay at this new aspect of Esther's affairs. However, they made the best of it in the end, and are at present on such good terms with the doctor and his wife, that neither of them would believe you, if you hinted that Esther had ever been considered a "superfluity" in the family. So there is no more to be told.

LIFE'S MIRAGE.

HOLLIS FREEMAN.

I read upon a summer eve
'Mid the soft twilight's dusky birth,
Of wondrous lands and far off seas
Of this old earth.

And how the traveler wandering lone
O'er burning sand, with rapture sees,
Fair summer lands uprising sweet
With waving trees.

Cool rustling palms 'gainst soft blue skies,
White waters flowing deep and blest,
And tower-topped cities rising calm
Where mortals rest.

With springing step and joyous heart,
Through burning sand he hasteneth on,
When lo! the mocking vision fades,
Is lost and gone.

I thought of many a mirage sweet,
That lighting up life's darkness came
To shine on eyes with weeping blind,
A mocking flame.

How the wild firebrand of desire
Recalls the light on that lost face,
The flickering firelight shadowy falls
On the old place.

We yearning stretch wild longing hands
Across our wilderness of sand,
An empty hearth, a silent home
Alone doth stand.

Or wearied of our trackless path,
We see upon the green clad shade,
The flowers of hope by mirage stream
Which bloom to fade.

Or on our lonely heart looks down,
The queenly Venus from afar,
Our fickle footsteps yearn to climb
To that bright star.

Wild waters toss, fair girdled lands,
Gay, gilded turrets urge us on,
We near the golden shore of fame
When lo, 'tis gone.

The dark horizon hems us in,
Youth's flattering visions fading stand,
Lonely we look o'er life's vast track
Of barren sand.

A PECULIAR WOMAN.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

"Ketch hold, Tom. There! I declare if you ain't spilled about a quart! I knew you'd get it too full."

"I didn't spill more than ten drops, Cousin Silence. How you worry over the loss of a little grease!"

"It's one of my principles to save, as you might o' learned long ago."

"I believe in prudence; but what's a few drops of lard more or less to you with this farm, and nobody knows how much in bank? You skimp and screw as if there were danger of your getting on the town."

"Well! you *are* the frankest young man I ever saw;" and Silence Withers put her arms akimbo, and gazed at her young cousin, Tom Lowey, as if he was a curiosity escaped from some museum.

"Yes; I was always noted for my frankness;" said Tom coolly, "and I never hesitate to speak my mind when duty urges. However, I don't want to hurt your feelings, Cousin Silence."

"No danger," said Miss Silence, with a laugh of derision. "I'm no spring chicken, and my feelin's have grown tough. But the idea of your duty urgin' you to speak your mind to *me*. Perhaps you don't recollect the whippin's I used to give you."

"I haven't forgotten," laughed Tom. "You used to make me do my duty in those days But I wish I could convince you that it would be only a Christian act for you to send a little help to Mrs. Baldwin. You wouldn't feel the spending of fifty dollars out of your fifty thousand."

"Massy sakes! it seems as if other folks know more about my business than I do myself. Fifty thousand! Law! who said I was worth that much?"

"O, it's common talk," replied Tom.

"Well, it wont do *you* any good to talk. You'll never see the color of my money after I'm dead and gone. I've made my will, and since plain speakin' pleases you, I'll make free to say you aint mentioned in it. So there!"

"I calculate to take care of myself," said Tom, tilting his chair against the wall. "Leave your money wherever you choose; I don't want it."

"The day may come when you will want it, Tom Lowey, and then you'll be sorry for sayin' them words. I'll remember 'em, and so will you when your pride has its fall. There's plenty o' things I can leave my money to; it won't go begging."

"I guess not."

"You'd more'n *guess* if you was to live here a spell and see the stream of visitors I have. There aint a day but I don't get nagged about my money by somebody. Deacon Bonney thinks it's his bounden duty to advise me to leave it to found

an orphan's home. Old Mr. Craig wants it left to Wolfboro' Academy; Squire Darby has his mind on it for a public library; and the minister thinks I ought to remember what a debt's on the church. To hear 'em talk, you'd think I had one foot in the grave. I don't give none o' 'em any satisfaction, and then they say I'm peculiar. Well, perhaps I am, but I don't see no prospect of any change in my natur'."

Tom laughed. He was spending a couple of hours at the farm, which had been his only home until he began to "scratch for himself," to use his gaunt cousin's expression. Now he never let more than a day or two pass without looking in on the lone spinster to see if he could give her any help, and to-day he was making himself useful in lifting jars and boilers of hot grease on and off the stove; for Miss Silence was trying out lard.

Tom's law practice, as yet, was not very exacting, much to his regret; and he had more time on his hands than pleased him.

"But now do promise you'll send Mrs. Baldwin something for Christmas, Cousin Silence," said Tom, returning to the attack.

"I never promise what I don't mean to perform," was the characteristic answer he received to his pleading. "Martha Baldwin and I aint been on speakin' terms for these five years, and I'd be makin' myself pretty small to send her Christmas presents. I'd soon be on the town if I began to help all the poor folks I know. It 'pears to me you take a mighty deep interest in them Baldwins, Tom. Melissa Bonney let out a hint that you was sparkin' that Prissy Carrol."

"I wish Melissa Bonney would mind her business."

"Don't get riled. I dare say it's true. T'would be like you to court a girl without a penny, because you've not a penny yourself. Prissy Carrol's been raised out of charity by her aunt."

"That don't make her less lovable, Cousin Silence."

"Now, Tom Lowey," said Miss Silence, brandishing the big iron spoon with which she stirred the lard, "don't make a fool of yourself over a pretty face. Butter your bread before you eat it. There's Melissa Bonney, whose father's worth—"

"That's enough," interrupted Tom, and before Miss Silence could stop him he was out of the kitchen door and walking briskly down the path to the gate.

"Lawful sakes! what peculiar creatures men are! Talk of me bein' peculiar; why, I aint a carcumstance to that Tom Lowey. He'll marry that Prissy Carrol now, if it's only to show me he don't care for my money;" and with a sigh, Miss Silence went back to her lard.

"Christmas gift, indeed!" she muttered, after standing for some time in deep thought. "I think I see myself eatin' humble pie to Martha Baldwin." But somehow or other her conscience did not feel quite so easy as it had felt before Tom's call.

An hour later Tom was sitting in the widow Baldwin's small parlor, with his arm about a very trim waist, and a very lovely golden head resting on his shoulder. It was very evident that the closest economy was necessary with the Baldwins, for the carpet was patched and worn, the muslin curtains washed threadbare, and the furniture in sad need of varnish and new hair-cloth.

"I wish I saw my way clear to take you out of this, Prissy," said Tom, with a sigh; "but clients are scarce enough in Wolfboro'."

"Now, Tom, where's the need to worry? I couldn't leave Aunt Martha, any way. We are both young enough to wait."

"You're too good for this world, Prissy," said Tom, with a kiss on the dimpled white chin.

"There's some one knocking; let me go," cried Prissy, springing up and running to the door.

It was no visitor, but the hired man from Miss Silence's farm with the spring wagon, which he had brought to convey Tom at once to his cousin's home, for Miss Silence had, not ten minutes after his departure, an hour previous, overturned a kettle of lard by accident, and been terribly scalded.

"Where's my hat?" cried Tom, in great excitement, while the man was telling how he had wasted time by going to the office first, and not finding him there had hunted him up.

"Let me go with you, Tom; I know I can help," cried Prissy, as her lover was springing into the light wagon.

"Oh, Prissy, if you only would."

"Wait until I get my bonnet and shawl, and tell Aunt Martha; I won't be gone a minute," and Prissy rushed into the kitchen where her aunt was ironing.

"Go, by all means," said Mrs. Baldwin, when she had grasped the meaning of the girl's incoherent explanation. "Stay as long as you are needed, and don't worry about me."

Miss Silence made no remark when Prissy entered her room with Tom. She was in great pain, and was thankful to see even this member of the hated Baldwin household.

For three weeks Prissy was chief director at the farm, and managed things so cleverly that Miss Silence had no chance to find fault. But the grim spinster had no words of commendation for the young girl's untiring industry.

"I calkerlate to pay you for what you've done," she said one day, as she watched Prissy making bread. "You needn't think you're workin' for nothin'."

"I don't want any pay, Miss Silence," said

Prissy, with trembling lips. "I am only too glad to do what I can, because—" she hesitated, and turned scarlet.

"Because you're in love with Tom," finished Miss Silence. "O, you needn't blush; I know all about it, and if he chooses to break his head agin a stone wall, I ain't agoin' to stop him."

At the end of three weeks, Miss Silence was able to be about again, and Prissy went home, declining the twenty dollar bill offered her for her services. But she had not been home three hours, before the hired man came from the farm with two large baskets, which he set down on Mrs. Baldwin's kitchen floor.

"Compliments of Miss Silence, and she sent these in place of the money," and was driving off in the spring wagon before Prissy could recover sufficiently from her astonishment to ask him any questions.

The basket was full of good things of every sort, and there was a royal Christmas dinner for the Baldwins the next day, much to the joy of the children, who had contemplated ruefully dining on mush and potatoes.

Prissy sent a note of thanks to Miss Silence by Tom, but she never received an answer.

Time went by, and Tom's law business improved so much that he persuaded Prissy against her better judgment to marry him.

Miss Silence did not grace the important occasion with her presence.

"I've no time to be gallivanting off to weddings," was her excuse when Tom reproached her for this slight.

"She is such a peculiar woman, we must not expect her to act like other people; but she has a good heart in spite of her queer ways," said Prissy, when Tom tried to make excuses for his cousin's remissness.

"But her greatest peculiarity lies in her not liking you, Prissy," said Tom, kissing his bride's soft cheek. "And I can't quite forgive her lack of taste."

All went well with the young couple for more than a year. They began house-keeping in a modest cottage Tom was paying for by installments, and were so prudent that they managed to gather about them many little comforts which made their home pleasant.

But fortune seldom smiles long at a time, as we all know, and reverses will come to every one. One bitter night in December, Tom's house caught fire, and was burned to the ground, nothing being saved except a few clothes belonging to Prissy and the baby.

Of course, Mrs. Baldwin opened her house to them at once, though it necessitated much crowding. Prissy suggested an appeal to Miss Silence, but Tom emphatically declined to make it. He was far too proud to ask for the help which he thought should have been earnestly offered. His law books and papers had all been destroyed in the fire; for he had used a room in the cottage for an office, and getting a living was rather uphill work. Christmas was dreary enough that year, and even Prissy's courage sank as she thought of the future.

"Tom Lowey will have a chance to show now what kind of stuff he's made of," said Miss Silence. "He burdened himself with a wife and baby, and he'll have to look out for 'em. I told him I'd never give him a dollar of my money and I'll keep to my word, no matter what happens."

Miss Silence had thought herself proof against the weakness of falling ill; but in March she caught a severe cold, and pneumonia ensued. She felt that she should never get well again, and the doctor did not deceive her with false hopes, but told her frankly that in all probability she would live but a few days.

"I want to see the lawyer at once if that's the case," she said. "I must make a new will."

Mr. Simons, who had managed her business for years, came as soon as he received her message, and the will was made. He had hardly left the house before Tom called.

"I'm worse, Tom," said Miss Silence, feebly. "But I'm not afraid to go. Perhaps I'm peculiar in that as in other things. Deacon Bonney and the minister, Mr. Craig, and Mr. Darby, have all been here a urgin' of their several claims. I told each one o' 'em I'd consider the matter."

"Will they be disappointed, Cousin Silence?" asked Tom.

Poor fellow! he was in such a sore strait that he could not help a desire to have some small help from his cousin's hoard. He hardly dared hope she had left him a cent, and yet he was her only relative.

"That remains to be seen," was the unsatisfactory reply he received to his question. "But don't *you* cherish no hopes, for I aint left you a cent."

A bitter smile curled Tom's lips, but he made no reply.

"I suppose you think I'm peculiar in not leavin' you my money seein' you're the only kin I've got," went on Miss Silence, "but you've taken such precious pains to convince me you don't want it, that I've believed you an' acted accordin'."

Tom went home and repeated the conversation to Prissy, who shed a few tears, but tried to cheer up her husband's drooping spirits with hopes of more law business in the spring.

That night Miss Silence died, and the whole town turned out at her funeral a few days later.

"I expect Wolfboro ' Adademy will find itself able to erect a new building when Miss Silence's will is read," said old Mr. Craig. "She told me she'd consider the matter, and I know she was impressed with my arguments."

"I rather think you're mistaken," said Squire Darby, "for I feel morally certain she's left her money to found a library."

The minister, who stood near, smiled to himself. He had not the slightest doubt that the debt which had hung over his church like a pall would now be lifted through Miss Silence's will.

Tom did not want to go to the reading of the important document; but Prissy insisted, and so they went together, though neither of them looked very cheerful.

Mr. Simons made no objection to the presence of Squire Darby. Mr. Craig and the minister, laughed and chuckled as Deacon Bonney entered, with a pleasant smile, for Tom, who knew well enough what sarcastic triumph lay beneath it.

The will was dated a few days previous, and every penny in the bank, and the large farm, were left unconditionally to Prissy Lowey. Her husband's name was not mentioned.

Tom's face was a study, while Prissy almost fainted from this sudden relief to all her troubles.

The faces of the other men present were studies, too. The Deacon left the house without a word, and the Squire looked grimly at Mr. Craig.

"She was a very peculiar woman," said the minister, wiping his brow, on which the beaded drops of perspiration stood thickly. His anxiety about his church had been very great, you see.

But Tom and Prissy could afford to forget their dead cousin's peculiarities, since she had kept her vow never to leave Tom a cent, and yet had managed to make him comfortable for life. There was an immediate flitting to the comfortable farm-house, and Tom furnished a nice office in town, and drove in every morning in the spring wagon. Past troubles and cares were forgotten; the Baldwins were made more comfortable; and considering all things, Miss Silence did more good with her money than if she had left it to found a library or lift a church debt.

WERE I to pray for a taste, says Sir John Herschel, which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest and the purest characters who have adorned humanity—you make him a citizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him.

GLENARCHAN.

A gay party of travelers had been five years in Europe, among them Ellen May, to whom this period was a time of study as well as of pleasure. Aunt Anne made the proposal, and paid the expenses, in this, as in most of Ellen's enjoyments, proving herself a veritable fairy godmother. It was all over now, and the young girl was nearing home; she was leaning on the side of the vessel, to which height she had climbed by means best known to herself, and pondering on the word *Home*. No two persons give the same definition of this word. To one it represents a life-centre; to another only a circumference. To one it is an interior, with curtains drawn, and a household gathered around a fireside; to another, it is a house without blinds. To Nellie, as her friends called her, there was no memory of early happiness; no magnet of home life to draw her back; no beauty, no interest; she was returning to the house where she was born, that was nearly all; and this is how it looked: A large country house, white, square, and with sharp corners and meaningless windows, all the same size, and in exactly corresponding positions, well situated among trees which heavily shaded it, with a lawn front and back, a front porch, with straggling vines, stretching themselves about in search of sunshine, a back piazza looking south, covered with a luxuriant clematis. This came first to Nellie, then the vision of her mother, loving, of course, all mothers are; but was she fretful or nervous, that even in memory the voice rasped her like a file? She could not see her in this mental picture without seeing the weary look, and the two babies always being soothed or fed. They must be six years old now, these twin sisters, but they did not often appear in the letters, so Nellie could not fancy how they looked. There was another baby, a boy. "I hope he is not heavy," was the thought with which he was dismissed. Then the father, was he always cross now? she had no recollection of him in any other state of mind; so she left him there. Were the meals still ill served, the servants untidy? Then there came up one bright spot, and it took this form: "Dear, dear Jack. I wonder if he is good, and kind, and noble yet—if he is full of mischief, and forever being sworn at."

Here she stopped and fairly shuddered.

"Nellie," said a voice, "I promised not to say a word to-day, but just once more let me—"

"If it's the same story it is useless, Rob," but the lovely face turned towards him belied the words. "Once more, Nellie, I offer myself and my life to you. Come back with me to my Highland home, come back to the mother who learned to love you in those few happy days. Let me tell your father of the home waiting for you. I must return in a week; go back with me."

Tears dimmed Nellie's eyes, but her voice was firm. "You have repeated the dear old story, Rob, so I must repeat its answer. Five years I have been absent; it is my simple duty to return and to try to repay to my parents the sacrifice they made in parting with me. Mamma's last letter was a very wail of sadness; my young brother needs me. I must go; give me one year, Rob."

"And what then?"

"Then I will decide where is my duty."

"Have you no duty to me?"

Whereupon Nellie irreverently laughed, "I don't see it in any of the Catechism duties, unless it comes under the head of 'love him as myself.'"

"Such love as you give yourself will not suit me at all; you are wronging yourself."

"Rob, dear Rob, are you not doing the same duty as I? You promised your mother to return to her because she is lonely."

"My mother has no one but me—husband and children are gone—she *is* lonely."

"My mother is heart-lonely; I have told you she is not happy," returned Nellie.

"How often may I write to you?" he asked, abruptly.

"You are not to write for a year at least; I will not have anything clandestine. Oh, dear boy, do be patient."

"Love is very unequal," remarked the young man, turning his sunny Scotch face away, "you have small difficulty in doing without me for a year."

Nellie was silent; she was trying so hard to do right, and her lover did not help her.

"Oh, Rob, don't be vexed. I must go home free. I will not go home with a secret from my parents."

"Why not tell them?"

"I have told you before, I do not wish them to look upon me as unsettled; I go home with no plan formed for leaving again. It must be so; it must, it must." And Nellie tried to convince herself that no bright future loomed up before her.

"If I come when the year is out?"

"You will find I have not forgotten you."

"Will any one meet you, dear?" asked a pleasant voice, "or shall I drive you up?"

"Aunt Anne will send for me, thank you."

"And you, Mr. Mackenzie, will you come up with us?"

"Thanks, but I am quite at home in New York, and ready to be of any service to you ladies."

"We will only need to be put in our carriages; our luggage will be left; Jones will see it through the Custom House." The interest of the familiar scenes occupied them then, and as others joined the party Nellie tried to put aside her conflicting emotions, and to feel patriotic as they entered New York Bay, and buoyant as they neared the old wooden docks, which impress a foreigner with such an incongrous sense of dilapidation. The carriages were waiting, farewells said, and Nellie put in charge of Adams, the grey-haired negro, who had lived thirty years with "Miss Anne." Robert Mackenzie whispered, "I will see you this evening;" and then the rattle and the tumble, the hardly escaped collision with carts, carriages and omnibusses, till at last, bright, cheery Madison Avenue, with Aunt Anne's welcome, as warm and true as her own loving heart.

"My precious child," she exclaimed, after hours of conversation, "I wish you might stay with me; it is simply dreadful for you to return to that dreary old farm."

"Is nothing improved?"

"I fear not. I have not been there since you left. John is all I could wish when he is here, and Jack, who spent Christmas with me, is too loyal to tell home secrets. I judge from the boy's nature, if he could have told me anything pleasant he would have done so."

"I hope I can do something."

"But Nellie dear, how about Robert Mackenzie? He came to me with his troubles when he was here a year ago: don't you care for him?"

"Please forgive me, dear Aunty, for not answering that question. I want to go home free, and to do exactly whatever is my duty, before I answer Robert."

"Well, dear, you must decide for yourself: few girls have such a future as he has offered you. Will he be here this evening?"

"Yes, after dinner, but please tell me I am right: think of poor mother."

"Yes dear, you are right. God bless you."

CHAPTER II.

The next afternoon Adams put "the young Missus" in the cars; the luxury and beauty of life were left behind and the raging and snorting iron horse rushed madly towards the home life at May Farm.

"That's jolly! there you are," was the exclamation of the waiting Jack, who met his sister at the station. "Hi, aint you fine," he whispered as she kissed the sunburnt cheek, feeling a sense of satisfaction at his bright boyish greeting. "In with you, Nellie; trunk will come by the wagon; get up old Dolly."

"How are you all?" asked his sister, trying to feel very jolly indeed.

"Same old sixpences. Mother tired out, baby gettin' lighter every day, which is his chief virtue; Gov'nor cross as two sticks."

"Can't we brighten up things between us?"

"How so? think we'd make a team? I'm up

to any change. Back you in anything. It's awful jolly to have you home."

"Thank you, dear boy."

"Now, none of that. I'm a hard feller;" but tears were in his eyes, and what to do with them he did not know: if he wiped them off, Nellie would see. "Here we are. Well, I must say this is a poor welcome; not a soul in sight—whoa Dolly."

Ellen jumped out—everything was just as she left it, a shade dingier perhaps; she paused a moment, then a faint scream, a rustle, and her mother's arms were around her. "My darling, I meant to be dressed, but baby cried so—and—but I won't begin with my worries. How you are improved! You are a perfect picture. How dreary it must look to you." Ellen thought if the porch had been swept, and if her first look inside had not been met by hats, coats, hammers, saws, etc., etc., it would not have been so bad; but she followed her mother's self-denial, and only responded to her welcome. "Here are the children, big girls now," said the mother, as two pale, thin, unfinished looking little girls came to speak to sister Ellen.

A wail from above called the mother to the new boy, while Ellen made friends with the girls. While Jack was gone to the stable with the horse, she manfully struggled with heart-sickness as she looked for a clean chair to sit on; then seeing a broom beside the door, seized it with an eagerness that made her laugh, and sought the porch!

"Golly! if that don't beat the Dutch," exclaimed Jack as he came up, "I thought you'd be a great lady in silks, to be waited on; didn't expect to touch you with a long pole. Gimme that thing." A few vigorous flourishes improved affairs so much that Ellen sat down on the steps, with one little sister on each side of her. Something about the sweeping had lessened the distance between them and the wonderful stranger.

"Here's the Gov'nor," whispered Jack.

"Hello Nell, that you? Clear out, children; there's no gettin' into the house for brats. When did you come?"

"Just now," replied Ellen, giving her hand to her father, who offered no other greeting.

"Here Jack, you lazy villain, take Dolly and go down for the trunks. Tom says they haven't come; don't dare to send them up by the wagon."

"Dolly's been at work all day, and I was afraid you—"

"Shut up; go 'long, I tell you."

Jack said no more, but reharnessed the tired old mare, and drove towards the station. He met the wagon, and transferred the trunks.

"I must have half-price," said the man.

Jack was in despair, till he remembered he had his sister's purse, from which he paid the man, then paused to think what he had better do; it would be hard on Dolly to keep her as long as it would have taken to go to the station and back, besides, something in Nellie's look determined him to return and "face the music."

Most fortunately, his father had gone; his sister still sat on the steps, while the two pale faces of the twins gazed calmly at her from an upper window.

"Good! Gov. gone?" cried Jack.

"Father is not here," replied Ellen gravely.

Jack gave her a quizzical look.

"All the better for me. I'll get the trunks up stairs. You must have all creation in 'em. "Here, Tom," to a man passing the porch, "give me a lift, will you?"

Tom kindly came up, and in a few minutes Ellen's trunks were in her room, and Jack beside her again.

"Wait till I put Dolly up, I want to show you something."

The patient creature, who had been stealing furtive glances at Ellen, probably mistaking her for an angel, was soon restored to her supper, and Jack to his sister.

"I say, Nell, you shan't sit on that porch till tea time, studying the horse block; come up stairs; its rather dreary, but mother and I have one surprise for you."

Ellen gladly followed her brother to her old room; he opened the door, the four sleepy eyes of the twins appearing as they entered.

"Oh, how lovely this is," exclaimed the young girl; "how did you get all this nice furniture?"

It was only a cottage set, but bright and fresh, painted in white and green; the carpet was also green, with a white vein running over it—everything new, and unmistakably clean.

"That's our surprise," said Jack; "how mother and I did it is a miracle."

"Thank you more than I can tell; you can't tell how lovely it is to me: do tell me how you did it."

"Mother has a little money, you know, and I saved up the rest."

"Saved up! you?"

"I don't wonder you laugh; it took a year. I hardly know how I did it. Boss gave me the walnuts, and I sold 'em; then Aunt Anne sent me the car fare when she asked me for Christmas. I managed to go down on the engine, and put the money in the stock. Then she gave me a green-back to spend in the city; I only spent a V—a feller has some expenses, you know—and I had to buy something for mother. Then Gov. gave me money for shoes, I bought hob-nails instead—and so on, no matter how. Mother and I used to count up once a week; we had a money chest and were like two misers; I kept it in a hole in a tree."

"You dear, dear boy, how good you are!"

"None of that now—I'm such a fool," as the

troublesome tears came again in Jack's eyes, and threatened to fall.

"I say, Nell, the best of it is, Gov. thinks Aunt Anne sent it for you."

"But that is not true."

"Well, I should rather say not; but don't blow, for he'd toss it out of the window if he knew."

"But, Jack—"

"Shut up, there he is."

"Most done prinking?" asked the father. "Nancy's made a fool of herself fixing up your room, Eleanor!"

He went down stairs.

"There, he's calling mother; she's in the kitchen making you some cream cakes; if she has to come up they'll be spoiled."

"No matter about them."

"But she will be so disappointed."

"Father," called Ellen, "won't you take me a little walk before tea?"

"Yes," he grunted.

"Whew! now you've done for yourself," said Jack softly, "do you really want to?"

"I want to help mother—oh, Jack, did you fill those vases with flowers?" but Jack had gone out of the window.

"Come along," said her father, not willing to show any pleasure; "got boots fit?"

"Yes, indeed; I'm ready to be a country girl again, and I want to see what changes you have made in these five years."

"Mighty few changes. What's the use? Here's a new fence this side the corn field."

"That's nice," replied Ellen demurely.

"'Taint at all; it's as cheap and rough as can be."

She tried again.

"Is there prospect of good crops, father? We had a great deal of rain in England."

"Pretty fair, had a drought here; wonder England don't get soaked through and sink; thought everything was going to turn to powder here and blow up. Oats doing well, timothy's pretty fair, potatoes will fail; 'taint much matter what fails and what don't."

"That's not a very cheerful view to take of it," laughed Ellen. "I suppose, on the average, one season is as good as another."

"Well, don' no, maybe in the long run, 'tis so. Work like blazes, then comes a drought. Get your hay down, then down comes a pouring rain. Plant best potato seed, and potato bugs stands ready."

"Life is hard," said Ellen in agreement.

"Hard! not for women; they sit in the house while men work."

"That's the hardest part of all; I can't imagine harder work than sitting still."

"Maybe you'd like to take a turn in the fields with the mercury 150."

"That is hard too; but women have work enough with house-keeping and servants, sewing and children. You know "men's work is from sun to sun. Women's work is never done.""

"What you talk of is *loafing*, not work."

"It's something that must be done, so I call it work; whether it is hard or not, depends on how those take it, for whom it is done." She could not resist this one shot.

"You're young," remarked her father, a slight shade of color mounting to his hair, "Here's a good calf, he'll bring something; but I lost a pair of oxen this summer, so that's more'n balanced."

"Father, your corn looks finely."

"Yes, guess I'll have half a crop. Blackbirds pulled up half the seed; to see the way them creatures did it was aggravating. They didn't care for scarecrows. Then I tried arsenic and poisoned them."

"What extraordinary birds they are," thought the foreign traveler.

"Oh, here's the dear little brook, and the bridge, just as it used to be; how the children must love to play here."

"Play! Jack's dip-candles, do you mean? I never heard of their playing since they've been round."

"Poor darlings, they want some one to teach them. I'll show them what good times I had once."

"Better let 'em alone—teach them to darn stockings. If I die you'll all go to pot. Can't expect Nancy to take the whole kit and boodle of you."

"She certainly will not, if you call her Nancy," laughed Ellen, picturing to herself an elegant Aunt Anne, with her silks and laces, and luxurious home.

"Nancy's her name; I ain't a going to set her up with Anne; she's as proud as Lucifer now. Here we are at the sorghum field. Can you climb a fence?"

"As well as a mountain, and quicker," exclaimed Ellen, as she reached the other side; "there, I claim your praise."

"None of your stage fooling," but he smiled for all that, and Ellen began to think the cream cakes must be done.

"Your sorghum looks well."

"Yet, but it's a poor crop now; folks getting tired of it. It always had a taste I didn't like. The mill is in the hollow."

They turned to the barnyard, where the little yellow chickens were gathering under their mother's wings. Ellen exclaimed with pleasure, and her father experienced a momentary enjoyment; but not recognizing his good angel, he shook it off, and gruffly said:

"If you want any tea, you'd better come in now."

"I'm as hungry as a child," pleasantly said Ellen, "and there's mother looking for us; don't

she look pretty standing there under the vines?"

Her father saw only a faded woman, with streaks of gray in her hair, and lines of care in her face, and expected a weary, unmusical voice to say, "Tea is ready."

He made no answer to Ellen, whose bright face was doing its work on her mother; and she, not having been badgered this afternoon, said in a nearly cheerful tone, "Had a good walk? father, isn't it good to have Nell back again?"

The frightened twins were clinging to her for protection; but as nothing was said to them, she did not mind having no answer; silence was comparatively bliss.

Ellen was shocked; memory reminded her it was nothing new, so taking a hand of each little girl, she answered for her father—

"Yes, mother, we had a very nice walk; everything looks well on the farm, and the chickens—oh, children, have you seen the chickens?"

"No," they whispered.

"Speak up, you white idiots."

"*No*," they shrieked, bursting into tears.

"I vow girls ought to be drowned," was the rejoinder; "they seem born with tanks of tears, on purpose."

Ellen wisely made no remark, as her mother had not heard this, having preceded them to the dining-room. The tea-table was abundantly spread; there was no stint of food at May Farm; the cream cakes were perfect, and Ellen gave a grateful look to her mother.

"Where's Jack?"

"He was here a minute ago."

"What's that got to do with it? where is he now?"

"I don't know."

"Why didn't you say that at first? I hate dodging."

Jack entered.

"I was kept a moment by—"

"No matter; excuses are as plenty as blackberries; you come to your meals in time, or find another boarding place."

Having thus succeeded in destroying the comfort of every member of his family, this delightful paterfamilias subsided into his tea-cup. No one spoke; conversation was not encouraged at the table. The mother busied herself with her tea-pots; the twins devoured cream cakes, preserves and sweet cake; Jack made way with a beefsteak and a pie, then without a word went off—not, however, until he had managed to touch his mother's hand, to wink at Ellen, and make a face at the twins which nearly sent them into convulsions.

"Going to town meeting, John?" ventured his wife.

No answer. Whereupon Ellen said:

"Mother asked if you are going to town meeting, father."

"Did she? Well, perhaps I am, perhaps I'm not."

"Mother," said Ellen demurely, "father says perhaps he is, perhaps he is not."

"Thank you, dear," replied her mother greatly alarmed at this audacity. The father said nothing; he kicked over a chair when he left the room, but that hurt no one.

A sigh of relief came from among the tea-pots. Ellen struggled against an expression of a like feeling, and said:

"It is warm and lovely; let us go out on the porch."

"I've got a good deal of sewing on hand, dear, but I'll come for a little while."

The servant came in to clear the table then. She had on a clean white apron, which was washed expressly for her first appearance before the young lady; her face wore a fine expression of being worth looking at.

"That's Mary;" said Mrs. May.

"How are you, Mary?" pleasantly said Ellen.

"Quite well, thank you, Miss. Hope I see you the same."

The kerosene lamp was burning dimly in the parlor; millers and beetles were enjoying its beams, preparatory to their fiery death.

"Don't go there, mother; come outside."

"Presently," whispered her mother, taking up her basket of work, a proceeding explained by the heavy footsteps coming down stairs.

"Good-bye, father," said Ellen, as he passed.

No answer.

"Is he off?" asked her mother.

"Vanishing down the road; do come out."

The work was so arranged that it could be quickly resumed, and the twins told to sit on the log by the gate, and to "tell mother when father turns the corner."

"He is rather uncertain," she explained to Ellen, "and it's nicer to know when he's coming."

Ellen took no notice; she placed a comfortable chair for her mother, and sitting down on the step beside her, remarked that the boy slept quietly.

"Yes, I gave him a little more syrup than usual."

"What kind of syrup?"

"Soothing syrup. I have to give him a little, father gets so nervous when he cries; it don't hurt him. I don't think it agreed with the twins, they're so pale."

"Rather," replied Ellen, remembering the rosy children seen abroad, "are you not afraid of narcotics?"

"Yes, but much more afraid of your father's way of quieting him."

Ellen changed the subject. "I want to thank you, mother, for the lovely furniture in my room; it is so fresh and beautiful."

"I'm delighted you like it, dear. Jack and I managed it: your father thinks his sister sent it; don't let him find out."

Ellen was shocked at these cool deceptions, but gave the required promise, thinking her labors were likely to be Herculean, among both moral and physical wrecks.

"I keep the twins up," continued her mother, "because I'm so lonely in the evenings; your father and Jack are mostly out."

"Where does Jack go? to the village?"

"Oh, I never ask; anywhere to get away."

"I will be with you in the evenings now; suppose we put the twins to bed early."

"They're not tired, my dear, they always look so; father says women are born tired."

"I was not," promptly replied Ellen.

"Juno brought you and Jack up; I don't have her success with the others."

"Dear old Juno, where is she now?"

"She has a cottage a mile off; it's too far for her to walk, or for me. Jack goes down with things; father don't mind our helping her a little, but I don't bring her much before his notice; it's better."

"Mother, I have come home to help you; how can I best do it?"

"By never seeming to do it. You did more for me this afternoon by taking your father out to walk, than I can explain. You will need the serpent's wisdom with the dove's harmlessness."

"Why do you not sometimes assert yourself, mother?" asked Ellen, struck with her clear reply.

"Oh, don't speak of it," she said, shivering; "it's not my nature; I can endure, but I can't fight."

The fretful voice had returned. Ellen hastened to banish it by telling of some of the amusing incidents of her voyage, when the twins suddenly rushed towards the house—"He's coming, he's coming!"

Mrs. May rushed to the parlor, resuming her darning; the little girls scrambled up stairs, tumbled out of their clothes, got into bed, and hid their heads under the cover.

Ellen had a hard struggle for composure, but continued her conversation in a louder voice, hating herself for the deception.

"It's a lovely evening, father," she said, as he came in.

"Is it? Where's your mother?"

"Inside, sewing."

"Hasn't she been out?"

"Yes, for a little while. She is hard at work now."

"Hem," he growled; "call her."

"Mother dear, come out, *do;* I'll help you sew to-morrow."

She ventured to do so; and was much amazed by her husband pushing a chair two inches towards her.

The leaven had already begun to work, for Mr. May had experienced the second pleasurable sensation of the day, in the sight of the young girl seated in calm repose in the fading light: it made him hate to think of his wife darning socks among the beetles. Ellen continued her story, and though there were no responses, she saw there was some interest. After a longer period of quiet than usual, Mr. May went inside to read the evening paper; he began by kicking over the work basket, and swearing at it; somehow he hoped it was annihilated. His wife heard it fly across the room, and stole a furtive glance at Ellen, who at once proposed a walk to the gate. The log on which the twins kept watch seemed more inviting than the porch.

"I have not been out for a week," said her mother, "somehow I'm alway busy, and then I don't much like to leave the children."

"I can relieve you now; I mean you to go away to make a visit."

"Oh no, Ellen, it would be too hard when I come home; you know the galled horse on the canal feels the collar more when it is put on again." But somehow a faint hope dawned on the mother; she did not recognize it as such, but thought she felt rested, and that the air did her good. When they went in, Ellen managed to obtain a gruff 'good night,' before they went upstairs. "Father has the room opposite mine now; he says those children keep him awake; it's a great comfort to know they can stir without disturbing him."

"It must be," said Ellen dryly.

She was not sleepy, so she stood by her window, thinking of the far-off days when she had watched the stars come out, and wondered if any one called them. Her future looked dark; there seemed a mountain to climb, and on it there was no road. "Try, Ellen, to love me well enough to forsake all for my sake," still rang in her ears, yet she did not regret the reply, "All but duty." When duty and inclination coincide, life work is easy; when duty has weights, and inclination has wings, one is well nigh torn asunder.

A low voice called her; Jack was holding on by the edge of the piazza roof, his head just above it. "Creep down the back steps, Nell; come, let's have a walk; I've been dodging around watching for your light."

It was a delightful invitation; Ellen felt that Jack was her only helper, and soon he was leading her far from her trouble.

"Where have you been, dear old fellow?"

"I never stay home when boss is 'round; he and I don't take stock together."

"Oh Jack, *do* say father; it's dreadful to hear such words."

"Nell," and Jack's merry tone fell to deepest seriousness, "the word 'father' tells of care and tenderness on one side, and love and respect on

the other. I have no father. Farmer May has no son." Ellen made no answer. "Don't preach, Nell, that's a dear. I'm an uncommonly good boy, as boys go; better be content with such things as you have. I hate the governor, and he hates me, so the less said about it the better. I spent this evening with Juno, sitting on the steps of her shanty; she is crazy to see you. I told her you would go down to-morrow; the old soul is better now. Don't talk to me about the old man; when I think about Juno,"—and he whistled a rolicking tune. "Isn't this a lovely place; I've made moss grow on these rocks; it's as soft as a cushion; I come here and dream; there's room for two; now, Nell, look for the stars. I love to watch those glorious lights come out, and fancy that its some angel's business to light them up every night. We're just on the edge of the meadow—at night it looks like the sea—sometimes the wind makes great rolling billows of the grass, and I long to be tossing on the ocean. Tell me of the great world the other side; tell me of people who spend their lives in the enjoyment of other men's labors; tell me of castles, of palaces, of pictures, of statues, of days where it is all moral sunshine."

Jack gave her no chance to speak till he reached the one subject of his dreams, and Ellen wisely left their every-day world, telling him of Rome, of the old Rome whose giant foot-prints are yet uneffaced, of how they sweep across the Campagna, of how they stand grand in ruins, telling a story that is almost a resurrection; silent, with deep emotion, the boy listened, sometimes seizing her hand, sometimes throwing himself upon his face, but never spoke until she paused from weariness.

"Oh Nell, and *you* have seen it all. Father—Father in heaven give me patience," he cried stretching out his hands to the glittering tabernacle. "Will you tell me everything, Nellie, dear? I will see it sometime; but I cannot wait, I'm heart hungry."

"I will talk whenever you wish, dear boy," replied his sister, amazed at these developments; "but now ought we not to go home?"

"Home!" cried Jack. "Home! May farm is a fine home."

"Mother is there," said Ellen, quietly.

"Poor mother! Yes, we will go home; but time is nothing in the night, and the doors are never locked."

"But you will be tired for your work to-morrow."

"I will be tired *of* my work to-morrow. I rest better on these rocks than on any bed owned by Farmer May."

They went slowly home after that, and Ellen found it was two o'clock when she finally reached her room. She had been home ten hours—it seemed a week.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning a low fretting sound wakened Ellen; she started, wondering where she was, for the bed had tossed and rolled all night, and she fancied she was still in the small limits of her state-room.

A tired voice was soothing a moaning child, "Oh, dear, why did you wake up till I was dressed!—hush, hush, do stop, I shall go frantic; hush—hush my dear, lie still and slumber, holy angels—there now, you've waked the twins"—the mother always called these young ladies "the twins," because their father had named them Judith and Kezia. The weak voices of these damsels began their usual whine, and between these and "heavenly blessings without number," Ellen became thoroughly awake and alive to her position. She closed her door, which had been left open during the hot night, and made her toilet; a plain linen collar, with a venture in the shape of a blue bow, were her only ornaments; then, feeling as if she left peace behind her, she knocked at her mother's door.

"Good gracious! breakfast can't be ready," exclaimed her distracted parent. "Mercy, Ellen what *do* you want?—how lovely you look, dear."

"I came for the little girls; I will take them outside till breakfast is ready."

"Oh, thank you, dear; you *are* going to be a help. Children, are you ready?"

They looked frightened to death, but answered Ellen's pleasant "Come," by putting their cold damp hands in hers.

"Is the baby awake yet, mother? I haven't seen him, you know."

"He is off to sleep again," replied her mother; "better wait till later."

So Ellen and her two silent charges went down the back stairs, some instinct preserving her from going out the front door, where her benevolence could be overlooked. Off into the fresh coolness she led her charges, who received the first breath of the morning with shivers.

The morning was lovely, the birds were singing with wild joy; the twins clung closely to their sister. "Listen to the birds," she said. "Do you hear that robin?"

"Does that bird make that noise?" whispered No. 1.

"Yes, he does; stop now and listen."

"I don't hear him," said No. 2. The child was not deaf.

"Try to hear," said Ellen; "he sings so," imitating the bird; "do you hear now?"

"Yes, I hear," whispered No. 2.

Could it be possible these country children did not know the songs of birds?

Jack appeared. "Hallo; nurse-maid, hey? You're a picture, Nell; how fine you are."

"What, in this old traveling dress? I thought I was a pike-staff."

"It's you, then; I thought it was your feathers."

Ellen laughed a bright, merry laugh, such as was uncommon in those precincts.

"You sing the prettiest," ventured No. 1.

"Sing! I didn't sing." Whereupon No. 1 began to cry.

"Oh, you two geese," exclaimed Jack. "Kezia has made the first practical remark that has been perpetrated by any member of this lovely and highly-cultured family, and our traveled sister fails to appreciate. Yes, Kezy, my love, Jack thinks so too; don't cry, my well-spring of joy; Nell's laugh is the sweetest singing we have heard for many a long day," and Jack looked with some interest on this precocious one of the "dip candles," as he was pleased to call his sisters.

Ellen laughed heartily then. "I'm unused to flattery," she said. "Come, Jack, I want to show the chickens to the children."

"Keep close to the fence, then; no need to rouse the watch dog, who is shaving."

At this more tears came from the "well springs of joy," who whimpered they were afraid of dogs.

"I'll defend you," said Jack, "though there's no knowing how this excursion will please his majesty."

"What harm can there be in it?"

"None that you or I can discover, Nell; you go on, and I'll walk around the front and keep him busy; he'll begin at me as soon as he sees me."

Ellen was dismayed, but kept on, pleased to see a faint flush of color overspread the faces of the twins, as they saw the little yellow chickens.

"What are they?" whispered No. 1.

"Chickens, of course. They come out of the white eggs, like what you have for breakfast."

"Are they alive?"

"Yes; don't you see them run?"

"Baby don't run."

"He will when he is old enough. When night comes the old hen calls them, and they all run under her wings and go to sleep."

"Does she give them brown stuff in a spoon?"

"No indeed, they go to sleep without that."

"Does their father holler at 'em?"

"Oh, no! there's no need; they go to sleep quietly."

"Why does we have to go to sleep so much?"

"So that you can grow strong, and well, and tall."

This was very deep conversation, and the children began to droop; they could not attend long; a bell warned them to return.

Jack was on the piazza. "Hurry in; he'll be down in a minute; he's awful to-day, because he overslept."

Ellen determined to pursue her course bravely; they all went into the dining-room, where a bountiful supply of provisions stood in painful disarray on yesterday's tablecloth.

"Shall we wait for father?" asked Ellen.

"I'm sure I don't know; sometimes he likes it, sometimes he don't. I think we'll sit down."

Presently a stream of oaths was heard descending the stairs, "Nice behaviour; is anything left for me?" asked Mr. May, as he entered.

"Two beefsteaks, cakes and coffee," replied Ellen, cheerfully; "you won't starve, father."

"I'll see to that, I promise you." Jack handed the coffee, and the rest of the breakfast passed in silence. When he had done eating, Mr. May said to Ellen, "You'd better find something to do; we don't go wandering after pleasure on these premises."

"I'll keep busy, never fear," she answered; "but I must have a day or two to put my things in order and to feel at home."

"If they don't get in order pretty soon, I'll help fix 'em," with which alarming threat he went out, followed by Jack.

"I'll take some breakfast, now, dear," said the mother. "I thought I wouldn't disturb father to help me before."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MIST OF SPRING.

CAROLINE A. MERIGHI.

What hath arisen from the snows,
The sunken snows of long unrest?
Was it the form that wears the rose,
The dream-sought rose of winter's quest?

Forgotten are the mournful days,
The mournful days when flowers had died,
When to the voice that called always,
No voice of any bird replied.

What seeks the soul through season sad,
That seems it swift will come again,
When winds of spring are warm and glad,
And vanished far the icy rain?

What secret bear the stream and tree,
The dazzling flight of butterflies;
When thrills the air with melody,
And streams are swift, and larks arise?

Why yearns the heart, why seek the eyes
The things to come, the yet unseen?
Why prayers as sad when naught replies,
As though no summer ere had been?

Saw not the gaze one year agone
As fair a rose? Came not the strain
Of thrush as sweetly on the morn?
Is't not the same, though come again?

Ah, faint and troubled soul, reply!
Give up the secret of thy song,
Tell why the thrush hath melody,
And why the winter day was long!

'Tis only this, the winter's blast
Says nothing to the heart in pain;
And the sweet summer-influence cast,
On souls, 'is *Hope* that lives again.

AUNT EDITH'S STORY.

BY MARION COUTHOUY.

Author of "Papers for Girls."

Mrs. Rodney was arranging her music. She sat on the floor, before a high, old-fashioned cabinet, with drawers, from whence she drew piles of loose sheets, and rare collections bound in pamphlet form, whose yellow covers she regarded with affectionate reverence. Her music-room was an attractive little nook of a place, and she was herself a pleasant woman to look at, in her graceful middle-age, with her matronly form, dark abundant hair, and kindly bright blue eyes. Her present lowly position detracted little from the native dignity which invested her, as if with a royal robe.

Some one knocks at the door, and she lifts her face—a face upon which her history is written, if one were skilled to read it. The chin is somewhat square, the jaw a trifle too broad, the mouth large, firm, and pleasant, the whole expression, strong, sweet, and *capable*. She is one who has struggled and royally overcome; and who is now enjoying the well-earned repose of an honorable maturity.

"Come in!" she cries, in the sweet, full voice which we would expect from such a mouth and throat.

"I thought you would be here!" says the young girl, who enters. "I wondered why the door was shut between this room and the parlor, and concluded you must be busy at something here."

"I'm sorting the music; and will you help me, Bert? I am delighted to see you. Kiss me if you can reach me, but don't step on Chopin's Nocturnes. I've just bought a new copy. Such confusion as this music had got into! I couldn't find anything I wanted, and some of my old books are coming to pieces. Here, can you put these sonatas together by the number of the leaves? They are to be re-bound."

"Yes; but auntie, here are some of Haydn's mixed in with Mozart's!"

"If you know them apart, then, separate them," said Mrs. Rodney; but as she spoke, she looked somewhat curiously into Bertha's face. "What is wrong with the child?" she thought. She went on very quickly, putting her music into the drawers.

After a long pause, Bertha spoke again. "The sonatas are right now, Aunt Edith; but did you know you had lost a whole leaf out of Chopin's Twelfth Nocturne?"

"Why, Bertie, you have the old book. I just told you I had bought a new one. And even if I had lost it, I don't think you would cry about it! You needn't keep your face turned away. I heard it in your voice. Face right about, Bertha! I must know about this, my child. An engaged young lady, at the mature age of seventeen, in such a melancholy state of mind! Why, Bert!"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Bertha, bursting into tears.

"What is it, dear?" said her aunt, with deep sympathy. "Is anything wrong with Mr. Merivale?"

"No," said Bertha, more quietly, "not that; but—I'll tell you, Aunt Edith. Our engagement is broken!"

"What!" cried Mrs. Rodney, springing up. "Well, that's the most sens— the most *singular* thing I've heard of for some time. My child, how did it happen?"

"I—I broke it off," and Bertha's pretty young face looked as woe-begone as if she had said "he jilted me!"

"Ah!" said Mrs Rodney, seating herself on a divan, and drawing Bertha down beside her; "I thought it would end in this way. I was sure you *could* not marry Mr. Merivale, and I am very glad."

"Don't say anything against him!" said Bertha, crying again. "He's perfect—absolutely perfect!"

Aunt Edith smiled. "Perfect, my dear, yet you sent him away? Come, clear up this mystery."

"I can't," said Bertha, "and it is *that* that's so dreadful! I don't understand it myself. I'm sure I love him, but I *couldn't* marry him. I really can't marry any one—I am afraid to promise—but yet I'm sorry I broke the engagement, for I miss him dreadfully! What shall I do? I cannot bear to have him or lose him—either one!" and she looked positively despairing. "What does it mean, Auntie?"

Her aunt looked thoughtful, and sat, gently smoothing the girl's bright hair.

"I think I can tell you, Bertha," she said, after a pause. "You do not love him, and I am thankful that you found it out in time."

"I *do* love him," exclaimed the inconsistent Bertha. "He is handsome, and clever, and kind, and—oh, dear, I do certainly love him!"

"You don't know the A, B, C of love," said the aunt, with gentle scorn. "You are a child! Bertie, I have mourned over your engagement, especially as it was to have been a short one. To choose your life's path—one which you must follow to the end whether you will or no!—at your age, is the wildest folly, and *must* have ended in sorrow. You are attached to Mr. Merivale because he is your first love, and because, as you say, he is handsome, and clever, and kind, and you are accustomed to his homage, and will miss him. But oh! Bertha, wait for a great love, with a deeper foundation!"

"Oh, I cannot have another," cried the girl, sobbing. "I couldn't think of saying the same

thing to some one else—*promising* again, when I broke the first vow! It is so dishonorable—a broken engagement is dreadful!"

"No, you have not been dishonorable, but brave and true. Trust me, there is nothing so dreadful as a rash, ill-considered marriage. Oh, if only every girl would wait until she has the heart of a woman! A *wife* at seventeen—think of it, Bertha!"

"But, Auntie, *you* married at sixteen!" and Bertha looked up wonderingly into the earnest, agitated face beside her.

"Yes," said Edith, and her lips were fixed with a strange look that Bertha had never seen upon her face before. "Yes, I married at sixteen!"

There was a world of suggestion in the fall of her rich, stern tones at the close of that sentence. The girl regarded her in silence.

"I will tell you my story!" cried Edith, suddenly, clasping the light form with unwonted passion. "I will tell you; and then you will be glad, thankful, as I am thankful for you, that you escaped what I have borne. But yet—will she understand how it felt?" she continued, speaking, as if to herself, and looking musingly in Bertha's eyes.

"I think I will," returned the latter, quietly. "I have suffered so much, in making my decision and in my conflict of feeling, that I seem to have added years to my life and understanding!"

"I can see that you have, my love. Then let me tell you. Remember that I have nothing to say against Mr. Rodney. The causes of my trouble lay more in myself than in him. You have seen his portrait; you know what his beauty was—those clear-cut, faultless features that are essential to beauty in a man, and dark brilliant eyes. I was a womanly girl for my years; I was romantic, and intensely self-willed. I was advised to wait, but the thought was maddening; I scorned every word that suggested moderation, in feeling or action. It was inevitable—I could not see clearly at the time. I remember how his every word and movement fascinated me; even the trifling fact that he was a graceful dancer added to my infatuation! Then his love-making was irresistible in my eyes! He was ten years older than myself, still a very young man, to be sure; but *I* was a child! So we were married. The honeymoon was all that could be desired; it was a dream of bliss; but waking comes after every dream, and it is a happy thing when the peace of the dream is carried into waking hours, and when the bright morning sunlight shines into our opening eyes. I wakened to a very gloomy twilight!

"I don't intend giving you a detailed account of the first ten years of my married life; neither do I intend dwelling upon the faults that I found in my husband. They were no more, indeed they were far less, than many a wife has found; but, as I told you, I was self-willed. I could not readily adjust myself to another's nature, and here was a nature which opposed mine at every turn. I do not say that he was tyrannical; it was as natural that he should wish to have his own way as that I should wish to have mine; but the trouble was, that our tastes and desires never agreed! All the needs of our natures were at variance. I was passionate, eager, intense, and always sternly in earnest; he was light, gay, somewhat impressible, but rarely retaining impressions. And we never could like the same things, from a breakfast dish to a work of art! Forbearance, of course, was the cure for all this, but I had never learned forbearance; how should I? This was my first training. I was not naturally pliable, and I could not run myself into a new mould. Then, I had a world of thought which he had never entered. He did not care for my favorite books; and the music, which was my life, was little more, I believe, than a *noise* to him! Before our marriage, he had listened smilingly to my playing, and called it "splendid;" and I had hidden from my own consciousness the need which I felt of finer appreciation. After our marriage, however, he did not even pretend to be interested in my music; and I think it annoyed him!

"If we had quarreled more—strange as it may seem!—I believe we would have been happier. Had I broken out into passionate anger, placed myself in the wrong, and been forced to apologize, I might have excused him more, and blamed myself. But it was not my way. I did not storm at him, but I grew cold and scornful; he grew indifferent and neglectful. It was the old, wretched story! I will not, as I said, enter into details, or speak even of one *scene* that we had. It is enough to say that my love, which had never been of a self-denying character, gradually flickered and went out like the flame of a candle. I had married in ignorance of my husband's mind and temperament, and in yet more total ignorance of my own; and I was a very miserable woman.

"I would not let my first-born child console me—my little Ernest!—I remember we even quarreled over his name! His father, I know, loved him devotedly, and I was not without the warm feelings of a mother; but I had grown so hard, and so morbidly wretched, that I refused to take comfort even in my child. I think that was my worst sin. If I were justified to a certain degree in my disappointment and unhappiness as a wife, I could at least have become *all mother*. I was kind to my boy—indeed, he was so beautiful and so gentle that no one could fail to love him—but it was a mournful kindness at the best; a sort of listless, regretful tenderness, as if I were continually sighing over his unfortunate birth into so dreary a world. You see I had staked

too much upon my marriage, and could not bear the hard realities of my life. And they were harder than I care to tell you now!

"During all this time, my grief was hidden from the world. I was far more recklessly, daringly gay than I had been in my girlhood. For my pride was not broken; I could not have borne that my own mother should pity me. I once, in my terrible need of sympathy, wrote an anonymous letter to a lady who was a stranger to me, but I received no answer. I learned afterwards that the medium of communication which I had suggested was inaccessible to her. I believed her to be one who could understand my trouble; but I think now that advice from her could have helped me but little, as she was younger than myself, and unmarried. But the incident added to my discouragment.

"At length I had an illness, which left me nervous and weak, and therefore added to the morbid intensity of my suffering. Shortly afterwards, a quarrel arose between my husband and myself. As regards the cause of that quarrel, I was to some extent the injured party; and, having kept silence for so long, my upbraidings were bitter and terrible. Sitting alone after he had left me, I pondered upon the state of my life, and a definite purpose rose at length out of the chaos of my thoughts. I *would* not forgive him now; I *could* not—or thought I could not—bend to the mastery of a nature which had grown contemptible in my sight. I *hated him;* and my whole soul shrank from the prospect of living year after year with a husband whose love for me, as I decided, was dead, and for whom my own love had turned to loathing. My provocation at this time was really not small, for he had at length given me some cause for jealousy—slight cause, I own, yet more than I could bear, for my jealousy was of that bitter kind which springs up, not side by side with love, but from the empty place where love has been! I do not justify myself; I was a foolish, wilful, maddened woman. *I decided to leave him.* That very night, I resolved I would take my child and go. I was well provided with money; I was fully capable of supporting myself by teaching music, and I had a certificate from my former master, whose name was everywhere well known. I would go to a distant city, and lose myself in the throng of workers; my husband, perhaps, would seek and find me, but I should refuse to return. No one could force me; was I not an independent being? I actually did not know that the law would deprive me of my child, and restore him to his father.

"At twilight, I dressed myself in a traveling suit, and got Ernest ready. His fair unconscious face shone upon me like an angel's. All purity, and love, and heavenly gentleness, were in the mystery of those deep-blue innocent eyes; but I would not read my lesson there! He was only six years old—my little child, my own, own child! If I had known, as I kissed him passionately, that it would be—but I must not speak of that yet!

Mrs. Rodney paused, in a fierce struggle with deep emotion. Bertha sat spell-bound, clasping her aunt's hand closely, with loving, wondering eyes fixed upon her face. It was not long before the story was resumed.

"I took nothing with me but a small valise," continued Edith, "but it contained sufficient money to enable me to supply all present needs. I left no word—not even a note—I left the house quietly with my child. We lived in the country, and our grounds were extensive and beautiful. Avoiding the road at first, I crossed the lawn, and passed along the bank of a deep, swift stream of water that ran through a grove of noble trees on our domains. I intended to pass through a small gate which would lead me to a narrow path—the shortest way to the railroad station. Ernest ran before me—I did not notice him. The ground was uneven—how shall I tell you, Bertha?—he slipped and fell—my only child!—he struck his head sharply against a projecting branch, or snag—and dropped like a stone into the water!"

Her voice grew hoarse and deep, and sank.

"Oh, auntie, don't tell me—don't tell me!" cried Bertha, hiding her face.

"He never breathed again, Bertha," said Edith, in low, sweet, solemn tones. "God took him from me in a moment, and kept him until I shall be worthy to see him once more! * * * I plunged after him, but the cold water overwhelmed me; I struggled vainly, and my eyes grew dim. I knew nothing more until I found myself lying on the bank, in my husband's arms, and beside me—beside me—lay the body of my one little child! Don't cry, Bertha; he has never been lost or dead to me. The 'idea of his life' is always with me, and though I love my other children dearly, my first-born has been my guardian saint. Oh, in what mercy and goodness he was taken away! Never were the beautiful uses of sorrow so clearly exemplified. For that date was the beginning of my true life.

"My husband had come home earlier than was expected, and had heard the terrible cry I gave when Ernest fell. He saved me, and succeeded in drawing out our child's body; but the blow and the shock had done their work. I think the deepest and most passionate love my husband ever felt was for this son; his whole nature was changed and deepened by his loss. For myself, every particle of resentment, of self-love and pride, were whelmed in the flood of this sudden agony. I confessed all; I was forgiven, and I forgave. I cannot give you the history of those days—after our loss; I will tell you instead of the years that followed, when my struggle after

forbearance and love was carried on in earnest, and was rewarded by a true victory over myself; and when I made the discovery at last, that the most uncongenial natures become less trying to one another when each presents a surface softened by mutual tenderness, and ready to receive impressions. When I exacted less, I found that less was exacted from me; and as I became more and more unconscious of *self*, I found a new and better self growing within me—a self in which was rooted the life and happiness of another. In time, more children were vouchsafed to me, and I learned at last what the *another-life* is, in its utter and happy self-abnegation.

"I will not say that my husband ever realized my soul's ideal, but I was able to relinquish that vain and idle dream for the abiding reality of a self-sacrificing affection. He died, ten years after the catastrophe which cut our lives in two; and the last words we exchanged were words of peace and love. You know the history of my widowhood,—how I have worked for my children, and have been busy and quite content.

"I have spoken very freely to you, my child, because I wanted you to see what dangerous experiments these rash marriages are. People fancy that they love, because, forsooth, one is handsome and the other is entertaining; and afterwards, they have plenty of time to learn the truth. You will say that your experience *could* not have resembled mine. That is true, for you and I differ in many things. You are not self-willed, but yielding; you are brighter, and less self contained; Mr. Merivale also is unlike what my husband was. He is young—far too young; Your life would have differed from mine at every point, and yet the result would perhaps have been equally unsatisfactory, only in some other way. Had you married, I should have preached to you the utmost forbearance and self-sacrifice; *now*, I can only say, abide by your latest decision; follow this instinct of yours, this shrinking dread and painful doubt. You do not feel it without a reason, and you have acted wisely. Only don't let Mr. Merivale persuade you—"

"Oh auntie!" interrupted Bertha, "you don't know how good he has been. He does not persuade me; he leaves me free, and prefers to abide by my choice."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Rodney, with an odd little smile. "That is very fortunate just now; but I think that in the future my loving-hearted little niece will find what she needs, a more ardent and impetuous lover!"

And so she did!—but I have nothing to say about that at present, since I have finished *Aunt Edith's Story.*

THOSE who trample on the helpless are dis posed to cringe to the powerful.

DOST REMEMBER?

A. M.

Dost remember youth's bright morning, when we wandered hand in hand,
Seeing naught but joy around us, as the hours sped on?
Then we trod a path of roses, smiled, and lived in fairy land,
Where no cloud of strife or sorrow dimmed our golden dawn.
Thrills my soul with wildest longing for those days of yore—
Dreams have vanished; hopes have faded, to return no more.
Be still, oh! yearning heart, be still; in vain are all thy sighs,
Thy rest will come when Springtime bloooms again beyond the skies.

Dost remember when we parted, how the river murmured low,
While the stars, in silent pity, kept their watch on high?
Are they still in beauty shining? Do the waters ebb and flow
Moaning ever with the tender cadence of good-by?
Storms have risen, oh! beloved, drifting me afar,
While above the darkening billows gleams no friendly star.
Be still, oh! restless heart, be still; the mists will pass away,
Thy soul be crowned with perfect love in life's eternal day.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?
A PARLOR DRAMA.

S. ANNIE SHEILDS.

Characters.

ALGERNON HARCOURT.
MR. LANGTON.
EDITH LANGTON.
LIZZIE, *Edith's maid.*

SCENE.—*A well-furnished parlor, with a large screen in the background. A centre table near foreground, with books and papers scattered over it, and a large chair beside it, facing audience. Sofa or tête-à-tête left of foreground. Window right of foreground.*

Curtain rises, discovering MR. LANGTON *pacing up and down in a rage,* EDITH *sobbing on the sofa.*

Mr. L. I never heard of such obstinacy!

Edith. People have no business to marry people in a will, like a stale old novel.

Mr. L. People have a perfect right to leave their money where they please. Your grandfather chose to leave his money to you and your

cousin Jeremiah, upon certain conditions. If you marry, you each have half; if either refuses, that half goes to the founding of a home for imbeciles. (*furiously*). And it is my opinion you ought to be the first one to apply for admission.

Edith. I had rather do that than marry my cousin!

Mr. L. You seem to have a strange dislike to your cousin, considering you have not seen him since you were ten years old.

Edith (*shuddering*). I don't dislike him at all. But I will not marry a man named Jeremiah Mudge! I will not! Never!

Mr. L. Well, if you marry your cousin, you must marry Jeremiah Mudge. What an idiot you are As if one name is any better than another. I married a woman named Mary Ann Mudge.

Edith. Well, if her name was Mary Ann Mudge, she had sense enough to change it to Marian Langton.

Mr. L. It is my opinion, Miss Langton, that your obstinacy has some other foundation than your dislike to the name of Jeremiah Mudge!

Edith (*aside, very dramatically*). What can he suspect? Can some base spy have discovered my secret?

Mr. L. I was told yesterday, that that painter fellow that you met in New York, has been here.

Edith (*aside*). Be still, my heart.

Mr. L. Now mind, I won't have it!

Edith (*faintly*). Won't have what?

Mr. L. I won't have that painter fellow here. I must go to New York for a few days, but I will give strict orders that you are to have no visitors, excepting your cousin, who is coming from Lowell to make a visit.

Edith. I won't see him.

Mr. L. (*sarcastically*). You may do as you please until I return from New York. (*Angrily*). After that I will not put up with any airs.

Exit MR. LANGTON.

Edith. I won't marry Jerry Mudge! I won't! I won't! I'll die first! Mrs. Jeremiah Mudge? Ugh!

Algernon (*from behind screen*). My angel!*

Edith. What voice is that?

Algernon. Has the tyrant departed?

Edith (*looking from window*). He goes! The last flutter of his coat-tails is vanishing in the distance.

Algernon (*coming forward*). Edith! (*strikes an attitude*).

Edith. Algernon! (*strikes an attitude*).

Algernon (*making one stride forward*). My love!

Edith (*making one step forward*). My life!

Algernon (*opening his arms*). Come to my heart.

Edith (*rushing forward*). I come! I come!

**The acting of the scenes between Edith and Algernon must be in broad burlesque of tragic drama.*

Algernon (*in a natural voice*). Don't rush so next time. You nearly knocked all the breath out of me! So the paternal relative is still resolved to sacrifice you to your grand-father's absurd will.

Edith. Yes! (*sighing deeply.*) There is such a lot of money.

Algernon. And I am only a poor beggar of an artist.

Edith. But you have such a lovely, lovely name.

Algernon. H'm! Ye-es!

Edith. How long have you been behind that screen?

Algernon. I came in while my father-in-law-elect was laying down the law about the Mudge fellow; and as he did not see me, I slipped in there to wait until you were alone. (*Gloomily*). And to hear the arbitrary planning to rob me of your love!

Edith (*dramatically*). No one can rob you of my love!

Algernon. Swear to be true to me! Swear by—let me see—the moon is old, and besides Shakspeare had the first use of its objections. On the whole, you needn't swear! It is commonplace, and don't amount to anything. But if you are false (*gradually growing dramatic*) my life is blighted. If I lose my Edith, my worthless life shall be forfeited. The day you marry any rival, my headless ghost shall haunt the marriage feast.

Edith. Oh, how sweet! (*Repeating*) My headless ghost shall haunt the marriage feast (*very dramatically*). Can you believe my heart will ever stray from its first, its only love? If my hand is given by tyranny, where my heart has no allegiance, my corpse shall fall across my bridegroom's feet!

Enter LIZZIE.

Lizzie. Oh, Miss Edie, you ain't got no more time for play-actin' now. Jim's come up from the depot, an' your pa's got a tellygrap an' your cousin's a comin' an' your pa'll be home any minute. Now, Mr. Algernon, you promised you'd go when I told you, an' not get me into no scrapes with Mr. Langton.

Algernon. I'll keep my word. Watch at the window, and when you see Mr. Langton turn the corner, I'll go out the back gate.

Lizzie. All right! (*goes to the window.*) But if the Snudge cousin comes too, I'm a 'thinking you an' Miss Edie can't do much more courting on the sly.

Algernon. Edith, you hear! Are you mine?

Edith. Algernon, I hear! I am thine!

Algernon. Will you fly with me?

Edith. I will fly with thee.

Algernon. Now? The fateful hour has come! Decide, my love! Will you escape, now and forever, from paternal tyranny?

Lizzie. My, ain't they poetrycal!

Edith. Take me; I will never desert you!

Mr. Langton (*behind the scenes*). Dinner at six.

Lizzie. What awful sounds is those?

Algernon. You're a nice one to watch! Come Edith.

Exeunt ALGERNON *and* EDITH, *behind the screen.*

Lizzie (*peeping round screen*). Well, if he hasn't lifted her out the winder, an' jumped after her. An' she is gone out the gate, an' not a mite of a hat or a cloak on. Oh, he's got a carriage, and he's a wrappin' her up in one of them lovely fur-lined cloaks that's on the seat. They've druv off!

Enter MR. LANGTON.

Mr. L. What are you doing?

Lizzie (*jumping*). Lor, sir, the start you give me! Oh! oh, how my heart palperates!

Mr. L. What are you doing?

Lizzie. I was only a straightening of the screen, sir! That winder is awful draughty.

Mr. L. Why, it is open!

Lizzie. Yes, sir, I—I thought the room was close, sir, an' I just opened it a little.

Mr. L. Shut it down!

Lizzie. Yes sir! (*goes behind screen*).

Mr. L. Open window, indeed! and the thermometer at zero. What next? Lizzie!

Lizzie (*coming forward*). Yes, sir.

Mr. L. Go tell Miss Edith I want to see her.

Lizzie. Yes sir—that is, sir—she—Miss Edith went out!

Mr. L. Went out! Where did she go?

Lizzie. I—guess it was—to—to church, sir.

Mr. L. To church!

Lizzie. I didn't hear her say, sir, but I—I though she—looked as if she was going that way, sir.

Mr. L. Is she in the habit of going to church in the middle of the week?

Lizzie. Well, not exactly in the habit—but once in a way—as one may say—

Mr. L. What are you talking about? Did my daughter tell you she was going to church?

Lizzie. No, sir!

Mr. L. Did she take her prayer-book?

Lizzie. No, sir!

Mr. L. What did she take?

Lizzie. Oh, my gracious! She didn't take nothing, sir (*aside*). That's no lie, for she was took.

Mr. L. Go down stairs. I believe you are all crazy together. When Mr. Mudge comes, show him up here.

Lizzie. Yes sir! (*aside.*) Mr. Mudge will be on a wild goose chase, *I'm* a thinking.

Exit LIZZIE.

Mr. L. How can I make that silly child of mine listen to reason? I have kept Jerry out of her way for nine years, because I didn't want any boy and girl nonsense, brotherly affection, and all that stuff! And now, she defies me. There's not a handsomer, smarter fellow anywhere than Jerry, and just because he has a homely name—h'm! Mudge *isn't* a pretty name, but Jerry will have about half a million! There's all his father's money, as well as the legacy of his grandfather! (*sits down and takes up a newspaper*) H'm! h'm! more trouble in the Legislature! Fall in butter! Money market tight! When isn't it tight? One would think it was on a perpetual spree! H'm! (*reads.*)

Enter ALGERNON *and* EDITH. EDITH *rushes at her father, and throws herself on her knees at his feet.*

Edith. Father, forgive me!

Mr. L. Goodness gracious, Edith, what are you bouncing into the room in that way for? Get up! You will ruin your dress.

Edith. What care I for my dress? Say you forgive your child!

Mr. L. (*pettishly*). What have you been doing?

Edith. I have wedded the only man I can ever love (*rising and pointing dramatically to* ALGERNON). Behold my husband!

Mr. L. (*looking at* ALGERNON) Jerry Mudge!

Algernon (*sheepishly*). Yes, uncle. Jerry Mudge.

Edith. What? Do my ears deceive me? Do I hear aright? You! you—Jerry—oh, that frightful name!

Algernon. Hear me!

Edith. Never! Leave me! Go!

Mr. L. What are you quarreling about? Did you not say, two minutes ago, that this is the only man you can ever love?

Edith. I have been cheated! tricked! Never, never, will I be the wife of a—a—Mudge! (*sobs hysterically*). I will never forgive him!

Algernon. If you will only let me explain, my love!

Edith I'm not your love! I am a wretched girl; you have—have—cheated—into being named—oh, I shall never survive it—Mudge.

Mr. L. But I do not understand all this.

Algernon. Permit me to explain. Knowing that Edith disliked my name, and being reluctant to be married for my fortune—

Edith. I never would have married you for your fortune. I hate your fortune! You promised we should live in an attic, and you were to paint pictures—and I—was to be your angel of inspiration!

Mr. L. Stuff and nonsense!

Edith. And we were to be so happy, and care nothing for filthy lucre—and now—

Mr. L. Now you will live in a brown stone front on Fifth Avenue.

Edith. I won't.

Mr. L. And have enough filthy lucre to buy all the pictures you want.

Edith. And be named Mrs. Mudge.

Algernon. Never.

Mr. L. What?

Edith. What?

Algernon. I am no longer Jeremiah Mudge. An act of the Legislature has given me a new name! I am Algernon Harcourt.

Edith (*rushing into his arms*). My Algernon!

Algernon. Always your Algernon, my Edith!

Mr. L. Was there ever such a pair of idiots? However, my consent was given long ago, and if (*to audience*) you give yours, I think they may yet come back to common sense, and think less of what's in a name.

[*Curtain fails.*]

SHADOWS.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

So much shines on our lives to make them bright
That in each cloud which drifts across our sky,
We only with a conscientious sight
Some mercy in its darkness should descry:
For what we have we should all thankful be,
Nor ought a murmur for that which we miss
Steal through our lips. Content's sweet melody
Should ring within our hearts, and stifle envy's hiss.
But if our conscious soul some knowledge holds
Of God's laws broken, aye, transgressed,
The shadows there, which close our days enfold
Ought rightfully to strike a terror unexpressed!
Ah, then it is we fain with pleading face
Would piteous beg for light, God's saving grace!

A SHORT WORD—a shorter thing. Soon uttered—sooner gone: "Now." A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean. Over that ocean we are sailing; but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel at this moment floats. From the stern we look backward and watch the ship's wake in the waters; but how short a distance it reaches, and how soon every trace disappears. We see also some landmarks farther off, and then the horizon closes the view; but beyond, that ocean still rolls far, far away. Memory contemplates the few years of our individual life; history shows us a dim outline of mountains; science tells us that still further back, out of sight, stretches that vast sea; reason assures us that, like space, it has no boundary; but all that we possess of it is represented by this small word —"now!" The past, for action, is ours no longer. The future may never become present; it is not ours until it does. The only part of time we can use is this very moment—"now!"

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

Playing at Art.—No. 16.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

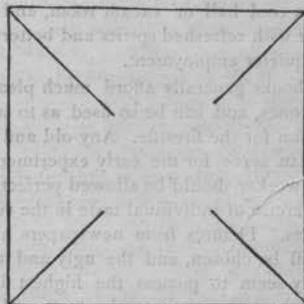
One of the earliest attempts at art, is generally the moulding of scraps of dough begged from the kitchen. Besides the miniature pies, cakes and most unappetizing loaves thus manufactured by dirty little fingers, rudely shaped animals are sometimes attempted, but the material is too untractable for satisfactory results. In some happy regions, the pretty brook-sides furnish soft clays, that are much better suited to artistic purposes.

Putty, ever dear to a boy's heart as ammunition for his pop-gun, is also excellent as a plastic, and is specially delightful as being dirty, sticky, and decidedly disagreeable in odor. Tenderly do many adults remember the sheep, moulded of this substance, in years gone by, which, when clothed in tufts of wool, awakened a thrill of pleasure more acute than that which afterwards responded to the genius of Angelo.

Modeling clay has, of course, superior advantages, and a small supply of it is a most desirable treasure for the nursery, especially when some older person will become interested in the work, and direct the little artists. A box of nice, clean sand in which to dig, also furnishes a delightful employment, which children only can appreciate.

Among the earliest forms of artistic manufacture that will attract the attention of the child may be included the plain, old-fashioned toy, known as the pin-wheel. A child will soon learn to make these playthings, and receives a useful

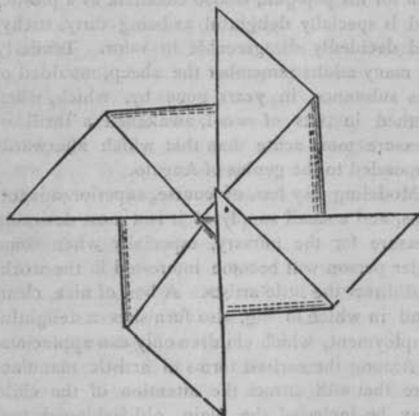
Fig. 1.



lesson in accuracy and neatness from the care essential to their construction. The experimental essays may be made with writing paper, as some stiffness is necessary. A piece of paper, five inches square, is first folded from corner to corner, forming a triangle; this is then doubled by the opposite corners, making another triangle with folded sides. These foldings must be exact, and sharply scraped with the finger nail. They will be three in number, and each must be cut

down neatly a little more than half way to the centre of the paper. When opened, the paper will present the appearance seen in Fig. 1. The alternate points are then brought gently and neatly into the middle, where they are fastened by a stout pin, squarely, into the end of a slight stick or wand. These latter foldings must be left rather loose and round, so as to catch the wind, and the wheel will then revolve rapidly when held by a running child. The appearance of the completed pin-wheel is given in Figure 2. A tiny girl took great delight in making these toys out of various colored papers as presents for her friends, and the group of little children rushing along with the gay pin-wheels in each hand, formed a pleasant incident of a bright, breezy

Fig. 2.



afternoon in springtime. A child confined to the house by bad weather, or a trifling illness, will find wholesome exercise by running with this toy through a cool hall or vacant room, and return thereafter with refreshed spirits and better temper to some quieter employment.

Scrap-books generally afford much pleasure to the little ones, and can be so used as to supply a fund of fun for the fireside. Any old and useless volume can serve for the early experiments, and the little worker should be allowed perfect liberty in the exercise of individual taste in the selection of subjects. Pictures from newspapers and torn books will be chosen, and the ugly and the odd frequently seem to possess the highest interest. Through these experiments, the taste will be developed sometimes with great rapidity, and the child will soon show a greatly improved choice and skill in the successive pages. With experience, a better volume will be found necessary, and the genuine scrap-books will be found often both expensive and difficult to obtain; a substitute can, however, be readily made at home. Any bound volume can be made to serve the purpose by cutting out a few pages occasionally to prevent bulging; the cuttings being made a little within the sewing, so as to leave a slight margin of the paper. If there is printed matter upon the leaves this can be covered by pasting over it either white or tinted paper, upon which the pictures will produce much better effects. Handsome new volumes can thus be made from the pictures saved from the wrecks of old treasures, and cuts can also be adorned with water color and crayons by the youthful artists. Various objects may also be combined to make a new picture, and thus exercise the inventive talents of the child.

A great incentive to industry in the construction of these small scrap-books was once found in the pleasure given by them to the little patients of a children's hospital. The young invalids were charmed with the tiny books of only a few pages, which were readily handled without fatigue, and a warm welcome was given to the odd little volumes, with the equally odd dedication written in a straggling infantile hand:—"Made by little Louise for a little sick child."

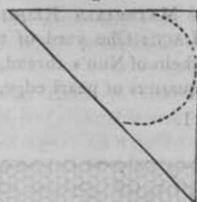
The beauty of the colored cards and album pictures, now so abundant, has induced many persons to gather collections, and very neat albums can be formed of them. Placed at haphazard upon the pages, much of their beauty is lost, while by an exercise of taste, the value of the volume can be much increased. Thus, if the book is arranged in double pages, with a separate design for each of these pairs, a very good effect is obtained. A little girl, in this manner, placed upon two pages companion figures of two young girls, with corner pieces of flowers, and vines to frame the double page into one picture. Another double page treated of winter, another of summer, while gorgeous autumn leaves adorned another, and the volume with this trifling care became a gallery of pictures, rather than a mere collection of unregulated scraps.

Almost every fireside in the country has been affected in some degree by the prevailing china mania, and the passion which has so seized both upon men and women has descended to the children in a modified form. Uncolored wooden plates of great thinness are prepared to resemble in shape an ordinary tea or dessert plate. They are, of course, very fragile and liable to split, but as they are retailed at a penny apiece, the expense is but trifling. They can be adorned with figures in water-color and lead-pencil, and little boys and girls both are pleased with the occupation, and are frequently quite successful in the preparation of these "plaques," as they are styled by the decorative artists. Those who are unable to paint or draw restrict their efforts to pasting little highly tinted groups and wreaths of flowers upon these plates, which during the present mania have been regarded as very acceptable presents.

A pretty employment for leisure hours can be found in the manufacture of paper flowers, and some of the simpler forms may be made by chil-

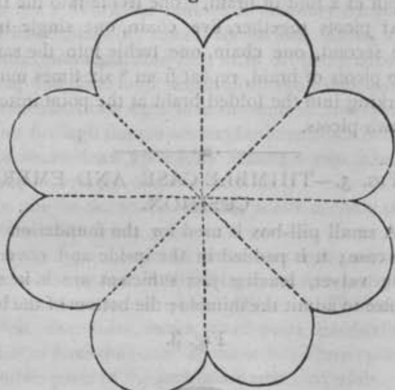
dren after very little instruction. A square of paper is first folded diagonally, or across from corner to corner; it is then folded again in the same manner, and then for the third time, until it assumes the shape shown in Figure 3. It is next cut near the loose or unfolded end in a curve, shown by the dotted line.

Fig. 3.



When spread open the paper will exhibit the shape seen in Figure 4. The outer edges can then be bent upwards slightly by being drawn over the blade of the knife or scissors, and will represent the petals of a flower. If several squares, of slightly graduated sizes, are thus cut and moulded, they can be placed inside of each other so as to make a very fair presentment of a rose. The effect is improved by cutting a deeper curve in the smaller petals, and giving but a shallow rounding to the largest square, which forms the outside of the flower. These graduated pieces can be threaded upon a wire, and fastened in place by moulding a fragment of wax like the head of a pin on the end of the wire, while another bit of

Fig. 4.



wax is pressed against the outer petals to keep them in place on the stem. When a greater resemblance to nature is desired, a bunch of yellow yarn or wool is placed on the end of the wire, as a centre for the blossom. Thin paper, either white, or tinted with buff, yellow, cream, or rose, will look quite well, and some of the blossoms can be so creased and curved as to appear but half-blown, to prevent too much uniformity.

If, before unfolding the paper, the curved edge be neatly and closely cut into a delicate short fringe, a chrysanthemum can be made in the manner described for the rose. A small fringed piece of yellow paper in the centre, will make an improvement for this flower, and when cut in white, rose color or purple, the representation may be quite true to nature.

Such childish work can be utilized in decorations for the school-house, and the flowers will add much to the charm of the festival or exhibition, giving the youngest pupils a personal interest in the "celebration" at which they thus assist. Mingled with greenery, and placed at a distance from the eye, the flowers can readily pass as "real," and when intended for wreathing a cornice, they may be made speedily available by merely threading the petals upon a fine wire, or even twine, and can be easily tied in the appointed places. When intended to be viewed more critically, the stems of wire should be wrapped with green paper, and bent so as to avoid any unnatural stiffness and uniformity. Green leaves can be purchased to accompany the blossoms, but as it is better to teach the children the genuine pleasure of self-dependence, the flowers may be much more appropriately grouped with sprays of arbor-vitae or other evergreen, or with pressed ferns and leaves, which the children can prepare with their own hands as proofs of their own taste and industry.

TREATMENT OF WOMEN.—From the fall of the Roman empire in the West to the fourteenth or fifteenth century, women spent most of their time alone, almost entirely strangers to the joys of social life; they seldom went abroad, but to be spectators of such public diversions and amusements as the fashions of the times countenanced.

Francis I. was the first who introduced women on public days to Court; before his time nothing was to be seen in any of the Courts of Europe but gray-bearded politicians, plotting the destruction of the rights and liberties of mankind, and warriors clad in complete armor, all ready to put their plots into execution.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known, and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woolen underclothing. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and ten pounds was a large "portion" for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil instead of candles, which in those days were a luxury rarely to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two-wheeled car, along the dirty streets, was reckoned a grandeur so enviable that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it.

In the time of Henry VIII., of England, the peers of the realm carried their wives behind them on horseback when they went to London, and in the same manner took them back to their country seats, with hoods of waxed linen over their heads, and wrapped in mantles of cloth, to secure them from the cold.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

FIG. 1.—BRETON LACE.

This pretty lace is easily and quickly worked; the foundation is Brussels net, the design being braided with fine lacet braid.

MATERIALS REQUIRED FOR ONE YARD OF LACE: One yard of net, one piece of braid, one skein of Nun's thread, No 4, one yard and three-quarters of pearl edge.

Fig. 1.

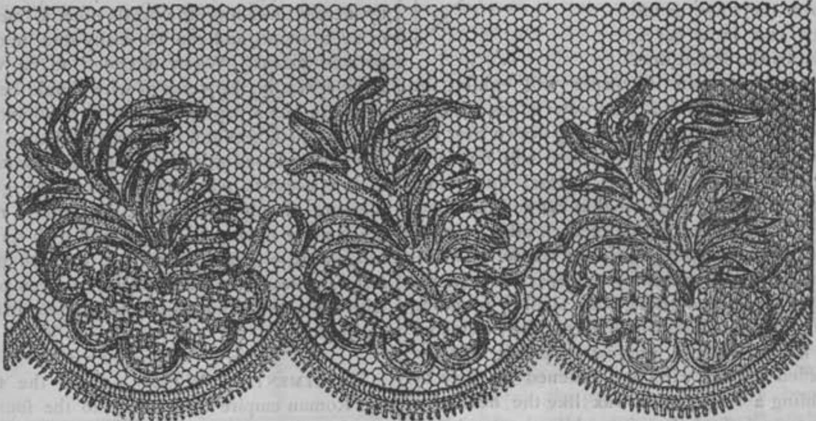
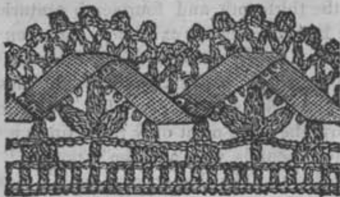


FIG. 2.—TRIMMING: CROCHET AND MEDIÆVAL BRAID.

For the heading:—

1st row: Fold the braid as shown in the design; work two trebles in a picot at the left-hand corner of fold, five chain, pass over one picot, three double trebles into next, keep the top loop of each on the hook, pass over two picots, fold the braid again, three triple trebles into the two centre picots together, pass over two picots,

Fig. 2.



three double trebles into the next picot, draw through all the loops on the hook together, five chain, pass over one picot, two trebles into the next, three chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d row: One treble into top of each of first two trebles, and one into the next stitch, four chain, one treble into centre of cluster of double trebles, four chain, pass over four chain, one treble into each of four next stitches, two chain, pass over two stitches, one treble into the next. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

3d row: One treble separated by one chain into each alternate stitch of last row.

For the edge, one treble into the picot in the depth of a fold of braid, * one treble into the two next picots together, five chain, one single into the second, one chain, one treble into the same two picots of braid, repeat from * six times more, working into the folded braid at the point instead of two picots.

FIG. 3.—THIMBLE-CASE AND EMERY-CUSHION.

A small pill-box is used for the foundation of the case; it is padded in the inside and covered with velvet, leaving just sufficient space in the centre to admit the thimble; the bottom of the box

Fig. 3.

must be sewn to a larger circle of card-board covered with velvet; a round cushion filled with emery-powder and covered with velvet, is placed on the top of the lid, the sides of which are ornamented with a band of embroidered perforated card.

FIG. 4.—TRICOT AND POINT MUSCOVITE JACKET, FOR CHILD OF TWO YEARS OF AGE.

MATERIALS REQUIRED: 5 oz. white and 3 oz. scarlet Berlin wool, and a bone tricot-hook, No. 10.

For each front part make a chain of sixty stitches; this will make the jacket a suitable size for a child about two years of age. As a guide for the increase and decrease necessary to shape the jacket, a paper pattern should first be cut; place the work over it from time to time so as to make each part a correct shape.

Fig. 4.

1st row: Work up and off in ordinary tricot.

2d and following rows: Instead of taking up the front perpendicular loop as in ordinary tricot, take up the back loop, work off in the usual way. To increase, draw up a loop through the horizontal and through the perpendicular loop of a stitch; to decrease, draw up a loop through two loops together.

For the back, to commence, make a chain of eighty stitches.

For the sleeve, begin at the lower edge, making a chain of fifty-four stitches, increase one at each side after the first six rows. When sufficiently long at the sides, work four rows gradually shorter to form the round at the top. The sleeves and other parts of the jacket are sewn together.

The border is worked with scarlet wool in point Muscovite, for which work—

1st row: * One treble into the edge of jacket, then put the hook through the next stitch, work five chain, work through the same stitch with one treble, repeat from * across the bottom of jacket.

2d row: Like 2d row of tricot for jacket.

3d row: Like 1st row of border.

4th row: Like 2d row.

5th row: Like 1st row.

6th row: Like 2d row.

Two rows of point Muscovite are worked down each front, and one row round the throat.

For the edge, work one double into a stitch of last row, three chain, pass over two stitches and all round.

For the cuffs:

1st row. Work with scarlet wool one treble into the edge of sleeve, one chain, pass over one stitch and repeat.

2d row: One double into a stitch of first row, pass the hook through the next stitch, three chain, work one double into the same stitch. Repeat.

3d row: Like 2d row.

4th row: Like edge of border.

An elastic or ribbon is run through the holes in the first row to draw the sleeve in a little at the wrist. The jacket is fastened at the throat by cords of chain stitch, with a tassel of wool at the end of each.

FIG. 5.—HUNTING POUCH.

Pouch of yellow leather, with belt and strap, to be passed over the shoulder. The belt is of green leather. The front of the pouch has a pattern worked in knotted work with fine thread and green woolen cord. The flap is covered in the centre with soft kid, and is bound with green leather. At the back are partitions of leather, lined with cardboard, measuring 8½ inches by 3 inches, to hold the cartridge boxes. At the upper

Fig. 5.

edge are leather straps, fitted with brass hooks to hold the birds. The pocket at the back is fastened with buttonholes and buttons at the side. When it is empty it is buttoned back, as shown in the illustration, with a narrow strap.

Mantel-cloths may be made of Utrecht velvet, bordered by a flounce of guipure mounted on silk of a bright color. Scraps of silk are capable of being made up into very gay mantel-cloths by being cut into vandykes and sewn together in alternate points, say of amber and black, or scarlet and black, or dark blue and crimson. The seams should be followed with lines of feather-stitch.

FIGS. 6, 7, AND 8.—TIDY.

This novel tidy is of Java canvas, worked with crewels in cross-stitch. The design for the cross-stitch is shown in the full size in Fig. 7; it is worked with red, olive-green, light and dark blue, bronze, and gold colors. In the chain-stitch border shown in No. 8, the same colors are used; the straight lines of cross-stitch are worked with dark blue. The tidy is edged with a rich fringe combining all the colors.

Fig. 6.

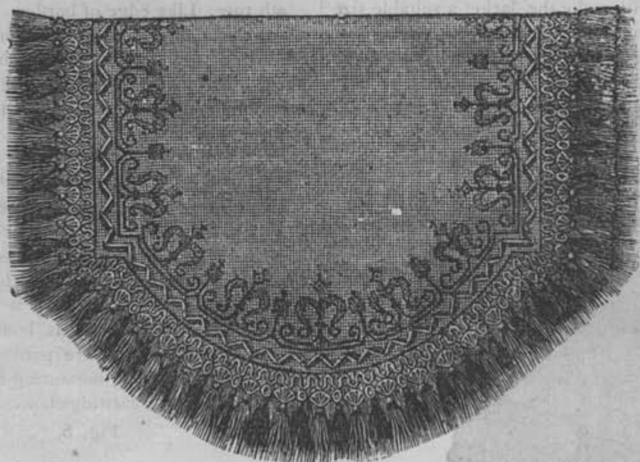


Fig. 7.

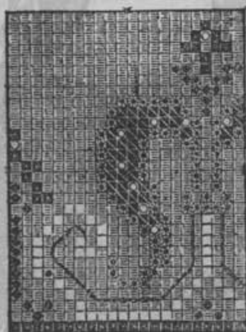


Fig. 8.

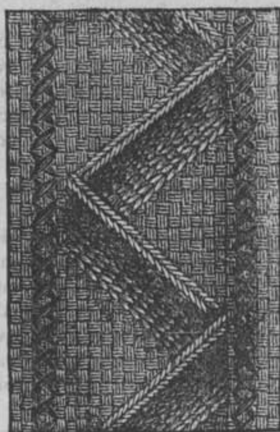


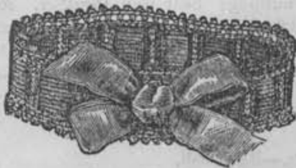
Fig. 9.

FIG. 9.—THE NAME "MARY" IN CUNEIFORM LETTERS FOR MARKING HANDKERCHIEFS.

FIGS. 10 AND 11.—CROCHET GARTER.

For the crochet design shown in Fig. 10, commence with twelve stitches, work backwards and forwards three times with one double into each stitch, fifteen chain, two trebles into the other end of last row of doubles, work on the twelve stitches as described for first twelve. Repeat until you have made a length sufficient to go round the leg, then join round.

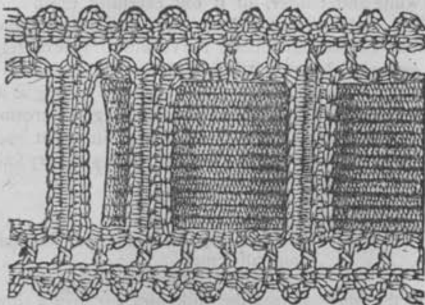
Fig. 10.



For the edge:—

1st row: One treble into the end of double-stitches, two chain, one treble into the trebles between the rows of doubles, two chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

Fig. 11.

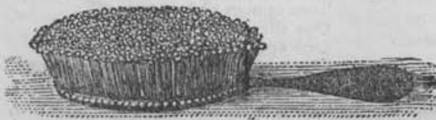


2d row: One double over a treble, three chain, one double into the first of three chain, pass over two stitches, and repeat.

The other edge is worked in the same way.

A wide silk elastic is passed in and out of the straps of double stitches, and is joined in front under a bow of satin ribbon.

Fig. 12.



FIGS. 12 AND 13.—PINCUSHION IN THE FORM OF A BRUSH.

This is a pretty cushion for a toilet table. Two pieces of mill-board are cut the size and shape of a hair-brush. The top piece is covered with cerise satin, the cushion being formed of the satin. The underpiece is covered with cerise velvet, and ornamented in the centre with the monogram and a border of fancy stitches; see design 13. The pins are stuck between the two

Fig. 13.

covered pieces of cardboard, which are secured together, and also at the top of the cushion, which is filled with bran.

In a hall one often requires a receptacle for hat and clothes brushes, button hooks, straps, etc. The most useful baskets to hold these odds-and-ends is one of those sold at all basket-shops for carriage-baskets. As they have flat backs they can be hung to the wall and may be made very ornamental by the addition of a lining of colored chintz. This lining must be full, and finished off round the edge by a close ruching of the same material.

Wall-baskets like these will be found useful in many parts of the house. Those in the shape of a French peasant's "hotte" or basket carried on the back will be found handy for many purposes, as they are to be had in so many different sizes; the large ones would be useful in a hall; those of a medium size will hold a pot of flowers or trailing plants.

Very effective screens to fix to the wall at the back of washstands may be made by first nailing to the wall a piece of glazed calico about three-quarters of a yard wide and the same length as the washstand. Then take a piece of figured net or muslin half as long again as the piece of calico, and rather wider, so as to allow for a good deep hem at the top and bottom; hem the sides narrowly, and at both top and bottom make a hem 1½ inches wide, and, at the distance of an inch from the top of each hem, run a line of tiny stitches. In each of the spaces thus made run a piece of narrow tape and draw it up until of the length required.

INFANT'S SOCKS.—Swan skin, which is a sort of twill with one side like lint, braided in red, make pretty little boots; but warmer than these are the rabbit-wool socks, which can be simply bound with a colored ribbon and sewed together.

LAMP SHADE.—A pretty lamp shade may be made with a network of white and colored, or gold and silver beads. Thread the white beads in sets of twelve, divided by one of color. In the next row pass the needle through the colored bead, at the sixth white, alternately, placing a colored bead.

RECIPES.

ALMOND PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of sweet almonds,
One-half dozen of bitter almonds,
One-quarter pound of butter,
One-half lemon,
Four eggs,
One ounce of sifted sugar
One gill of sweet cream,
Two ounces of pulverized sugar,
One tablespoonful of flavoring extract.

Shell and blanch the almonds, and pound them in a mortar, moistening with cold water till they make a smooth paste; warm the butter, and work it into the almond paste; add the other ingredients, using the yolks only of the eggs, well beaten. Butter a pudding dish and pour the mixture in. Bake in a moderate oven until brown, and set to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth with the pulverized sugar and juice of half a lemon. Spread over the pudding and set in a moderate oven until brown. Serve cold with sweet sauce, or cream and sugar.

CHEESE OMELET.

Ingredients.—Three eggs,
Two tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese grated,
Pepper and salt to taste.

Beat the eggs till very light, add cheese, pepper and salt, and beat all well together. Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the omelet-pan; as soon as it is melted pour in the eggs, and holding the handle of the pan with one hand, stir the omelet with the other by means of a flat spoon. The moment the omelet begins to set, cease stirring, but keep shaking the pan for a minute or so; then with the spoon double up the omelet, and keep on shaking the pan until the under side is of a good color. Turn it out on a hot dish, colored side uppermost, and serve quickly with Parmesan cheese sprinkled all over it.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Six tart apples,
One cup of sugar,
Six eggs,
One quart of milk,
Flour enough to make a batter.

Pare and core the apples, and stew them till soft. Strain through a colander and sweeten. Make a stiff batter of the flour, eggs, and milk; add the apples. Bake in a buttered pudding dish in a hot oven. Serve with sweet sauce.

JOHNNY CAKE.

Ingredients.—Three cups of sour milk,
Two eggs,
One-half cup of melted butter,
Salt,
One tablespoonful of sugar,
One teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the milk,
Corn meal sufficient to make a batter.

Mix well and bake in thin cakes on a griddle.

SPONGE CAKE.

Ingredients.—Eight eggs,
One pound loaf sugar,
Three-quarters pound of flour,
One lemon,
One-half nutmeg.

Grate the lemon peel and nutmeg. Beat the eggs till very smooth and light; add the sugar, lemon peel and nutmeg; beat well together. Add the flour, stirring till thoroughly mixed. Butter a tin pan, pour in the cake, and bake in a moderate oven. Makes a very nice dessert served hot with sweet sauce.

BOILED ROCK FISH.

Ingredients.—Rock fish,
One bunch of parsley,
Two lemons,
Salt to taste.

Wash and clean the fish, and lay it in a kettle; put the bunch of parsley over it, and salt to taste. Into sufficient cold water to cover the fish, squeeze the juice of two of the lemons. Cook very slowly, letting the water simmer, but not boil. When the fish is white and tender, lift it out carefully, drain and dish. Garnish with a little fresh parsley, and one lemon cut in thin slices. Serve with drawn butter. A very nice drawn butter for fish is made by thickening half a pint of milk with one egg, and boiling as if for custard. When about as thick as good cream, stir in butter the size of an egg, a little salt and pepper, and one hard boiled egg, chopped very fine

BLANC MANGE.

Ingredients.—One quart of sweet milk,
One and one-half ounces of isinglass,
One-half lemon,
One-quarter pound of sifted sugar.

Put the isinglass into the milk, and stir over a slow fire, gently, until dissolved; let it simmer fifteen minutes longer, adding the rind of the lemon cut in very thin pieces. Add the sugar just before taking from the fire. Strain through a hair sieve. When nearly cold pour into moulds dipped into iced water, and set on the ice to cool. Turn out carefully, just before serving.

VEAL LOAF.

Ingredients.—Eight pounds of fillet of veal,
One teacup fine bread crumbs,
Two ounces of butter,
One slice of fat pork,
One egg,
One tablespoonful of sweet marjoram,
Pepper and salt to taste.

Take the bone from the fillet. Chop the pork fine, and mix the crumbs, butter, egg, pepper, salt, and sweet marjoram with it, to make a stuffing. Fill the cavity left by the bone with this, and tie the meat up very tight to keep firm. Lard with tiny pieces of fat pork put in close together. Roast three hours in a moderate oven. It is delicious, hot, but makes a very nice luncheon dish cold, and cut in thin, round slices with the dressing in the middle of each slice.

SUGAR DROPS.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour,
One-half pound of butter,
Three-quarters of a pound white sugar,
Four eggs,
Wine glass full of rose water.

Stir butter and sugar to a cream; add eggs well-beaten, and rose water. Sift in flour, a little at a time, stirring constantly. When well mixed, drop one teaspoonful in each cake, on buttered paper. Bake in a quick oven, and dust with powdered sugar while hot.

FRICASSEED CALVES' FEET.

Ingredients.—One set of calves' feet,
One pint of milk,
Three eggs,
One teacup of fine bread crumbs,
Two ounces of butter,
Salt and pepper to taste.

Clean the feet and soak them in cold water for three hours. Mix the milk with one quart of cold water; put the feet in this, and simmer gently until the meat shrinks from the bone. Cut in pieces, not very large, and set aside to cool. Beat one egg till light, and add a tablespoonful of sifted flour, stir into two teacups full of water over the fire till thick, add the butter and keep hot, Beat two eggs till light—dip into them each piece of the meat, then dip each into the bread crumbs, and fry in boiling lard until a delicate brown. Arrange on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over them. Serve very hot. A little lemon juice improves the flavor to some, so it is well to have a sliced lemon to serve with the dish.

POP OVERS.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk,
One pint of flour,
One ounce of butter,
Three eggs,
Salt to taste.

Mix milk and flour to a smooth paste, add butter, eggs beaten very light, and salt. Bake in small buttered tins, filling each one half full. May have a few raisins or dried currants added.

THIN GINGERBREAD.

Ingredients.—One quart of molasses,
One teaspoonful of soda,
One cup of butter,
Two tablespoonsful of ginger,
Flour to make a paste.

Boil the molasses twenty minutes; add, while hot, the soda, butter and ginger. Mix well, and stir in flour till thick enough to roll out. Roll in thin sheets, and put on buttered tins, cutting into squares before baking. Bake in a quick oven. Caraway seeds may be sprinkled on while hot if desired.

COTTAGE PIE.

Mince any kind of cold meat together (beef, mutton, veal, pork, or lamb), put it about an inch or an inch and a half deep in a pie-dish, and cover it with gravy; do not spare salt and pepper; cover it over with mashed potatoes, smooth at the top, and cut it across in diamonds with a knife; bake till it is crisp and brown at the top. A little Worcester sauce may be considered an improvement, if onions are not objected to.

LEMON JELLY.

Ingredients.—One-half dozen of large tart apples,
One lemon,
One cup of sugar,
One egg,
One teaspoonful of flour.

Pare and grate the apples—to the grated pulp add the rind and juice of the lemon, the egg well beaten, sugar and flour. Beat all well together, and put in a farina kettle. Set over the fire till it boils. Strain into jelly moulds dipped in iced water

SAUSAGE ROLLS.

Ingredients.—Sausage meat, puff paste,
One egg (white only).

Roll out the paste very thin; cut into small squares. upon each square put a tablespoonful of sausage meat; dredge over this a very little flour, and meet the corners of the paste on top, pinching them together. Glace each with white of egg, and bake in a quick oven till brown. A very nice breakfast dish, to be eaten hot.

BIRTHDAY CAKE.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of butter,
One-half pound of sifted sugar,
Four eggs,
One pound of flour,
One-half pound of dried currants,
One-half pound of raisins,
Two ounces candied orange peel, or citron,
Twelve almonds,
One teaspoonful of baking powder,
One teaspoonful mixed spices.

Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; add the eggs well-beaten: the flour, and the fruit picked and floured. When all well mixed, stir in the baking powder last. The almonds must be blanched and chopped, and the orange peel or citron shredded fine. Mix very thoroughly, and bake four hours in a moderate oven. May be iced if desired.

NOUGAT CANDY.

Ingredients.—One pound of white sugar,
White and shell of one egg,
One-fourth pound of almonds.

Blanch and chop the almonds. Put the sugar over the fire with a teacup full of water, the shell and white of egg, and simmer gently till brittle. Test it by raising it on a spoon and letting a thread run out. If it breaks, it is done. Stir in the almonds. Pour into a buttered pan, and cut into long sticks. Cool quickly on ice or snow. If cooled too slowly, it is tough and sticky.

PIE CRUST ROLLS.

Ingredients.—Paste, made as for pie crust,
One pound of currants,
One-quarter pound of beef suet,
Three ounces candied orange peel,
One-quarter ounce mixed spice.

Mince the suet very fine; shred the peel, and stir the ingredients, excepting the pie crust, all well together. Roll out the paste till thin; over half of it spread the fruit, spice, etc. Lay the other half of the paste over these, and mark out the whole in little square cakes. Bake in a quick oven—break apart while hot, and serve with powdered sugar, dusted on.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

The central word extending downwards describes a misfortune, which my kindest reader may wish for his friend and yet avoid for himself.

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The upper line is fond of fighting.
The second is an equal.
The third means to rise in waves.
The fourth is what you want to make.
The fifth may count fifty.
The sixth is near the stern of a ship.
The seventh is a body of soldiers.
The eighth is an ornament for the head.
The ninth means to excuse.

GEOGRAPHICAL ARROW.

The shaft and point of the arrow begin and end with the same consonant. The four words forming the feather also begin and end with the same letter.

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✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠
✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠
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✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

The shaft of the arrow expresses the name of a town in the state of New York.

The words representing the feather express. 1. A town in Scotland. 2. A town in Ireland, 3. A town in Wales. 4. A town in Switzerland.

The letters forming the point of the arrow are the end of the town in New York.

ENIGMA.

In every mob in foremost rank I stand,
First in my place and always in command;
Yet without me no mercy can exist,
Nor mildness be, unless I there assist.
The chemist vainly laboring with the ore,
Needs but my help to turn it into more.
The printer sees me in his measure plain,
While men and women use me in their name.

ANAGRAM.

Take but my pen and turn it round,
Now add it to a pleasant sound,
And at its spell you'll promptly see,
Arise a heathen deity.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

Dear is my first when storms loom near,
Yet 'tis my second makes my first more dear,
My whole with prudent care my first preserves,
And thus my second's honors well deserves,
Unworthy used—my whole was once applied,
To trifle dangling at my second's side.

No. 2.

A pet that dearly loveth home,
And from it rarely cares to roam,
Will by my first be told.
Foremost in learning stands my next,
Without it you were sore perplexed
A student's place to hold.
My third transpose, what then you see
To farmers still must useful be,
Their heavy loads to bear.
Where waters rush in headlong might,
My whole appears, a glorious sight,
And bids all men beware.

TRANSFORMATION.

Head me with B, and I am a cape.
Head me with C, and I am a prefix.
Head me with D, and I am a river.
Head me with S, and I am an offspring.
Head me with T, and I am a weight.
Head me with W, and I have gained.
Head me with Y, and I mean distance.
Head me twice, and I will mount to the sky,
But I with twice myself will make you cry.

AN OMISSION.

Omit my 5, 6, 7, 8, and there remains an American coin.

Omit my 4, 5, 8, and transpose, and there remains English coin.

Omit my 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a metal.

Omit my 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am a deep excavation.

Omit my 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, and transpose, and I am used by fishermen.

Omit my 3, 4, 6, 7, and transpose, and I am used by gamblers.

Omit my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, and I am the nickname for a boy.

Without omission I am an insect.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 1.

1. A river famous in English poetry.
2. A vessel often mentioned in poetry.
3. A mountain much mentioned in poetry.
4. Your present relation to the solution.

No. 2.

1. A harmony of sounds.
2. A woman famous for her beauty.
3. The book in which she is described.
4. A city of Japan.
5. To furnish with a dower.

GAMES.

WHAT O'CLOCK IS IT?

Although very simple, and intended merely for the entertainment of young children, this game may furnish considerable amusement to those of larger growth, until the very patent secret is discovered. The person who acts as leader must have a confederate privately instructed in the mystery of the play, and this assistant must leave the room alone, while the leader remains with the company to fix upon a certain hour; when this is settled, the absentee is recalled, and the leader asks him to tell the time, varying the question according to some pre-arranged method, that reveals the required answer. The key may be contained in the first letter of the first word of the question. Thus, if the answer required be one o'clock, the questioner will ask—"All of us wish to know what time it is?" The letter A, is here understood to convey to the confederate the required hint. If it be two o' clock, the question may be expressed—" Be so kind as to tell us what time it is?" This formula can be varied by the players so cleverly as to preserve the mystery unsolved through several repetitions.

FRENCH BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

The old and boisterous form of this game leads the players so frequently into danger, that the following modification is often found acceptable, as more safe as well as more quiet: After the leader is securely blindfolded, the rest of the players silently seat themselves in a circle around him. He is then provided with a long wand or stick, which he stretches out towards his comrades, and when he succeeds in touching one of them, that player must grasp the end of the wand and reply to any question which the Blindman choses to propound. The player has the privilege of disguising his voice in any manner possible, but whenever his identity is discovered by the Blindman, he must assume the office, and takes his station in the middle of the circle, while the Blindman is relieved of his duty.

TOM TICKLER'S GROUND.

One portion of the room as playground, is marked off as belonging to Tom Tickler, who takes possession of it, and lies down as if going to sleep. When possible, he should be provided with something to serve as a pillow, and he should make it evident that he intends to settle himself comfortably for a long nap. As soon as he is well established, the rest of the company make incursions upon his property, crying, "I am on Tom Tickler's ground, picking oats and barley!" Tom remains quiet until the intruders are off their guard, and dashes upon them. If Tom makes a prisoner, he leads the culprit into a remote corner of the ground, where he must remain till the close of the game, unless the rest of the company can come to his rescue, and carry him off before they are touched or tagged by Tom. Tom adds to the interest of the game by occasionally pretending to be suddenly overcome by sleep, and lying down to conclude his often interrupted nap. The game terminates when Tom has imprisoned all his enemies.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

Answer to Latin Cross Puzzle.

E n g a g E
x n
c d
i u
s r
E n r a g E   E ff u s E
s f
o f
p a
x c
E x p i r E   E x h a l E.
f f
f f
e e
r r
v v
e e
s s
c c
i e
b n
l c
E n g i n E

Answer to Geographical Puzzle.

N e l s o N
N o r t o N

Answer to Diamond Puzzle.

M
C A T.
M A R C H
A C T
H

Riddle.

Hart.

Enigma.

Ace. Menace. Bullace. Solace.

Additions.

Tract. Detract. Retract. Contract.

Charades.

No. 1. Cook-book.   No. 2. Boot-jack.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through J. B. Lippincott & Co.. Philadelphia :—

THE ART OF SPEECH. Studies in Poetry and Prose. By L. T. Townsend, D. D., Professor in Boston University, Author of "Credo," etc.

An interesting and valuable text book for the student of elocution, containing clear and comprehensive chapters upon the History of Speech; Theories of the Origin of Speech; Laws of Speech; Diction & Idioms; Syntax; Grammatical and Rhetorical Rules; Style; Figures; Poetic Speech; Prose Speech; and Poetic Prose Speech. To authors and speech-makers the book is commended as full of useful suggestions.

SEBASTIAN STROME. A novel. By Julian Hawthorne, author of "Garth," etc.

This is the most powerful work yet offered to the public from the pen of Julian Hawthorne, who fairly rivals his great namesake in the originality and vigor of his novels. It is in every sense a remarkable work, carrying the interest of the reader swiftly over the pages, and giving evidence of genius in character drawing, and dramatic situations, that few modern works of fiction can equal.

From WILLIAM S. GOTTSBERGER, New York :—

UARDA, a Romance of Ancient Egypt. By George Ebers, from the German of Clara Bell.

The author of "The Egyptian Princess," Prof. Ebers has again selected ancient Egypt as the scene of a work of fiction, the story being a thread upon which are strung interesting descriptions of Egyptian life and manners and amongst the highest and lowest classes, containing accounts of the religious beliefs and festivals, and much very curious matter relative to embalming the dead and the superstitions attached to the ceremonies. The female characters are of unusual beauty; the noble princess, Bent Anat, and the lovely heroine Uarda, both being types of pure womanly grace. The young priest, Pentaur, is a finely drawn character, and throughout the book the force of the characterization is wonderfully sustained, when the epoch is considered.

From S. R. WELLS & Co., New York:—

HOW TO EDUCATE THE FEELINGS AND AFFECTIONS, by Charles Bray. Edited with notes and illustrations from the Third London Edition, by Nelson Sizer, author of "How to Teach," etc.

A book which claims to give much instruction in the art of educating disposition, aspiration and natural impulses, as well as intellect, and which is certainly well worth reading by those who have the care and tuition of children. It is rich in suggestion for the conscientious parent and teacher.

KEY TO GHOSTISM. Science and Art unlock its Mysteries. By Rev. Thomas Mitchell, Brooklyn, N. Y., Author of "Philosophy of God and the World."

A new effort to throw the broad light of common sense and research upon the absurdities of so-called Spiritualism. In it are embodied some curious confessions of "mediums" and others, whose experience seems to prove that the love of the marvelous will make the dupe doubt no revelation given under the mask of "spiritual manifestation," however against all rules of nature and probability such revelations may be.

From ROBERT CLARK & Co., Cincinnati :—

HYGIENE AND EDUCATION OF INFANTS, or how to take care of babies, by the Societe Francaise D'Hygiene, Paris. Translated from the French by Geo. E. Walton, M. D.

A small volume telling the young mother, in a pleasing and accurate way, all that is necessary to know concerning the minute details of the baby's life: how to clothe it, how to feed it, how to wean it, etc., etc., etc.; and, by its lucid explanations, will relieve her of the many anxieties which, to the inexperienced, wait on every moment of the baby's young life. It states all that is necessary, nothing that is superfluous.

From the SOUTHERN PUBLISHING Co., New Orleans:

PARRHASIUS; or Thriftless Ambition, a dramatic poem, by Espy W. H. Williams.

A short dramatic poem, upon the well-known story of Parrhasius, the artist, and the model of his Prometheus, written in smooth, pleasing, blank verse, and with a fine dramatic climax.

MUSIC RECEIVED:

From GEO. D. NEWHALL, Cincinnati.

NO NAME SCOTTISCHE; composed by E. J. Abraham.

GLAD TIDINCS—Valse Sentimental; by Edw. Muller.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN FUNERAL MARCH; Solo and Quartette, by Jack Sparrow.

AH, SUNNY DAYS HA' PAST AND GANG. Song and Chorus. Words by Will P. Hale. Music by Will S. Hays.

REMEMBER, I'M YOUR FRIEND—Song and Chorus; by Will S. Hays.

From G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York;

HILDA AND I; a Story of Three Loves, by E. Bedell Benjamin.

Mrs. Benjamin's novel is as fresh and breezy as sea air; full of originality in plot and incident, and with well drawn characters, who live and move with individuality and interest. The heroine, Hilda, is at once charming and a new creation in fiction. The peculiarity of her life work, the care of animals, is handled with so much force and delicacy combined, that the scenes of her labors are prose poems. Nothing more tender and womanly, as well as courageous, can be imagined than her care of "Leo," the grand dog, who so well repays her ministrations.

The author follows the prevailing fashion in American literature of carrying her characters to Europe, but she gives us also much American matter, both in character and scene, passing from Long Island to Heidelberg, and bringing one of the "love stories" to a happy conclusion in Rome.

OUR ARM CHAIR.

APRIL, 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 made a most happy selection for the plate which we offer our readers this month. The scene is from the well known poem of Whittier, "The Ranger," and the merry, laughing girls are urging Martha Mason to join their boating party, in the words—

"'With our rally, rings the valley—
Join us,' cried the blue-eyed Nelly.
'Join us,' cried the laughing May;
'To the beach we all are going,
And, to save the task of rowing,
West by north the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay!
Come away, come away!
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
Let us take them while we may!

"Never tell us that you'll fail us,
Where the purple beach plum mellows
On the bluffs so wild and gray.
Hasten, for the oars are falling;
Hark, our merry mates are calling;
Time it is that we were all in
Singing tideward down the bay,"

while in the drooping figure and downcast face of Martha Mason, we read the weary, heart-sick answer—

"'Nay, nay, let me stay,
Sore and sad for Robert Rawlin
Is my heart,' she said, 'to-day.'"

The contrast between the animation and merriment of Nelly and May, and the sad, love-sick Martha, is very fine, and one of the great artist's best effects.

In our mammoth colored fashion plate are given the latest Paris fashions for Spring, and our readers will notice the new effects of draping and style.

The diagram pattern for a boy's spring street costume, will be very useful to mothers, whose lads keep them perpetually making and mending. It is easily cut from the pattern, and is at once stylish and comfortable.

Several pages of fashions for street and house costumes, bonnets, wraps, and other details of a complete spring outfit, are given in this number, making it valuable to all who are throwing aside heavy winter garments, for those suitable for April's softer air and sunshine.

The music pages are arranged expressly for our readers, and will be found to contain a gem of melody.

In the Work Department there are several novelties, including an entirely new style of letters for marking handkerchiefs, a knitted sack for a child and a very handsome pattern for a hunting pouch.

This Department of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK is meeting with highest praise from all quarters, and the interest taken in its various novelties from month to month by our fair friends, is very gratifying and encouraging to us.

Our literary columns, with the interesting chapters of Roslyn's Fortune, give the commencement of the new serial, "Glenarchan," an Easter story, by Kate Crosby, a young writer, who promises to take a prominent place in the list of writers, and several sketches and poems by popular authors.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

Every one knows how comfortable bamboo, rattan or willow wicker chairs are, and some one has been bright enough to think of upholstering them and making them ornamental for parlor use, a pretty fashion which seems to "take" well. 'Tis not expected, however, that more than one such chair shall be kept in a parlor, but that one—if tastefully ornamented with cushions and ribbons—makes pleasng variety, and a convenient addition to the furniture of the apartment; as it is so light that it can be easily moved, and always looks restful and inviting. The Bamboo chairs, being of foreign manufacture, are expensive, but the American wicker ones are made in good shapes and are durable and reasonable in price; they range from $5 to $7, the style represented in Fig. 1. being a

Fig. 1.

popular and pretty form. The upholstering consists of two movable cushions, one for the seat and a smaller semi-circular one for the back—the latter being tied on to the chair with satin ribbon—and sometimes a strip of the same material as that used for the cushions is made into a lambrequin trimming for the lower part of the chair. This strip is cut in points, and tassels of silk—to match the material—are attached to these points, and also hung between them, making a pretty finish. Fig. 2. shows this strip, and the manner in which the back cushion is put on. The chair should be painted black, and afterwards varnished, being allowed to dry very thoroughly before the cushions and trimmings are put on. The cushions are covered with satin, or with silk plush, and make good contrast with the black wicker. Amber, old gold, garnet, Prussian blue, or dark green, are the best colors. Black is generally preferred for the bows, though sometimes a double faced satin ribbon produces a good effect—the colored side of it of course matching the hue of the cushion covering. A rich material now made for upholstery, called "American Turk satin," is used for these cushion coverings; it is 60 inches wide, and $3.50 per yard.

This material has all silk face, and linen or cotton back, and is said to be durable; it is very elegant for table covers, especially if a band of silk plush of

Fig. 2.

the same color is added as a finish for the edge, and above that a vine or delicate sprays of flowers should be embroidered in silk or crewels. The modern "art embroidery," the "Kensington stitch," etc., is a revival of the style of fancy work which our great-grandmothers used to do; if evenly done (without "puckering" the material) and in good design, it is very pretty. The thread is kept to the right all the time, and a series of "back stitches" produce a flat design quite different from the modern French embroidery, with its raised leaves and variety of stitches. As it is not intended that the work shall look raised (or "stand out") only a few shades of each color are used, but it is important that these colors should be correct, and the design artistic and graceful. English crewels are the best in color and make, and they will also wash; but in their love of "conventional" forms, English designers produce many stiff and crude patterns, the French and Germans excelling them in grace and beauty. A novel bordering for a satin table cover (edged with silk plush) is made by sewing on a band of feathers, in such a manner that they will be laid partly on the satin and partly on the plush. If your "country cousin" will collect and

Fig. 3.

save for you the feathers of Guinea-hens, turkeys, and the long, dark green cock-tail feathers, you will find that they will be as ornamental for this purpose as the expensive plumage of rare birds. On a garnet satin table cover, for instance, the black and white Guinea-fowl feathers arranged as shown in Fig. 3, (*b*) will make a handsome trimming; or even the stiff tail feathers of the turkey (*a*) will contrast favorably with the rich color of the material. The feathers must be sewed on very carefully with fine silk of suitable color; making a long stitch on the under side of the satin, and a short stitch over the central rib or quill of the feather, on the right side.

E. B. C.

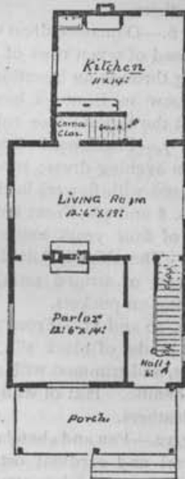
CHILDREN cry for **Pitcher's Castoria**, because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like **Castoria** because it gives health to the Child and rest to themselves, and Physicians use **Castoria** because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

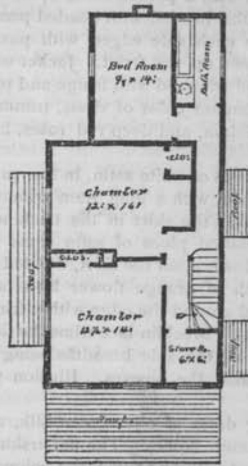
Horsford's Acid Phosphate is prepared according to the directions of Prof. E. N. Horsford, of Cambridge, Mass., the well-known authority on nutritious bread and the cereals. Useful in Dyspepsia, Nervous Diseases, Mental and Physical Exhaustion, etc.

A TRUTH FOR PARENTS.—The Rev. Dr. Duff remarks: "I am prepared from experience to say that, in nine cases out of ten, the hoards of accumulated money given to children, by whom they were never earned, and who acquired no habits of industry, or thrift, or laboriousness, prove, in point of fact, rather a curse than a blessing. I am prepared to substantiate that as a matter of fact, not merely from my own knowledge of the subject, but from the statements of men who have been of watchful and observant habits, cultivated not only in Great Britain, but in America. But it is a melancholy fact that so little do parents know of the mass of misery they are accumulating for their children in heaping up these hoards for them—so little do they think how big with misery these hoards are." The remark is worthy of the best consideration of parents, and the truth it inculcates should constrain them to use their wealth in doing good, and not hoard it up to injure their children.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.—"Cut your coat according to the cloth," is an old maxim, and a wise one; and if people will only square their ideas according to their circumstances, how much happier might we all be! If we would come down a peg or two in our notions in accordance with our waning fortunes, happiness would be always within our reach. It is not what we have or what we have not which adds to or subtracts from our felicity. It is the longing for more than we have, the envying of those who possess more, and the wish to appear in the world of more consequence than we really are, which destroy our peace of mind, and eventually lead to ruin.

SO perfect were the Egyptians in the manufacture of perfumes, that some of their ancient ointment, preserved in an alabaster vase in the Museum at Alnwick, still retains a very powerful odor, though it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old.





GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects, 520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above design contains eight rooms upon the first and second floors, and two fine large chambers in the attic. This cottage, with full accommodations, bath, sink, water-closet, cellar under living rooms, built of good frame weatherboards, slate roof, a good finish, is remarkably cheap. We have estimates from competent builders who will contract to build it for $1,553, painted in best manner. We are prepared to furnish specifications and full plans for the above cottage for the sum of $10, if unaltered.

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 navy blue silk and damasseé, made with one skirt kilted in the back, plain in front, edged with a plaited ruffle upon the front and side breadths, headed with beaded passementerie. Puffs up each side edged with passementerie, ribbon bows up the front. Jacket with damasseé sleeves, and trimmed with fringe and passementerie. Chip bonnet color of dress, trimmed with beaded lace, ribbon, and deep red roses, lace strings.

Fig. 2.—Bride's dress of white satin, in the princess shape, made plain, with a long train trimmed with two plaitings upon the skirt in the back, and one in front. A plaited piece of satin trims the waist, and extends down upon the skirt, divided up the front by a wreath of orange flower buds and foliage; it is finished around the edge with a fringe of flowers and leaves. Mechlin lace trims the sides of the skirt of dress, the side breadths being of damasseé, as are also the sleeves. Illusion veil and wreath.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of olive-green silk, and wool goods in cashmere colors. The underskirt is of the green trimmed with one ruffle, the polonaise is open up the front, fastened across with straps; it is trimmed upon the waist and sleeves with silk the same as skirt; belt and rosette also of silk. Tuscan straw bonnet, with cashmere colors run through it, and trimmed with feathers and silk.

Fig. 4.—Carriage dress of purple silk made with a train, and having a sash of a lighter shade fastened at the sides, loosely knotted in front of skirt. Coat basque made of brocade of the same shade as trimming on skirt, trimmed with darker cuffs, pockets, and collar. Chip bonnet of the same color as dress, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 5.—Dinner dress of gray silk; it is made with one skirt trimmed with two ruffles, and basque bodice with vest and collar. The front of skirt is trimmed with a drapery of pink satin embroidered in gay colors, and trimmed with fringe and ribbon bows; the vest is also of the same.

Fig. 6.—Street dress for child of four years, made of gendarme blue cashmere, made with a coat jacket, which is trimmed with striped satin.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Hat for girl of seven years; made of English straw, trimmed with blue ribbon, with rosettes of cashmere colors at the side; shirred silk faces the brim.

Fig. 2.—Hat for girl of nine years; made of white chip, trimmed with white satin ribbon, ostrich feather, and bird, satin shirred inside the brim.

Fig. 3.—Dress for girl of six years; it is made with an underskirt and polonaise, of turquoise blue cashmere, trimmed with Pekin satin.

Fig. 4.—Dress for girl of ten years, made of gray cheviot; it has an underskirt, overdress, and deep basque, trimmed with bands of damasseé in cashmere colors; there is also a vest of the damasseé.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress for lady, made of striped wool goods blue and gray; the underskirt is trimmed with a deep kilting edged with a band of blue silk, the overdress is trimmed with a knife pleating, and wide ribbon bow in front. The basque has vest, revers, and cuffs of silk, and is trimmed to correspond with underskirt. Gray straw bonnet, with blue threads through the braid, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

Fig. 6.—Damasseé dress with deep basque; collar composed of seven rows of Breton lace, with ribbon passing through an insertion at the throat, fastened by a bow in front; a lace stands up above this around the throat; lace cuffs.

Fig. 7.—Fashionable boot, intended to be worn with an evening dress; it is of pale blue satin, embroidered with flowers in their natural colors.

Figs. 8 and 9.—Front and back view of dress for child of four years, made of wood color summer serge. The skirt is kilted with a basque over it, with vest of striped satin, also collar, cuffs, and trimming on pockets.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Front and back view of lady's wrap, made of black silk; embroidered with silk and jet, and trimmed with a handsome fringe of silk and chenille. Hat of white chip, trimmed entirely with feathers.

Fig. 12.—Fan and chatelaine; the fan is composed of pearl and cardinal ostrich feathers, with gold chatelaine, to which is attached the scent bottle.

Figs. 13 and 14.—Front and back view of house dress, of black silk and damasseé. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with a box pleated ruffle; above this the skirt is shirred with a plain breadth of damasseé up the middle; a pleated scarf passes across the skirt in front edged with fringe, and the back is draped and trimmed with fringe. Basque bodice with vest, collar, pockets, and cuffs of damasseé.

Fig. 15.—Hat of mottled brown straw, trimmed with silk in cashmere colors, and stiff feather, spotted lace veil, tied in a bow in the back.

Fig. 16.—Hat of white chip trimmed all around with a band of ostrich feathers, with colored wing at side.

Fig. 17.—Black chip hat with old gold through it, trimmed with old gold satin, long feather and bird.

Fig. 18.—Evening dress of cream colored silk and damasseé; the skirt is plain in front, with a plaiting in the back trimming it. The front has a double apron, one of the silk, the other of the damasseé, trimmed with a fringe with handsome heading; a single overskirt in the back trimmed to correspond, and looped with large pink roses. Deep pointed bodice, low neck heart shaped, trimmed with a collar of damasseé, elbow sleeves.

Fig. 19.—Lady's night dress; the front composed of rows of insertion, lace and muslin; it is cut square in the neck, the sleeves are made to correspond with front.

Figs. 20 and 21.—Front and back of bodice for evening dress; it is made of silk, the front is trimmed with ruchings of lisse, and diagonal straps of silk ruching, fastened with pearl buttons; the right sleeve is ornamented with a rose and foliage, the back is arranged in pleats and is laced; the sleeves are ornamented with bows of ribbon.

Figs. 22 and 23.—Front and back view of evening dress; the skirt and tunic are of pale blue gauze, trimmed with puffings of the same and fancy silk; the tunic is trimmed with a kilting and pleated ruches of gauze and a trail of variegated foliage; pointed bodice of fancy silk, trimmed with ruches of gauze, trails of foliage, and loops of satin ribbon.

Fig. 24.—Muslin fichu, trimmed with Languedoc point lace.

Fig. 25.—Walking dress made of gendarme blue damasseé; the underskirt is trimmed with two plaited ruffles, headed by two puffs of plain silk; the skirt is shirred above this. Short panier overskirt trimmed with fringe. Round waist shirred, and worn with a belt. Tuscan straw hat trimmed with Isabelle yellow and gendarme blue ribbon, and feather.

Fig. 26.—Bow for the neck, composed of striped brocaded ribbon and Languedoc point lace.

Fig. 27.—Bracelet of links of gold, with gold pendant hanging from it.

Figs. 28 and 29.—Front and back view of evening coiffure, arranged in puffs, with half wreath of flowers and leaves arranged in the back. Two styles of trimming gloves for evening wear.

Fig. 30.—Bow for the neck, composed of two loops of wide brocaded ribbon upon one side; the other of narrow pale blue satin ribbon.

Fig. 31—Bag to hang at the side, made of the material of the dress; it is trimmed with fringe.

Fig. 32.—Suit for girl of six years, made of dove-color summer camel's hair; the skirt is composed of three folds up the sides and back, trimmed with bands of black velvet; it is box-pleated in front, and finished with velvet bows. Jacket with revers of velvet, and deep collar. Dove-color straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and cashmere-colored feathers.

Fig. 33.—Dress for little girl of four years; it is made of white cashmere; the skirt is trimmed with rows of Breton lace, with green velvet collar, cuffs, and pockets. White chip hat, trimmed with field flowers, green velvet, and feather.

Fig. 34.—Dress for girl of thirteen; it is made of beige; the lower skirt is kilted, the polonaise is cut up the front and around the bottom in deep turrets bound and trimmed with buttons. Straw hat the color of dress, trimmed with feathers of different shades.

Fig. 35.—Dress for girl of seven years, made of fawn-colored cheviot; the back of skirt is kilted, the front is gored with a broad piece of brocade silk up the front, and a scarf of the same across the skirt. Straw hat, faced with red satin, and fawn-colored and red trimming the outside.

Fig. 36.—Dress for girl of eight years, made of striped mummy cloth; the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles, the polonaise with a knife pleating and torchon lace. Black straw hat, trimmed with gay colored feather.

Our diagram pattern this month is for a walking dress for boy of three years; this is a pretty pattern for a spring suit, and can be made in any of the numerous wool goods that are both pretty and reasonable in price, or if preferred for later in the season, wash goods can be used. The pattern consists of five pieces, half of front, half of back, one sleeve, cuff, and quarter of skirt.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

As the season advances we each day see new and beautiful goods opened, many of the same texture as last season, which proved popular, and many new kinds whose merits have to be tested, before they can be appreciated or discarded. The importation of new cotton goods, for spring and summer dresses, is a revelation of what French manufacturers have lately done in the way of improved coloring. They have taken Eastern stuffs for their models in color and in pattern, and have imitated these designs so beautifully, that many of the prints recall the hand painted and embroidered decorations done with so much labor on the silks and fans and porcelains of China, India and Japan. There are many India patterns of the cashmere colors in palm leaves, such as have been worn during the winter, but the special success in spring goods has been in reproducing Japanese effects, with their characteristic fruit and flowers, the plum tree blossoms, chrysanthemums, and dwarfed peonies, with reeds and grasses, not omitting an occasional dragon, with bees, butterflies and other insects. These figures are brought out in their natural briliant colors, strewn upon a light ground of some pale tint. When the costume is made, the gay stuff serves only for part of the dress, and to combine with it is self-colored goods of the same quality in the dull and light tint of the figured fabric. A few dark grounds are shown, with peacock blue for the prevailing color, or the dull red of Kaga ware, brown and olive shades, and the superb blue of old Nankin porcelain.

We at once inquire if these goods will wash well, and we are informed that such is believed to be the fact, or they would not have been imported. However, great care must be used in washing them, and the laundress should first "set" the color with sugar of lead for blue, alum for green, and salt for

various colors. The improvement in frabric consists in dispensing with dressing and glaze, and making all cotton goods "soft" finished, that is without stiffening or lustre. The laundress must, therefore, omit all starch, and iron the dress on the wrong side, to restore as nearly as possible its original appearance.

Fleur de the, one of the new fabrics, is as thin as linen lawn, though made of cotton threads. and is, like crape, so elastic that you can stretch it in your hands. It is said to return to its natural crinkle after having been moistened. It is best to select this in the dark grounds, such as peacock blue, dull red, brown, or black, strewn so thickly with tiny flowers that the ground is nearly covered. These goods are handsome enough to be made up over silk.

A pretty fabric that looks like the crinkled silk of Canton crape, but is altogether cotton, is called crape Yeddo. This is as thick as percale, but as soft and pliable as silk. The gay Chinese colors and designs prevail in it. Yokohama crapê is similar to this, but is mostly shown in robes with borders of artistic colors in wide stripes, while the remainder of the robe is a pale shade, either the green of jade or tea rose color, strewn with very small leaves or buds.

The rough-surfaced mummy cloth that proved so popular last year is imported again in stripes and figures, with the faded out coloring peculiar to it, and which, having been well tested, shows that it does not fade further by washing. These are shown in figures, Japanese objects, especially fans, flowers, and different shaped leaves, ferns, palms, &c. Palm leaf stripes are lovely with dark grounds, and there are designs producing twilled effects like those on rich cashmeres. Plain mummy cloth is shown in turquoise blue, in bright Chinese yellow, in cream and pink shades, to be used with the figured cloths.

Another novelty called faille, is repped cotton as firm as gros grain, though not nearly as heavy as repped pique. This is in French designs with its Watteau designs of pinks, fleurs de lis, marguerites, and arabesques. The grounds are white, cream, lilac, and Severs blue.

Foulard batiste is a thin fabric as soft as foulard, and has white grounds, on which are brilliantly colored feathers, designs of flowers, fruit, and leaves, and sometimes real Japanese letters, that may mean a poem, and again may not.

Jaconets and organdy muslins are very largely imported, and are very beautiful; their soft colors, and bright designs will make them very popular for afternoon dresses.

Cheviot is a name given to several different kinds of goods; there is cheviot of wool like cloth, then there is a thinner wool goods of the same name. Scotch cheviot is the name given to plaid ginghams, which promise to be very popular for street suits; they are in soft quiet shades mixed with bright colors, and make up prettily and effectively.

The silks are very similar in design to those worn last season, and figured and damasseé goods are invariably used in combination with plain; the tints are of the most lovely delicate shades, so blended together that it makes one exclaim, and wonder where one commences and the other ends.

Wool goods for suits are in endless variety, plaids, figures, and plain contend for the supremacy, but all are equally fashionable, only that two kinds of goods are usually made up in one dress, one for underskirt, the other for overdress and trimming.

Beaded passementeries are largely used for trimming silks and satins, used in costumes and wraps for the spring. Buttons continue to be of the most fanciful colors, both in tinted pearls and in metals, and are both painted and engraved.

One of the most popular modes of making suits that are to be worn without an outside wrap, is with one of the masculine coat-shaped basques, now so fashionable. Oriental cashmere of many colors combined is used for the basques and panier drapery, but the same design is also made up in the brocade silks, satins, and satin de Lyon of a single color, or else black. A dress of black silk, plain and brocaded, forms part of almost every lady's wardrobe, instead of the plain black silk, which has so long been popular.

Many walking dresses are made quite *en princesse*, edged with one or more kilts, as fancy dictates then a kind of tunic scarf buttons on below the figure, and is pouffed at back. Kilt skirts are also again worn, and instead of having a scarf of serge or whatever the costume is, bright colored Oriental cashmere scarfs are worn, simply tied in a knot behind.

As we before stated, it is very seldom that a costume is composed of one material only, but often three and four different materals are used in a single costume. Parti-colored materials in mille-fleurs and jardiniére patterns are still used for trimming woolen materials, although cashmere colors are more popular. The latest style is most effective for trimming black toilets, and looks exceedingly rich. Strips of velvet and satin are now sold embroidered for trimming dresses, and with care this trimming will ornament two or even three costumes. A plain princess dress can be soon made stylish with Oriental cashmere scarfs across the front, draped up the centre and sides, forming paniers, and an end falling over the train at the back. A plastron of cashmere also improves a dress, and the cuffs and collar should match.

A good model for a plain walking dress, to be made of any of the inexpensive wool goods, which make up so prettily, and at such a trifling cost, is to have a short skirt edged with two narrow pleatings, then a deep polonaise draped high at sides and back, with drouble breasted front, trimmed with broad and narrow military braid.

Another inexpensive, yet stylish dress, is composed of an underskirt of brown satin, edged with one plaited ruffle, or it can be plain if preferred. Over this is a polonaise of light brown camel's hair, or cashmere, trimmed with a braided or embroidered band, in the same shade as dress, and a slight touch of color.

Further importations of spring millinery confirm the earliest advices, that there will be little change in the shapes of bonnets, and those of medium sizes neither very large nor very small are most

seen at present. Poke shapes of the moderate sizes promise to be the most popular, and are shown in the English split straw, Tuscan, chip, lace straw, satin braids, and Leghorns. A special novelty is the cashmere effects given to these new straws by introducing colored threads in the lace-like design; pale blue, heliotrope, and red threads are very effective when combined with the natural hue of the straw. There are also mottled effects of color given to chip hats to match the costume with which they are to be worn, and sometimes two shades of colored chip form alternate stripes all around the bonnet. Black chip bonnets have merely the crown of chip, while the scoop brim and the curtain are formed of straw lace, which is heavily beaded with fine jet beads; sometimes old gold straw is arranged in stripes in the black chip bonnets.

The Marie Christine, is the name given to a dressy affair, which is neither a bonnet nor a hat, but something between, and is to be worn by young ladies at fashionable watering places. It has a prominent crown, with a wide brim rolled back from the front, and split in two from the edge to the crown; this split is to come directly on top of the head, and the crown is to be placed quite far back on the head. The flaring brim is to be faced with a becoming color, and the crown is to be trimmed down one side with a long Mercutio plume, and down the other with flowers. The yellow Tuscan braid is most used for this Spanish head-dress, with Spanish lace strings, and the new Spanish yellow, called Isabelle, will appear in the trimmings, combined with red in the flowers, to complete the national colors of Spain.

Gypsy hats are very largely shown in the most coquettish shapes, to be worn well back on the head, with the sides tied down, and the front projecting in poke shape. Then there are hats with halo brim that frames the face and shows off handsome hair, as they are to be merely perched on the back of the head. Almost any large hat kept from last season can be worn, as the shapes are not so different as to make them look odd.

Ribbons will be much used for trimming bonnets. Satin ribbons are especially pretty when double faced in the new way, that makes the wrong side exactly like the right, or rather does away with the wrong side altogether. The new colors are Isabelle yellow, pheasant brown, and new shades that have purple for their base. Lutestring ribbons are revived; these were worn twenty years ago. Very rich Gobelin ribbons are shown that appear to be literal copies of stripes of old tapestries, and there are polka-dotted and damasseé ribbons of endless varieties that have but one thing in common, viz., the soft pliableness that makes them easily twisted and turned into knots and bows.

Fichus and barbes of black or of white Spanish lace are to be used to drape summer bonnets. Those richly beaded with pearls or with jet will be very largely used, but a great deal of Spanish lace will be used without beads. For creamy laces the Languedoc point is shown in the dark écru tints, now called Isabelle.

All the space devoted to our Chit Chat, might easily be filled with a description of the different flowers used for trimming bonnets, all the old-fashioned flowers being again fashionable; but our space warns us that our description must be brief. Those with yellow and red shades predominate, and include the marigold, sunflower, dandelion, buttercups, carnations, asters, dahlias, and other stiff-petaled flowers; chrysanthemums, poppies, and peonies, not, however, of the largest sizes.

Ostrich feathers come in the three small tips, representing the Prince of Wales' plumes, and are now in different shades of one color; these are to be used for straw and chip hats. For more dressy lace bonnets, the light fluffy marabout feathers of a delicate hue, tipped on the edges with cashmere colors are used. For walking hats and bonnets, stiff feathers, mounted breast feathers, and wings, that trim the hat as in the winter. Quantities of green bugs and beetles are set about on these feathers, and again the feathers form butterflies, rosettes, or thistles.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

Every year the custom of celebrating marriage anniversaries becomes more popular, not that upon the return of each succeeding year an entertainment is usually given to all friends, but the family usually are invited, and an interchange of gifts between husband and wife, and from children to their parents, shows the expressions of good will that exist, not that very near kins-people and very dear old friends may not also take the liberty of sending gifts, but usually if cards are issued, "no gifts received" is engraved in the corner of the card, and if other than relatives, or very old and dear friends, disregard this wish after being requested to restrict their generosity, they need not be surprised if the act be considered an impertinence, and resented accordingly; of course flowers or a book can always be sent, and received. The value of a gift has come to be measured, by persons of delicacy, by the motive which prompted its bestowal, and there is a decidedly serious effort being made by our refined and influential leaders of society, to escape from an unpleasantness that may be suffered equally by the giver and receiver of formal presents. People of superior breeding regard anniversary contributions to their household effects with distress, if not with aversion, and such gifts, if not presented by those who possess a natural right to make such bestowals, are likely to be returned to their donors. The marriage anniversary, which falls after five years, is called "a wooden wedding;" after ten years, "a tin wedding;" after twenty, it is "crystal;" at twenty-five, it is "silver;" at fifty, it is "a golden anniversary;" and at sixty the "diamond wedding" occurs. The prevailing style of cards of invitation to an anniversary party or reception, is just the same as to an ordinary entertainment. A wedding bell, or a horse shoe of white flowers, with the date of marriage wrought into it with colored blossoms, or a bride's cake dated by confections, and placed upon a separate table of honor, informs the guests of the reason for rejoicing after their arrival, when congratulations follow as a matter of course. If

a quarter of a century of married life is to be celebrated, it is customary to mention the fact upon the cards.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM DRAKE
request the pleasure of your presence,
ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL SIXTH, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK,
to celebrate the
Twenty-fifth Anniversary of their Marriage.
No gifts received. *No.* 432 *Broad Street.*

When such an impressive anniversary has arrived, it is customary for the host and hostess to secure as many guests as possible from among those who were present at their wedding. The clergyman who performed the ceremony is bidden, and, if possible, the wedding garments are again worn upon the occasion. After the clergyman has completed his part of the ceremony, which consists in returning thanks for the prolonged life of the pair, and such other interesting formalities as are impressive, without being oppressive, then congratulations are offered as at a wedding reception. When a formal supper is provided, the host and hostess lead together, and the guests follow in convenient order, as at an ordinary reception. If there is dancing, the bride and groom usually lead the first set, which is usually a cotillion upon such anniversaries. Upon taking leave, the guests express wishes of many more years of health and gladness to their entertainers. After-calls of formality are expected, as a matter of course. There are many beautiful and suggestive decorations possible upon such an occasion. Sometimes all the floral ornaments in the house are fully-blossoming roses and ivy, or rich foliage and no bloom. Among the loveliest and most suggestive of house decorations for a golden wedding anniversary are groups of palms and gracefully drooping heads of wheat, tied up in small sheaves. Garlands of laurel and autumnal foliage are also both charming and pleasantly significant of the afternoon of a happy life.

As dresses can be as elaborate as the taste of the wearer may desire, at the receptions, we will give a few models. The first, which will serve as a type of the most stylish patterns of the season, is of pale rose colored satin, and satin striped gauze. The dress itself is of satin, made with a long train, and trimmed in front only with bars of satin, edged with white Duchesse lace, and fastened in the centre with clusters of roses. The bodice is cut low. The overdress is of the striped gauze, with bodice cut heart shaped, and open to show the satin bodice, covered with white lace and roses. The gauze dress fastens together for a little way at the waist, and thence opens once more, showing the underskirt, also trimmed with lace and flowers. The edge of this skirt is trimmed with white lace, and with a delicate wreath of rosebuds as a heading to the lace border. This overskirt is draped up at the back with a very wide sash of rose colored satin and a wreath of roses. Long Duchesse lace sleeves over the short sleeves of satin. Some of the handsomest dresses we have seen are made with overdresses of crape elaborately worked in colored silk and bead embroidery, and edged with fringes to match. They are worn with dresses of white silk or satin. A pretty dress for a young married lady is of white satin, made with a long princess tunic, the skirt of which is cut out in deep peaks edged with white lace, veiled over with a fringe of white silk spangled with silver. The underskirt is covered with narrow puffings of white tulle, and finished with tulle flutings. A Sultana scarf of multi-colored soft thick twilled silk, is loosely tied round the waist, with a bow and tassels falling on the left side. A small scarf of the same material is draped on the bodice, finished at the top with a lace border. A deep fall of lace forms the sleeves. A spray of various flowers is placed high on the left side of the bodice. Young ladies wear short silk underskirts of white, pale blue, pink or mauve, over which are draped overskirts of tulle or gauze, fastened up with satin bows and wreaths of flowers. Their hair is arranged with extreme simplicity in a coil or plait in the nape of the neck, and ornamented with a single flower on one side.

For more sedate matrons, dresses of black or colored velvet are made to open over a plastron and tablier of silk or satin, either shirred or covered with narrow flutings. A very costly, though still very elegant style of toilet, can be made up with a jacket of brocade over a silk skirt, trimmed with bands or facings of the material of the jacket. For the evening, the brocade should have a somewhat brilliant design upon a light ground; pale polar blue is a favorite shade, with a floral or arabesque design in peacock-blue and old gold. Moss greens also look very well upon a light rose-colored ground. Jackets of this description can be worn with several skirts, and are very useful for *finishing* dresses of a former season. They are made, if not quite *decolletèe*, at least open in a square or heart shape. The sleeves are generally made short to the elbow, and trimmed with lace.

There are many ladies who never wear anything but a black dress of an evening; this may be of silk handsomely trimmed with lace or only of itself. Of course a sombre toilet like this can be very much improved and lightened by the addition of white lace at the throat and wrists and gay colored flowers. Many dresses are made entirely of black lace with designs wrought upon them in fine cut jet beads; these are both elegant and costly, and are made up over black silk. Thread lace shawls can be utilized as overdresses, to be draped over a black or colored silk dress; and if the shawl is handsome, a very elegant dress can be made with the addition of a lace flounce as trimming for the underskirt and trimming upon the waist. We will describe another dress for a plain reception, and then close; it is of Indian cashmere, brocaded in old gold colored silk over a peacock-blue ground, and of plain peacock-blue cashmere. The skirt is deeply kilted round the bottom. The second skirt is formed of two very wide scarves—one of brocaded and one of plain cashmere, very prettily intersected in front and draped behind. The bodice is a *casaquin* of the brocaded cashmere, with a narrow square opening in front, filled up with shirrings of plain peacock-blue satin, and finished with a turned-down collar of brocade. This bodice forms an obtuse point in front and a postilion basque at the back; a narrow satin fluting shows below it.

FASHION.

F. O. C. Darley. John C. McRae

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has press'd,
In their bloom:
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

GODEY'S FASHIONS FOR MAY 1880.

WEST. PHOTO. ENG. PHILA.

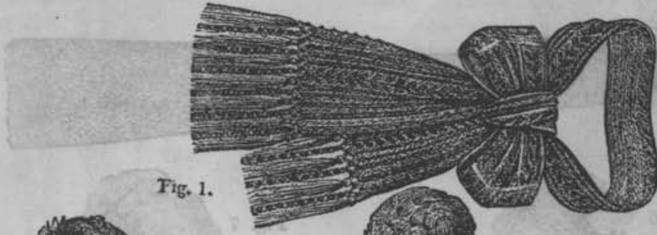


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5

Fig. 6

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8

Fig. 10

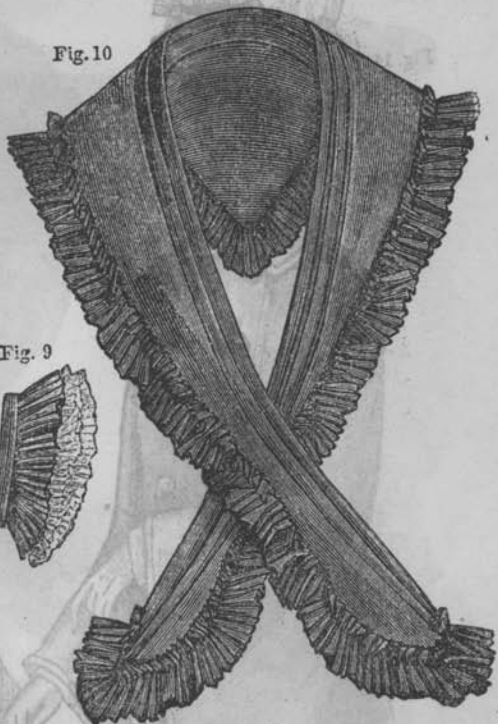


Fig. 9

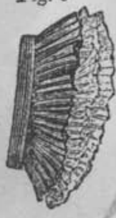


Fig. 11

Fig. 13

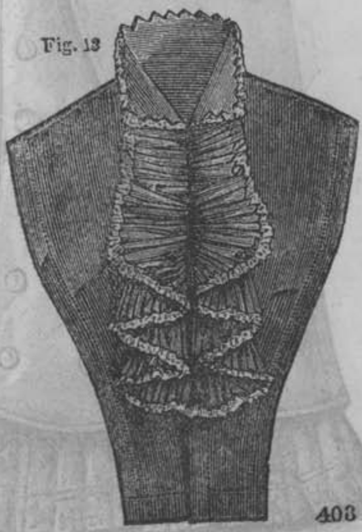


Fig. 12

Fig. 14

Fig. 15

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

Fig. 19.

Fig. 18.

Fig. 20.

Fig. 21

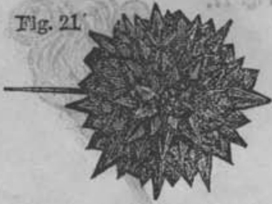


Fig. 22

Fig. 23

Fig. 24

Fig. 25

Fig. 26

Fig. 27.

Fig. 28

Fig. 29.

Fig. 30.

Fig. 31

Fig. 32

Fig. 33

Fig. 34 Fig.

Fig. 36

Fig. 37

Fig. 39

Fig. 38

Fig. 40

Fig. 41

Fig. 42

FLEE AS A BIRD.

Mrs M. S. B. DANA.

Moderato espress.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain,
2. He will protect thee for - ev - - er,

Thou who art wea - ry of sin;......
Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;......

Go to the clear flow - ing
He will forsake thee, O

foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there;

Published in sheet form, price 30 cts., by WM. H. BONER & CO., agts.,
No. 1102 Chestnut Street, Phila.

Fly, for th'aven - ger is near thee, Call and the Sa - viour will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the moments in

hear - thee, He on his bos - om will bear thee,
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

un poco ritenuto.

Thou who art wea - ry of sin, O thou who art wea - ry of
Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sa - viour will wipe ev - 'ry

sin.
tear.

Fig 43

Fig. 44

Fig. 45

Fig. 46

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 599.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

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

CHAPTER XII. (CONTINUED).

"Is it not?" says Lovelace, stung more deeply than he would have believed possible. "If you mean to you, that may be true; but to me it is a matter of supreme importance. I feel as if nothing else in the world was of importance, compared to it; and I hoped—I believed—"

He stops short, seeing that he has gone too far; for now like a flash, pride and anger came to Roslyn's aid. She turns her eyes on him, and he sees in their expanding glow that he has failed in what he wanted to draw from her. Many women, as he is well aware, would have cried out anguish-stricken, "I, too, love—is there no hope for us?" But this girl is not made of such stuff. Were what she suffers ten-fold greater, she has the courage and strength to say:

"You hoped and believed that it would be of supreme importance to me, also? I am glad to tell you that you are mistaken. It is not your fault that it is not so—I am aware of that—but I am quite able to wish you much happiness, and to be very certain that your feeling for myself will not long disturb your peace."

It is the simple instinct of pride and self-respect which gives her power to say this, but if the most subtle knowledge of man's nature had dictated it, she could not have spoken better. To Lovelace, she is at this moment irresistible—her spirited indifference giving the last touch of fascination to the charm she has for him.

"I do not deserve your reproach," he says, "for I *am* glad that I have not involved you in my miserable suffering. I had not thought of danger when I met you first, nor did I realize that I loved you until very lately—too lately to draw back from the peril. Indeed, some peril is so sweet, that a man can ask nothing better than to perish in it."

"But a man of honor has no right to draw others into peril," says Roslyn, proudly. "I do not mean to reproach you—nor is there any need to do so—but I cannot forget much that it seems you have forgotten."

"I have forgotten nothing," he answers. "If I have let my love speak in glance and voice, if I have sought your society and made you feel that your presence was the highest good in life to me, how could I help it? I never knew, I never dreamed, that I could feel for any woman what I feel for you; but I could as soon let the blood out of my veins as alter the fact now."

The passionate sincerity of his tone affects the girl as nothing to which she has listened has ever done. She is trembling from head to foot, and she feels that the scene must end, or she cannot answer for her self-control. The desire to escape is the one overmastering desire of which she is conscious, and she rises to her feet as she says:

"I do not think I care to listen to such words. They mean nothing—or, rather, they mean a breach of honor, after what you have told me. It seems strange that I should need to remind you of what I thought every gentleman felt, that honor must be held before all things. Even if—if I loved you, I should say that. There is, indeed, nothing else to say. Now will you be kind enough to return to the Stanhopes' and let me go home alone? I should prefer it."

"But why? Why should you banish me?" he says imploringly. "Nothing is different from what it was before—I have only told you what you must have known."

"Nothing different from what it was before?" she repeats. "What? You tell me in the same breath that you love me, and that you are engaged to your cousin, and you think I could have

*All rights reserved.

so little perception of what is fitting, so little self-respect, as to suffer matters to go on as they have done? No, Mr. Lovelace, your amusement is at an end. I shall not decline to see you if you come to the house—for that would render explanation necessary—but I hope you will not come often; and I think that the best thing you can do is to go away."

"Are you in earnest? Do you mean it?" he says, in the tone of one moved to the quick.

"Can I fail to mean it?" she answers, lifting her head. "It seems to me it is the only honorable thing to do. I take it for granted that you wish to do what is honorable, even at this late day."

Certainly, in the experience of most of us, "it is the unforeseen which happens;" but never has the truth of the proverb been so clearly illustrated to Lovelace, as at the present moment. Least of all things which he had foreseen, was such a spirit as this in Roslyn; and in his surprise and perplexity, he feels that it is better to let her go than to attempt to detain her in her present mood. Uncovering, therefore, he says:

"I cannot defend myself; but perhaps you may think of me more kindly and justly after a time. At least, if I have been wrong, it is I who will suffer the penalty. Will you not say good-bye, if I may not go with you? Will you not give me your hand? It is surely no crime to love you!"

But she does not answer, and she does not give her hand. She turns, instead, and flies away like one who seeks a haven of safety. Where she is going, or what doing, she does not know until she finds herself at the familiar garden gate. Then she looks round half-bewildered, as if questioning whether all that has so recently passed is not a dream, and as one rousing to consciousness out of stupor, cries:

"Thank God, I did not let him know!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. STANHOPE AMUSES HIMSELF.

It chances that while Lovelace has been in the woods with Roslyn, Mr. Stanhope having some reason of business or pleasure to go into Kirton, and not thinking it worth while to order a horse of his own while one stands ready saddled before him, has mounted the animal which Lovelace left, and gone into the town.

This trifling event would not be worth recording—although it is the occasion of much impatience on the part of Lovelace, when he returns, to find that his horse has vanished—but for the consequences flowing therefrom, and flowing very immediately. Having transacted his business, Mr. Stanhope is briskly riding out of Kirton in the yellow light of sunset, when to his great surprise, in sharply turning a street corner, he finds himself by the side of Colonel Duncan, who, also mounted on horseback, is riding out of town.

They exchange salutations, and then, seeing that the latter gentleman looks rather curiously at his own horse, Mr. Stanhope says:

"You recognize your horse, eh, Colonel? It is by a mere accident that I happen to be riding him. Lovelace called at my house an hour or two ago, and when he left, wanting to go over to Mr. Vardray's by the foot-path—in order, I suppose, to keep some tryst with pretty Miss Roslyn—he asked me to send the horse round by a servant later in the evening. After he left, thinking of something I wanted in Kirton, and this animal being convenient, I mounted him and rode in. He goes well—remarkably well."

"He is a fine horse," says Colonel Duncan, "and I know you to be a judge of fine horses, Mr. Stanhope."

"Well, yes, I have a little knowledge of horse-flesh," admits Mr. Stanhope modestly. "Not much more than your friend, young Lovelace, however," he adds with a laugh. "He is as good a judge of a horse as of a pretty woman."

Colonel Duncan frowns slightly, for this mode of talk is as objectionable to him as possible—but for the first time it flashes across his mind that Mr. Stanhope probably knows much more of his "young friend Lovelace," than he does himself. This ignorance would not seem to him a matter of any importance, were he only concerned himself, but those words, "keep some tryst with pretty Miss Roslyn," have suggested a fear that has come to him more than once before; that, in fact, has been a potent cause in bringing him home unexpectedly and unannounced. He has an instinct that Lovelace does not possess the high sense of honor, which alone can make it safe to trust a man in a position of temptation; and an awakening consciousness of this, roused him out of his dull lethargy of pain to the realization that he had not acted well in leaving the girl he loved exposed to such a danger. Now a pang contracts his heart—a very unselfish pang—as he thinks, "Have I come too late?" and for her sake, he proceeds to draw out Mr. Stanhope.

That gentleman is easily drawn out—reticence, unless to serve some end of his own, being by no means, one of his characteristics. In the space of fifteen minutes, Colonel Duncan is greatly and not encouragingly enlightened, concerning the character and antecedents of the man who is a stranger within his gates; and then follows a still greater shock, for Mr. Stanhope does not hesitate to assert that a regular "love-affair" is in progress between Lovelace and Roslyn.

"It has not seemed my business to warn anybody concerned," he says, with a careless shrug, "but it is a pity for the girl—a great pity! It is

not in the least likely that he thinks of marrying her—he can hardly keep his head, financially speaking, above water now, and is the last man in the world to indulge in the expensive freak of marrying a woman for her pretty face—but even if he were inclined to marry, he's not the man I'd like to give *my* daughter to."

"But is it likely—have you seen or known of anything to make you believe it likely—that Miss Vardray has become attached to him?" asks Duncan, hating himself for the question, yet feeling that he must learn all that he can, in order to be sure of his ground for future proceedings; and being aware that, through Lettice, Mr. Stanhope has opportunities of acquiring accurate knowledge on the subject.

The other laughs—a slight laugh, but more significant than many words.

"You know Lovelace," he says. "Does it strike you as probable that any girl could hold her own against the attentions of a man as well fitted to please women as he is?"

There is no reply. Colonel Duncan answers the question to himself, but it is not an answer he is disposed to give Mr. Stanhope. Indeed at this point their roads separate, and the former says:

"If you see Lovelace, I shall feel obliged if you will let him know that I have returned."

"I'll send him word to that effect when I send the horse," replies Mr. Stanhope. I am not likely to see him again to-day. Good evening."

He turns into the road leading to his own house, with a cheerful air and light spirit. He has done a bit of work which satisfies him very well. Many an old grudge has he against Colonel Duncan—such grudges as the black sheep of civilization generally have against their white brethren—and he feels comfortably conscious that he has paid them all off in the news which it was his good fortune to communicate. As for Lovelace, if he bears no grudge against *him*, neither has he any reason to spare him; and since his chief delight, from his youth upward, has been in the doing of mischief simply for the sake of mischief, he is very well pleased with that which he has just had the opportunity to do.

Meanwhile, the man to whom he has done this good turn, has been inwardly execrating him almost as heartily as if he had known of it, as he sits on the piazza in the twilight, waiting for his horse. Lettice has come out to explain the absence of the horse, and to do a little duty work in the way of entertaining him; but she finds the latter very up-hill work, for Mr. Lovelace is distinctly and unmistakably in a bad temper. Indeed, so marked is this, that it occurs to the shrewd young maiden that some deeper reason than that which appears on the surface must be the cause of it.

"I hope you found them all well at Verdevale," she says with the most innocent air. "I have not seen any of the family for a day or two."

"I have not been to Verdevale," answers Mr. Lovelace, quite shortly.

"Ah, you met Roslyn, then?" she says in the tone of one drawing a natural and inevitable conclusion.

Lovelace is very much inclined to exclaim, "Why the mischief should you suppose that?" but some vague idea of the courtesy due to a woman interferes to prevent the speech, and he reflects that there would be no good in denying that he met Roslyn, since it is so easy for Lettice to discover that he did. Therefore he answers, with more than a shade of irritation in his tone:

"Yes, I met Miss Vardray."

"And she did not come back with you to see me!" says Lettice, ignoring the irritation. "I consider that very mean on her part—unless you stopped her in order to enjoy her society all to yourself."

"We took a short walk," says Lovelace stiffly, "and then she returned to Verdevale, while I decided to come back here for my horse."

"I am sorry you should have to wait for him," says Lettice—while her thoughts are busy with the problem thus set before her. Something is plainly the matter—something which has ruffled the equanimity of Lovelace to a most unusual degree. "Can things have gone so far that he is forbidden to visit Roslyn, and is making a convenience of us in order to meet her?" she thinks.

While she is pondering this question, Lovelace rises to his feet with an exclamation of relief. "There he is at last!" he says—and goes hastily forward, as Mr. Stanhope comes riding up to the door.

"What, my dear fellow, are you here?" says that gentleman cheerily. "Why, this is quite unexpected. Was Miss Roslyn not at home?"

"I decided to return for my horse," replies Lovelace brusquely—"and I have had to wait a considerable time for him."

"Sorry to hear it," says Mr. Stanhope carelessly, "but I bring you some news in return for having borrowed him without leave. I met Colonel Duncan as I was leaving Kirton, and had the pleasure of riding a mile or so with him. He asked me, if I saw you again, to let you know that he has gone on to Cliffton."

"Indeed!" says Lovelace, without any indication of surprise. He feels little interest in the announcement, for Colonel Duncan may come or may go as far as he is concerned now. He mounts his horse almost as soon as Mr. Stanhope has dismounted, and, with scant adieux, rides away.

"He was in a very bad temper at not finding his horse, papa," says Lettice quietly, as her father comes on the piazza where she sits.

"Very likely, my dear," replies Mr. Stanhope

calmly. "He is a young gentleman much given to bad temper when things do not suit him—but what brought him back, when he said that he did not mean to come?"

"I don't know," answers Lettice, the prudent. "He only mentioned that he met Roslyn and took a walk with her."

"And she sent him back here!" says Mr. Stanhope with a laugh. "She is a sensible girl, and knows how to keep things smooth at home. But I think Mr. Lovelace will have some good reason for bad temper before long," he adds with a complacent nod, as he walks into the house.

A prophet could not have spoken more truly, for Lovelace has reason for very bad temper indeed, before he is many hours older. Colonel Duncan is a man without the faintest power of simulation, and it would be impossible for him to meet his kinsman as if no change had come over his feelings toward him, when in reality he is filled with wrath and indignation. In his first greeting, Lovelace sees tokens of this, and divines what is to follow—what does follow speedily. Duncan is not a man of many words, so the reproach, when it comes, is keen, the charge direct. It's very directness makes it almost impossible to evade it, were Lovelace disposed to do so. But he is not. To-night, at least, he is reckless, ready to avow the worst, ready to say, "If this be treason, make the most of it!" And, as is natural, his candor disarms the elder man somewhat. What can he reply to such *a meâ culpâ* plea as this?

"Yes," says Lovelace, "your instinct, or your information, is correct. I have behaved like a scoundrel, I suppose—and you may call me one if you like. That is, I have fallen in love with Miss Vardray, and I have made love to her—the last, however, not until I told her the whole truth. I told her that I was engaged, but that I had the misfortune to love her; and she told me scornfully, that the information did not interest her in the least. That is how the matter stands: so you see that I am the only injured person—which ought to be, no doubt, a solid and substantial comfort to me, but is rather the reverse; for if she had acknowledged that she loved me, I should as certainly break my engagement with my cousin, as I stand here now."

"And do you think that would be honorable conduct?" asks Colonel Duncan.

"Who can tell?" replies the other. "It is hard, sometimes, to know where honor lies. It strikes me that it would lie rather in marrying a woman who loves me and whom I love, than in making a cold-blooded marriage of convenience."

"You should have considered the cold-bloodedness of a marriage of convenience before engaging yourself to make it. A matrimonial engagement once made, is something form which no man of honor can recede. Roslyn Vardray is not the girl I believe her to be, if she did not tell you that."

"She did tell me so—with the most unmistakable emphasis," says Lovelace. "But—she did not *deny* that she loves me; and what a woman does not deny, she almost affirms. That is my only hope."

"You have no right to talk of hope while your engagement binds you," says Colonel Duncan, sternly. "Remember that it was I who introduced you into the Vardray household, and therefore I feel myself accountable for your conduct—I should feel it in the case of any girl, but especially do I feel it with regard to Roslyn, for whom I have always entertained a peculiar affection. I insist, I have a right to insist, that you do not see her again under present circumstances. If you choose to break your engagement, you can then go to her as a free man, and see what she will say to you—but *now* I am determined to shield her from bitterness of any kind, and I repeat that you must go away without seeing her again."

"I am by no means sure that you have a right to insist upon it," says Lovelace coolly; "but it is pretty much what I have myself determined to do. Only"—he pauses an instant—"I hardly see how breaking my engagement will bring me much nearer to her; for, placed as I am, I confess that it would be simple madness for me to think of marrying a portionless wife."

"And will you tell me," says Colonel Duncan, with deep, concentrated indignation, "why you did not think of this before uttering a word of love to a portionless girl?"

"Because the utterance came like the love itself, without thought," answers Lovelace. "Some impulses are beyond a man's control."

"Beyond *some* men's control," says Colonel Duncan dryly—and there abruptly ends the conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

TAKING COUNSEL.

Colonel Duncan's meditations during the night which follows his conversation with Lovelace, are of a very perplexing order. Setting aside his own feelings altogether—as with the unselfishness of a great nature, he is able to do—he decides that it is incumbent on him to apply whatever remedy may be in his power to the state of affairs between his cousin and Roslyn. He does not doubt that the latter returns the passion of Lovelace, and the only question in his mind is, whether it might not be better that she should suffer from that common calamity of youth, "an unfortunate attachment," than to unite her life to one who, according to his own instinctive judgment, as well as Mr. Stanhope's verdict, would

not be likely to make any woman happy. This is the question which he debates during the long watches of the night; and his final decision is, that he will see Roslyn herself, and be guided by what he can learn or can judge of her state of feeling. "If the attachment is strong and likely to endure with her," he thinks "matters must be arranged so that she will not suffer. I could endure anything better than to see that radiant face clouded by sorrow and despair."

Acting on this resolution—of which, however, he says nothing to Lovelace—he mounts his horse the next morning, and rides over to Verdevale. He is welcomed cordially by all the family, with the exception of Roslyn, who does not appear; and when he inquires for her, he is told that she is not at home.

"She went early this morning into Kirton," says Mrs. Vardray, "to spend a few days with her Aunt Lavinia."

"I will call and see her, then," says Colonel Duncan, "since I am going to ride into Kirton myself."

An hour later he is dismounting at the gate of a large, old-fashioned house, set far back from the street, in the spacious greenness of a wide, grassy yard, which is the residence of Mr. Vardray's widowed sister, Mrs. Parnell. Her only daughter having married and moved away, she lives here alone, save when provided with companionship by the visits of her grand-children, or of Roslyn, to whom she is greatly attached. But being one of the people who are always the centre of a social circle, she cannot be said to lead a lonely life, although it is, in great measure, a solitary one.

Colonel Duncan feels it necessary to ask for her, although he is burning with impatience to see Roslyn, and Roslyn alone; but it is only in the power and presence of some great emergency that we can violate the useful and necessary conventionalities of civilized life. He is shown, therefore, into Mrs. Parnell's sitting-room, and received by her most kindly. She is a blithe, elderly lady, with a cheery manner and a charming smile, whose popularity arises from her genuine warmth of heart—although this warmth is not indiscriminate. She has her favorites, and, among them, few rank so high as Hugo Duncan. It has long been one of the chief desires of her heart that he may succeed in winning her pretty niece; and she has consequently regarded, with the most marked disfavor, all other candidates for that young lady's hand.

Duncan's eager eyes sweep the apartment as he enters, in search of Roslyn—not knowing hardly until this moment, how hungry is his heart for the sight of her—but she is not to be seen. Only Mrs. Parnell rises from her accustomed seat and comes forward to welcome him.

"This is a very unexpected pleasure, Colonel Duncan," she says, "though not the less great for being unexpected. But I heard of your departure some weeks ago, and did not know that you had returned."

"I only returned yesterday, quite unannounced," Duncan answers. "It is among the doubtful privileges of a bachelor existence, that one can come and go when one likes, without feeling bound to give warning of arrival or departure."

"A very doubtful privilege, I should think," says the lady, shaking her head. "I don't know which is most desirable, to have some one to say good-bye when one goes, or to welcome one when one returns."

"But if one is not so fortunate as to possess any one to perform either of those gracious offices, one must find what consolation is possible in the freedom of loneliness," replies Duncan, smiling.

"I don't believe there is much consolation in it for you," says Mrs. Parnell. "I have a better opinion of you. But however that may be, your journey has not done you any physical good, if I may judge by your appearance. You are looking fagged and worn."

"A usual result of travel and warm weather," says Duncan—and then, being so much pre-occupied in mind, that it is with an effort he sustains the conversation, his eyes wistfully travel round the room again.

Mrs. Parnell catches the glance and smiles.

"I know who it is you want to see, my dear Colonel," she says; "and I am not so obtuse or hard-hearted that I intend to monopolize your visit. I will send for Roslyn presently—but first will you let me ask something about the young man of whom I have lately heard a good deal as being with you at Cliffton? Lovelace is his name, I believe."

"He is a son of Ada Duncan, a distant cousin of mine, whom you may remember as having been at Cliffton once in her girlhood," Duncan answers. "I confess that I know little of the young man himself. He came to my door as a kinsman, and you know the clanship feeling that goes with Scottish blood. It was enough for me that he *was* a kinsman, until—until lately."

Mrs. Parnell nods.

"Yes," she says. "I understand. It was like a man not to think of consequences—not to realize that his being a kinsman was not warrant enough for letting him carry off our bonny Roslyn."

"Has it come to that?" asks Duncan, in dismay. He thought he had prepared himself to know the worst—to know that her heart had gone forever beyond his reach—yet the certainty which seemed to him contained in Mrs. Parnell's words, sends a sharp, sick throb of pain through all his being.

"I am afraid it has," replies the lady. "I have heard rumors and reports, of course—you

know how such things get about—but I would not believe that there was any danger until the child came to me this morning. The first look in her eyes was enough to tell me that a change has come over her, that she has lost the gayety of an untroubled heart and drank her first draught of sorrow. I don't know what her coming here means, but I will tell you what she said—I think you have a right to know."

"If the desire to serve her is a right, I have," says Duncan.

"She said," Mrs. Parnell goes on, "'I have not come to see you from an entirely unselfish motive, Aunt Lavinia—in fact, not from an unselfish motive at all. I have come because I want to be away from home for a few days. I may be forced there to see people whom I do not want to see, but here I can refuse myself to whom I like.'

"Of course I did not ask whom she wished to avoid—I only kissed her and told her that I was glad to see her from whatever reason she came, and that she should refuse herself to whoever she liked. But I had no difficulty in conjecturing whom she meant, and neither, I suppose, have you."

"I know very well," he answers. "I have heard the whole story from the man whom I blame myself bitterly for having left in a position of temptation. It is because I have heard it that I am here this morning to see Roslyn."

Mrs. Parnell looks at him hesitatingly for an instant before she speaks. Then she says:

"I do not know whether or not to ask if you feel at liberty to let me know the whole. It is needless, I am sure, to say—you will understand this—that my interest does not arise from curiosity, but from my love for the poor child. If I can be of no service in any way, we will not waste time in a useless discussion; but if I can help you by advice or otherwise, you know how glad I shall be to do so."

"I think, perhaps, you may help me by advice," he says. "I feel the need of counsel, and I know that you are competent to give it—that I may rely both upon your good sense, and your love for your niece. I will tell you, then, all that I know, and see whether your opinion coincides with my own, as to the course which I have thought of taking."

So he tells it all—his accidental meeting with Mr. Stanhope on the preceding evening, the gossip which that gentleman related, his indignation against Lovelace, the story of the latter, and his own mental debate thereupon.

"You see, I reproach myself so much for having introduced this young man at Verdevale in the familiar manner I did, that I feel responsible for the result of the intimacy thus established," he says. "He could not, even if he had been presented by myself, but in a mere formal way, have had the vantage-ground of such unrestrained intercourse as my heedless folly gave him; for I am confident now, in recalling various slight but significant circumstances, that Mrs. Vardray, had an instinctive distrust of him from the very first. She would have been on her guard, and would have kept him at a ceremonious distance, but for my unreserved endorsement of him as my kinsman. And since it is by my fault that this unfortunate state of affairs has come about, it is incumbent upon me to do what I can to smooth matters. I must straighten the tangled threads, if it is in my power to do so."

"I do not, I confess, see any way by which you can do so," says Mrs. Parnell. "If the man is engaged to another woman, and ruined besides, it seems to me that the only thing, as well as the best thing, is for him to go away—the sooner the better. He has certainly not acted as a man of honor."

"He certainly has not," says Duncan, "but remember that he is young, impulsive, and the temptation was great. Few men in his position would have acted differently, many would not have acted as well, for he might have told his love without telling of his engagement."

"A man does not tell his love only in words," says Mrs. Parnell. "He tells it in unnumbered ways—in look, in tone, in devotion of manner. Do you think women are blind?—do you fancy we are insensible to the whole course of wooing until the end comes in the question 'Do you love me?' If Mr. Lovelace wishes to save his character for honor in *that* way, I consider it a very shallow device. By every means in his power he tried to win Roslyn's heart, and then he says that he told her of his engagement before telling her of his love! What right had he to mention love then? I should have called it an insult!"

She speaks with energy—color flushing her cheeks, and fire flashing from her still bright eyes; and Duncan feels that a female Daniel has come to judgment, on whom no plea of mercy will have effect.

"No doubt you are right," he answers. "I cannot condone his conduct—I cannot even excuse it on any ground save that of overwhelming temptation. Of course he would not have yielded to the temptation, strong as it undoubtedly was, if he was not weak as well as—"

"Unprincipled," was the word he is on the point of uttering—but he checks himself, and goes on after a scarcely noticeable pause, "Putting him out of the question, however—for, on his own merit alone, he would receive no consideration from me—I must ask you to remember this, which is my sole concern in the matter, that we have every reason to believe that Roslyn loves him, and it is *her* happiness of which I am thinking, and which I desire to secure."

Mrs. Parnell looks at him as if she would read the very depths of his heart, were such a thing

possible. What is the man made of? she wonders. Does he love Roslyn himself, and if so, by what power of self-abnegation can he talk so calmly of securing her happiness by giving her to another man? These are her thoughts, but she does not express them when she says:

"To gratify an unwise passion would be to ensure her unhappiness, rather than to secure her happiness, believe me, Colonel Duncan. I, for one," she continues very earnestly, "am altogether opposed to anything so short-sighted. Say that she *is* in love with the man, what then? She will not be the first girl by many, who has suffered a heart-ache and been cured in due time—and she will not be the last. Neither do I think that she is likely to suffer long. But, even if she does suffer, will not that be better, a thousand times better, than for her to marry such a man as this must be?—a man without stable principle, a *mauvais sujet* of the worst description, a friend—companion, at least—of Randolph Stanhope! Why, if I knew nothing else unfavorable about him, the fact of his being the intimate associate of so disreputable a man, would be sufficient to make me think that anything would be better for Roslyn than a marriage with him!"

"I am afraid she would not agree with you in that opinion," says Duncan quietly; but there is a look of pain on his face which causes Mrs. Parnell to regret having spoken so warmly and unguardedly; and she exclaims quickly:

"Forgive me if I seem too harsh in my judgment, and if I forgot for the moment that one so totally unlike yourself is your kinsman."

"There is no need to apologize for anything that you have said," he answers simply, "you cannot think more harshly of him than I am inclined to do. But I wish to be reasonable and just—and indeed, as I said before, it is not of him that I think—it is of her."

"And you wish to do what is best for her, I am sure?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Suppose that Roslyn was your daughter—all the circumstances of the case being the same as now—would you permit her to marry Mr. Lovelace, if you could prevent such a thing? I am confident that you would not," she continues, as Colonel Duncan hesitates an instant. "You would feel it your duty to oppose such a marriage to the utmost. And do you think it right to encourage, if not promote it, as you propose to do in the present instance?"

Duncan rises from his seat and takes a turn up and down the floor before he answers. Then he sits down again, and says in a low tone:

"I cannot endure to think of her suffertng as she will—as she must suffer if she loves him and has to give up her love—and to feel that I am to blame for it."

"You will be still more to blame if you involve her in the life-long wretchedness of an unhappy marriage," says Mrs. Parnell, gravely. "And there is another thing to be considered. Since your cousin is ruined in fortune, and frankly says that he must marry money, how do you expect him to marry Roslyn, who will have nothing till her father dies, and then very little?"

"I should settle that by securing *my* fortune to her," answers Colonel Duncan, calmly.

Mrs. Parnell regards him with the air of one who is unable to credit the evidence of her ears.

"I beg pardon," she says, "but did I understand you rightly?—did you say secure *your* fortune to her?"

"I said that," he replies. "Is it strange? You surely know how deeply I am attached to her—what better use could I make of what is mine, than to secure her happiness with it?"

The simplicity of his manner, as well as of his words, carries conviction of his sincerity to his listener; and, if for a minute she does not speak, it is because the tears, which rush to her eyes, also choke her. Then:

"And you—*you* love her like this," she cries at last, "to a point of generosity beyond anything that I have ever heard of any other man, and are yet so blind as to think of giving her up—for her happiness, indeed! For her lasting misery, you will find, if you succeed in carrying out your scheme of ill-judged generosity!"

"But you forget," he says, "that it is no question of 'giving up' with me. I do not think I should be magnanimous enough for that. She has told me distinctly that she can care nothing for me—I suppose I was a fool ever to think that she could—and shall I be selfish enough to let any thought of myself stand in the way of what may make her happiness?"

"Putting aside the fact which I have already repeated often enough—I mean, that I cannot believe you would secure her happiness in this way," says Mrs. Parnell, "have you wholly forgotten yourself—your own future? Surely you are not so foolish as to fancy that life is over for you, because a silly girl has said No."

"I do not fancy that in any sense, it is over for me," he answers; "but I am certain that I shall never marry, and hence I have a right to dispose of my fortune as I like. What I desire, is to see Roslyn, and learn from herself how she regards Lovelace—for all depends on that."

"I have always trusted a great deal to Roslyn's sense," says Mrs. Parnell, "and Heaven grant I have not trusted in vain! I will send her to you; but before I go, I must say that I think it is an honor to have seen and known a man who can so nobly forget himself."

With this, and before he can reply, she has left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JEANNETTE.

BY JAMES B. MARSHALL.

Miss Marion lightly tripped off of the porch and airily made her way down the gravel walk toward her columbarium. It was rather unnecessary for her to clap her hands to call her bright-eyed pets, who no sooner caught sight of her advancing, basket in hand, than they began fluttering and cooing about her for the feast to begin. She numbered the eager brood, and to her surprise, they were an even dozen, though for two weeks past, since a certain pure white bird had mysteriously disappeared, there had been but eleven. Suddenly she dropped her basket, regardless of contents, and caught in her hands a rather shy white bird, giving a cry of joy. "Where have you been, you false bird, these weeks past?" demanded she, placing the bird a moment against her bright cheek; an attention which the bird in nowise seemed to relish, as it beheld its companions in a mass on the ground devouring the grain. "And a message attached to you," continued the young lady, beginning to nervously untie a note from its body. "What can it be?" Written in a neat hand, were these lines:

To the Unknown Owner:—Two weeks yesterday, on going to feed my birds on the flat, I found this bird with a broken wing among them. I cared for it, and its wing healed nicely. It became accustomed to me so soon, that I knew it must be some one's pet; and now I release it, hoping that its sorrowing owner may be soon comforted. JEANNETTE."

At the breakfast table, Miss Marion, as she poured our her father's coffee, wondered what sort of a Good Samaritan Jeannette could be, and drew an imaginary Jeannette, standing on a high picturesque tower, with her birds sailing around her, and watching the released bird winging its way across the great city, as she conjectured where it was bound. The Professor doubted whether tower was a convertible term for flat, but his daughter held firmly to her romantic picture. During the day the wanderer disappeared again, and on the next day returned accompanied by a strange bird. By stratagem Miss Marion trapped the stranger, and having attached the following note, she released the bird in the hope that her thanks would be borne to the unknown Jeannette, as it was probable that her own bird had returned to the place of its kind treatment and enticed the stranger away:

"*My Unknown Friend, Jeannette:*—I take the liberty to call you friend, and wish to express my thanks for your care of my truant birdie. It was very good of you, and shows that you have a tender, loving heart, be you old or young. My father has laughed at me for the romancing I have built on your little note, and has sarcastically advised me that it will be but fair to sign myself, your equally unknown,

"MARION."

In a few days an answer came back, and several exchanges by the pair of birds ended in a regular correspondence growing up between their owners. The short notes grew into long ones and the long ones into letters, chatty and descriptive of every day matters and each other's surroundings and history. "I live very high," said Jeannette in one of her earlier letters, "actually seven stories high: we have gotten up in the world, to be sure, since we lived in that dear little home in far away Strasborg. Cottage, you would have called it, but papa called it, in his grand way, Chateau la Belle: and Chateau la Belle it was to every one. It was a beautiful little home, and all the grand palaces in the world were not, to me, of half its beauty." Again she wrote: "You must know that *mon pere* is an artist, and our home was just such a home as artists dream of, and love to paint into their pictures, yet scarcely live in; but ours was after papa's own dreamings. I can readily believe as I look back with the past seven years' experience, that it was not a very practical house, but to a child of twelve, there was not a house in or about my dear city I would have exchanged it for; and in that particular we were all children together. There was a balcony at one end like a Swiss chalet; a German Gothic vine-covered porch in front, facing an English lawn with a terra cotta copy of an Italian fountain; and gables, dear me, I'm almost afraid to say how many, but I think there were seven. No doubt you will think it was a very ridiculous affair, but when I dream of happiness, I'm back in my sunny home, in that vine-covered porch, seated with *ma mere*—poor beautiful mother—and papa telling us of the great picture he would paint. Yes, poor mother! The wearers of crowns in their haughty pride must bring cruel war to batter down our city, and bury my dear mother beneath our shattered home. A great shell burst within our very door: my mother was killed, I a cripple, and papa all but heart-broken. I can hear the great guns roaring now as they roared in those dreadful days when they dealt death and ruin on every hand. When it was all over we had no desire to stay longer: our home was in ruins; our hearts heavy; and the insolent conquerors went marching up and down our streets as though war was a pastime, and we should take pleasure in our shame and loss. We then went to Paris, papa and I, and remained there more than three years. On the first anniversary of the fall of our city, we went in that solemn procession of exiles that wended its way to the Place de la Concorde, to the foot of the statue of Strasborg, and with bitter hearts and scalding tears, laid our floral offerings at its

foot. Through long lines of bare-headed and sympathetic spectators, we marched along, I in papa's arms, and slowly wound around the statue. The fountains were playing in the Place, and as the central jet, of the nearest, shot up its spray and showered down on the bronze Tritons and Nereids beneath, there was formed in the bright sun-light, a nearly perfect bow. It seemed so bright and glorious as I looked over the sea of sad and gloomy faces around me, and it gave me such a thrill of pleasure, despite my heavy heart, that almost involuntarily I clapped my hands and called out, 'Oh, look at the beautiful bow.' 'Ah, yes, the bow of promise; thou art right, my child,' said a scarred veteran in the front ranks. I saw many a face dry its tears, and their lips repeat, 'A blessing on thy head, my child.' Many a time since I have thought of that bow of promise when we knew cold, hunger, and sickness, and my heart was ready to break under the trial; but then I would think of some of our old merry songs and our crust of bread would almost taste like a feast. But then came Robert, thy countryman, my Mademoiselle: he seemed almost as poor as ourselves, but the sunshine came with him. We had three orders in the week after we knew him; and he must needs enroll himself *mon pere's* pupil and call him master, and toast him as 'The Unique.' 'Thy landscapes, my master, are real bits of sweet sunshine and fresh earth, and thou doeth the world a favor to paint them; paint them and thou art immortal; but forgive me when I say that these same battle pieces, in which thou seemest to glory, are but so-so: am I not right, little one?' to me. It was thus that Robert brought us sunshine, for until him, no one had dared to so plainly point out my father's source of trouble. Since those cruel Strasborg days, he had been all for blood and war, and his pictures were masses of carmines, blues and blacks; the sweet peaceful ways of old were forgotten. He had worked harder than ever before, standing all day long before his easel in great hussar boots and military coat, working his own high-wrought feelings into the figures on the canvas before him; yet it brought us but little bread: as Robert said, they were but so-so. When Robert came to us, he half persuaded, half forced the hussar boots and military coat to be laid aside, and the old methods and little canvases to prevail.

"I was one day sunning myself in the Luxembourg Gardens; I could not walk in those days, but father would bring me to the garden, place me in a sunny seat, and leave me there while he returned to his work, and watching the sparrows, half envying them the crumbs which the idlers fed them, when a rather carelessly dressed young stranger came and seated himself on my bench and began to call the sparrows about him: it was Robert. He did not appear to notice me at first, but when he did he handed me a piece of bread supposing I would be pleased, child-like, to feed it to the birds. I was hungry—I was always hungry in those days—and without another thought but that I had bread in my hands, I ate it with ravenous speed. Not till I had finished it to the last crumb did I notice that the stranger was regarding me with marked astonishment. Without a word he jumped up and rushed across the Garden. I remember that in my ignorance my heart smote me with fear lest in robbing the sparrows I had committed a crime in the stranger's eyes, and he had gone to cause my arrest. When he returned, he brought meat patties and a flask of wine, and merrily bade me eat and drink. He won my heart at once, only as a child's can be won, and as we ate, my tongue ran on, and I told him of my papa and of our troubles because no one would buy his pictures. 'They must be idiots,' said he, 'my little one; I have seen some of thy father's pictures, and they turn me green with envy. I'm a painter, too, and paint landscapes, but, bah! I'm not fit to stretch his canvas.' When I managed to tell him of the hussar boots and military coat, he looked grave, groaned to himself, and vowed we must turn back to his old ways. It was getting late and past the hour that papa usually took me home. 'We must go seek that foolish papa of thine,' said Robert, laughing as he caught me up in his strong young arms, and I directing, we turned homeward.

"And we did make way with the hussar boots and military coat; and Robert brought his country people to our studio, and bought papa's pictures for them, whether they wanted them or not, telling them he was doing them a service. He must, also, bring out my poor little efforts with the crayons, drawings of my old friend of the Luxembourg Gardens—the sparrows, the children, and the battered invalids—and, praising them as precocious and unheard-of performances, dispose of them at prices that make me hold my breath with astonishment. 'My compatriots,' he would say, 'do not appreciate cheap things, my little one; they must get rid of their money somehow, and we but do them a favor.' There were others whom Robert brought, toward whom he dropped all his lofty and patronizing tactics, listening to their remarks with attention and pleasure; and if they bought less than the others, they were the most welcome of our visitors.

"One evening he came to us dressed quite as an elegant gentleman; his whiskers were trimmed and shaved and the usual slouch hat was replaced with a shining silk. He took me on his knee and told me he was going home. 'And little one,' said he, 'thou thinkest me as perfect of men, but listen how I have sinned.' He told how he had been reared in wealth and leisure, and having conceived a love of art, in spite of his father's wishes and commands, had run away

from home and come to Paris. Between the money his mother would send him, and what he had earned, he had sufficient for his wants, and more might have done him injury. The people he had brought to us he had known in his father's house, and it was thus he was able to play the grand seignor with them. 'But little one,' said he, 'my father is dead and I must now go back to my mother, who is sick; my art, nothing, shall stand between me and her wishes. But mark this, I did very wrong to leave that mother of mine and grieve her heart, very wrong; but I can go back to her now, deeply repentant of that act, yet look her in the face and be not ashamed of the years I have passed here. Remember this, my little one, for some day I hope to tell thee something, and thou must not think that I have been as some.' And so he went, and half my life seemed to go with him. I treasured up some little things that had belonged to him; and my father spoke of him as a son. Though he was to return in a year, he wrote at its end that he would surely come the next year; of his home; of his mother; and of his friends. For nearly a year after M. Robert left us, all went well in spite of the loss of our savings in a foolish speculating venture, but one evening papa unluckily attended some re-union of his exile townspeople, and it was not long before the great canvases were set up again, and the hussar boots and military coat were brought out of their hiding-place. I had been quite cured of my lameness before M. Robert left, and in that year I shot up to nearly my full height—my father said I was as handsome as my poor mother had been. I imagined time and time again, how surprised and pleased he would be to see me so grown; wondered if he would call me 'little one;' and was quite sure he would not dare to take me on his lap. Whenever papa would notice me sitting idly and dreamily before my drawings he would say, 'Thou art dreaming of M. Robert,' though I might not have been; 'it is well: angels' visits are few and far between;'—and, straightway he would proceed to mow down a whole column of Prussians with his brush. I was glad to be still able to gain money from my drawings, it was all we had to depend upon.

"In one of M. Robert's letters, which came farther and farther apart, he urged papa to come and pay him a visit. 'You must have made a pretty pot of money by this time,' he wrote, 'and can well afford to take a vacation: come, and bring the "little one" with you; and if you will but write, I will be sure to meet you.' He did not know that papa had again declared war with Germany. Finally, when matters had gone from bad to worse, I received an offer, through the dealer to whom I disposed of my drawings, to come to America and design for a wall paper manufacturer. I had often thought that if I could but get papa to America, and under the influence of M. Robert, he would again do himself justice, you must believe me, my dear Mademoiselle, that I did not think of myself. Papa at first stoutly refused to come, but the temptation of seeing M. Robert was at last to great to be resisted. 'How he will rejoice in our change of subjects,' said poor papa, pointing to his last canvas, more terrific of carnage than ever; 'we will show his good countrymen how a battle should be painted. Perhaps, my little one, we will do the Bunker Hill for them; we will see.'

"So we came, though not informing M. Robert of our intention. Papa said we would surprise him; and I was glad so think that papa took that view of it, as I should have been mortified to have exposed M. Robert to his friends, in receiving a couple of poor second-class passengers. Papa could scarce wait until we were settled in our lodgings, before he must have the precious battle piece unpacked, and hiring a hack, have us both driven to M. Robert's house, in spite of all my objections. We rang some time before our summons was answered, and then but to learn that M. Robert had gone from home a month before, and was supposed to be in California. I was sorry, I was glad. Papa picked up his picture and walked back to the hack, and from that moment, never ceased to upbraid himself for leaving fair France. All heart and hope seemed to have gone out of him, and he sat listlessly in his room day after day, until he sank down on a bed of fever. His life was saved, but before he was about again, I knew his work was over. He imagined, and still does, that we are in Paris, and that he is the Great Emperor, and passes the days in planning campaigns and writing orders and proclamations.

"More than a year ago we came to our present quarters, seven stories high. We have the whole floor to ourselves, and are away from every one, save our general domestic, Marie, which, in papa's condition, is much the best. The back half of the building is a story lower, and topped with a low parapet. Over this flat is a great awning stretched, while on the parapet I have boxes of flowers, and in one corner are my pigeon pets. We are far above the heat and tumult of the city, and in the cool fresh air I work out the long days over my designs, while papa, at his own table, is busy with his plans. Whenever we need a change, we take a short journey into the country, and papa attributes the lack of fortifications about the city to the terror of his great name. And what of M. Robert, you ask me, did I not try again to find him? No, my dear Mademoiselle; he could do my poor father no good. No: it is best for him to think of us as still in fair France, happy and contented. Am I not happy and contented here? what more can one wish? M. Robert may have forgotten us; may be he is mar-

ried and has other cares to occupy him: I do not know, I will not ask."

"Well, my daughter," said the Professor, as Miss Marion finished reading the notes and letters that went to make up this resume, "I suppose you have also written your history up to date."

"I had very little to give her in return for her eventful story: I could but tell her of our pretty home, and my little cares. And I'm almost sure she would not have told so much if I had not so repeatedly urged her. She spoke of having lived in Strasborg and at once I was all curiosity to know more. I think that if I had been she I should not have been so open about Monsieur Robert, though I can understand how she has been led to give me this confidence, living as she does away up there away from all the world and knowing, presumably, not a soul in the whole city outside of her own employers. I wish I could go and see her and be friends; but I described to her that last party I attended, and I'm afraid I wrote too gorgeous an account and made it appear altogether a grand affair. For, when I suggested that we should know each other personally, she thought it was best as it was. She says, 'I do not doubt your goodness of heart and sincere sympathy, my dear friend; my life has been much sweeter, since I knew you, but it is not good, I think, that we should come together now. I can not leave papa, and he is better alone, and then think how far apart we are socially. Some day, when I may, I shall come to see you, and then, perhaps, we shall never be again as good friends as now.'"

"What do you suppose has become of young Robert," asked the Professor; "has he forgotten those Paris days, or is it a chronicle of a heroine without a hero: what says my romancer? Robert has behaved pretty well, so far, I'm sure, and may be allowed without the slightest reproach to appear on the scene at any time with his wife and six children."

"O, shocking, sir! I blush for you and hope better things of him."

When the next letter came, after an unusually long interval, there was a deep border of black around the envelope and Marion opened it with an eager, trembling hand, and read:

"I write you with a sad heart, my good friend; he has gone to his long rest." Marion paused with a frightened look as she glanced across the room to her father.

"It ends worse than I hoped," said the Professor, with a sigh, meeting his daughter's glance with one of sympathy.

Marion read on, "A week yesterday, as I was returning home from an hour's absence, I noticed as I drew near that a crowd was gathered about the door leading up to our rooms; and on approaching nearer with haste, I saw with sadness that the attraction was my poor papa."

"O, it's the poor child's father that's dead," said the Professor, "I thought—but, go on."

"He had brought down his easel and that last picture and was delivering a lecture on its merits to the wondering mob, while our Marie stood helplessly by, crying and begging the people to go away. As I pushed my way through the crowd, I saw it parted on the opposite side, and a strong form and noble face that I had never forgotten, stepped forth and grasped papa's hands: it was M. Robert. Papa knew him at once, and I saw the old light come back into his wild eyes. We had just landed from Paris, papa explained, and we were waiting for M. Robert to come and receive us: if M. Robert had been detained, he must not apologize; he had come, that was enough. We led him back to our cool rooms as quietly as a child; he was the gentle papa of old. He talked of Strasborg, and the days at Paris as we sat by his bed, those two days. He passed quietly away, and his last words, as he held our hands within his own, were, 'Mes enfants, c'est bien.'"

Mrs. Robert Denmann, who is still called Jeannette, and Miss Marion, do not correspond quite as frequently as formerly, but they more than make it up with visits.

TWO BRIDALS.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

She stood in the dim cathedral,
  And the flickering, changing light
Stole over the beautiful features
  Of her sculptured face so white.
The air was rich with perfume,
  And sweet was the organ's tone,
But the soft low strains of music
  Fell on my heart like a moan!

Loud rings the joyful cadence
  Of the silvery wedding bell,
But it falls on the air like a verdict,
  Falls like a funeral knell!
For the stately girl at the altar
  With face so white and cold,
Has bartered away her honor,
  Has sold her hand for gold!

Sweet came the breath of flowers
  Over the sunset's gold,
And robin warbled a secret,
  He could no longer hold.
In a little rose-twined cottage
  Was standing a maiden fair,
No ornaments glittered about her,
  But she wore a rose in her hair.

The robin furnished the music,
  That echoed o'er daisied dell,
Keeping time to the sweet low chiming
  Of the fairy lily bell.
A halo of golden sunshine
  Sent from the Father above,
Streamed like a benediction
  On the two who wedded for love.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN

OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.

NO. 21.

REBECCA BOONE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

The name of Daniel Boone has been sounded from one end of the continent to the other, and the fame of his exploits as a dauntless hunter and pioneer, is world-wide; but comparatively small mention is made of Rebecca his wife, who had all the hardships of a rough and roving life, with little of the glory.

The first meeting of the youthful hunter with the girl who afterwards shared his uncertain fortunes, was decidedly romantic.

The father of Daniel had a large farm on the borders of the Yadkin, in North Carolina; and his nearest neighbor was a Mr. Bryan, the father of Rebecca. The meeting occured when young Boone was engaged with a friend, in a night-fire hunt for deer; and this style of hunting is thus described:

"Two persons are indispensable to it. The horseman that precedes bears on his shoulder what is called a *fire-pan*, full of blazing pine-knots, which casts a bright and flickering glare far through the forest. The second follows at some distance, with his rifle prepared for action. No spectacle is more impressive than this of pairs of hunters thus kindling the forest into a glare. The deer, reposing quietly in his thicket, is awakened by the approaching cavalcade; and instead of flying from the portentous brilliance, remains stupidly gazing upon it as if charmed to the spot. The animal is betrayed to its doom by the gleaming of its fixed and innocent eyes. This cruel mode of securing a fatal shot is called in hunters' phrase—*shining the eyes*."

The two young men directed their course to a corner of Mr. Bryan's farm, early in the evening, and Boone soon signaled to his companion that he had shined the eyes of a deer. Having dismounted, and fastened his horse to a tree, he examined his rifle to see that it was in order; and cautiously approached behind a screen of bushes to get the right distance for a telling shot.

The soft eyes of the deer have a remarkable beauty when under the influence of this shining process; and the dewy brightness of two great orbs guided the hunter to his prey. There was a strange expression in the luminous eyes before him; and wondering at an inexplicable sort of feeling that came over him, Boone missed his shot, and his practised ear detected a rustling sound of escape.

Some presentiment told him that it was not a deer that had eluded his murderous attempt—although the light bound of the game, in its flying departure, seemed wonderfully like it. In another moment he was moved to pursuit, and away he went in the direction of the rustling, leaving his companion to amuse himself with his fire-pan as best he could.

The young hunter was almost as fleet as a deer, and he gained rapidly on the object of his pursuit, until it suddenly cleared a fence at a single leap, while he, laden with his rifle and other belongings, had to be satisfied with the slower process of climbing. The deer, that was'nt a deer, went swiftly on to the house; and as the outline of the distant form became plainer, Boone discovered that it was quite a different kind of game from that he had imagined it.

It was no wonder now that the liquid blue eyes had such a human expression, as he saw them in the glare of the pine-knots; and his heart almost stood still, as he thought of the consequences had his rifle not fallen just at the critical moment.

He followed the fleet footsteps to the house—resolving, at least, to see what manner of creature it was; and amid the inhospitable barking of a regiment of dogs, the young man introduced himself to the master of the mansion, as the son of his neighbor Boone.

Having received a hearty country welcome from the family, the visitor was just wondering what had become of the flying figure, when a sudden apparition precipitated itself through an opposite door.

A girl of sixteen, in great agitation and panting for breath, rushed into the room, as if trying to escape from some terror; while her small brother followed and acted as spokesman:

"Sister went down to the river, and a painter chased her, and she is almost scared to death," he announced.

Painters, or panthers, were too common in those days to cause much excitement in well-regulated families; and very little was made of Rebecca's fright. The girl had a bright complexion and flaxen hair, and was altogether pleasant to look upon; and she soon recovered herself sufficiently to be aware that a handsome young man in hunting dress was leaning upon his rifle, and staring at her as if she were by no means a disagreeable object.

"Rebecca, this is young Boone, son of our neighbor," was the simple introduction that followed; and it did not take long for the two tongues to become unloosed.

The guilty hunter probably related *his* experience with 'painters,' without referring to his adventure with the deer; but their mutual relations of pursuer and pursued were destined to be kept up through a reasonable period of courtship. Those soft shining eyes, fixed on him with terror, had suddenly found their way to the hunter's heart; and he blessed through a long life the

fortunate failure that prevented him from killing his game.

For Rebecca Bryan became Rebecca Boone; and her courageous affection and enterprise were so thoroughly tested in the exciting life she led with her roving husband, that it might almost be said of her, as of Tennyson's Princess:

"'Over the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him.'

Almost as soon as they were married, leaving his bride at her father's, Daniel Boone started in quest of a spot, not too near neighbors, where he could best pursue the combined occupations of farming and hunting.

A wild, beautiful place was found near the head waters of the Yadkin; and the girl-wife, uncomplainingly, left home and friends to follow her hero into the wilderness. 'In a few months, her home had assumed a pleasant aspect; a neat cabin stood on a pleasant eminence near the river, surrounded by an enclosed field; the farm was well stocked; and with the abundance of game in the woods, the settlers had no lack of means for comfort and enjoyment. The rude dwelling frequently offered the traveler shelter; and by a cheerful fire and table loaded with the finest game, with the enhancing blessing of a hospitable welcome, was many a tale of adventure narrated—while as yet the surrounding forest was untouched by an axe.

But the trail of the serpent, in the shape of smoke from a neighboring chimney (as the story goes), finally penetrated to this sylvan bower; and when other emigrants followed this opening wedge, until actual villages were visible to the eye, Boone rose up in disgust, and resolved to strike his tent and seek a more quiet home.

He joined an exploring expedition to Kentucky and Tennessee—a region that was almost unknown in 1766, but from which chance adventurers had brought marvelous accounts of the beauty of the country—the richness of its soil, and abundance of its game—and, feeling that this was the very place for him, he went with his elder brother and four other enterprising spirits, to examine into matters for himself—leaving wife and children in the little cabin on the Yadkin.

The place proved a perfect Paradise; and Boone determined to stay no longer among the barren pine-hills of North Carolina. In returning, the party divided to take different routes; and Boone and his companion were captured by roving Indians. They escaped before long, however, and Boone joined his brother; but his former companion and another of the party were killed.

Unfortunately for the cause of emigration, the stories of the returned travelers in regard to the beauty and luxuriance of the country were *more* than balanced by the dreadful narratives of others who could talk of nothing but the horrors perpetrated by the savages, the dangers from wild beasts, etc.; so that it was two years before an enterprising band could be gathered to form a settlement in Kentucky.

There were about eighty of them altogether; and in crossing the wild and rugged range of the Alleghanies in a narrow defile, they were startled by the yells of Indians, and six of their number were killed, while some of their stock was scattered and lost. The frightened emigrants refused to proceed to Kentucky; and turning back forty miles, they formed a settlement on the Clinch River—or rather joined a number of families who were already there.

Among the six killed by the Indians was the eldest son of Daniel Boone; and his surviving wife now felt as little interest in the Kentucky enterprise as the other emigrants. Poor Rebecca Boone! her checkered married life was prophetically opened by her narrow escape from being shot by her future husband at their first meeting.

For some little time, the Boones, too, took up their residence on Clinch River; but in 1774, Daniel Boone was sent by the Governor of Virginia, to guide a party of surveyors to the falls of the Ohio. The next year he superintended the erection of a fort on the Kentucky River, which was afterward called Boonesborough; and this fort consisted of one-block-house and several cabins, surrounded by palisades.

Boone left his family on Clinch River until the fort was finished, for the work was one of difficulty and danger from the hostile Indians. No white women had ever penetrated so far before; but when the move was once made, they were more than pleased with their new surroundings—the only drawback being the danger of attacks from the savages, which made constant watchfulness a necessity.

One of Boone's little daughters and two of a neighbor's were carried off by the Indians, as they were gathering flowers in the woods, on a midsummer day; and were not even missed until some time afterward. They were rescued, however, the next morning, after their captors had been chased for over thirty miles—the rescuing party taking care not to be discovered in time for the children to be murdered by the savages.

The life of the Boones and other emigrants to these western wilds was full of excitement and danger; and with the beginning of the Revolution and the shameful employment of savage allies by the British, frightful scenes of violence and massacre were common in all the small settlements.

Their only chance of safety lay in being closely united, and looking upon every neighbor as the member of a clan whose duty it was to protect each other even to the death; and the first care

on reaching their destination was to select a spot for the new dwelling, usually chosen on a gently elevated ground of exuberant fertility, where trees were sparse and there was no underbrush to prevent the hunters riding at full speed. The growth of cane, wild clover, and paw-paw, marked the best soil. Cabins were put up for immediate use, and the little settlement was converted into a station. For this purpose it was necessary to enclose a spring or well, near a salt lick or sugar orchard, if practicable; then a wide space must be cleared, so that the enemy could not approach close under the shelter of the woods.

The station was to overlook, moreover, as much of the country as possible. It included from half an acre to an acre of ground; and the trench was usually dug four or five feet deep, and planted with large and close pickets, forming a compact wall ten or twelve feet above the surface of the earth. The pickets were of hard timber, and about a foot in diameter; and the soil around them was rammed into great solidity. At the angles were small, projecting squares, called *flankers*, with oblique port-holes from which the fire of sentinels within could rake the external front of the station; and in front and rear, two folding gates swung on enormous wooden hinges. The gates were barred every night, and sentinels posted alternately—one being stationed on the roof in times of peculiar danger.

These fortified places in the wilderness had their clean-turfed area for dancing, wrestling or other athletic exercises; the inmates of the fort passed their evenings socially together, cheerful fires blazing within the enclosure, and suppers of venison and wild turkey, wild fruits, and maple beer, were enjoyed with double relish amid the distant howling of wolves, or the Indian warwhoop, heard like the roar of the dying storm.

Such was Bryant's station in 1782—the nucleus of the earliest settlements of the rich and lovely country of which Lexington is the centre; and such were others built at that period.

The picture is scarcely an attractive one in the eyes of extra civilization; and there is little doubt that by this time, the timid heroine of the fire-hunt had became inured to worse terrors than wild animals.

Her next great trial, after the loss of her son, was the capturing of her husband, and his supposed death at the hands of the savages. The last attack of the Indians upon Boonesborough was in 1778; and the renowned Daniel was taken prisoner and carried off, his family knew not where. All their efforts to obtain any information of his fate were unavailing: and at last, it seemed certain that he had been put to death by the savages.

Believing herself a widow, Rebecca Boone bitterly called Kentucky, where she had suffered so much, a "dark and bloody ground;" and resolved to return to her friends in North Carolina. These friends had heard nothing of her troubles after the settlement at Boonesborough; and naturally supposed the family to be in a happy and prosperous condition.

It was, therefore, both a surprise and shock to them when, at the close of summer, a strange-looking group of travelers were seen approaching on pack-horses, clothed in primitive fashion; the mother in deep mourning and bowed with grief, while the eldest son and daughter looked almost equally sad; and the faces of the younger children only were free from melancholy.

The procession stopped at the house of Mr. Bryan, who soon recognized in the sorrowing widow his emigrant daughter, who had started five years before for the wilds of Kentucky; and neighbors gathered from far and near to listen to her thrilling story. Letters, in those days, were few and far between—their transport being so uncertain, as well as the time and inclination for writing them; and every returned traveler, therefore, was expected to furnish a verbal volume or two of his doings.

But the effect of Mrs. Boone's tragical narrative was soon entirely destroyed by the unexpected appearance of her husband, who had succeeded in escaping a second time from Indian captivity, and had then entirely driven the enemy from Boonesborough. After these exploits, he set out to cross the mountain in search of his wife and children—meeting with the usual adventures and delays on the way; and here he was, as much alive as ever, and doubly dear and precious.

When summer came again, back went the procession to Boonesborough; quite different though, both in outward appearance and in inward feelings, from the melancholy cavalcade that arrived at the farm on the banks of the Yadkin less than a year before. The garments of skin which they brought with them from the wilderness, were replaced by good homespun, and the sorrowful faces were now wreathed in smiles, for they were retuning to home and safety.

After this adventure, Daniel Boone figured in many exciting scenes; and his numerous perils and escapes kept his wife in a constant state of anxiety. But she was a fit mate for the indomitable pioneer; and aided and encouraged him in his almost reckless enterprises, not a little proud of the mingled bravery and tenderness that made him both admired and loved.

Meanwhile, hard work had no terrors for one so habituated to it as Rebecca Boone; and the daily life of a pioneer household was anything but play to "the women-folks"—for, as the historian records:

"They milked the cows, prepared the meats, spun and wove the garments of their husbands and children; while the men hunted the game of

the woods, cleared the land, and planted the grain. To grind the Indian corn into meal on the rude and laborious hand-mill, or to pound it into hominy in a mortar, was occasionally the work of either sex. The defence of the country, the building of forts and cabins, fell most properly to the share of the men; though in those hardy times, it was not all uncommon for females, during a siege, to run bullets and neck them for the rifles."

It is interesting to read of their ways of doing things in those primitive times; and the same chronicler continues:

"Deer-skins were extensively used for dress, to compose the hunting-shirt, the long overalls, the leggings and the soft and pliable moccasins; the buffalo and bear furnished the principal covering for the night. Handkerchiefs tied round the head often supplied the place of hats; strips of buffalo hide were used for ropes."

Stores or shops were unknown; wooden vessels either prepared by the *turner*, the *cooper*, or their rude representatives in the woods, were the common substitutes for table furniture. A tin cup was an article of delicate luxury, almost as rare as an iron fork. Every hunter carried a knife, too aptly called a *scalping-knife* in the hands of the white man as well as in those of the Indian; and one or two knives would compose the cutlery of families.

The furniture of the cabin was appropriate to the habitation; the table was made of a slab, or thick flat piece of timber, split and roughly hewn with the axe, with legs prepared in the same manner. This latter instrument was the principal tool in all mechanical operations; and with the adze, the auger, and above all the *rifle*, composed the richest mechanical assortment of Kentucky. Stools of the same material and manufacture filled the place of chairs.

When some one more curiously wise than his neighbors chose to elevate his bed above the floor (often the naked ground) it was placed on slabs laid across poles, which were again supported by forks driven into the floor. If, however, the floor happened to be so luxurious as to be made of puncheons (another larger sort of slab), the bedstead became hewed pieces let into the sides of the cabin by auger holes in the logs.

The cradle of these times was a small rolling trough—much like what is called the sugar-trough, used to receive the sap of the sugar maple.

Even May-day in the wilderness (that happened with the Boones at almost any season of the year) did not disturb the wife's equanimity; and the paraphernalia of pack-horses and children fastened in creels on the top of the bedding for security, came to be a familiar experience and quite "in the day's work." Now it was to the woods on the banks of the Great Kanawha, drawn thither by the attractions of plentiful deer and buffaloes; then, the greater advantages of the vast prairies and unexplored forests of the Missouri drew the adventurer in that direction.

Away they went, husband and rifle, wife and children, the stock being driven before them, "over the hills and far away," passing through Cincinnati, and settling in St. Charles county, about forty miles above St. Louis, in 1798.

Here they found abundant room and game, and enjoyed almost uninterrupted solitude until after the admission of Missouri into the Union, when the tide of emigration poured so steadily in, that the white man's hunting-ground was destroyed again, and farms sprang up as if by magic.

But old age was now coming upon the hunter with giant strides; and fifteen years after their removal to Missouri, the patient and heroic wife died.

Daniel and Rebecca Boone rest side by side in the cemetery near Frankfort; while vast distances beyond the places where they sleep, armies of settlers have forced their way, and built up cities on the very edge of the Pacific.

NO 22.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

BY H. G. ROWE.

In a humble home on the wave-washed island of Martinique, on the 23d of June, 1763, was born one whose life, in its strange vicissitudes, exceeds in romantic interest the wildest tale that the imagination of man ever invented.

Josephine Tasher was the child of a retired army officer, who settled upon this island only two or three years previous to its transfer to the French power, content to forego the glory and peril of a military life, and devote himself in this charming seclusion to the care of his small estate and the rearing and education of his beautiful and gifted daughter.

Among the many gifts with which nature had so lavishly endowed the lovely creole, one of the first to attract the attention of her parents and friends was a voice—sweet, clear, and joyous as those of the wild birds that filled the air of her island home with their untaught melody. To this natural sweetness of tone Napoleon referred when, in after years, he said:

"The first applause of the French people sounded to my ears sweet as the voice of Josephine."

Her remarkable memory and quick intelligence made study a pleasant amusement to her. Her own words were:

"Nature gave me a great faculty for anything I undertook. Learning to read and write were mere pastime."

There is a curious story told of a remarkable prediction by a so-called magician, an old mulatto woman upon her father's plantation, who was believed by the superstitious negroes to have supernatural power in foreseeing future events; that, although a matter of simple amusement to the careless hearted girl, to the Josephine of after years—the stricken, friendless widow who, in a Parisian prison, waited in hourly expectation of her summons to the guillotine—recurred with startling force and distinctness, and actually helped to re-assure and encourage her in the midst of her terrible grief and peril. We give the interview in her own words:

"The old sybil, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. 'Come, my good mother,' I said, 'what am I to hope and fear in the future?"

"She raised her eyes with a mysterious expression to heaven.

"'On your head be it, then; listen: You will be married soon; that union will not be happy; you will become a widow, and then—then you will be Queen of France!'

"Henceforth," continues Josephine, "I thought of the affair only to laugh at its utter absurdity; but afterwards, when my husband had perished upon the scaffold, in spite of my better judgment this prediction occurred to my mind again and again, until at last I came to regard its fulfillment almost as a matter of course."

At the early age of seventeen, Josephine was united in marriage to the Viscount Beauharnais, a man then in the prime of life—handsome, accomplished, and possessed of many noble qualities.

Soon after their marriage, the Viscount took his beautiful young bride to Paris, where she was presented at court, and received many flattering tokens of favor from the Queen, Marie Antoinette, who, then in the full blaze of her glory as queen of one of the most powerful nations of the world, little dreamed that in the lovely creole, whose girlish grace and beauty had won her royal favor, she saw the successor to her own crown and palace. But scenes of courtly splendor soon palled upon the unspoiled tastes of Josephine, and she gladly retired with her husband to his ancestral domains in Brittany, where she gave birth to her only son, Eugene, afterward the distinguished Viceroy of Italy.

Two years later, a daughter, Hortense, was added to the family group, and the young mother's joy was complete. Happy in the love and confidence of her husband, the first five years of Josephine's wedded life glided peacefully away, leaving scarce a shadow upon their track. But, alas, her season of tranquil and innocent enjoyment was soon cruelly disturbed by those unfounded jealousies and cruel suspicions that seemed to have been inherent in her husband's nature, and which at length reached such a height of madness, that he insisted upon a separation, both from himself and son—a blow so cruel to the loving hearted Josephine that, for a time, all her natural firmness forsook her, and she returned to her island home, a heart-sick, world-weary woman, her only solace the companionship of the little Hortense, whose infant loveliness and precocity went far to wile away the weary months of her sad exile.

With the generous forgiveness of a truly great soul, she responded lovingly to her husband's first advances toward a reconciliation, losing no time in setting out on her return to France.

So great was her poverty at the time, that it was with the greatest difficulty that she procured the necessary articles of clothing for herself and child during the voyage; and it was in reference to this fact that she once remarked to the ladies of her court, who were amusing themselves in looking over her magnificent collection of jewels:

"Believe me, my young friends, that splendor is not to be envied which does not constitute happiness. I shall doubtless very much surprise you, by saying that the gift of a *pair of old shoes* afforded me at one time greater satisfaction than all these diamonds now before you ever did."

And in reply to their curious questioning, she told the following story:

Upon embarking on board the ship that was to carry her back to France, she had been unable to provide the little Hortense with more than one pair of shoes, hoping that, with care, they might last through the voyage.

The little creature, who was a miracle of childish grace and activity, became a great pet with the sailors, for whose amusement she delighted to show off her skill in dancing, so that before long her frail shoes were worn to tatters. This fact she concealed from her mother for several days, until by some unlucky mistake she wounded her foot upon a nail in the deck, and her bloody footprints revealed to her tender mother the ragged state of the unfortunate slippers. This, of course, could be allowed no longer, and the child was peremptorily forbidden to indulge any more in her favorite amusement.

To Hortense this was a terrible deprivation, and she cried bitterly; while her affectionate mother, sympathizing in her disappointment, could not restrain her own tears. At this juncture, an old quartermaster who was especially fond of the child approached, and upon learning the story of their dilemma, exclaimed bluntly:

"Shiver my timbers, madam! is that all? I have an old pair somewhere in my chest. You, madam, can cut them to the shape, and I'll splice them up again as well as need be."

The shoes, coarse and clumsy, but strong and warm, were soon finished, and the little Hortense,

the future queen of Holland, and mother of an Emperor of France, danced in them upon the deck, to the great delight and satisfaction of her ingenious old friend.

"I wish," added Josephine, at the conclusion of the tale, "that I had enquired more particularly of his name and history; it would have been such a pleasure to me to show him my gratitude, now that I have it in my power to do so."

But Josephine's happiness in being thus reunited to her husband and son was of short duration. Although an earnest Republican, and one of the first to strike a blow for liberty in France, Beauharnais was a man of prudence and humanity, and he turned with unconcealed disgust and loathing from the merciless policy of the Jacobins, with the fiendish Robespierre at their head, dragging to the scaffold alike hoary age and helpless womanhood, until Paris,—gay, beautiful Paris—became one vast slaughter house, whose victims all fared alike, whether innocent or guilty. When the heads of Louis and his lovely queen fell beneath the bloody axe, the voices of the sturdy viscount and his noble wife were raised in honest denunciation of the terrible deed, and, as in those days disapprobation meant death, Beauharnais was quickly torn from the bosom of his family, and after a farcical so-called trial, in which the only crime proven against him was that he had been born an "aristocrat," he was condemned to death, and after a short imprisonment, perished on the scaffold. Manly, brave, and undaunted to the last, he employed the last hour of his life in writing a last message of love to his wife and children, enclosing a lock of his hair that he had *purchased* from his brutal jailer, when in accordance with the usual custom his long tresses were shorn from his head to facilitate the work of the executioner.

Josephine, who was arrested shortly after her husband, was confined in the prison of the Carmelites, where, in company with many other noble victims, she waited in hourly expectation her summons before the dread tribunal, who only tried to condemn. In after years she often alluded with wonder to the conduct of many of her fellow prisoners of the highest rank, who, so far from being daunted by the almost certain approach of a bloody death, spent their time in plans for future gayeties and amusements should they once more be at liberty. For herself, she seems, by her calm, cheerful spirit of submission, and her unfailing sympathy with the sorrows and anxieties of others, to have been like a ministering angel to the discouraged souls about her. Her own principal solace was found in writing to her family and friends, a privilege that was accorded her, under the inspection, of course, of the prison authorities. In these graceful epistles, written under such trying circumstances, one is struck with wonder and admiration at the tone of unvarying cheerfulness, and more than all the womanly unselfishness with which, making light of her own trials and anxieties, she enters heart and soul into the sorrows and joys of others, exhorting her husband to patience and hope, and diverting his mind by many a touching story concerning the unfortunates about her. To her children she writes in a tender, often lively tone of motherly admonition, never referring to her own sorrows, except the crowning one of her separation from them.

To a young friend, an English lady of rank, who, in spite of every blessing that earth can bestow, seemed to have discovered and sighed over every crumpled rose-leaf in her path, the forlorn prisoner of the Carmelites writes in a strain of tender, half wondering reproach, that must surely have shamed the fair hypochondriac into a more cheerful and contented humor:

"Need I assure you of my participation in your afflictions, imaginary though they be? The greatest of all misfortunes is to doubt that which we love to think true. Adieu, my friend: *Courage!* Must this word be pronounced by her who languishes in a prison? Ought she not rather to preserve for herself the exhortations which she sends to you? My children are well—De Beauharnais' affairs assume a more favorable turn—why, then, should my fortitude fail? Once more, adieu."

Soon after her husband's execution, his faithful wife, with seventy of her fellow prisoners, were condemned to death on the following morning. That night the plots against Robespierre, that had long been secretly maturing, came to a head. The monster was dragged from the council chamber to the guillotine, where he perished amidst the execrations of the fickle populace that, glutted with blood, had at last begun to awaken from its temporary madness, to turn with horror from the author of all the butcheries that the last terrible months had seen committed. Josephine and her companions were saved.

Although soon afterward released from prison and re-united to her children, the widowed Josephine was, for some time, reduced to a state of the most abject poverty, being, as she afterward said, indebted even for her daily bread to the charity of a good woman whom she had once befriended, and who now gladly extended to her the aid of which she stood so much in need. The danger too, as an "aristocrat," still remained so great, that in consideration of his personal safety she was obliged to apprentice her son to a carpenter, thus identifying him with the then triumphant *canaille*.

But the wife of Tallien was her fast friend, and through her influence, a part of her late husband's confiscated property was restored, and the beautiful widow again appeared among her old asso

ciates in the fashionable salons of Paris, where her grace and wit made her a universal favorite.

Her first acquaintance with General Bonaparte was in 1795, after his return as the hero of Toulon, when, as commandant of Paris, he was charged with the work of disarming the citizens. The sword of Beauharnais in this way fell into his hands, and Eugene, then a noble youth of fifteen, resolved to gain possession of the weapon that was the most precious heir-loom and memorial of the gallant soldier who had never in his life disgraced it. Presenting himself before the commandant, the brave boy plead for the beloved relic with such manly earnestness, that Napoleon himself granted his wish, and, with tears of joy, the sword was restored to its old place of honor in the Beauharnais mansion.

On the following day, Josephine called to thank the commandant in person for this unexpected favor; and thus began an acquaintance that, in less than a year, ended in a marriage between the two, much to the satisfaction of her friends and children, to the latter of whom Napoleon never ceased to show the love and care of a father.

The steps by which Napoleon became in time the idol and at length the autocrat of the French people, belong rather to history than to the biography of Josephine, but it is certain that, so far from sharing in his inordinate ambition, his faithful wife, rendered more clear-sighted, perhaps, by her love for him, often prayed him with tears and entreaties:

"Do not make yourself a king."

That it was optional with himself, she seems never to have doubted. Her belief in him as the "man of destiny" was as unfaltering as his own, and his gradual ascent to the highest elevation that man can reach, seemed never to dazzle or surprise her; although dim forebodings of the sorrows in store for both would sometimes cast their shade over her heart in the midst of her greatest splendor.

Never were dignity and sweetness more happily blended than in Josephine, and as she moved with her own stately grace through the lofty apartments of the Tuileries, all alike bowed to the wondrous power of her fascinations; for, with a tact born of real kindness of heart, she never by any chance sent away a guest from her presence, be he king or peasant, with a feeling of pique or mortification rankling in his heart.

Bountiful almost to a fault, the delight of her life was to relieve the sufferings of others, not alone by a largesse from her own overflowing coffers, but with words of the tenderest sympathy and advice. Having herself tasted the bitter cup of poverty and sorrow, she was able to sympathize with the trials and cares of the common people. In her wise and well-directed munificence she formed, as in all other respects, a striking contrast to her unfortunate predecessor, who, cradled in the lap of luxury, was so ignorant of the situation of the masses of her subjects that, when the starving citizens of Paris clamored for bread, she asked, with a childish ignorance that was, under the circumstances, a crime: "If they cannot get *bread*, why don't they eat *cake?*"

In spite of his impatience of contradiction, Napoleon was often influenced even in matters of great public importance by the tender importunities and wise arguments of his magnanimous, clear-sighted wife; and it was for this even more than for her unbounded popularity that the aspiring, envious Bonaparte family hated and maligned her, taking every occasion to arouse the suspicions of her jealous, irritable lord, who, realizing as he did every day of his life, the faithful devotion to himself and his interest that no neglect or harshness on his part had power to change, still never scrupled, when in his captious moods, to wring her loving heart with his unworthy doubts and cruel reproaches.

To be sure these bursts of jealous ill-temper were only occasional, but the sensitive heart of Josephine trembled with constant apprehension, in her happiest hours. Proud of her beauty and grace, and sensible of the advantage to himself of her well-deserved popularity with the nation at large, still the despotic monarch could not refrain from ill-natured jibes upon her dress and manners when in the mood, while even the openly expressed love of the French people for one who had been their unfailing friend and benefactress, was resented by him at times as so much taken from the adulation that he constantly craved.

If Josephine's love for her capricious and tyrannical husband had not been of the deepest and purest, his injustice and ingratitude must inevitably have estranged her woman's heart from him forever.

As it was, she bowed beneath all his tyrannical exactions with cheerful submission, while his taunts were met with words of love; and the bitter tears that his cold neglect cost her were shed in secret, lest the world, seeing her pain, might cast a shadow of reproach upon him.

There is, there can be, no question that Napoleon loved his wife as well as it was in his selfish, absorbed nature to love anything outside of himself. And yet, despite the loving devotion of years, despite her piteous prayers and entreaties, despite even the unavoidable passion that wrung his own proud heart, the haughty founder of the Napoleonic dynasty calmly decided to divorce the faithful wife of his youth, the sharer of the hopes and fears, the reverses and triumphs, of the twelve eventful years that had passed since their marriage, and by an alliance with an Austrian princess, not only strengthen his throne, but bequeath to his successor a share in the proudest blood of Europe.

How sadly, then, did the friends of the broken

hearted Josephine recall her words, spoken years ago in reference to her husband's soaring ambition:

"The nearer my husband approaches the highest step to which fortune sometimes elevates men, the dimmer becomes my last gleam of happiness."

Still submissive to his will, she signed with her own trembling hand the deed of divorce; then bidding adieu to the stately palace where she had so long reigned as mistress, she sought the lovely seclusion of Malmaison, the home of her bridehood, where, still honored and attended as an Empress (for Napoleon still insisted upon her retaining that rank), she set herself to work to find solace for her own wounded heart in alleviating the woes of others.

The room that Napoleon had occupied still remained as he had left it, and here the broken-hearted wife spent an hour each day alone, carefully dusting and arranging the various articles that had belonged to him. No other foot was allowed to enter, no other hand took part in the work that in her loving imagination she was still able to do for him. The stately visits that he sometimes paid his "good Josephine," as he still continued to call her, while looked forward to and enjoyed with feverish delight, only made more sad by contrast the unshared loneliness of her lot.

"He has no delicacy," she would exclaim with bitter tears, after listening sympathetically to his proud confidences and plans in regard to his expected heir. "He wrings my heart, and heeds it not."

When the thunder of cannon proclaimed the birth of an heir to the throne of France, Josephine forgot her own womanly griefs in her joy and exultation that the sacrifice that she had made had not been in vain.

"The Emperor has a son!" she cried joyfully, "let us celebrate the event so glorious to France, by a grand *fête*."

And while her ladies were gaily dancing in the grand salon of Malmaison, its mistress, with a full heart, sat down to write her congratulations to the proud and happy father:

"Amid the numerous felicitations that you receive from every corner of Europe, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear, and will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled?"

Brave, unselfish heart, true in sorrow as in joy, when the terrible overthrow in which the haughty Emperor of France became the lonely exile of Elba took place, removing from his side wife and child, and hurling him from the throne that he had so ably, if despotically filled, Josephine's loving heart clung to him more fondly than ever, and, in spite of failing health and all the perils of the voyage, she eagerly implored permission to join him in his doleful exile.

But this generous project was not to be carried into effect. Her sickness increased rapidly, and it was soon evident that she was passing away from earth. A few moments before her death she rallied, and smiling lovingly upon her weeping children, murmured with infinite content:

"At least I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it, and I can say with truth, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

Words that few crowned heads have been able to utter in their last solemn hour, when the soul stands face to face with its God, and one the truth of which a mourning nation gratefully acknowledged.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

BY ANNA BISHARD.

A cottage hid from view, by cedars dark and tall,
 A holly hedge with berries red as wine,
 An oriel window—a climbing vine—
 Wherein the tiny sparrows build—does twine,
And screens from view the low dark wall.

A cool gray twilight made by lofty ancient trees,
 A mossy nook, where wild vines run at will,
 A vale—a river—and a ruined mill,
 With ponderous wheel moss-grown, and now still
Listening to the summer breeze.

A forest where dryads their voices raise in song,
 A voice that comes from neither sky nor air,
 But seems to be around you everywhere,
 And through the forest dim it seems to tear,
While on the wind its length prolongs.

The flutter of a wild bird rising from its nest,
 Amid the sprays of ferns, all dark and rank,
 Sweet water-lilies, growing near the bank
 Of a strange lake, sedgy, reed-grown and dank,
Whereon they dream, sweetly at rest.

A WORD TO GRUMBLERS.—Don't be a grumbler. Some people contrive to get hold of the prickly side of everything, to run against all the sharp corners and disagreeable things. Half the strength spend in growling would often set things right. You may as well make up your mind, to begin with, that no one ever found the world quite as he would like it; but you are to take your part of the trouble, and bear it bravely. You will be sure to have burdens laid upon you that belong to other people, unless you are a shirk yourself; but don't grumble. If the work needs doing, and you can do it, never mind about the other boy who ought to have done it, and didn't. Those workers who fill up the gaps and smooth away the rough spots, and finish up the job that others leave undone—they are the true peacemakers, and worth a whole regiment of growlers.

NYSSA'S MASQUERADE.

C. LEON GRIMPEST.

Miss Nyssa Cumbermede, having been invited to a grand masquerade party, had been occupied for nearly a week previous in conning old books of costumes at the Mercantile Library, and in imagining all sorts of possible and impossible toilettes, reminiscences of weird things and strange colors which she had seen either asleep or awake, in dream or at the theatre. None of these suited her, however. She was hard to please. She desired to be original. A haughty, headstrong and beautiful girl of eighteen, with an intellect, ought not to be forever a slave to the commonplace; and Miss Nyssa Cumbermede was more anxious to please her lover, Mr. Edgar Otterson, a talented journalist, than her host of friends.

When her mother came into her dressing-room on the eventful evening, she found Nyssa not only *en dishabille*, but also in despair. How lovely the daughter looked as she stood before the tall mirror and gazed abstractedly at her own beautiful reflection.

"Ma," she exclaimed, "I must have a toilette to please me, or else not go at all—has Mr. Otterson arrived?"

"No, my dear."

"Thank fortune I have at least an hour to conjure up something new!" She glanced at the tiny Parisian clock over the mantel.

"You remember, my dear," said Mrs. Cumbermede, "the exquisite masque worn by Miss Selden, at Newport, last season—a costume of the fourteenth century."

"One of Gustave Doré's whimsicalities, I suppose," suggested the daughter.

"Why, you saw it yourself; was it not superb?"

"So, so!" replied the daughter languidly.

"Why, my dear, it was a true picture of the time. You know how grand she looked in that claret velvet train, gold embroidered—held up by a page so charmingly attired; how magnificent—how historical, my love."

"Nonsense, dear ma! I've no time to prepare claret velvets and trains and pages—I've hardly an hour, now."

"That's your fault, my love!"

"Of course."

"You have plenty of dresses, and you had plenty of time. You know I want you to make a sensation!"

"It is so easy to make a sensation, as you call it, now-a-days, dear me, that I would rather not try it. Please suggest something more difficult for a young lady about to enter society?"

"I'm sure I do not know what to advise, Nyssa dear!" replied the mother.

Nyssa stood a moment in deep thought before the glass, and then turning to her mother, clasped her hand, kissed her, and said:

"Now, leave the room, mamma dear! allow me to put into practice my invention. It came upon me like an inspiration—it will be the sensation of the evening—it will surprise everybody, and that is more than half the pleasure of a masquerade. Tell me when Mr. Otterson comes. Oh, these fancy parties, how wearisome they are."

"The carriage may be here at any moment, my dear," said Mrs. Cumbermede, "so I advise you to get ready without delay." She kissed her and left the room.

Mr. Otterson arrived not ten minutes later, and was ushered into the parlor. In ten minutes more, Nyssa entered, attired in a plain chintz dress. Otterson was in raptures.

"What simplicity, Miss Cumbermede!"

"That is my character! I go as *Simplicity!*" said Nyssa laughing, and throwing a shawl about her shoulders.

"My child, you are a perfect fright," exclaimed the mother, as she drew her daughter to one side and looked at her steadily. "Why, I'm positively ashamed of you. What in the world made you put on such a dress as this?"

"I have hit on a character at last, dear ma!" laughed Nyssa, her eyes beaming with a pure fire and her countenance lighting up, "I go as a peasant woman!"

"For shame! where are the velvets and laces your father bought you?" said Mrs. Cumbermede.

"Up stairs, in the chamber. I am not good enough for them, dear ma. I came to the conclusion that I am a very ordinary personage after all. I bear no queenly title, and ought not to have any. I think this dress will attract attention —don't you think so, Mr. Otterson?"

"Decidedly! The simplicity suits me exactly;" said Otterson, rapturously, for the young girl looked far sweeter at that moment than he had ever before beheld her.

"That is all I desire," said Nyssa; "the critical judgment of the press. I suppose I have a right to be humble once in a great while if I choose! I am not so hard to please myself, but I am so averse to playing a part, that I have no heart to imitate great people. There will be plenty of queens and princesses there, depend upon it, and I imagine I shall enjoy a lovely solitude in this chintz. Is the carriage waiting?"

"It is!" answered Otterson.

"Then good-bye, ma," and after she had kissed her mother, who had hardly recovered from her astonishment, she turned to Otterson, and said "Tell the driver to go by Orland Place, first!"

"Why?" demanded Otterson; then he said, "I beg your pardon, Miss Cumbermede; of course, if you wish it; but it is late, I'm afraid!"

"There's plenty of time," answered Nyssa, "I have a good reason for sending him out of the way. Let him stop at 16 Orland Place, if he can see the number in the dark!"

She took from the top of the piano a small parcel and a basket, and moved to the door.

"What in the name of sense does all this mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Cumbermede, following the pair to the door.

"A change of attire, dear ma. A surprise at least. That is all—my, how chilly it is! Well, good night."

When they were snugly seated in the carriage Nyssa said: "You know the times are so hard, and yet people are so extravagant. I don't think the poor have equal chance to fight the battles of life with the rich; do they now?"

Otterson's reply to this *naïve* remark was: "Why, Miss Cumbermede, I am really not prepared to discuss the relation of capital and labor at present. I ought to have been warned beforehand, and would have had a speech full of statistics all prepared." He laughed, and she said:

"You are sarcastic—I am in earnest."

"I beg to be forgiven," returned Edgar, "for my part, I love all earnest people — I love them ——"

"And so do I," responded Nyssa. "You think me whimsical, no doubt, Mr. Otterson; but I hope and pray that the spirit which prompts my whims is a good one. I am going to Orland Place for a purpose, and I hope a good one."

They had passed the glitter of the business thoroughfares, and had entered a labyrinth of dark lanes, illuminated here and there by the feeble glare of the street lamp. Then the carriage stopped, and the driver's face appeared at the window.

"I can't tell if this is the house or not, Miss," said their guide, "but this is Orland Place."

"I'll find it, depend upon it," answered Miss Cumbermede. "It is No. 16—open the door, please." The driver had the door open in fact while she was giving the command, and she leaped out into the gloom of the narrow and ill-paved street.

"Stop a moment, Miss Cumbermede!" ejaculated Otterson, following her, "where you go I ought to go, although I've not been invited; but surely I must protest against this adventure, unless I am permitted the pleasure of seeing you safe along this wretched foot-way."

So he stood a moment, and she caught his arm and said: "Certainly, certainly, you must come with me." They walked a few steps and stopped.

"This is the place," exclaimed Nyssa, "I know it well by those wooden steps. Come up with me, I shall not be long. The driver won't fall asleep, I hope."

"I'll see to that, Miss Cumbermede," replied Otterson, "but where do you go? What does this mean?"

"Nothing at all, as you shall find out soon," said Nyssa, giving a knock upon the door. After an interval a shadowy figure appeared at the portal, and a voice ejaculated "Oh, Miss Cumbermede! You here? Come in; mother will be so glad to see you."

They entered a forlorn apartment, dimly lighted by a coal oil lamp, and in its sickly glare they beheld a wan woman, a pale, deathlike face full of suffering, reclining, propped up by pillows in a chair. This wretched face seemed to glow and to take the colors of life, and the eyes shone with something like delight, when Nyssa entered, and the thin lips—the pale, pale lips of the woman sufferer—framed the words: "Thank God for his many blessings—I have been praying for the sight of your dear face, Miss Nyssa!"

"Oh, Mrs. Lathrop," said the young and beautiful Miss Cumbermede, now thrice beautiful as she threw off the wrap about her shoulders, and placed the parcel and basket upon a rickety table close to the invalid. "I am glad to see you look better! I have brought you some trifles. There are a few little things in the basket here which may do you good—wine, preserves, and such like—and in the parcel you may find something better. I came in a great hurry; I had hardly time to dress. This is Mr. Otterson, Mrs. Lathrop—a good friend of mine, Mrs. Lathrop."

The young girl who had ushered them in exclaimed:

"Oh, how good of you, dear Miss Nyssa, how good! Mother has been so ill. You see, things look so bad. The factory has stopped, and I can't get work anywhere. What would we do if it wasn't for you, dear, dear lady?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Nyssa. Then turning to her bewildered escort, who hardly understood the scene, she said, "Sit down, Mr. Otterson, make yourself comfortable. These are good friends of mine; good people."

And then she addressed herself to the young girl and said:

"Times may be better soon, I know they will. There'll be plenty of work. Things are not so bad as they look. Cheer up; keep your spirits, girl, and do not despair. I'll stand by you! I'll do what I can You'll find a check for twenty dollars pinned to a small parcel in that basket. Father gave it to me to-day! Oh! it's perfectly good. What are you staring at? Here, no crying. Crying won't mend matters, Jennie! Mrs. Lathrop, Jennie and you are not to worry, mind that. The rent's paid, so cheer up, and look as handsome as you can. You might have a brighter light here, I think. There's nothing like plenty of light."

So she rattled away, and then went over and turned up the dismal lamp until it fairly smoked, put her arms around the young girl and kissed her, and then going over to where the poor invalid sat silent, tearful, and utterly dazed by this angel visit, she took her thin hand in hers and said:

"To-morrow I will see you again, and you will be better then, I know!"

"God bless and preserve you!" sobbed Mrs. Lathrop.

Jennie ran up to Nyssa and hugged her close, ejaculating:

"How can we ever thank you enough for your kindness, dear Miss Nyssa!"

"Don't fret; your mother will get well, and you will get work, so keep cheery. And now I must go! Good night, I'm off like a ghost at dawn!"

"Please don't go," pleaded Jennie, holding on to her benefactor.

"But the carriage is at the door, and Mr. Otterson and I have another visit to make. Good-night—good-night, and a good night's rest to you, Mrs. Lathrop, and when I see you in the morning, I know you will be well and hearty, and dancing, perhaps, as I mean to dance to-night."

She darted to the door and opened it. Not only Jennie and her mother were petrified with the mingled emotions of the occasion, but Edgar Otterson, her lover, when he rose to follow this strange, this beautiful, this good woman, had traces of tears in his eyes, and he could not speak. And in the silence, as they passed out into the night, the figure of the poor woman's daughter loomed from the dark doorway of the squalid house, watching the carriage as it rolled through the grimy Orland Place, and long after it had been lost to sight and hearing.

When Otterson could speak, he said to her whom he loved so deeply, now more deeply than ever; "Shall we go to the masquerade?"

"Yes, of course!" replied Nyssa. "Why not? I feel so happy in my chintz."

"You have made more than one person happy, Miss Cumbermede—I have been transformed by this event, and I am made happy also! I am too happy to wish to go anywhere or to be with anybody but you!"

She made no reply. The carriage rumbled on—and after a long silence, Nyssa exclaimed:

"There are the lights. We are here at last! You have my mask, I believe, Mr. Otterson!"

Otterson whispered to her as he assisted her from the carriage—"If you only knew how I love you!"—but she seemed not to hear.

They entered the gay rooms and mingled with the maskers. It was late when they left. Nyssa had not danced. She seemed to have lost her cheeriness of spirit the moment she mingled with the revellers. She appeared sad, she was so quiet, so meditative, and so unlike herself. Otterson noticed it, but he loved her in any mood.

It was only in the carriage, on her way home, the glare and glitter of the brilliant rooms still burning in her memory and paining her brain, and the crash of the orchestra still reverberating in her ears, that she murmured:

"If I can make you happy, Edgar, you know that is all I live for!"

And her beautiful head fell upon the shoulder of her lover.

Thus ended Nyssa's masquerade. They were marrried a few months after.

GLENARCHAN.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"You ought to have asked," exclaimed Ellen, indignantly, "or rather, we ought to have seen that you were helped. I forgot the pleasant part of my duty; but oh, mother, is it always like this?"

"To be sure it is. Father has done very well for him since your return. Try not vex him, dear; do what you choose quietly—then, if he is angry, there will only be one fuss."

"What can you mean? one fuss?"

"Whatever you propose he will be sure always to say 'no;' you are rather determined, and will probably do what you like, therefore it will be better to say nothing about your plans beforehand."

"But I don't want to do what he will not like; I would rather give up than vex him."

"So would I; but suppose he should wish you not to go to church, for instance?"

"He cannot object to that."

"He can object to anything; but we are pretty sure he will be out till the one o'clock dinner, then he bobs in and out constantly; don't vex him, dear."

Ellen felt she must be alone, her heart was very heavy; but on reaching her room she found thinking too painful, and the Highland home forever intruding, so she hastily arranged her possessions and then prepared to go to see Juno.

"Mother," she called, as she heard the slow footsteps come up stairs, "I'm going to see Juno; I shall take the twins, they can play outside while I talk to her."

"Father won't let them go to see her, dear; take the biscuits that I left on the table, put them in brown paper, then if you meet him, you can hide them somewhere."

"I would rather carry them openly."

"Then he may forbid you taking anything again, and what would Juno do?"

"I thought he did not object."

"One never knows when he may do so."

"Mother, this life is dreadful."

"Certainly it is, but I see no help for it."

Ellen's footsteps were not so light as usual, for she bore a new weight; she seemed forced into the family compact to deceive its head. What should she do?

The air and walk with the thousand sights and sounds of early summer soothed her, and soon old Juno's arms were around her heart's delight.

"My baby, my own downy chile, Mas'r Jack said you'd come; blessin' on yer dear face; tank de good Lord I libed to see dis day; 'pears like I can't git enuf ob lookin' at yer."

"Thank you, dear old Juno; I'm so glad you are so much better."

"Yes, tank de Lord, I'm 'bout agen; t'aint much I ken do, but I sews some, and I won't neber be hungry while Mas'r Jack's 'roun'—tank you, dear, fur dese biskits, deys a pictur; Miss Elly made 'em I'll lay a dollar; she can't come see me now, but Mas'r Jack's as brave as a lion; Miss Elly puts up tings for him to bring. Tell me 'bout your own self, chile; goin' to git married? or anyting like dat?"

"No indeed, not now. I've had five whole years of pleasure, I'm going to help mother now for a year, certainly."

"All rite, chile, 'ceptin' 'spose de Lord wants more'n a year."

"I'll try to do whatever he says, Juno, but I hope I need not stay longer than that at the farm, I feel as if I'd been there a month."

"Tink of Miss Elly, chile; she ain't had no rest for twenty years; help her all you ken."

"Juno, I mean to. I've come home feeling like a missionary; but I don't know where to begin; it was so different when you were there."

"Shall I tell you fur back how de troubel began?"

"Yes, Juno, tell me all you can."

"It 'pears like a lifetime, when Miss Elly was as peart as you are dis minit. She war de idol ob her par and mar, dere warn't notin' too good fur her. One ob de visitin' places ob de Mas'r. an' Missis, war Miss Anne May's, dere Miss Elly fust see Mas'r May. He was took wid her in a minit, after a while she come to me, 'Juno, I'se to going marry Mas'r May.' 'No, chile'' ses I, 'don' you neber go for to do dat, he's got de ebil eye.'

"She larfed like ebery ting. 'Dat's your ole substition,' she says; 'his eyes is fine, dey shine like de stars in de sky.' 'Dey is in a dredful cloudy sky,' says I. But in dem days, you might as well talk to de wind as Miss Elly, she hadn't neber had no said to her, so says she, 'I'll habe a lubly house in the country, an' you are to lib wid me, an' moder and fader is to come see me,' den she danced off like a kitten. Oh, dear! 'pears like I can't go back to dem times. Put some coffee in de sars-pan fur me. Mas'r Jack made me some las nite, it's in de pitcher. Well dear, she tole Mas'r May wat I sed 'bout de evil eye, he larfed den, but he kep it in his heart. Dey was married, and dere neber was a more beautifuller bride dan Miss Elly. 'I'll send for you soon, Juno,' ses she, de bery las ting when she got in de coach, But—we didn't hab many letters. After a while she come to make a visit—tank you dear, dat's good and hot, coffee keeps me up, gib me a biskit, fur I didn't eat no breakfus; wat was I sayin? Oh, she made a visit, she telled her mar dat Mas'r May tout she'd 'joy coming down, more'n habin dem up to de farm. We sed notin', jes made her as happy as eber we could. Wen she went away ses she, 'Juno, I ain't comin' no more, it spiled me fur goin' back. I don' no wen I'll see you agen; I ain't made to lib in de the country, its kine ob lonesome.' Back she went to de farm, and her par and mar went to Europe. I went to Miss Anne's to lib, she was kine ob worrisome 'bout Miss Elly, but I neber said notin', I waited. One day dere came a letter, Miss Elly was dyin', an mus hab ole Juno. Anuder cup, chile—oh, dem was dredful days—Mas'r May was well skeert, he don' like folks dyin', so ses he, 'Do all you ken fur de Missis, Juno.' I jes wanted to say, 'I spec you's kilt her,' but I kep' still, an 'jes' went up stairs. Dere was my lamb, wite as a snow bank, lyin' on de bed, an' you war long side, as rosy an' big a baby as I eber see. De dear lamb put out her arms, 'Oh, Juno, dear Juno,' ses she, and den she faynted off. I know'd wat to do fur her. She wanted keer' an' lub. Wheneber dem' eyes ob de Mas'r's looked at her, she'd be all ober ob a shake—de pore lamb. Well, she got up after a long time, and I neber sed notin' 'bout goin' away. I took keer ob you, an watched ober my lamb. I used to tink, if she'd perked up a little, de Mas'r wouldn't have down-trod her so, but she jes' sat quiet all de time, neber sed' notin', bad nor good. One day, wen' you was 'bout four year old, she got a letter dat her par an' mar was a comin' home. She was a' thinkin' an' a studyin' 'bout it, till she got brave enuf to ask if she might 'vite dem to come up an' see her. I neber will forget de look Mas'r May gib her, ses he; 'When you larns to do yur dooty, an' look smilin' an cheerful, an' not go 'roune wid dat winey piney look, den' you kin' ask yur mar an' par.' She neber said notin', but jes' fell down all in a heap. Mas'r May walkt off swearin'. Ses I, 'Dat's de bes' ting you kin' do.' Den' I took up my lamb, an' dat nite a little dead baby was born into dis world. When I telled her it was dead, ses she, 'Tank God.' Well, anuder year pass away, an' dey stayed on in Europe, den dey sailed in dat ship, you knows; anuder one run inter it, and de captin' didn't know as his ship was hurt; so ses he, 'go long, we's all rite,' so de one ship went 'long, an de oder one went down; dey was all los, 'cept like Job's foks, some libed to tell 'bout de oders. Dat time wen de news come, I tink de Mas'r was reel sorry. 'Tell me, John,' ses yer mar, so he up an telled her. It was de same ole story, she fell down; but dis time Mas'r May ketched her, an carried her up stairs, den he went fur the de doctor, an, deary me, Mas'r Jack was born. He was splendiferous, but my lamb neber smiled on him. Taint good luck fur de mudder not to smile on her baby."

"Jack has done pretty well, on your smiles."

"Well, I *did* lub him; he's de bes' feller dat eber libed, jes as kine an tender as a girl, 'cept I don' tink he cares fur dem twins."

"They're pitiful little creatures."

"Well, I larfed at Mas'r Jack, and tossed him roun', but my lamb was a long time a gettin' up. I was 'most sorry for de Mas'r he was so lonely and cross, 'cept fur you. You neber was 'fraid ob him, you used to run after him; he'd say, 'go 'long home,' an you'd jes larf an run 'long; he liked it, he allers liked it; he liked ebery ting strong an well, an to have ansers back agin."

"He don't encourage talking now," laughed Ellen.

"Dat may be, he neber 'courages anyting, but he likes it all de same; don you be cowed down. After dat, de mas'r used to get mad at me ebery day; I didn't mind till de Lord sent me de bone ache. I could skerce drag roun'. I kep up till I began to be sick off an on, 'fore you went away; den you was sent to bording school; you was twelve, an Mas'r Jack was five; I kep 'long, seein' my pore lamb grow witer ebery day, neber sayin' notin'; Mas'r May grew wus an wus, den de twins was born. Wen de mas'r named 'em, your mar jes cried till her heart was fit to brake, and Mas'r May larfed. You see, he hates tings still and solemncolly, he'd ruther fite dan hab peace. Den you went to Europe. One day de Mas'r was dredful aggravatin, an de missis neber sed a word. 'Don you mean to speak?' says he. 'No,' ses she, 'I don't know wat to say.' 'I'll teach you,' ses he, an he up an hit her a clip. 'Oh, Juno,' ses she. Den I jes tole him he was a brute beast like Neddersezzar. He neber forgot dat. De nex day says he, 'Juno, you kin go an lib in de lane, an mine you keep dere; don let me neber see you here no more.' Oh, dat was a dredful day. After a wile, two tree year, dis las boy was born. I was 'lowed to see my lamb den, an was at de baptizin'; but laws, chile, did your mar tell you dat Mas'r May named him Nebbersezzar?"

"*Nebuchadnezzar!*"

"Yes, he did, *sure*," and Juno laughed till the house shook.

"Oh, that poor baby; surely it can't be, Juno."

"He did, an when he scream he puts a pillar over his face till he can't breathe. Somehow de missis got better after dis las chile, an she ses she aint half as 'fraid now. I wish she'd perk up."

"What a horrible story; what *can* I do?"

"I'll tell you, chile. Jes pray to de Lord to gib you de strength of Samson, or Harklis, an den you jes anser him ebery time; let him swear, mebbe some time he'll git de bad stuff all out; dress up, make de missis perk up, do jes as you like, so as you do no wrong, don stop for his talk; dere's plenty ob money, I know dat; den if he say 'go long,' you go to your Aunt Anne."

"But what good can I do then?"

"Neber fear, you'll come back. Don you tell no lies to him, let him know he ken trus' you; it makes a man mad to have folks plottin' agin him."

"But now to-day, mother told me to hide the biscuit, if I saw him."

"De dear lamb, did she do dat? Don you do it, child; hold de biskit in de light ob day, an if he don like it, Juno 'll not starve; don go rite agin him; he's got de rite to say about his own truck."

"Well, dear Juno, I'll try, but pray for me; I feel to-day as mother does, that I'd rather submit. There is one more thing; what does mother give the children?"

"Laus, child, don no."

"Something to make them sleep; the baby sleeps all the time."

"Oh, bless de good Lord, dat my lamb should do dat sinful axchun."

"I think she is so afraid of father hurting them if they make a noise; so she keeps them asleep."

"Oh, deary me; my lamb, my lamb!"

"Mother is afraid for her children."

"I allers hop'd de missis—wats dat word you wite folks say—'*sert* herself."

"Assert herself, do you mean?"

"Yes, dats it; now honey I knows your work: save dat child."

"How can I? if he cries, father threatens him."

"You jes take care ob him yourself."

"I—take care of that baby?"

"If de Lord says do it, you ken."

"But, Juno—does He?"

"Pears like He speaks berry loud. It's hard chile, but jes you try. Don back down."

"I have amused the twins a little; but think of those names—Judith, Kezia and Nebuchadnezzar."

"I 'clar, I jes hate dat man."

"Now, Juno, I thought you loved him!"

"I'se bad, like all the res; but les try to make him happy. I hear de horn fur de men; you mus go; mine you dress up for tea."

Ellen laughed at this, and bidding her faithful nurse "good-bye," took up her cross and went home.

CHAPTER IV.

Jack met Ellen at the door, "Gov. has gone off to see some land; won't be home till six—hurrah!" There was a jubilee in the house, against which Ellen inwardly struggled, trying not to feel as if a load were lifted. The twins were a shade less terrified, the mother looked nearly calm; "I can hardly believe it," she said.

"Bring the baby, I have not seen him yet; do brother?" said Ellen, from down stairs.

"He's asleep," said Jack.

"Can't he be waked? he sleeps as child never slept before—he would be better outside; the bed is hot and weakening."

"A Daniel come to judgment," exclaimed Jack; but the baby slept through dinner-time.

Ellen found a clean table-cloth, showed the willing Mary how to place the dishes by order and rule, and for once they had a happy meal; "made memorable," said the irrepressible Jack, "by a faint smile from a twin."

Ellen looked reprovingly at him, at which he replied she must have looked up old Luther's ghost, she was so successful a reformer; then off he went to his work.

"Jack talks as if he had read; where does he get books?" asked Ellen.

"He does manage to get them somehow, and keeps them at Juno's, where he goes to read; he is a dear, dear boy."

"You've grown careless about your dress, mother dear," said Ellen, "since you have had no daughter to take care of you. I've brought you a lovely plain silk, all made; come, put it on and surprise father."

"Oh, dear no, it frightens me to death. Just don't try to alter anything; your father hates change."

"Children hate medicine too, but no one hates beauty and appropriateness; come, let me dress you and we will be seated on the piazza when he returns."

"No, Ellen, he would say some hateful thing."

"Don't mind that; do what is best."

"He would talk till I do mind. I just dreaded your coming home; do let me alone."

"No matter then, I'll go and see the baby."

He was asleep, pale, thin, with rings of black around his eyes, and a drawn expression about his mouth. "Oh, mother, you are killing him," was the involuntary exclamation.

Her mother burst into tears: "What else can I do?—he is dreadful when he cries."

"I don't think that is a reason for making an idiot of him; for idiot he is sure to be, if he is kept drugged."

"I declare, Ellen, you do use such strong language; and I always was a coward."

"May I take care of him for a week? father's room is not as near mine as this is."

"You will get us both in trouble."

"Let me bear that."

She took him up; he raised his heavy lids.

"Dear baby, poor little boy. Come to me."

He made no resistance; she took him to the window, he was heated and feverish.

The twins stood by in stupid wonder.

"Mother, show me how to put on a fresh dress, he is to go down stairs with us—there, he looks better already, now get me that blue ribbon on my bureau for his sleeves, please?"

The mother silently brought it, but the poor thin arms were not improved; Ellen took it off again.

"Now, mother, I must have my way. I won't insist on the new dress, but somebody must wear my ribbon. You shall have it in your hair; there, baby, lie still a moment. Come, I will arrange it, you must have puffs on top, your head looks too meek; look, you are growing lovely fast, such thick hair, too; now the braids, there!"

"I *am* improved," sighed the mother, "he will hate it so."

"No he won't, really. He will scold at first to be consistent, but he won't keep it up, and *I* will; you are never to be careless again, and while I change my dress, please give a little touch to the twins."

Ellen ran off, not waiting an answer, wisely picking up her baby brother by the way.

Her toilette was soon made, and, at the head of her family, she marshalled them to the shade of the back piazza, which, from a hint to Mary, was nicely swept. The most comfortable chair was brought out for her mother; the entreaties for the stocking-basket yielded to; the twins seated on the steps beside her, they were so used to sitting motionless, that they needed no teaching—the baby she kept in her own arms, rocking him gently in her chair.

"Now mother, I'm going to read to you."

"Oh, dear! the first day, too; if you'd only wait."

"No, you must help *me*: it is better to begin at once, we are doing what is natural and right; baby is better already, he has opened his eyes and looked around twice."

But the head sank heavily after each effort. Ellen could hardly repress her indignation at the weak cowardice that had reduced him to this condition.

She began to read; suddenly the twins jumped: "He's coming, he's coming."

"Hush," said Ellen, "sit still."

A great stamping was heard, a shout for Ja[ck] to take the horse. Ellen did not stop, she was [in] the position to be first seen. Her father ca[me] through to the back door.

"Hallo! what's all this?"

"This what?" asked Ellen.

"All this foolin', and dressing up and playing company."

"I don't know what you mean; everything is just as usual, except that I fixed mother's hair, and she looks ever so nice."

"Nice—humph! I'll find some other way for you to employ your time."

"Very well," returned Ellen, "let me know what you want me to do; I finished everything to-day, and now am holding baby for mother.

Dear child! he don't look very well; how do you think putting him in sunshine every day would suit him—that's the way the French children are treated."

"Tie him under a tree and let him eat grass," replied the father of Nebuchadnezzar.

"I think living under a tree would do him good," was the calm reply. "I don't know about grass; by the by, did you ever read this book?—we enjoyed it on the vessel; come out, father, when you are ready, and I'll read to you."

Something in the audacity of this proposal amused Mr. May; his only answer was a hearty and most unmistakable laugh; as he went inside, he stopped to listen, though, which Ellen discovered, so she went on as before.

In a few minutes Jack came home.

"What a state of things!" he exclaimed, "Is it Paradise regained? Why you darling old mother, how lovely you do look."

"Oh, Jack, don't say so, dear, he won't like it."

"Mother," said Jack, with earnestness, "as he never likes anything, we may as well try what we like."

Ellen interposed, hearing a heavy step.

"Take mother and the twins for a little walk, Jack, there's a dear boy. I would rather sit here."

In a moment they were gone; as Mr. May came out he looked around.

"I thought I was invited to make one of a happy family."

"So you were," replied Ellen, "but as you gave no answer, I supposed you were not coming."

"Silence gives consent."

"So I have heard, and will remember in future. Now you are here, do listen to this."

She recommenced reading, and to her surprise, her father listened, or seemed to, for a half hour; then starting up, went off to see to something that "Tom, that lazy lubber," had forgotten.

So far Ellen did not feel discouraged, but she had no time to think; her attention was then needed for the important duty of feeding the baby; Mary brought the food.

"Shall I feed him?" she asked, trying to rouse the child; the heavy lids raised, and with a faint cry he took the food. "He ain't used to being out so long; better not try too long at first," said the girl.

"Do you know about babies?" asked Ellen.

"Yes, indeed, I've taken care of lots of them; this child has something wrong in its head."

Ellen was glad to stand up while Mary held the baby.

"I'd often, often like to help you with him, but Mr. May won't let me; shall I carry him up for you? I don't dare to stay with him," said she.

"Thank you, take him to my room;" and Ellen wondered if this kind-hearted girl was the one whom she already had heard called by so many hard names. She stood a moment; the sun was sinking gloriously, everything told of peace and rest—what evil spirit reigned at May farm? Why was happiness impossible? The care of the child would be a burden, but she was strong, and determined to watch it faithfully, lest that poisonous mixture should be poured down its unresisting throat. The girl came back to her; "Are *you* going to take care of him, Miss Ellen?"

"If I can," she replied.

"Are you—going to get him asleep by yourself?"

Ellen knew what she meant.

"I hope to," she said

"Then, while you are at tea, I'll go up the back stairs and pat him; for as sure as he cries, there'll be trouble."

"Thank you," was all Ellen answered, making no sign of understanding. "How good she is," was her thought, little suspecting what a new joy entered the hard-working life, when her own young fresh face, unworn, unwearied, came into the house—how the girl could hardly work for watching her, and wondering at her beauty, her bright hair, her marvelously made clothes—for where lives the woman that cannot recognize a Paris cut? The heavy steps approached; Mary fled, and Ellen waited.

"Nell," said he, "I don't know that you mean any harm, but just you let things alone. I won't hurt you provided you don't interfere with me. I ain't goin' to have changes made. You may take care of that crying baby if you like, but mind I don't see any idling ways. I'm master here, and (warming with his subject), I *mean* to be. None of your party-goin' nonsense; do your share of work, or I'll make you, dy'e hear?" with a shout.

"Perfectly; I couldn't avoid it, unless I were stone deaf," calmly replied Ellen, conquering a shiver.

"Mind you attend, then."

Ellen turned away.

"Dy'e hear?"

"I do; silence gives consent."

To her amazement, her father burst into a hearty laugh.

"No one can be all bad who laughs," thought Ellen, "evidently he likes audacity."

The baby was tossing restlessly.

"He seems uncomfortable," thought this inexperienced nurse; it was a very warm evening and the poor child was not undressed. Suddenly this thought struck her, and she hastened to put on his night clothes; it was hard work, for she was afraid of hurting him, he seemed so frail and badly put together; at last he was placed on the cool linen sheet, with everything loose and comfortable; at that moment his mother came up. "Mercy! Ellen, cover him up, he'll get cold."

"Not in this furnace," she replied, laughing. "Father said I may take care of him."

"Said—you might—take care of him!"

"Yes, he really did."

Mrs. May was more frightened than she expressed at this, but the bell rang then and all went down to tea. They were soon seated.

"How can you leave your baby?" asked her father.

"He is asleep on my bed."

"*Is* he?" and the anxious parent went up stairs to investigate.

"He'll do something to him," whispered the mother.

"No, it is only to see if I am telling the truth," said Ellen.

His real reason was one Ellen did not suspect—it was to see if Mary was watching the child; she heard him coming, and scrambled out of the window, letting herself down from the edge of the piazza roof, which was not far from the ground, and was standing quietly in sight of the back door, when the "master" came down again, having only discovered a pale baby half asleep, fenced in the bed by chairs and pillows.

Jack had seen the whole performance, from the first appearance of legs over the roof to the serene composure of the maid when Mr. May spoke to her from the back door. He was nearly exploding with laughter.

"What's the matter, Jack?" asked Ellen.

"Can't reveal," said he, "circumstances alter cases."

"Thank you, father," said Ellen; "was he asleep?"

No answer.

"I'm so glad he's asleep," said Ellen to Jack. "I'm to take care of him, and I don't want him to be awake at tea-time."

"How'd you know he's asleep?" growled Mr. May.

"You said so."

"I didn't."

"I mean, I concluded so, because you did not answer; you said silence gives consent."

"If you say that again there'll be trouble."

"I'll not say it, father, if you dislike it."

"Stop your nonsense with your 'father: father!'"

"What shall I call you?"

"Stop talking, and there'll be no need to call me anything!"

There was silence for a while, then Ellen said: "Mr. May, please hand me the bread?"

Jack handed it to her. 'Mr. May' only remarked:

"You do beat all for impudence."

"I don't mean to be impudent, but I do not understand your rules and regulations. I am used to talking and laughing, and having a good time generally."

Jack could scarcely contain himself; the descent of the legs had not vanished from his memory, and Ellen's coolness delighted him.

"They talk of making a tunnel under Mount Cenis," said this determined young lady to nobody. "It will be a magnificent piece of work."

No reply.

"We crossed in a vetura, and had enough superb views to make us glad that we did so."

"Jack," said Mr. May, "what do they ask for the town hall for an evening?"

"Ten dollars, and lights," said Jack.

"Engage it; and have placards put up that a foreign lady will lecture on a European tour."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, almost choking with fun.

"Get me tickets," said Ellen. "I won't fail to go."

"That so," said her father.

"As I was saying," said Ellen, "the views from the summit are glorious."

"Shut up."

"Oh—must I? I was just going to tell you about an avalanche."

"Tell ahead."

"Just as we were approaching a projecting peak, where the road turns suddenly around a corner, we heard a terrible noise, then a rushing like a torrent of stones; the air was filled with dust—some butter, please father?"

He handed it silently; Ellen ventured a glance at Jack.

"The horses stopped in great terror; the veturino jumped down, we got out and all of us went, to the turn and looked around; great masses of ice were still crashing down the mountain, having carried away a part of the road, and were bounding and rolling down the precipice into one of the great gorges. It was perfectly terrific—our road was gone; one instant sooner, and we would have been crushed."

"What in thunder did you do?"

"We had a fearful time; the road was too narrow to turn the vetura, so narrow that it was difficult to lead the horses between it and the edge of the precipice; they were taken out, and led round carefully, then we ladies had each to hold a horse; poor fellows, they were trembling all over; one was cut by a piece of ice; the one I held laid his head on my shoulder, as if I could protect him. Then some of the men went back to a small hamlet for help, while the rest tried to turn the vetura around; they could not do this, so they took the horses, and we walked to the hamlet to get shelter for the night; the men all turned out to clear and mend the road, and by working all the bright moonlight night, they made it passable by the next morning; we could not find any place to sleep, though the women were very kind, but we rather enjoyed the adventure, and were no worse for being awake one night. Oh, there's the baby; excuse me, mother."

CHAPTER V.

At this culmination of her triumph, Ellen thought it wiser to go to her charge up stairs. Triumph her success certainly was, though over very insignificant enemies. The child was under her care, the silence of the tea-table broken; she had gained her father's attention, and acknowledged her mother's position as she left. This in less than two days was a very satisfactory record.

Mary was at her post.

"Were you here when father came up?" she asked.

"No, miss. I heard him coming, and went through the window and let myself down."

"That must have been what amused Jack so."

"Gracious sakes! did he see me? I got well scratched, but I did it."

"Thank you for helping me; go down now, I will stay with baby."

He still slept, the heavy dose before dinner not having lost its power. Below, there was quiet; Mrs. May was still at the table; she always preferred to bear the ills she knew, rather than venture on those she knew not of, so in whispered consultation she and Mary washed the tea things. Mr. May soon stamped down stairs, and out for the evening; in justice to him I must say, simply to produce some sign of life. He liked health and vigor, and wrestled in spirit with the frightened and feeble condition of his family, as one does with nightmare; his way of shaking off this incubus, was to storm at the innocent cause. Already Nellie recognized this difference between a storm of anger and one of hopeless vexation; but she felt as if she were required to work with bricks without straw. Even Jack sympathized without directly helping her. His cheery voice fell on the echo of his father's steps.

"I say, Nell, you're a brick. I nearly choked with your coolness and the descent of Mary's legs; only immense self-denial kept me from shouting, 'Weel dune, cutty sark.' Leave that bit of chalk and come out with me."

"No, Jack, wait till twilight, I'll go with you then; or you can climb up on the roof, I can talk there and watch baby. You were near betraying me at tea; the way your eyes twinkled was too much. There's some fun in father, too."

"Let it alone then; don't rouse anything new in the Gov'nor, he'll bite as sure as you live."

"Go off, croaker, and tell Juno about it all."

"If I talked as much to Juno as she wishes, I would have short time to read. I'll tell her, though."

"Your reading does you good, dear boy; when you don't talk slang, you show your study."

"Thanks, fair professorin; a school-boy composition of which I heard was of much use to me; it began in this oracular way: 'It is pretty impossible to communicate to others, those things whereof we ourselves are not possessed of.' Ergo I have endeavored to be 'possessed of' certain great facts; such as the creation of the world, the lie that Washington didn't tell, the color of Queen Elizabeth's hair, the number of her dresses, the difference between Platonian and Aristotelian philosophies, or theories and practices—the multiplication table, Pythagorean—was it not?—the——"

"You ridiculous boy! If you don't go, you cannot come back."

"Right, Socrates, though I believe that old party only asked questions. Have I impressed you with my stores of wisdom? if not—"

Ellen put her hands to her ears.

"I am utterly overwhelmed," she said, "I hardly know whether I prefer your sense or your nonsense; but do go, I must attend to the baby."

He was beginning to toss again—if so feeble a motion could be described by so vigorous a name—and Ellen tried to relieve him by taking him to the window and changing his position. This always relieved him, and Ellen's summer evening was passed as is that of many a mother, by a child's bedside; the time for thought was not ungrateful to this weary reformer. She first thought of her Herculean task, then remembered something she had overheard Mrs. Mackenzie say to one of her servant girls, "My child, do one thing at a time, keep your thoughts on what you are doing, don't work at bed-making with your mind on dusting; follow the Master—did He think of the blind man while He healed the Leper? One duty at a time, child, you have strength enough for that."

So Ellen strove to heed the lesson, for to-night the child was "the charge" she had "to keep." She was almost tempted to wish he might die; boys would torture him for his name, men would laugh at him, and what woman would ever say, "dear Nebuchadnezzar!"

"But that too is beyond my present duty," she exclaimed, as she laughed at the absurdity of her thoughts, "all I have to do is with the present, and with God's help I will strive to conquer one difficulty at a time. He will not suffer me to be tried beyond my power."

In the strength of this resolve she lived her life and did her life-work.

Days lengthened into weeks, while Nellie struggled on, sometimes encouraged by a period of comparative peace; then the courage of youth and strength failing before the darkness spread through the moral atmosphere by a coming storm, and which no effort could prevent. *When it broke*, the strength came with the need, for the promise never fails; and young as she was, Ellen knew where to go for help.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANDOR is the brightest gem of criticism.

AN ERROR IN JUDGMENT.

BY SUE CHESTNUTWOOD.

Her life had made her what she was—a cynic. She had always seen her mother depreciated, sneered at, trodden on, as the weaker vessel. Her father had brought up her only brother to glory in the fact that he was a boy, and if he lived, would one day be a man: when a child, if asked how many children his parents had, it had been his habit to answer, "one;" he generally added: "to be sure, there is a girl; but then girls don't count," and people laughed at him for a bright lad. She had taken a secondary position always; even in baby-hood had been forced to yield every wish to the will of this incipient lord of creation. In childhood, girlhood, and early womanhood, she, with her mother, had been constrained to serve and bow to these two. She did this under a mental protest always—at first she was unconscious that she was protesting; but at length this took form and shape, and broke into open rebellion. She despised her father and brother, and hated all mankind. Was it narrow and contracted for her to judge all, by two? Perhaps it was, but it was natural. They were the only two that she knew intimately, and we are apt to judge the unknown by the known. She had heard women railed at always, their mental capacity scorned, their physical strength laughed at; and she, a woman, was angered, insulted, embittered. She did not stop to consider that mockers of women are always men of ignorance and conceit; men inflated with themselves, puffed up and bloated with self-pride: did not stop to review the growth of intellect, and to discover that in nations of most refinement and culture and education, women met with honor and esteem; but in barbarous nations where the order of intellect was low, where men were debased, and brute force prevailed, she was least regarded. These two men, with arrogance absurd in itself, assumed to know all that was to be known upon every subject, whilst she constantly found herself in possession of a fund of knowledge which to them was a closed book. She met them at every point with sullen silence; was bitter, hard, unsympathetic to every one but her mother. She believed that all men considered women made to serve them, to make their homes orderly and pleasant: believing thus, her position, as we have said, was but natural.

When she was twenty-four her mother died. In her last hour, the crushed, though latent strength of her character revived; she demanded a lawyer, and in the very presence of her husband and son, willed her somewhat considerable property wholly to this, her only daughter, and appointed as her sole executor a comparative stranger, one whom she had scarcely met a dozen times, but whose face she trusted. Standing on the border of the spirit-land, she had had the courage given her to do this thing. The daughter sat holding the hand growing steadily colder, with a look of despair; the husband stood with a slow red creeping up to his white forehead, then dying away, and leaving him pale in the presence of this rebuke; whilst the son, a coward in the presence of death, shivered and left the room.

That was a year ago. In all that time, she had devoted to her father's magnificent home all the concientious care that her mother had bestowed upon it during a life time; had treated these two with a cold politeness, the chill of which had penetrated even their self-complacency. They were not comfortable in her presence, and she, only a woman. In that year, she entertained their guests for them. Their meals, when alone, were silent and embarrassed; hence, for relief, they had constant visitors. Among these, she won the name of being a brilliant woman, but cold as an iceberg. In that year she even had offers of marriage; she declined them each, with the horror and scorn that a freed slave would feel for renewed vassalage. This yery scorn, this very bitterness, had its power; men of intellect and culture eagerly sought her society, charmed by her well-stored mind, her ready wit, and the underlying vein of disbelief and sarcasm that continually cropped out. At length, when her mother had been in the better country a whole year—such respect did this man show to custom, and her memory—he announced at the dinner table, in the presence of his son, as if he had lacked courage to tell her when alone, that he purposed bringing home a bride. She did not make a comment; for a few moments there was silence—full of miserable discomfort. Her face was thoughtful and quiet, like one who considers before making a decision; then she said, and there was not even a tremble in her voice, "The house will be prepared and at your disposal."

They both understood her as well as if she had explained her plan. The same deep red that had crept up to his forehead at the making of his wife's will, did so now, and the same pallor followed, but he said nothing. The son, whose manner, until this past year, had been a perpetual sneer, was silent also, and handled his fork nervously. That evening Mr. Hollister, her executor, received a note, requesting him to call the next morning, as she wished to see him on a subject of considerable importance to herself; she was sorry to trouble him, and would make a point of being as brief as possible.

Her father had invited this gentleman to the house continually. They both felt the embarrassment of the position, and sought to cover it over with good will, hence the invitations were accepted as given. To Mr. Hollister, the circumstance in which he found himself, was unaccountable. Why a lady in dying should have appointed him,

a stranger, to fill the place of the natural guardians of her daughter, puzzled him exceedingly; but he was a true man and a true gentleman, hence accepted the trust as such, explaining the fact by supposing domestic difficulties, of which the world was ignorant.

Miss Shelley was also an enigma to him. She had wealth and home, apparently everything to make her happy, yet even in her most brilliant mood, her discontent, her distrust, were apparent, and her pleasantly modulated voice always rung with sarcasm; so characteristic was it of her, that he seemed even to hear it in reading her note.

Mr. Hollister was a man of wealth and standing; though forty years of age, he was unmarried, and made his home with a sister. It was evening, and they were in the library, when he read her note. The whole family were there. His brother-in-law was reading the paper, his sister sewing, and the children at their games. After reading it, he put it back in the envelope, and placed it again in his pocket; then, a moment after, took it out and read it again. The second time that he was replacing it, he caught his sister's eye, and with an odd smile on his grave face, handed it to her to read. They had bantered him about his singular trust from the first, and that he was interested in this girl he frankly acknowledged, thinking himself safe in his very frankness. His sister read the note twice also, then sent the children to bed. When the last one had gone, for there were six, Mrs. Gilder said, in the tone of one who has settled a question to her entire satisfaction:

"There is to be a wedding somewhere; either she is going to be married, or her father."

He quietly ignored the first supposition, though it made him uncomfortable. "It hardly seems possible that Mr. Shelley could think of marrying so soon," he said.

His sister's tone was full of raillery as she replied—"But there is nothing to render such a step impossible to Miss Shelley."

He called the next morning as requested. She was waiting for him in the reception room. She sat by a table, her hands folded in her lap, her face pale and resolved: he stood in the door a moment before she discovered him; when she did, she arose and went toward him, with extended hand; the grasp of her hand was cordial, but her face was cold, "I am sorry to have called you on your business in the morning; it was inconsiderate; I should have asked you to choose your own time," she said. He waived her apology and took the chair she placed for him. She came directly to the subject, as she had agreed.

"My father purposes bringing home another wife, a week from to-day. I intend, the day preceding, to seek another abiding place. Can you recommend me to any such?"

He did not ask her if she had considered this step well—if her mind was fully made up; it was quite unnecessary; but he looked at her in his grave, kind way. As she met his look, her lip quivered; she arose and paced the room back and forth restlessly. It was a face that her mother had trusted, why should she not trust it too? Perhaps all men did not thus scoff at her sex. There had never seemed mockery in the courtesy of his manner; it had always seemed sincere and honest. For a moment her better nature, her better judgment, conquered; the next, those long years education put it under foot—the lip that had quivered, curled instead. She stopped before him, with all the pent-up rebellion and anger of the years on her face and in her attitude. "Do not think that I am prompted to this act by any miserable little jealousy for my mother's memory; nor yet for any such feeling, on my own score, in renouncing the direction of the household. I have not a hard feeling in my heart for the woman who is coming here. I am only sorry for her; for long days, and months, and years, she will hear her kind railed at, jeered at, as being feeble in body and mind; she will, as a consequence, become either weak or wicked. See—it has made me wicked; there is not one whom I trust—I shall not stay to see her wooed as a bride, and sneered at as a wife."

Mr. Hollister looked at her in silent surprise. The pallor on her face gave place to a sudden flush; the defiance of her manner to that of embarrassment.

"I beg your pardon; when a thing is trodden on, it turns. I should have chosen a different audience; I forgot that I was speaking to a man who has never had a wife," she said with a cold laugh.

After that there was silence; he was the first to speak. "You have acquainted your father with your intention?"

She bowed assent.

"I will do all that I can for you," he said, and rising, held out his hand. She placed hers in it; the grave kindness in his voice and manner touched her; there were sudden tears in her eyes; he kept her hand while he said:

"Miss Shelley, you say that you doubt every one; yet the mere fact of your sending for me, shows that you trust me."

It was very quickly said, and before she had time to retort, he was gone.

"Conceited like the rest," was her first angry thought; the second was different: "Yet he has never seemed conceited, and the act did imply confidence. I am afraid that he is right; I am afraid that I do trust him, and that I have this long time past." There was a sudden flash of joy in her face, but it gave place at once to gloom. "I will not believe it," she said.

A week later Miss Shelley had possession of one of the front chambers in Mrs. Gilder's quiet,

elegant home. She felt this kindness exceedingly; she was not accustomed to such consideration. Mr. Hollister was constantly at the house—came in every morning on his way to business, and spent his evenings with them. The children depended on him, so did Mr. and Mrs. Gilder; so did Miss Shelley, though she did not know it. We are all so constituted that we depend on some one; no one, man or woman, is wholly independent.

From the first of her making her home with them, Miss Shelley did not seek privacy; Mrs. Gilder cordially invited her to be at home, and make the general sitting-room hers as well, and she did so; sitting in the window with a bit of embroidery in her lap, or an open unread book, she literally spent her time watching the children. Mrs. Gilder used to watch her curiously; she was as much absorbed in what they said and did, as if the solving of some moral problem depended upon them; and so there did. The lady could not draw her into conversation; as far as they two were concerned, there was unbroken silence; they seemed in a fair way never to become acquainted. Sometimes in a sort of desperation she went to her husband about it, but got always the same comment: "Yes, wife, I know it is trying, but there has something gone wrong with her; leave it to time, and it will right itself. She looks lonely. I'm sorry for her."

As we have said, there were six children—three girls and three boys. They were frank, openhearted, impetuous. They had their quarrels continually, but they always settled their own difficulties, and they did so justly; there was no tyranny of boy over girl, or girl over boy; their rights were equal; the thought of their not being, never seemed to have suggested itself. Whenever any of these differences occurred, Miss Shelley watched them with keen, jealous attentions. She could not in any way find fault with these three boys; one day they would be three men—"As the twig is bent, so will the tree grow." Perhaps she had made a rule out of an exception. She began to be in doubt, and when we are in doubt, sometimes the smallest act will carry great influence; just as when a balance is almost effected, the adding of a tiny weight will perfect it. This was the act, this the weight.

She had been embroidering a very handsome sofa cushion, and had left it on the library table; one of the older children had been using the ink, and had left it on the table also, with the stopper out of the bottle. The two younger children, a girl of six years, and a boy of four, were having a game of tag there. She was in her room, and hearing them, came down to watch them, but before she reached the room, their romp was over, and there was perfect silence. At the door she discovered the cause; the ink was upset all over her beautiful cushion. She went in quite as if she had not noticed it, and stood in one of the windows to watch the passers in the street below. A few minutes' silence intervened, then they came beside her; even then she did not move, until the little boy plucked the skirt of her dress. It was the little girl who spoke:

"Miss Shelley, I am so sorry; I tumbled the dreadful ink all over your splendid cushion."

"But see didn't dood it all her own self, 'cause I did part for chasin' her," put in the boy, who did not speak quite plainly.

Miss Shelley looked from one to the other; such sudden tears came into her eyes, that she had to dash them away.

"It is nothing at all, I do not care a bit," she said, and the bitterness and sarcasm going out of her voice, left it almost childlike in tone. She stooped and kissed each of them, then went at once to her room.

"See said see didn't care a speck, and for all yat see cried," said the boy, in a puzzled tone.

"It wasn't 'bout the cushion, though. I wonder what for," remarked the girl, curiously.

"See kisses mos' as sweet as mamma. Didn't s'pose see ever knew how," said the boy.

Mr. Hollister, from his seat in one of the draped windows, heard and saw all this with a smile on his grave face.

That evening his sister told him all about it alone in the parlor, where she had motioned him to follow; he listened to the recital without a comment.

"She is so peculiar I wouldn't dare offer to replace it; when I apologized she said, excitedly, 'I beg of you, do not speak of it; it only made me glad.'"

Mr. Hollister smiled.

"I confess I cannot understand her," continued the lady, then added, "She made each of those children a present this afternoon; Robbie a very expensive rocking horse, and Bell the handsomest doll I have ever seen."

When they returned to the library, they found her surrounded by the six. She was scarcely recognizable; her cheeks were flushed, her eyes lustrous, her manner animated, whilst her eager listeners were sending forth peals of laughter, Mr. Gilder like the rest was wholly interested, and his newspaper was sliding slowly and unheeded off his lap. At their entrance, she stopped in sudden confusion. "Please go on; mamma and uncle Nat will keep real still," urged one of the elder children, followed by a chorus from the others; but not until little Robbie plucked her dress as he had done in the afternoon, did she make the effort—then she wound up with a spirit that called forth a burst of applause, and, breaking away from the little group, took her roll of fancy-work to the table that held the drop-light, picking up Mr. Gilder's paper for him as she passed. Two weeks ago, she would not have

extended a voluntary hand to wait upon any gentleman, hence the little act was a moral, as well as a courteous one. He looked pleased at the attention. Something, she could not tell what, made her glance at Mr. Hollister; she saw the same grave, kind face, that was slowly growing to be a part of her life; but there was a new light in the eyes, that looked almost like a smile. She felt her cheeks burn as she bent low over her work.

She entertained them all that evening, and when at ten o'clock, she bade them good-night, Mrs. Gilder turned to her brother, exclaiming, "Whatever has changed her so? to-night she has been captivating."

"I knew it would come out so; I knew she was made of the right metal, though we had never heard the ring," observed her husband. Mr. Hollister said nothing except good-night.

When he was gone, Mrs. Gilder remarked confidentially to her husband:

"Nat loves her, one could see that if one was blind. I have wondered at it until to-night, now I can understand. But does she, or will she ever love him? It will be too hard if she doesn't. How can she help it?—such a splendid, noble fellow."

In the days that followed, they saw but little of her. She spent the most of her time in her own room; evidently she was passing through a struggle; this spoke in her manner, now unduly energetic, now weary and languid; it showed in her face too, which was thoughtful and troubled. Several times Robbie, entering her room without knocking, found tears on her cheeks; he never told it—the loyal little fellow would not for the world have betrayed his new friend.

She could not at once give up the experience of a life time; not at once renounce doubt for faith, distrust for confidence. But this quiet, happy home life, where so many natures lived in harmony for all their differences of disposition and temperament—where each one's rights were acknowledged and respected—worked out at length in its natural way, a great moral revolution. This was why Mr. Hollister had brought her here. One day sitting alone in her own room, this knowledge came to her. She no longer hated the whole world, she had a sort of feeling of friendship for it; she even was conscious of pitying her father and brother. With a sudden impulse, she arose, put on her fur wraps, and was just tying her bonnet strings, when Robbie came into the room and stood beside her.

"Where is oo doin', Miss Shelley?"

For a moment it was hard to tell it even to this child, but she did so, "To my father's."

He did not put another question: some children have fine intuitions, and he had, he even changed the subject. "When this used to be Uncle Nat's rooms, 'fore you comed, he used to let me and Bell rummage all fru his bureau," he said.

A sudden flush swept up Miss Shelley's face to her very temples. She hastily drew open one of the drawers saying: "You can do so now, Robbie, whenever you want to," and kissing him good-bye, left him in happy possession. She went downstairs slowly, drawing on her gloves on the way. She did not like to admit how this bit of innocently imparted news pleased her; she seemed uncomfortable to see set up against this kindness, the words she spoke to him that day before she left her father's home. She had an indefinite determination of some day apologizing. The library was at the foot of the stairs; as she was passing, she glanced in; he was there alone, standing before the grate fire, his back to the room. The indefiniteness suddenly resolved itself into definiteness; she was possessed of a purpose, disagreeable, painful, but she was possessed of it. She hesitated only a moment, then entered the room.

"Mr. Hollister." He turned instantly. She went over and stood at one corner of the hearth, he at the other. Then followed a short silence, she tapping the fender with her foot, as if impatient of herself. At length she said with an effort: "I believe it is considered that to a noble nature, when once convinced of error, an apology is easy—I am not noble, hence I find it very hard."

"Why make it then?" he said, coldly.

She flashed up at that in her excited, undisciplined way. "Why? because I do not intend at every turn to be met by a duty unperformed; do not propose becoming the slave of a neglected act." She had never seen his fine, grave face so cold and forbidding.

"And I, Miss Shelley, do not propose being the recipient of an apology made simply for the sake of duty."

A sense of all his kindness suddenly rushed in upon her, and more than this, the consciousness of this new faith which he had been the means of forming; her face, her manner changed, her eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered. "Mr. Hollister, I have been mistaken in my own impulse, hence it is natural I should have misled you and make you for the moment despise me. It is not because it is merely a duty, but because it is just and right. I want to take back all that I said that day. I was narrow and contracted. I looked out at the world through the small loophole of my own experience, and reduced all that came within the range of my vision to the size of that through which I viewed them. You have given me a broader, happier life; I am very grateful to you."

She did not look at him as she spoke, and when she finished, was hastily leaving the room, when he called her back. He came to meet her;

his hands were extended, and his face had a new light.

"Miss Shelley, I love you."

Her hands trembled excessively, but she placed them in his. He quietly drew off one of her fur gauntlets.

"Have I a right?" he asked with a quizzical smile, and then kissed her hand.

A few minutes after, Bell standing in the sitting-room window said:

"There go Miss Shelley and uncle Nat down the street, both of 'em together, mamma."

Mrs. Gilder got up so quickly that she dropped her scissors and thread. She joined the little girl at the window, and watched them out of sight, with a smile partly of delight and partly of satisfaction at her own penetration.

"Don't they look nice together?" said Bell. She had inherited her mother's quick eye for discerning a romance.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

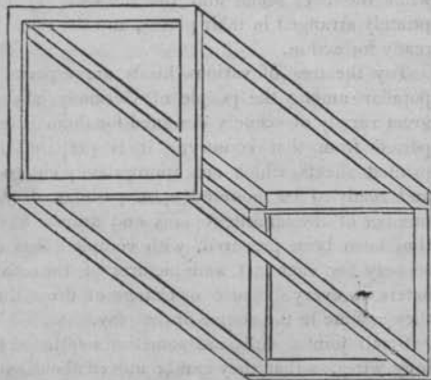
A HELP TO MOTHERS.

The Toy Theatre.—No. 17.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Toys of this kind have become recently very popular. In the shops, they can be seen of quite large size, and very elaborately perfect in every detail. In the finer styles they are supplied with a curtain that rolls up by machinery, and figures which are suspended by wires so as to move about the stage, while rows of little candles serve as foot-lights. Such toys are, of course, quite expensive, and they have the serious drawback

Fig. 1.



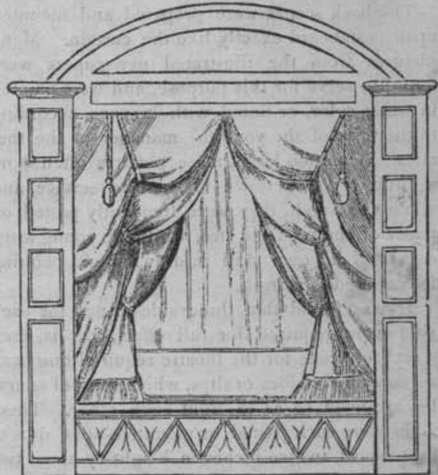
of being suited only to the enactment of a single play or drama.

As material for fun for the fireside, a home-made substitute is much to be preferred, and the one herein described has furnished much employment, and a vast amount of amusement, to the boy-owner.

The frame of the theatre, shown in Fig. 1, is made of wood, being twenty-seven inches in length, eighteen inches in width, and eleven inches in height.

A front for this edifice was made by drawing two side pillars of about three inches in width, which were surmounted and joined together by

Fig. 2.



an ornamented arch; a slight drapery of curtain being drawn inside of this as further adornment. This picture was pasted on stiff card-board, neatly cut out and tacked upon the front of the theatre. The general design of such a front is seen in Fig. 2. Experience taught, however, that this style of adornment would not bear the rough usage to which the toy was subjected, and was also in many ways inconvenient. As an improvement, therefore, a new front was pasted on strong pasteboard, and merely set up against the front of the frame, which supported it quite firmly while the the theatre was in use, and it could be packed away conveniently, with the rest of the scenery. In this case the front can be made larger than the frame, and makes the edifice appear much more imposing. A suitable size was found to be nineteen inches in width by sixteen inches in height, leaving a clear open square of about ten inches, through which to view the interior.

Another picture was then made to represent the curtain, and also pasted on strong pasteboard. This curtain should be about twelve inches in height, but not more than sixteen inches in width, so that it can be slipped up and down readily inside the frame without grazing or catching. A slender stick was then nailed from side to side upon the top of the frame, about half an inch behind the front, as a firm rest for this curtain, which was

lifted or dropped as needed between it and the front frame.

Another slender stick was nailed in the same manner about the same distance in front of the back of the frame to keep the back scene in place, this scene being dropped in or lifted out of position in the same manner as the curtain.

Three stout wires or cords were also drawn across the top of the frame at about equal distances between these two sticks, to serve as support for the side scenes.

The back scenes were prepared and mounted ɔon pasteboard exactly like the curtain. Many ɩtures from the illustrated newspapers were ɪnd to serve for this purpose, and were painted water color, or tinted with crayons, according the taste of the youthful manager of the the-ɾe. When too large, these pictures often bore little clipping down to suit the service, and hen too small, they were frequently pasted on aper of the requisite size, while the young artist kercised his own skill in drawing and painting in the needed margin.

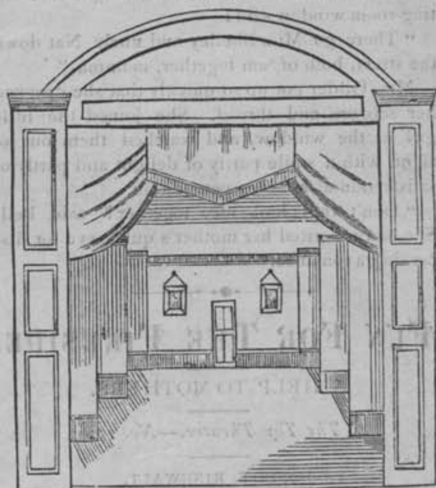
It was found that three side-scenes for each side were required for full effect, that is, each "set" or scene for the theatre required one back scene with six sides or slips, which must of course be arranged so as to front each other. These sides were each pasted, or mounted, upon slips of pasteboard, twelve inches in height by about two and a half inches in width. One of these is represented by Figure 3. When these sides or slips are placed in position against the cords already mentioned, a very complete presentment of an enclosure will be seen from the front, while there is plenty of space left between them for moving in and out of the stage such toys, dolls or furniture, as are required for the drama.

Fig. 3.

The preparations are really more simple than they may at first appear. Thus for instance, if a back-scene has been procured exhibiting the view of a street or the outside of a house, the side scenes can be prepared with but little trouble. Each of the six sides need present merely a bit of wall, either stone or brick, or the corner of a house, with a door, or part of a roof. It is perhaps even easier to make a woodland view, or a garden, by drawing a tree, flowering vine, or bit of trellis-work, upon each of the sides. Cutting the outlines with considerable irregularity adds much to the effect of a garden or forest scene, and when convenient, some sprays of real evergreen can well be introduced into the front of the scene, with a few bits of stone or some pretty shells upon a piece of green paper that serves as grass.

For an interior view, the back scene can be made with little labor by pasting upon cardboard some wall-paper or fancy paper of suitable tint; a door and a couple of small pictures framed in gilt paper, will be all that is absolutely necessary in addition. The sides in this case can also be made of the paper with a few pictures, or better still, some scraps of lace or muslin draped for curtains.

Fig. 4.



One such rough interior, with a pretty little forest scene, will be sufficient for the presentment of the favorite and always thrilling drama of Little Red-Riding Hood. A toy wolf from a Noah's Ark, a pretty paper doll for the heroine, and a grandmother in a toy bedstead, are all the actors absolutely essential to this drama, for which nearly every child can furnish a ready-made dialogue.

Figure 4 gives a presentment of the theatre when the back scene and the sides are appropriately arranged in their places, and the scene is ready for action.

Toy theatres of various kinds are especially popular among the people of Germany, and a great variety of scenery designed for them is imported from that country. It is prepared in printed sheets, which are appropriately colored, and ready to be mounted upon pasteboard. A number of the favorite operas and dramas have thus been been prepared, with complete sets of scenery for each act, and pictures of the characters in every disguise or change of dress that they assume in the course of the play.

Small jointed dolls are sometimes fastened to long wires, so that they can be moved about with ease, but paper figures are generally considered as the most convenient. Old torn toy-books often furnish plenty of these, and figures from the fashion plates are also appropriate. Paper furniture is also more readily managed than anything more cumbrous. Pretty and gaily tinted chintz

makes an excellent carpet, and baize or green muslin serves as a grass-sward, while certain tints of light brown paper can present a sandy soil. It will also be found that when the theatre is well established, the thousand and one trifles of a well-appointed baby-house will be borrowed to add brilliancy to the effects of the stage.

In attempting to render the toy imitation resemble a real theatre, it is usual to paint the curtain to resemble a drapery of cloth; but this will be found difficult of execution, and every purpose can be as well served by substituting a plain piece of paper-muslin or cambric, firmly pasted upon pasteboard—dark green being a favorite color; red also does well, and has a brighter effect. To suit a more lively fancy, a pretty and highly-tinted landscape may be used instead of the muslin, and a few strips of gold paper can be placed on the front, and the curtain as a further decoration. A band of high-colored paper or muslin can also be pasted on the lower bar of the front, to conceal the wood. When the curtain is made to imitate drapery, pieces to represent festoons in the same style are frequently tacked so as to fall below this bar or sill to the entrance. Some of the printed sheets also contain a clever little picture of an orchestra full of musicians, that can be attached below the front with very good effect.

There are now many wall-papers which represent the tinted marbles and other building-stones—by the use of these a back scene and sides to represent a street, or exterior, can be made with little trouble. A palace or prison can also be manufactured readily with the same material, the sides being made to represent stone pillars, and a grated window or iron door being outlined on the back with strips of black paper. A carpet or floor of the same paper will serve equally well for a marble hall or a dungeon keep.

A very pleasing and really realistic effect can be produced by preparing the back of the stage with a landscape or garden, and then placing a little way in front of it, a scene to represent the interior of a room with an open door and window. A door or shutter can be readily made to play upon paper hinges, as in a paper house. The front and sides may then be dressed as an interior or room, and the little actors can pass in and out of the door at the back.

A remarkably successful nautical drama, founded upon the history of Robinson Crusoe was once produced at a toy theatre. The back scene was the picture of a storm-tossed vessel, cut from an illustrated newspaper. It was fitted for the stage by the addition of a little margin of white paper, then pasted carefully on card-board and allowed to dry thoroughly under pressure. The sky was then painted blue, and the waves green, leaving the crests of the waves to remain distinct in their snowy whiteness. Instead of the usual side scenes or slips, a picture was then blocked out as large as the back-scene. At each side of this was drawn a high, bleak rock, with, when necessary, a little foliage; these sides were then connected below by a line of running waves, painted to bear some resemblance to those at the back. Three of these scenes were made, having some slight variations in outline, and they were then cut out and mounted on card-board. Fixed in the places of the side scenes, the effect was very good, making to the eye an appearance of a continuous sheet of water over the whole stage. A picture of a small boat was then fixed upon the end of a long slip of pasteboard. A slit was next made carefully from side to side through the back scene, and up through this slit was slipped, from behind, the picture of the little boat, which was moved across the scene with a rocking or undulating motion, that well counterfeited reality, and produced a great sensation among the young audience.

The more striking incident of a conflagration was produced on the toy stage with equal success and safety, by preparing a house of paper well supplied with open windows, curtained by flowing pieces of tissue paper. This house was placed in safety on a little hill of mineral specimens, and a trail of very light torn scraps of paper heaped behind it; when these were fired, the flames crept up to the house and burst through the open windows and perforated the roof with thrilling effect.

ALONE.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

No home! so in a lodge
I wait beside the sea,
More moanings answer mine;
But do not comfort me.

No love! What *seemed* so true,
So perfect, so divine,
Was but a moonlit cheat,
That won, *to mock at* mine.

No hope! The night has closed
Without a moon or star;
And desolate I wait
Beside the harbor bar.

No home! No love! No hope!
All on the other shore,
I wait. O, white sail, come,
To bear my spirit o'er.

INTO whatsoever house ye enter, remain master of your eyes and tongue.

MANY who find the day too long, think life too short; but, short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

PINKY BOWLES' WEDDING.

BY L. L. P.

My cousin Felicia declined to go to walk with me, on a certain September day, for urgent reasons.

"I must make my apple jelly to-day, and have Dilsy squeeze the grapes for wine," she said decisively, tying on an ample white apron. She was a notable housekeeper, and not to be moved from the path of duty by any frivolous amusement. My fond conviction that she regarded me with favor began to be considerably shaken when she declined, day after day, to neglect marmalade or jelly for the sake of the pleasure of my society, but, although disappointed, I was not permanently crushed; the day was too perfect and the country too lovely, for the continuance of low spirits. At first I wandered about rather aimlessly, but catching a blue glimpse of the river in the distance, between the fringe of trees on the bank, and remembering that I had a fishing line in my pocket, I decided to turn my steps thitherward. I went across country, climbed fences, jumped ditches, and scratched my way through hedges of blackberry bushes. Suddenly, behind one of these, I caught the flutter of a pink sunbonnet, and heard the low sound of a girlish laugh; I shifted my position slyly, and, through a gap in the hedge, beheld a charming tableau: in the background flowed the river, with its stately fringe of trees, stretching their green boughs down to untold depths of shadow; then a half-ploughed field, the freshly upturned earth red and mellow in the September sun, the plough sticking still at the end of the furrow; the grey horse cropping great mouthfuls of leaves from the hedge; on the fence, the ploughman, perched uncertainly, leaning down to put his arm around the waist of a lovely girl, whose head rested momentarily against his shoulder. The young lady's sun-bonnet hung by the strings about her neck; one brown and shapely arm was thrust through the handle of a basket of roasting-ears; her face was a perfect type of rustic beauty—brown eyes with long, curling lashes, pink cheeks, a lovely dimpled mouth, and chestnut-brown hair curling in tight rings about her temples. Altogether as pretty a girl as one would be likely to see from Hudson's Bay to Cape Carnaveral.

Unluckily, an inopportune sneeze revealed my presence to the lovers, and cut short their interview; the young lady whisked over the fence with rustic agility, revealing a pair of ankles as bare and brown as Maud Muller's own, and disappeared behind the thorny barrier which separated us. Her sweetheart, becoming suddenly mindful of his plow, gave it a sharp jerk out of the furrow, shouted gee and haw to his horse untimely snatched from his leafy repast, and left me to my own reflections, which were tinctured with surprise that so harmless an apparition as myself should have occasioned such evident consternation.

The girl's face haunted me as I threw my line into the ripples and waited for a bite; it was so trustful, so innocent and so pretty, unhackneyed by fashion and flirtation, and therein different from most of the girls' faces I had seen of late—except, indeed, Felicia's.

I did not catch any fish that morning; perhaps the restlessness of my mood imparted a jerky character to my line, not calculated to deceive an astute bass or a penetrating eel; so I put up my tackle and started home—not across country as I had come, but by a long road which stretched its dusty length up in the direction of my cousin's house—so indeed I supposed, and did not begin to doubt that I was going the right way until I found myself in an unfamiliar green lane, bordered on each side by cherry trees, which threw a welcome shadow across. Between the trees I caught a glimpse of an old weather-beaten log-house, with a rough porch running the entire length in front, and half covered with a straggling vine. Between the house and the road extended a vegetable garden, planted with cabbages and onions, which showed unmistakable signs of having suffered from the depredations of roving cows.

As I entered the lane, I heard the angry tones of a woman's voice, mingled with a sound of sobbing and crying, and upon drawing nearer, I distinctly heard blows. I paused a moment with that involuntary sense of indignation that comes to one with the consciousness that any defenseless creature is being maltreated or abused; and while I paused the woman's voice sounded again, with the accompaniment of a vigorous exercise of a stick.

"You good-for-nothin', no 'count, triflin' hussy; will you do it agin now?—will you—will you—*will you?*"

At each repetition, the voice rose higher and more shrill, and was emphasized by a stinging blow, and followed by a scream from the victim, and protestations of—

"Indeed, I wont, indeed, indeed—oh, don't, don't—oh, please—please—"

My blood boiled with indignation. Without stopping to consider that this was no business of mine, I determined to rush in and put a stop to it; but no sooner had I opened the gate, than the sound ceased utterly, and by the time I set my foot on the loose boards of the porch, I could almost have fancied, from the entire stillness of the place, that the whole thing had been a delusion. The door of the house was open, and through it I had a view of the greater part of the premises. Everything in the house seemed to have received a recent coating of whitewash; walls, chair-boards, raftered ceiling, mantel-piece, even the tall eight-day clock in the corner had

not escaped, but bore the resemblance of a whited sepulchre, the face at the top appearing jaundiced and yellow by contrast. The back door standing open also afforded me a vista of an untidy backyard and wood pile. The chickens, finding this short-cut through the principal apartment more convenient than the circuitous route around the house, ran unceremoniously through; and while I waited, after having rapped at the door, a rooster, marshalling a hen with a brood of chicks, came clucking and scratching across the boards to the spot where I stood. Simultaneously, by another door, entered a tall, gaunt female, who spread her skirts and rushed at the intruders, crying, "Shoo! shoo!"—whereat the whole party rose in the air, with cries of astonishment and dismay, and after much awkward floundering were finally driven out, and the door closed and bolted behind them.

This incident disconcerted me, and made me forget my original errand; also so great a time had elapsed, that when the woman approached and politely inquired what I wanted, I thought it would be rather out of taste on my part to reply that the motive of my visit was to prevent her beating and abusing her child. I therefore, after due reflection, made answer that I had lost my way, and would like to be directed to Mr. Marbury's.

She was quite willing to enlighten me. She came out on the porch and pointed out the way with a long curved forefinger.

"You jest go 'long this road 'tell you come to a bare place in the woods, then you strike inter grandmother's pines and keep along that tell you come ter a crost-roads; you kin take the one that'll bring you out at ole' Mr. Ankerse's cuppen, bekase from thar you kin' see the tops of the chimbleys *plain*."

"I am afraid I can't find the way by that direction," I said, with a latent desire to find out the truth about another matter. "Haven't you a child who could go part of the way with me? I would pay it well for the trouble."

"Thar ain't nary child about the place," she averred.

"A young man, or girl, then!" I persisted.

She looked at me narrowly.

"The young men is all whar they ought ter be—at work," she replied, "an' I wouldn't send no gal, ef thar wus one, a galavantin' about the country with you."

"Good morning, madam," I said, turning away with the conviction that further parley would be useless; but she relented suddenly, and said "she reckoned she'd go a piece with me herself."

My gratitude for this courtesy was somewhat abated by the discovery that it was prompted by an intense curiosity with regard to my affairs, which she hesitated not to gratify by a course of most relentless questioning. My inclination to tell her lies was too strong to be altogether overcome, and I regaled her with several marvelous fictions, so that when we parted in the classic precincts of "Mr. Ankerse's Cuppen," she was in a state of astonishment not wholly unmixed with awe.

Felicia stood on the porch awaiting me.

"Barely in time to escape a scolding," she said, "and you have just five minutes to get ready for dinner."

"Always dinner!" I remonstrated, sinking into a chair. "Let me sit down first and tell you my adventures."

"No," she said, "your adventures will keep, and dinner will spoil. So away with you."

Now this was manifestly unkind, and calculated to repress that gushing confidence which I was inclined to repose in Felicia. I determined that any further reference to my adventures must come from her, and that I would only yield an account of them under urgent coaxing, and persuasion. This, Felicia, divining my thoughts perhaps, was not disposed to accord. She sat on the piazza after dinner and sewed a long seam, affording me a view of an excellent profile. Silence reigned, for her father, worthy man! had gone to sleep with his face covered up with a newspaper. At last, to tease her, I tried a plan which I had never known to fail with other women.

"Felicia," I said, "who is the prettiest girl in the neighborhood?"

"Why?" she asked, raising her eyes to mine.

"Because I think I saw her to-day."

"Indeed!" rather huffed. Silence again; then curiosity asserted itself: "What was she like?"

"Brown eyes, long lashes, curls, pink cheeks, dimples," I said, emphasizing each charming attribute in so marked a manner that Felicia's suspicions were aroused; she looked up sharply, and caught me.

"You are trying to make me jealous!" she cried.

"And I have not succeeded, have I?" with indiscreet triumph.

"Of course not—who would be jealous of Pinky Bowles?"

"So that is her name, is it? Well if you are a friend of hers, you had better advise her to be more discreet in her love-making in future?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that a young lady should not have private interviews with her lover where she is likely to be interrupted by accidental spectators."

"I believe you are slandering Pinky," cried Felicia, indignant. "She's as good a girl as ever lived." Injured silence on my part, lasting for some minutes; total surrender on the part of Felicia.

"Tom, *do* tell me what you saw?"

"To be accused of circulating scandal again, I suppose."

"Oh! no, Tom; I didn't mean that; indeed, I I was just provoked for the moment. Do tell me, please?"

"Please—what?"

"Please, Tom."

"Try it again; that won't do."

"Please, *dear* Tom."

This being a wonderful concession for Felicia, I yielded, and told her what I had seen.

She looked grave and distressed.

"That was very wrong of Pinky," she said; "and very imprudent. If her stepmother hears of it, there will be a dreadful row."

"Why?"

"Because Pinky's father left her a little money, and Mrs. Bowles is very anxious that she should marry one of her sons. When she found out that Pinky was in love with Stephen Ryder, there was a terrible scene. She was ordered not to speak to him again; and he was warned off the place with a shot-gun. Those Bowleses are by far the roughest people in the neighborhood. I am afraid they'll be the death of poor little Pinky."

"Do they ever beat her?" I inquired, vaguely connecting her with my morning's experience.

"Why?" said Felicia.

"Because somebody was getting a terrible thrashing at a house I passed by on the road this morning."

"What sort of a house?"

"A tumble-down log house, with a porch in front, and cabbages."

"That was the Bowles's! And you say they were beating Pinky?"

"I don't know who they were beating. Somebody was getting the worst of it; but when I went into the house, all the noise had ceased, and the woman who came to the door looked so mild, that I did not like to accuse her of it."

"She is as crafty as an old fox," said Felicia. She considered a moment, and then tossed her work into her basket, in a mood which made her unmindful of her usual orderly ways; then she went into the hall, and tied on a broad straw hat that always hung there.

"Where are you going?" I asked her when she came out again, her eyes dark and her cheeks bright with the warmth of her generous indignation.

"I am going to see Mrs. Bowles, and find out the truth of this affair. She shan't be allowed to abuse and maltreat an orphan girl if I can prevent it."

"But how can you prevent it? I suppose the old woman is the girl's natural guardian, and you may only make matters worse by interfering. The best way would be for her to marry this young fellow she is in love with, and let him take her away, and take care of her."

"But the marriage of minors without the consent of the parents is not legal in Virginia; and Pinky is only nineteen."

We talked the affair over in all its bearings as we walked along, and gradually Felicia's zeal yielded to my cooler counsels. Nothing could be gained by exasperating Mrs. Bowles, and Pinky's cause might be materially injured by such a course. To see Pinky privately and learn the truth from her own lips, might enable us to devise some plan for improving her condition; and this, we decided, it would be best to do. When we reached the farmyard, we were met by a string of pigs, dogs and chickens, who came trooping out to welcome us. I defended Felicia with a long stick, from the too pressing attentions of these animals, and we reached the door in safety. A thin young woman in a limp calico gown, with a sallow face and untidy hair, received us, and requested that we would "take cheers an' set down." Having accepted this invitation, Felicia asked for Pinky.

"She's gone to the cuppen with mother," responded the young woman, "she'll be back afore long." She took her seat in a rocking-chair, and rocked noisily back and forth. Felicia, to put a stop to the rocking, entered into conversation.

"You have been married more than a year, haven't you, Mrs. Bowles?"

"Two years come nex' Christmas," responded Mrs. Bowles promptly. "Lawsy me, don't seem like it had been any time at all, since I was a gal at home, an' Sammy wus a comin' courtin'—laws, he used to come thar Sunday nights an' set on the steps; but he never sed nothin', an' I never thought nothin' er *Sammy*. I never suspicioned he wus a comin' to see me; I *might* a knowed it *too*; but sakes, I allus had sight er beaux, an' I never *did* think nothin' er eny er 'em. Mother, she often sez ter me, 'Kate,' she sez, 'I do b'lieve you'll be a old maid *yit*—you do treat the boys so shameful;' but laws, things often turn out different from what a body would think they would."

She sighed philosophically, and resumed her rocking.

Felicia looked amused.

"Well," she said, "when did Mr. Bowles declare himself?"

Mr. Bowles' better half looked mystified, and Felicia simplified her question.

"Well, I'll tell you about it," she said frankly, "it was real funny. One day I got a letter, an' it was wrote ter Miss C-a-t-e Cate Grinders, 'Why hi!' sez I, 'who kin this be a writin' ter me, C-a-t-e Cate?' but I mistrusted that it must be Sammy, an' sure 'nuff, when I opened the letter it was from Sammy, a axin' me ter have him. Well, then, I just sot down an' wrote back an' told him he could ax Pap ef he could have me, and ef Pap sed he could, why then he *could*.

Well, that wuz 'long o' the Fo'th er July, an' Sammy asked Pap fer me August courts Monday; an' well do I remember what Pap sed. Pap sez, 'Well them that makes their beds must lay in 'em;' that jest what Pap said: 'Them that makes their beds, must lay in 'em.' Many's the time I've thought of it sence; he allus *would* say something real comical like that; seem like you never *could* ketch him—'Well,' sez Pap, 'them that makes their beds, must lay in them.'"

Felicia did not seem to be particularly struck with the cleverness of this oft-quoted remark of pap's. She fidgeted a little in her chair, and looked out of the window for Pinky; but Mrs. Bowles, having been once started upon an interesting theme, was in no hurry to relinquish it.

"Well," she went on, "I wus engaged August Court Monday, and warn't married 'tell Christmas—warn't that a long time to be engaged?—but then we wus a gittin' ready ter go ter housekeepin', an' I had all my weddin' things to make up. I had reel nice things, and they wus all trimmed too! Tucks, an' puffs, an' insertin—sights of it, too. Laws what a time I did have a makin' of 'em: why ef you b'lieve me, I had *six* weddin' shimmys; *now* I aint got but *five*, 'cause when old a'nt Kitty Bowles died, they sent ter me fer one er mine ter lay her out in. She *had* 'em, you know; but they wus all in the *wash*. Well, laws, some folks thinks it is a fine thing to go ter housekeepin', but sakes, I *don't;* why ef you b'lieve me, when I fust went to housekeepin', I had *five* pots er peserves; but every time Sammy 'd come inter the house, he'd say: "Kate, git me some peserves;' an' now ef I've got a peserve in the world, I hope I may *never!*"

She wound up her harangue with this asseveration, for Mrs. Bowles, senior, entered the room, and the attention of the company was diverted in her direction. On perceiving Felicia, she wiped her large bony hand on her apron, and came forward with it extended in greeting:

"Why, how d'y Miss Felishy," she said, "tain't often you come to see a body!"

"My cousin, Mr. Fenwick, Mrs. Bowles," said Felicia, presenting me.

"Why, law! is he your cousin?" cried our talkative acquaintance from the corner to which she had withdrawn; "why, now it wuz allus my opinion that he wuz your brother-in-law."

"Shet up," said the elder Mrs. Bowles, severely, and her namesake withdrew under cover of an embarrassed silence.

"Where is Pinky, Mrs. Bowles?" said Felicia. "I came to speak to her about her Sunday-school lesson."

"She's down in the spring house a strainin' away the milk," replied her stepmother.

"Then I'll just step down there and speak to her about it," said Felicia with alacrity.

But Mrs. Bowles intercepted her: "I reckon she's got through by this time; I'll jest step to the door an' call her."

Felicia sat down again disappointed.

It was some time before Pinky came in. She had put on a clean frock, and combed all her frolicsome tresses into a plain knot behind her ears. She was very pale, and there were blue circles around her eyes. Once when her stepmother spoke to her I saw her start and tremble. She brought the Bible Felicia had given her, and the two girlish heads bent over it; the patrician grace of the one contrasting with the rustic beauty of the other. But there was absolutely no chance for them to say a word to each other; the lynx eyes of Mrs. Bowles never wandered from them for a moment, and all Felicia could do was to give her little friend's hand a warm squeeze at parting. Before she went away, however, she made one more effort to accomplish her purpose.

"I should like to have Pinky come and sew for me two or three days, if you can spare her, Mrs. Bowles."

"Well, I don't rightly think I *kin* spare her, Miss Felishy; this is a busy time, an' there's apples to be dried, an' wool to be carded up an' spun, let alone other things. I recon you kin git one er the Solomon girls; they goes out by the day."

Felicia turned away abruptly, and left me to make the adieux for us both. As we crossed the yard, several rough-looking, long-legged young men got over the fence and approached us. They had guns in their hands, and were surrounded by dogs. These quadrupeds charged at us and begun to bark furiously, showing a wolfish array of teeth; whereupon one of the young men lounged forward, and kicking them away with a "Clare yerself, Ring," and and a "Git out, Bone," sent the curs howling into retirement.

Felicia, on our return home, expressed herself very vehemently, as to the way Pinky was treated.

"Pinky is fortunate in having such a champion," I said.

"Well, I have known her always," said Felicia, "her father used to be a sort of overseer for papa before the war, and before Mrs. Bowles entrapped him into marrying her, which soon proved the death of him. Pinky's mother was a nice woman, too; she used to do knitting and spinning for mamma, and would give me a turkey egg or some such delicacy whenever I went to see her; in return I used to give Pinky my old dolls and picture books, which was not very generous of me, considering I did not want them myself," she added with a laugh, "whereas turkey eggs always rank very high among rural commodities."

Several days went by without further developments; but Felicia's preserving being done for the most part, we took long rides and drives in the delicious autumn weather, and drifted into closer and tenderer relations.

One evening we were lingering around the tea table, and a bright fire snapped and crackled upon the broad hearth, although the windows were open, and through them we had a view of the western horizon, resting a broad margin of pale orange on the dark and dense masses of the distant woods. While we thus lingered, entered Demas with a bunch of partridges, golden-brown, depending from his sable fist.

"Oh, Demas," cried Felicia, to whom they were proffered, "where did you get them?"

"A young man out do's brung 'em fer you Miss, an' he say he'd like ter speak ter you a minute, if you is so exposed."

Demas' English language was not always strictly accurate, but the elegance of his manner was indisputable.

Felicia rose immediately and went out. In a short time she came back and beckoned to me.

"It is Stephen Ryder," she said, in a low voice, at the door. "I want you to hear what he says."

He was a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with a yellowish beard, and pleasant, honest blue eyes.

"'Taint that I'm afeared of 'em Miss," he said, in a slow monotonous voice, resuming what he had been saying before my arrival. "I could whip 'em all single-handed, if I could take 'em one at a time, an' I have done it afore now. But I'm free to confess I ain't a match fer the whole *five*. So when they come ter me t'other night, an' tole me they'd give me 'tell nex' mornin' to quit the country, I sed I would, an' let on I wuz mighty skeered; but all the same, I made up my mind I'd lay low an see what they wuz up to.

"I haven't ben able ter hear nothin' tell to-day; when Abe, a black boy, what's a friend er mine, come ter me onbeknownst, an' sez:

"'Ef you think you'll git a invite to the weddin' you better be brushin' up your bes' clo'es.'

"'What weddin',' I sez.

"'Why, Miss Pinky's,' sez he; 'she's a goin' up ter Leesburg a Monday, to be married to Ned Bowles.'

"Can that be true, Stephen?" cried Felicia. "I can hardly believe Pinky would do that."

"She wouldn't ef she could help herself, Miss; but she is a timid, fearsome little thing. Abe says the colored woman what lives there, told him that old wild-cat beat her 'tell she could hardly stand up. She seen the black marks all on her neck an' arms."

He was evidently putting a strong constraint upon himself, in order to speak calmly; for his voice came between his set teeth; and his hands were clenched tightly around the barrel of his gun. There was silence for a few minutes, and then Felicia spoke softly:

"What are you going to do about it, Stephen?"

"That's just what I've come to ax you, Miss, I know you've always been a friend o' her'n, an' I thought may be you mought be able to do somethin' to help us."

"I assure you, I will do anything that I can," said Felicia, earnestly.

"Well, Miss, I've been a thinkin' an' a thinkin', an' the only thing I kin come to is this: If we could git over to the Maryland side, we could be lawfully married; an' arter I had the right to pertect Pinky, an' the law on my side, I'd snap my fingers at the whole raft of 'em. I'd ruther cut her little throat ter-night than see her married to that sneakin' Bowles; he's allus a layin' about drunk, as if he warn't a big enough rascal when he's sober."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" said Felicia.

He shifted his position a little, and his manner showed the first traces of embarrassment. After some hesitation he said:

"Well, Miss, you see to-day's Friday. Now, I thought ef I could go an' git the license to-morrer, an' you could git hold of Pinky an' meet me somewhere, say Jackson's Ferry, we could go acrost an' git married to-morrer night, an' then when Bowles come ter look fer Pinky, p'raps I might be able to let him know whar she wuz."

"The trouble is to get hold of Pinky."

"Yes, Miss, I know; I'd go up there myself, but one er them blackguards might put a bullet in me, an then Pinky would be married an' gone afore I could lift a finger to save her."

"That's true," said Felicia. "Well, you must get the license and the minister, and meet us at Jackson's Ferry. I will bring Pinky if I can; and if, as you say, those men have threatened you, you had better have them bound over to keep the peace."

"I will, thanky, Miss," he said gratefully.

"But where will you go to live when you are married, Stephen?"

"I've got a piece o' ground near the Ferry, Miss, an' a house; it ain't finished yit, but the neighbors helped me put up the logs, an' I've been a chinkin' an' a daubin' of it at odd times. It'll do fer the present, an' I'll make out to finish it by cold weather. Good night, miss."

"Good night, Stephen. I am very much obliged for the partridges."

That night I hummed, being gifted, by the way, with rather a fine baritone, an old song,

'I'll borrow an axe and I'll cut down a tree.
And I'll build a house for my sweetheart and me."

"That is the language of true love, isn't it, Felicia?—the love that rises superior to all obstacles!"

"Yes, I dare say; but don't let's talk about true love. Tell me what I must do about Pinky."

"I told her several excellent things to do, but she scouted them all; so I relapsed into silence, and left her to decide for herself, which was what she had intended all along. After some reflec-

tion she decided that the only course open to her was to have "a quilting," and invite all the neighbors.

"Such a thing was never done in our family," she sighed, "and it will be an inexpressible nuisance; but there is no other way."

"But I don't see what good it will do," I objected.

"Don't you see that in such a crowd it will be easy to have a private interview with Pinky."

"Yes, but a private interview will not be sufficient."

"But it is absolutely necessary to acquaint her with our plan beforehand; then, when they are all ready to go, you must offer to walk home with Pinky. Demas will meet you in the Old Road with the carriage; there I will join you, and we will be at Jackson's Ferry before Mrs. Bowles can say Jack Robinson."

"I see but one objection. What is to prevent me from overpowering Demas, and myself absconding with the charming Pinky?"

The next day dawned auspiciously. Demas was dispatched at sunrise to deliver the necessary invitations, and returned by breakfast time to announce that they were all accepted. From the kitchen, all the forenoon, issued savory odors, and Felicia, in a white apron, was far too busy for conversation, but consoled me from time to time for the loss of her society by administering specimen tarts and "taste cakes." By dinner time all was in readiness, the library was cleared to make room for the quilting frame, and an ancient quilt, intended to represent "the rising sun," and considered too hideous, heretofore, to be utilized by even the frugal housewives of the house of Marbury, was tacked upon the frame, while Felicia, charming in pink calico, flitted about, putting the finishing touches to all her arrangements. Very soon the company began to arrive, the old women in sunbonnets, the young ones in jaunty hats trimmed with gay ribbon and flowers. Mrs. Bowles and her daughter-in-law were not behind the rest.

"Where is Pinky?" said Felicia; receiving them graciously at the door.

"Pinky wouldn't come this evenin'; I tried to persuade her but she 'lowed she wuz too busy. She's a willful gal, is Pinky; an' awful sot in her ways. Many's the time I've sed her pore father'd never have died, ef he'd knowed what trouble I wuz goin' to ter have with that gal. Sakes alive now! ain't that a pretty quilt; but I bet sixpence you never pieced it, Miss Felishy?"

"No, my Aunt Dorothy pieced it," said Felicia. "Let me take your bonnet, Miss Susan. How warm you look, Mrs. Ankers; pray have a palm leaf fan? Mary Jane, have you gone to work already? You will find thimble and scissors in my basket."

Thus auspiciously begun the quilting, as I judged from bits of the conversation which drifted to me through the open window. When Felicia could escape, she came to consult with me on the piazza.

"What do you think of their not bringing Pinky? Can they have discovered our plot?"

"Of course not; nobody knew it but ourselves."

"What is to be done?"

"I shall go and see her, and tell her about it."

"Oh, if you would! And Tom, tell her to come here at six o'clock, because then we will all be at supper, and the servants will be busy; and to go straight up the back stairs to my room, and lock herself in till I come."

I promised to follow these directions, and set out upon my errand.

I found the heroine of this true story in a very sad plight. She sat in the kitchen, paring and slicing apples to be dried. The room was full of the ripe, mellow fragrance of the fruit, which lay in a golden heap upon the table; and over it hornets and yellow-jackets hung in ecstatic trance, droning a lazy song of contentment over the abundance of the feast. So strong was the impression the little scene made upon me, that even now, after the lapse of years, I cannot smell a ripe apple without seeing a drooping little figure, sitting in a flood of sunlight; a fair, pale, tear-stained face, a small, quivering, rosy mouth, and hazel eyes brimming over with ready tears. It was pretty to see the changes that came over her as I told her my story; the sudden transition from despair to delight, and then from delight to positive terror, from which she had to be coaxed into a sort of fluttering happiness again. She told me artlessly of her horror of Ned Bowles, and her dread of his attentions.

"I was goin' to try to drown myself before Monday," she said simply. "They told me they had drove Steve off for good. So I thought there wouldn't be anybody to care."

An accidental noise suggested the approach of an intruder, and cut short our interview. Pinky promised to obey Felicia's directions to the letter, and I sauntered homeward across the fields.

At six o'clock, I, from my place at the tea table, saw a dark little figure flit past the window, and heard a light step on the stairs. I glanced at Felicia, and saw in her eyes that she had seen and heard it too, but in the faces around me I observed no sign; the worst part of our undertaking was over. As soon as tea was over, Felicia interviewed Demas.

"I want you to put Toby Crackitt into the rockaway, and bring him to the west door."

"Lord, Miss, not Toby Crackitt; he'll smash everything into splinters."

"I am not afraid of him; you must do as I tell you."

As soon as the guests were gone, and they took advantage of the brief twilight in order to reach home before dark, Felicia rushed up stairs and brought down the expectant bride. She was dressed in a mouse-grey merino, with which I had some pleasant associations, relieved with knots of rose-colored ribbon; but she was pale and trembling. Felicia sat beside her on the back seat of the rockaway, and I on the front, gathering up the reins, admonished Toby Crackitt that we were ready to go. He needed no second hint. Several days of durance in a dark stable had taught him the pleasure of the free use of his limbs, and he certainly lost no time by the way. It was a good ten miles to Jackson's Ferry, and the road was wretched. To make matters worse, the moon rose, and produced such fantastic effects of light and shade that it required sharp eyesight to tell shadow from substance; but Toby Crackitt minded none of these—past wood and field, thicket and stream, cottage and cabin, he went like a flash. Once we heard the sharp report of a gun, whereat Pinky screamed, but Toby Crackitt left it far behind. My arms ached and the reins had cut into my hands, when we drew up at the Ferry; but the trip had been safely accomplished, and all fear of pursuit was over. Stephen was waiting for us with a small parson in a great overcoat, whose teeth chattered with the cold. The ferryman came out with a lantern which gave a sickly light in the white radiance of the risen moon. The river rippled a veritable flood of silver; the shadows of the trees were so perfectly reproduced, that the trees themselves seemed to be inverted in the tide. Every now and then a loosened leaf floated down through the frosty air, and drifted away on the quiet current. We all felt a thrill of solemnity when we stepped into the great flat-bottomed ferry-boat, and felt ourselves being pushed away from the shore. In the middle of the stream the boatman stopped, and dropped his anchor over into the water.

"Just go ahead, Boss; this river belongs to Maryland," he said to the clergyman; "none of the Virginia laws kin reach us here."

Thus admonished, the clergyman produced a prayer-book from his pocket; and to Pinky and Stephen standing before him, while I held the lantern, begun reading the marriage service. Felicia deftly supplied a ring, for which want Stephen was not prepared, as it is not required in the Methodist ceremony, to which they were most accustomed; and I gave away the bride. Altogether the scene was pretty and touching; so pretty and touching that I felt an aching sense of having no deeper interest in it than that of a mere spectator; and suggested the same to Felicia, who so far unbent as to cling to my arm in the uncertain motion of the boat.

"Dear Felicia," I said (in a whisper of course), "there has been one wedding; why shouldn't there be two? What more felicitous occasion could present itself—here under the benign influence of the moon, in the presence only of these innocent rustics—the hollow world with its deceits and frivolities left far behind."

The boat bumped the shore here suddenly, and we all fell backward in one promiscuous heap. So my speech was not finished until a subsequent occasion; but we all landed in good spirits. The little minister received his fee, and the ferryman was paid for his trouble, while I rewarded myself for any slight pains I had taken in the matter, by being the first person to kiss the bride; which proceeding I enjoyed the more, because I fancied there were at least two people present who looked on with disapproval. We all said good-bye on the river bank; and Felicia and I restrained Toby Crackitt with difficulty while we watched out of sight the two figures going, hand in hand, along the moonlit road, to that distant cabin, which, however it might lack for "chinkin' an' daubin'," would be a happy residence as long as it was furnished with love.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

We couldn't have resisted it, you and I, if we had tried, which we wouldn't have—no, not even you and I; then how much worse for other folks was it! I don't know if it was built in with the mortar and bricks, or not; but there it was, safe and sound and snug, and if there had been an oldest inhabitant—which, praise be, there wasn't—I don't doubt but the same verdict would have been arrived at; and which was, that laziness in the house was inherent, and, like a ghost of paralysis, choked the natural current of action belonging to any one who inhabited it. The people couldn't help themselves. There was John Jackson—as respectable a white-washer as ever ruined a carpet. *He* gave up business in no time, and his wife supported him by the sweat of her brow, as the saying goes; and which I always thought an odd poetical license. He had begun all right, mind you, John had, and his stock of brushes and brooms and lime was something to look at. Early in the morning he would go out, late in the day he would come in, and down would go his implements after a hard day's work. This went on for three weeks, when gradually the spirit of the place caught hold of his legs, and he didn't go about quite as briskly. Then the spirit grew fonder of him, and he didn't go out at all, but would stand with his hands in his pockets and yawn up to the slate filled with orders; but that was all. He couldn't account for it as a scientist, because he hadn't read himself ignorant with theories and ologies and effec-

tive causes, and things of that like. No, he was still intelligent, and he said it was in the place. His wife, a very respectable doer up of linen, found it out too when she forgot her curriculum and put starch in the wrong places. Those Jacksons moved out. Then, in swift succession, followed other people. One ambitious lady, with pale hair, undertook a shop, where were exposed for sale wonderful incongruities called tidies, which, were anything but that, being frowsy to a degree and "yokes" and things all worked in little holes, which seemed very funny. This shop she started on the first floor, and let the basement to a nice man who was a plumber. In no time the tidies fell from their hooks and were not replaced, and were covered with dust; the water-pipe in the basement burst, and the plumber didn't mend it. So the place was empty again. So on, so on, from family to family; shoemakers, candy-makers, grocery people, rag and paper people, all kinds of people, and always with the same result; till it really, in time, became painful to watch the different and new faces that were always at the windows; and then from the pain came a listlessness, a laziness of vision, and you would not watch them at all, for the infection was so insidious, it even affected those who looked. And there is an infection in laziness; I have seen it in workshops, in great business localities, hotels, everywhere. Put any respectably lazy party in with a set of steady young people and watch the result; one lazy soul can take the energy out of any dozen brisk ones I ever came across.

But to the place in question! The eyes of the neighbors recovered sufficiently once to see that there had been a bill on the window for over a month. That was wonderful. Before this it had always attracted tenants, as the flame of a smirchy candle attracts gnats. Yet now the house was silent, even preoccupied. Neat-looking fathers of families would be seen peering at the bill of Sundays, when they took the youngest out for a walk in the stiffest and fullest of petticoats; and you'd hold your breath, fearing that these sprightly people were being drawn into the vortex. Or a charming old lady would be seen looking up to the roof, as all ladies looked at unoccupied houses, and you would perhaps sigh to think that the old creature had done well for years, and had come to this at last. Yet these folks never took the place. No! After a month of idleness was over, who should come along but a tiny little thing, dressed all in gray like a daisy, and with a smooth kindly face, and bright, healthy eyes. Now, she walked like a woman, but seemed like a baby. You know you can take liberties with a baby and say all sorts of nonsense. She astonished people by going up the steps of the little house, opening the door, reaching up ever so high and scratching off the bill with the nose of the key—that is, with the part of a key that ought to be its nose if it had any. She had taken the house! Now, there was pity for the fathers of families, there was pity for the old ladies, but there was none for this little thing; there was only curiosity, or a desire of watching a new experiment. You felt instantly by the same intense instinct which tells you some-one is looking at you, even though your eyes are averted, that the house had got its match. No little woman who had such a figure and such eyes, and was so tiny and snug, was going to be worsted by a mere pile of brick. Oh, no! There was scrubbing, there was a pitching about of echoes; broken window-panes and a large Irish lady who ruined soap were paramount, and everybody watched with silent awe. If the laziness had been a stain, like the marks of blood upon the floors of old castles, I believe that Irish lady would have done away with all such nonsense, or else the Lord had given her her strength for nothing. All this was charming; there was a mill between the daisy and the bricks; daisy up, bricks down—Irish lady holding sponge; time called! daisy won the belt, sponge-holder's occupation gone! You wouldn't have known the place with its neat shades at its windows—no, and you wouldn't have known the place had you seen the tin sign on the door, saying in sarcastic letters, SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN. School for children! Never!

It was all very well to admire the preparations; but if you had had a dozen children under seven years of age—which intellectual authority will tell you is the time for beginning your education—you would not have imperiled their moral and mental obligations, by sending them to a place which had been so long fraught with the disease of inaction. No scholars came; no children went up the steps with slate-pencils in their mouths, to the imminent peril of their thoraxes; the little woman in gray could be seen looking out of the window anxiously, and then disappearing, I suppose to reckon up on the blackboard the census of children in that part of the town. All alone she lived, and I suppose all alone would have died, had it not been for possessing a basement. Now this basement had been empty ever since she came there, and it did really look respectable to see the house a school, even though there were no scholars. But respectability is like love when there is nothing to back it—you may keep it to yourself, but it won't put bread where bread ought to go; for we are not all chameleons, or else air would be sold by apothecaries' weight. At any rate, a bill was on the basement, and respectability ogled. There was a nice young oysterman, with a new red shirt, who wanted it, but I presume the little gray woman did not desire bivalves in the school-room, and bivalves in the cellar too, so *he* didn't get it; a splendid old man in the rags and iron way looked wist-

fully at it, but no; the fiat had gone forth. I am afraid the daisy looked higher than daisies usually do—wanting the sun itself, and not its rays. But on one particularly sunny Monday morning in the pleasant month of daisies, the basement, opened as a bazar for the dispensation of polite literature—a place for the sale of brains turned from their lawful purpose, as it were—papers, books, pencils, inks, and all the paraphernalia of a shop opened by some one who didn't understand the business and the possible contingencies of the neighborhood. And there was a young man behind a little counter. He was done for! You'll see! The want of customers is a dreadful thing; but when love comes in instead of a purchase and absolutely takes everything from you, whatever are you going to do? Whatever are you going to do? Why, you are just going to say to that little god: "Son, you've got my heart; if there's anything else in the establishment you'd like, just name it!" Son always names it: Love's never a very bashful youth.

The stationer had not been in that basement two days before a little gray woman grew up close beside him and touched his eyes and blinded them to everything but herself. She looked down of a morning, saying in a chirpy voice:

"Any customers yet?"

"No," he would respond, getting scarlet in the face in his suppressed endeavors to appear natural; "No customers, Miss. Have you any scholars?"

"Not yet," she said, and once varied the reply by adding, "But I'm in hopes; a stout lady who wheezed a good deal says she *may* send her daughter if I won't ask her to study—and, dear knows, I wouldn't disoblige anybody."

"Ah, indeed! And a gentleman asked me for a penny song, and said that if his wife would teach him the tune he'd stop around for it. You can't really expect one to buy the words of a song without knowing the tune, now can you?"

"Certainly not," she said smilingly, "and it'll all be right after a while," and went up stairs.

But the scholar didn't come, and as the song remained in stock, it is barely possible the gentleman's wife was not of an accommodating mood, or else he hadn't any "ear." And the oddest part of the thing was that these two people never had any visitors; the neighbors, with the best intentions in the world, watched for such visitors, and never saw them. Somebody must have known and cared for them sometime, for every one of us was chief in some heart once in a time, and if not, it's our own fault. But behold, after some days the postman pounding on the sign, holding a letter in his hand, and being unable to get in goes down to the basement and asks the young man to deliver it for him, which is against the rules of the Post Office, anyhow. The young man takes the letter—he looks at the superscription. Ha! it is in a man's hand! He delivers the letter to the little woman, who says she was busy thinking and did not hear the postman.

Thinking! The infection of the place is upon her! She looks at the letter, laughs, kisses it, and runs in.

The young man doesn't laugh—oh, no! he just slams his door shut and thinks it is a damp little hole anyhow. No more did he see of her that day. He heard her singing, though, softly, as we sing in the twilight; and he thought people ought to have consideration for other people, and not disturb other people's thoughts. He was hopelessly gone now, as the saying is.

He had his hands in his pockets all day long, and I dare say he didn't eat very much and knew that he inherited dyspepsia. His books looked gritty, his papers would have given you a full installment of goose flesh; a frown settled upon his face and he didn't try to remove it. Not that he owned to himself that he overly liked this little daisy of a woman; not that he owned to himself that the May sun and the warm southern air and the twitter of the tiny brown street-sparrows had anything to do with his odd condition. He looked up day after day as the postman took a letter regularly to the school, and he got to hating the poor man.

"I know he's married," he said, "I'll *bet* he is!" He thought it was a mean, despicable business, that of letter-carrier, anyhow; it was not elevating to stand outside doors and have to read postal cards without understanding one word of what they related to. And so as regularly as the little woman came down and said good-morning to him, and asked him how he was doing, he'd look scornfully at her, and say haughtily:

"Pretty well, thank you, miss."

"Sold much?"

"Two slate-pencils and a piece of chewing-gum."

"Are you lonesome?"

"Not at all, miss—a man's always good company for a man."

"Is he? Dear me, I wish a woman was."

She didn't mean exactly that—she meant she wished a woman was good company for a woman.

Then he said bitterly: "I should think your letters were good company for you."

"My letters? Oh, you see them come. Yes indeed; happy, happy, little letter, to contain so much!"

"Yes, I suppose they *do* contain much," he responded hysterically.

She looked at him quietly, and left him without a word. A boy coming in a minute later for a sheet of paper, came out white and said "he felt like he was going to be sick"—the young man had been so fierce, you know, and had made

the poor child take exactly the kind of paper he didn't want. Now everything must have an end, though you wouldn't think so when you read some stories that contain very little after all. The world, the largest thing we have ever come across, is said to be gradually nearing its end; though for my part, I don't believe it, for I *do* believe the earth is round, and I *do* believe you can't square a circle; I *do* believe a circle has no end, or else what'll you do with its periphery? The basement was at low tide! The stock had grown faded and listless, and the proprietor was not inviting.

The little lady now came rarely to see him, except to get the rent. The young man couldn't give up the place—he had grown that low down: where even the money for the rent came from, is for neither you or me to know; but he recklessly paid it, and that's all we need care about.

But, as I said, everything must have an end! The literary mart was closed one day, the young man stood outside. Along comes the carrier with that inevitable letter for the school.

"Will you take it, sir?" asks he.

"No, I won't take it; what are you here for?" surlily responds the young man.

The carrier looks at him and laughs immoderately—oh yes, surely that carrier was a married man.

While the door of the school is open to receive the letter, in pops the young man.

"Good morning!" says the little lady.

"I've come to pay my rent and give up the place," says he; the spirit of the place fell upon him as he grumbled.

"Give up the basement," she says in a little trembling voice.

"Yes; there's something in the place. I can't work, I can't attend my business; I—I wish I was dead," he blurts out.

"There is indeed, something in the place," says she; "I have tried to get scholars, and can't. I don't know what I've ever done, that people should mistrust me so they won't let their children come to me. There's something in the place, and its coldness and neglect and reserve, and I shed these tears because I do not deserve it all."

"*You* can't be neglected when you get a letter from him every day," says the young man, glowering at her, and feeling glad that he has a nice sharp razor at home, and your jugular can be found easily if you cut all around your collar.

"Fom *him?*" she says, raising her eye-lids.

"Yes—your lover."

Then to see her laugh; then to see her hide her blushing little face till it wasn't like a daisy at all, but just the sweetest of sweet red roses, all full of early dew. But the young man did not like this either. There are times when nothing can please us, and this was one of his times.

So she just said: "The letters I have received are from an old snuffy lawyer; and in this one he tells me he has been successful in gaining some money for me, which was a cousin's who died intestate. I don't care now if I don't have scholars; for although I'm an orphan, and there's none in the world who c-a-r-e-s for me, I-I can go-o on j-just the same as ever. Oh, oh, oh, that I should have lived to see this day, you wicked man you." Then she wiped her eyes and looked at him, and said, "You thought the letters came from my lover! I haven't such a thing, I thank you. There's none in the wide, wide world—oh, me, oh, me, what's in the place that I can't help crying."

Then this young man darted towards her, crying out: "There's love in the place, there's love in the place," and took her to him as she put her head upon his breast and asked him how he dared do such a thing. And so there *was* love in the place, and it was the offspring of laziness perhaps, for the Irish lady couldn't tear the house down with soap, and in every house there is something that haunts it, something apart from the people who occupy it, and which either glorifies, or debases and ridicules them. And so, with the money left to the little gray lady, a larger store was made of the school-room that had never been school-room after all, and an increased literary stock was added, and customers did come. And in course of time another little daisy had bloomed in the little place, for the little gray lady held a tiny little baby up for its conceited young father to kiss. A haunted house? Oh, bless you, the ghost was laid, and there was no more laziness within those walls, for that baby had magnificent lungs—I have the doctor's word for it—and I'd like to know who can be lazy when fresh lungs are exerted? And if it were not for this very baby, I should apologize for making the story of the house at all; but there's a good deal in a baby—tyranny, cannibalism, and the like—and such a baby can frighten away all the ghosts that ever turned your hair white in a single night, as some men have grown from sudden fright, particularly if you hold it and look into its little eyes that see no better heaven than your own gentleness affords it.

ONE person always appears well dressed; another never; yet the one who is ill dressed may pay his tailor twice as much in a year as the other. So it is with the dress of women. One who does not understand the adaptation of style and colors may be loaded with costly garments and finery, and yet never appear well dressed. To some persons, taste in everything seems natural; but in all it admits of cultivation. And the cultivation of one's taste not only saves money, but it is a source of much satisfaction and happiness.

AUNT MARGARET'S STORY.

BY KATE CROSBY.

Aunt Margaret was the sweetest, the loveliest of "old maids," that had ever gladdened a mortal's heart. She was a woman, in the highest, fullest sense of the word; and a woman to whom no one who came in sorrow or distress, ever came in vain. A woman upon whom one could lean, and feel as if they rested on a firm foundation; and lastly, one eminently fitted for the office of wife and mother; but fate, inexplicable fate, had snatched away from her youthful lips love's sparkling goblet, ere she had tasted of its contents; and so she remained Margaret Hamilton, the most charming of womanly women.

And Aunt Margaret was happy. If ever one pang for the "might have been" stirred her heart, as she gazed with loving tenderness on her sister's children, no one knew it save herself and —God.

How those children clung to her; how soft seemed her cool hand, as it gently smoothed the hot, tiny brow, when sickness came; how soothing was the low, tender voice, with its clear, firm tones, that made her slightest remark, either of praise or reproof, of greater weight than even the mother's more lavish endearments or petulant anger.

She was not what you would call a handsome woman, but at first glance you would exclaim; "What a lovely face!" Her eyes were a dark gray, shaded by long black lashes; they were not sad eyes, but one could tell that the woman had suffered, and had suffered silently. They were peaceful eyes, like clear, deep-running streamlets, which, like the silvery water, sometimes even sparkled, yet that was rarely. A clear, pale complexion; a mouth which, though a trifle firm, was remarkable for its sweetness of expression. Her hair was dark, with a thread or two of gray intermingled. A form tall, and rather stately. In fact, Margaret Hamilton was a "perfect woman, nobly planned."

The town of Glendale had been Miss Hamilton's home since she first saw the light of the world, in which she was to know so much of sorrow and pain. Until she reached her twentieth year nothing occurred to render life eventful, and her fair young face wore the bright, unclouded look of perfect peace. 'Twas the charming expression, the lithe, graceful figure, and above all, the beautiful soul which shone in the gray eyes, which won the fancy and then the heart of Gerard Lancaster, a lawyer, who settled in Glendale about this time. He was a young man, but having considerable means, had traveled quite extensively; and this fresh, unaffected, unflattered village maiden, was the first woman who had ever caused his calm, and, as he often laughingly remarked, "formerly well-regulated heart," to beat one throb, too quickly.

There was not a spark of the coquette about Margaret, and so when six months later Gerard Lancaster asked her to be his wife, it was with the light of the pure, enduring love, radiating her sweet, blushing face, that she replied, looking at him quietly but tenderly, with a straightforward; "Yes, Gerard, I give you my hand right willingly, and with it all my heart." There was nothing gushing or "missish" about the answer, which was a little old-fashioned perhaps; but it was for this very reason that the low, gentle voice, with its clear, firm tones, which were never known to fail her but once, sounded doubly enchanting to the man whose former life had been thrown with the shallow, artificial women of the world.

Among the inhabitants of Glendale was a man named Oscar Middleton, who had been rejected by Margaret sometime before Gerard Lancaster came to the town. He was a creature wholly without scruples of any kind, and his enmity toward young Lancaster was bitter in the extreme. He never hesitated about throwing out little insinuations, entirely without foundation, detrimental to that gentleman's character and position in general. Oscar Middleton was without doubt a coward. His remarks were never those of which one could take hold; but it was a certain manner that he had to perfection, which implied a thousand things that he would not for the world speak. He was one who would

> "Assent with civil leer,
> And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
> Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
> Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

The relations between the two men were not openly hostile, and as far as Gerard was concerned there was no emotion felt, save a kind of contemptuous pity, that so fine a frame could hold so small a soul.

Lancaster's confidence in Margaret's love and trust was so strong, that he knew no word of Middleton's could stand ground against his own.

Late one afternoon in August, Gerard and Margaret were sitting in the summer-house, on the lawn of Mrs. Hamilton's residence, she stitching some dainty feminine work, and he reading "Evangeline," his deep, mellow voice giving heartfelt expression to the exquisite verses, when the book dropped from his hand and turning to the girl, Gerard said smiling, yet earnestly; "And would you wait for me, even as Evangeline did for Gabriel?"

A half-startled look showed itself in the soft, gray eyes that were turned toward him; but it was quickly displaced by the fervent glow of perfect trust and faith, as she answered solemnly, "Gerard, I would wait forever."

"I know you would, God bless you, my rare, pale Margaret," returned Lancaster, kissing the soft, rosy palm that he held in his own.

At that moment a telegram was handed him, which he gave to Margaret, saying: "I must go at once; my father is dangerously ill. I shall say 'good-bye' now, as I have barely an hour to prepare for my journey, and catch the train." Then putting his arms tenderly around the graceful figure, he said: "Do not forget me, Evangeline; and whatever comes, be true to Gabriel."

"Gerard, don't," exclaimed Margaret, a great fear falling on her heart.

"Foolish little girl," replied Lancaster, "dispel all the dismal forebodings that I see in those tell-tale eyes. I will write immediately upon my arrival, and as often after as I can. If father needs care, I am the only one who can give it; so be lenient, and until I come, God be with you."

With an effort, Margaret controlled herself and said firmly: "I pray He may be indeed, and with you also, Gerard, dear."

Another embrace, and he was gone.

The days dragged on wearily enough without her lover; not dragged either, for Margaret busied herself with the poor of the town, and in a thousand ways tried to pass the time which seemed so long. The letter from Gerard, written when he reached home, was read and re-read; the promise of writing soon was so often repeated, that the girl knew each word by heart. Yet no tidings came, her letters remained unanswered; and so the pretty, pale cheek grew paler, as the faith in her heart grew stronger, in all the weary days.

Mr. Middleton tried to make himself vastly agreeable; he would join Margaret in her walks, and interest himself in her works of charity, till sweet, simple Margaret, thinking he might be sorry for his past behavior—and in her woman's heart, she could not help saying, "'Twas for love of me"—softened a little towards him, and after some time said kindly:

"We would be glad to see you at the house, Mr. Middleton."

And Mr. Middleton took advantage of the invitation, and rendered himself almost necessary to Mrs. Hamilton, in many ways, for she greatly missed her son, as she called Gerard Lancaster.

So the weeks went on, and Margaret waited in vain for a letter from her lover, and Mrs. Hamilton saw with pain, and then anger, the look of pale, patient waiting, on the usually peaceful face of her silent, suffering child.

One day toward the close of November, Margaret, taking advantage of the mild spring-like day, entered the summer house to live over the days that seemed to her would be no more, when she was greatly provoked at being joined by Mr. Middleton; but making the best of the situation, she began to speak of various things that generally formed the topic of their conversation, when suddenly Middleton threw off his assumed calmness, and pleaded in agitated tones his love for her, which instead of dying, as he had determined it should, seemed to flourish with renewed vigor.

Margaret, wholly taken by surprise, answered nothing, at first, and then, in a quiet, dignified voice, said:

"This to me, the betrothed wife of Gerard Lancaster? Mr. Middleton, you presume upon the hospitality we have shown you."

"Margaret, I loved you long before the man, whose ring you wear, came with his handsome face and city manners, to win from me the only woman I would have for my wife."

"Stop, sir," exclaimed Margaret, paling and flushing in her excitement. "Mr. Lancaster did *not* win me from you, as I never by word or deed, gave you to understand that I cared for you save as a friend, and your subsequent conduct towards him made me feel as if I could not look upon you even in that way. But lately, by your manner, I inferred you had regretted what had happened, and wished in some way to atone for all you had said."

Middleton drew a step nearer:

"Gerard Lancaster," he exclaimed hotly—

"Is here to answer for himself," interrupted a clear, stern voice; and Margaret, turning, saw her lover, pale, haggard, and dusty from traveling.

"Gerard, Gerard," cried the girl, her voice breaking in its emotion, "where have you been?"

Lancaster, noting her wan face, and bright, feverish eyes, clasped his arms around her, and said fondly:

"My poor little girl, my faithful 'Evangeline,' you waited for me, for Gabriel, and he has come."

By this time Mr. Middleton had withdrawn, thinking, probably, his room was preferable to his presence.

Then, without waiting, Gerard told of his father's death, which occurred several days after his arrival, and then of his own illness, when his life was despaired of, and even reason herself deserted him.

"I wrote you several letters, which, perhaps, Mr. Middleton has taken care you should not receive."

Amid the tenderness and affection that surrounded them both, Gerard and Margaret grew rapidly better, and the day was approaching for their marriage, and nothing seemed to speak of the sorrow that was to come. Through Margaret's intercession, Middleton was saved a forcible reminder that Gerard Lancaster was a man of strength and muscle; so, feeling like a cur that had been whipped for bad behavior, he avoided the young lawyer and the now happy Margaret.

Among his possessions, and they were not small, Oscar Middleton numbered a pair of un-

usually fine horses, noted throughout the country for being the most unmanageable team; but Mr. Middleton, proud of displaying his horsemanship, took great pains in driving at break-neck speed through the town.

Shortly after Lancaster's return, as he was standing at his office door one day, down the wide street came Middleton's horses at a terrific rate, the man himself ghastly with fear, clinging to the reins.

"Lancaster, for God's sake save me;" he screamed in an agonized voice.

For an instant, but only an instant, Gerard hesitated; all the evil that the man had tried to do him came to his mind like a flash; but in the next, he caught the head of the frantic beast nearest him, stopping their mad flight long enough to allow Middleton to spring out of the carriage, when on they went, dashing Gerard violently to the ground.

Men carried the unconscious form back to the office, the physicians unable to do anything but restore him to his senses. Then the crowd went silently out, leaving Margaret, who had witnessed the whole affair, alone with him.

Neither spoke for a while, and then her lover said in a whisper: "Margaret, it was to be."

And she—

"Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her
bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly
sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at
a casement."

After the dreadful accident Middleton left the town, and was never seen again.

Margaret lived on in patient waiting, a comfort and a blessing to all around; her name a household word among the poor. Her young sister grew to womanhood and married, but the home was incomplete without Margaret, so after her mother's death she took up her abode with them.

The curtains of one of the brightest, prettiest rooms in the house were lowered, for Aunt Margaret was sick unto death. She "had fought a good fight, she had finished her course, had kept the faith. Henceforth there was laid up for her a crown of righteousness."

She was lying very quiet and still upon her pillow, her deep, gray eyes filled with a warm, loving light, and her hand clasped in his sister's. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why Gerard!" she said, and stretched out her hand; then softly, "I have waited for you, dear, a long, long time."

Then she became silent, closed her eyes quietly, and with a smile on her sweet lips, she slept her last long sleep—.

"Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."

STORY OF A FAIRY.

Like merry birds the children chattered o'er their
Christmas play, [alway—
A fairy spectacle it was, sweet childhood's choice
And as they talked of Godmother, and Brownie,
Ogre, Elf,
"How happy is their guileless faith!" I said unto
myself,
Ah, would there were still gracious Fairy Queens to
rule the land,
Who unto each some precious longed-for gift would
quick command!
"What would you ask?" I whispered, as I turned to
one who too [pursue,
Like me, a phantom fancy or desire would fain
"What would you ask the wrinkled fairy God-
mother to-night,
Should she appear and yield you Cinderella's wish-
ing right?"
"Aladdin's Lamp" came the reply, "that I might
of its Slave [crave!"
The Geni, order all the riches of this world I
"And I," I murmured in my heart, "I would be
young once more, [plore!"
For unto youth alone belongs the riches I de-
A still small voice then softly spake; 'twas gentle,
quiet, low, [know?
A voice as in a dream so faint—a Fairy's? Who can
"Aladdin's wondrous lamp" it said, "nor dower of
renewed youth, [truth;
A complete perfect happiness may never bring in
A homely little simple seed I offer you instead,
To plant deep in the garden of wild thoughts within
your head.
If faithfully attended with a duteous, daily care,
It shall reward you royally with fruit beyond com-
pare:
Its blossoms will procure a peace this world's wealth
can not give,
While happy breath, of age or youth, must on its
perfume live;
The Magic Lamp, with all its gifts of Honor, Power
or Gold,
Could never buy the human heart such blessings
manifold:
And Youth's rare charm of winning Love, and
keeping fair and sweet,
Without its spell to hold the prize, would be vain,
incomplete; [o'er,
For all the real or fancied wrongs ye sadly murmur
This little germ within your hearts will harmony re-
store.
What is this modest gift, you ask, which quells un-
rest and strife? [Life!"
Content, a little simple seed—its flower, a Perfect
The voice then ceased, I bowed my head; I felt the
enchanted spell, [well,
It was a fairy wise, who spake the truth, I knew full
And every word was strong and full, with meanings
firm and true, [too!
No Godmother alone was she, a guardian angel
A perfect Life of pure content, what better, richer
dower?
Who would not plant this tiny seed to win the
beauteous flower.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.

FIG. 1.—TABLE COVER.

Table cover of red plush, with embroidered border of white linen gauze. Above and below the border the plush is cut into scallops, and is sewn on to the border with brown silk in overcast and buttonhole stitch. Point russe stitches of blue silk secure the buttonhole stitches, and the overcast stitches are edged with chain-stitching of yellow bronze. When the pattern has been traced, the flowers are worked in slanting buttonhole stitch, with two shades of pale pink and pale blue crewels edged with overcast stitches of yellow bronze. The stamina are worked in overcast stitch with yellow and yellow-bronze silks. The narrow leaves with reseda in slanting buttonhole stitch. The stems with three rows of chain stitch of three shades of fawn wool. The pale brown braid, half-inch wide, is sewn on in point russe and herring-boned with two shades of brown filoselle. The star-shaped pattern on the scallop is worked with lines of blue and olive crewels. The outer edge of the cover has a deep fringe netted with crewels of the various colors, to which tassels of wool and silk are knotted, as shown in the illustration.

FIG. 2.—PIN TRAY.

This tray is composed of five sections of cardboard, each measuring 1¾ inches at the bottom, and 2¾ inches at the widest part; they are cut to a point at the top as shown in the illustration; the bottom is a pentagon, measuring 1¾ inches at each side. The outside is covered with crim

Fig. 2.

son satin ornamented with a cross stitch design, or embroidered with flowers. The inside is lined with gold colored silk with a narrow stitch border. The satin and silk are neatly seamed over the

cardboard, and pieces are joined together at the sides; small gold beads are sewn at the edge, and larger ones at the points and at the top and bottom of each joint.

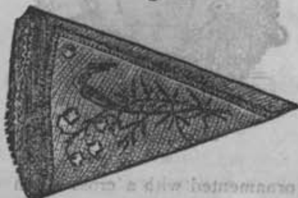
FIG. 3.—RUSSIAN TOWEL (DRAWN WORK AND EMBROIDERY.)

This rich towel is fringed with Macramé, headed with two rows of herringbone stitches in

Fig. 3.

ingrained red cotton. Between the rows there is some drawn work. This ornamentation is repeated twice, and the border between the rows is worked in cross stitch, with red and blue cotton, the canvas being drawn away when the work is terminated.

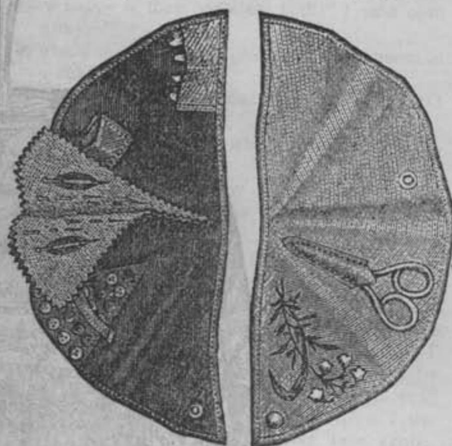
Fig. 4.



FIGS. 4, 5 AND 6.—HOUSEWIFE.

This pretty little housewife is composed of two half-circles of cashmere, one pale blue and the other dark olive; the straight side measures eight inches across. The two pieces must be placed together, and bound at the edge with blue ribbon. A crewel design is worked on one side, which is folded outside when the case is closed, as shown

Fig. 5. Fig. 6.



in Fig. 4. The arrangement of the flannel leaves for needles, pockets for cotton, scissors, buttons, etc., will be easily seen from the illustrations 5 and 6. The place for button and buttonhole to fasten the housewife is clearly shown in the design.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PAGE.

(See front of book.)

The colored design which we this month present to our readers, is of two chimney sweeps for a tidy to be worked on Java canvas; it is worked in black or colored single zephyr (black we however consider most effective). The pattern is given in full working size, and can have a narrow border worked around and then be fringed out, or merely the lines as in our design, and then the fringe, according to the size of the tidy. If worked on white Java canvas, these tidies can be washed as readily as if they were an ordinary white tidy, the zephyr before being used having been put in boiling water, and this continued by using fresh water until no color comes out of the zephyr into the water.

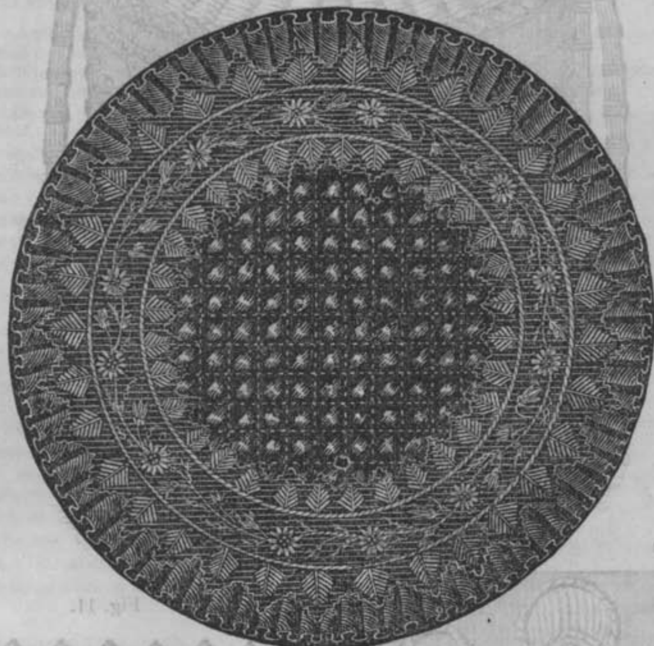
FIGS. 7 AND 8.—LAMP MAT.

(EMBROIDERY.)

Circular Lamp Mat of black satin, with vandyked border of cloth and ruching of satin ribbon. A circle, measuring ten inches in diameter, is cut out of satin, stiffened muslin, and black cloth. The satin is sewn over a thin sheet of wadding on to the stiffened muslin and quilted

in the centre, leaving a border of about three inches all round. For this border transfer the design, which is given in the original size in Fig. 8, on to a circular piece of black cloth, cutting out from the centre the cloth which is not wanted. yellow silk in knotted stitch. The feather stitching is worked with pale olive silk, and the stems in overcast stitch with several shades of brown. The pattern on the vandykes is embroidered in interlacing buttonhole stitch, with dark olive silk.

Fig. 7.



Then, having vandyked the cloth according to the illustration, work the lines in interlacing buttonhole stitch with pale olive silk. The flowers and blossoms are worked with pink, white, and red silks in chain stitch, and the stamina with The satin part is strengthened round the edge by strong wire; it is then lined, the ruching sewed on, and lastly, the border sewn between the latter and the quilling.

Fig. 8.

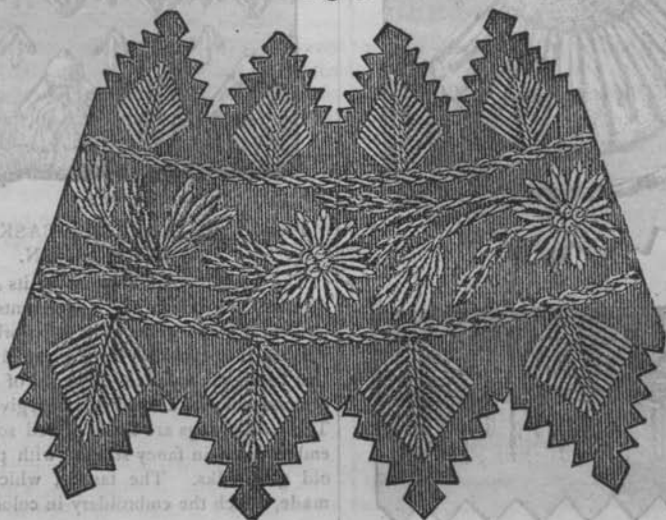


Fig. 9.

Fig. 10

Fig. 11.

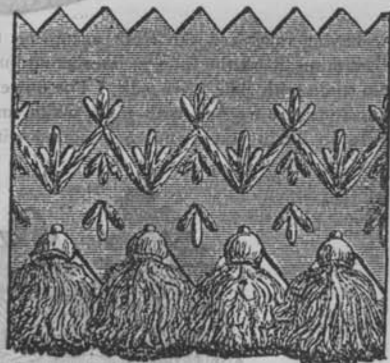
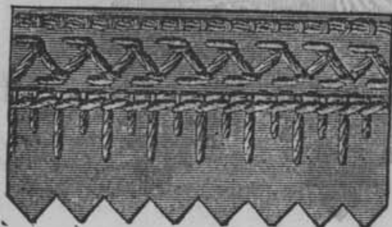


FIG. 12.



FIGS. 9, 10, 11 AND 12.—BASKET FOR SOILED LINEN.

The basket is here given in its *ensemble* and details. The design Fig. 9 represents the finished basket; Fig. 10 gives in its full working size the valance that encircles it; Fig. 12 gives the band that heads the valance. The lid of the basket is ornamented with a tasselled band, given in Fig. 11. These trimmings are made of red soldiers' cloth, embroidered in fancy stitches with pale blue and old gold silks. The tassels, which are hand-made, match the embroidery in coloring.

RECIPES.

AN EXCELLENT PLAIN CAKE.

Ingredients.—One and one-half pounds of flour,
One-half pound of sugar,
One-half pound of dried currants,
One tablespoonful of baking powder,
Two eggs,
One pint of milk.

Mix the flour and sugar, dry. Flour the currants. Stir in all the milk excepting half a teacupful. Beat the eggs, and stir in; then the currants. Stir the baking powder into the half teacupful of milk, and add last. Beat all well together, and bake in a buttered tin one hour in a moderate oven.

HOMINY CAKES.

Ingredients.—One teacupful of hominy,
One pint of milk,
Three eggs,
Two tablespoonsful of flour,
Salt to taste.

Soak the hominy five hours, and then boil it until it will mash with a spoon. Mash to a smooth paste through a colander, and add the milk, salt, eggs well beaten, and lastly the flour. The flour should make a batter as thick as that for buckwheat cakes. Bake on a hot griddle and serve hot with honey. Butter each cake as it is taken from the griddle. Many like powdered spice and sugar, in equal parts, on hominy cakes.

COCOANUT PIE.

Ingredients.—One cocoanut, grated fine,
Three potatoes, boiled and mashed,
Two ounces of butter,
One-half pint of milk,
One-quarter pound of pulverized sugar,
Three eggs.

Stir the cocoanut and potatoes well together, adding gradually the milk, boiling hot. Stir the butter and half the sugar to a cream, and beat into the mixture; lastly, add the yolks of the eggs, beaten very light. Line a pie plate with puff paste, and fill with the mixture. Bake without upper crust till brown, and set aside to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs and remainder of the sugar to a stiff icing. Spread over the pie when cold, and set in the oven till a light brown.

BREAD PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pint of bread crumbs,
Three ounces of butter,
One pint of milk,
Two eggs,
Two ounces of sugar,
One teaspoonful of rose water,
One-half teaspoonful of extract of lemon,
One-half pound of raisins.

Boil the milk and butter together. Pour it boiling hot over the bread crumbs, cover closely, and set aside till cool. Add the eggs well beaten, sugar, flavoring and raisins well floured. Bake in a buttered dish. Serve with either hot or cold pudding sauce, or with sugar and cream.

FISH CHOWDER.

Ingredients.—Five pounds of cod-fish,
Three onions,
One-half pound of salt pork,
One pound of crackers,
One-half pint of milk,
Salt and pepper.

Cut the pork into very small strips, and put them in an iron pot. Fry slowly till crisp, being careful not to burn. Add the onions, chopped fine, and let them brown five minutes, stirring constantly. Turn out on a plate. Wash the fish and cut it into large pieces. Put a plate on the bottom of the kettle, and upon it alternate layers of fish, crackers, pork and onions, seasoning well with salt and pepper. Turn in two quarts of boiling water, cover the kettle closely, and simmer gently over a slow fire for half an hour. Pour in the milk and boil ten minutes. Serve very hot in a soup tureen. It is an improvement to add fifty salt oysters with the milk.

ASPARAGUS AND EGGS.

Ingredients.—Cold boiled asparagus,
Six eggs,
Two ounces of butter,
Pepper and salt.

Take any cold asparagus left from dinner; cut the tender part into small pieces, and put them into a buttered dish. Break the eggs over without beating, put the butter on in small lumps, and bake in a quick oven until the eggs are done.

YOUNG CARROTS.

Ingredients.—One dozen young carrots,
Two ounces of butter,
One onion,
One teaspoonful of flour,
One-half pint good soup stock,
Pepper and salt.

Scrape the carrots and let them lie half an hour in cold water. Chop the onions very fine, mix it with the flour, and brown in the butter, stirring slowly over a brisk fire. Stir in the stock, season with pepper and salt. When this boils, add the carrots, and boil very slowly till they are perfectly tender. They should be stirred frequently to prevent sticking. Serve with the gravy, very hot.

SHORT BREAD.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of flour,
One pound of butter,
One-half pound of sugar.

Mix to a smooth paste with iced water, and roll out about half an inch thick. Cut into square cakes and pinch the edges, depressing the centre. Bake in a quick oven. When done put preserves or stewed fruit into each cake.

BUTTER TAFFY.

Ingredients.—Two cups of sugar,
One-half cup of vinegar,
One cup of butter.

Boil until it is brittle—pour on buttered pans to cool.

Mariette Pudding.

Ingredients.—One-half pound bread crumbs,
One-half pound beef suet,
One-half pound brown sugar,
Three lemons,
Three eggs.

Mix well, using grated rind and juice of the lemons. Boil in a bag two hours. Serve hot, with sweet sauce.

Spinach.

Ingredients.—One-half peck of spinach,
One lemon,
One teaspoonful of soda,
Salt and pepper,
One tablespoonful of butter,
Three eggs.

Put the soda and some salt into a pot of water; when this boils add the spinach, and boil till very tender. Drain and chop fine. Mix the butter, salt, pepper and lemon juice, in a saucepan over the fire, and stir in the spinach. When hot, spread on thin toast, and on top put the eggs, poached, or boiled hard and cut in slices, as preferred.

Delicious Pudding Sauce.

Ingredients.—Two large oranges,
Two ounces of butter,
One tablespoonful of flour,
One-quarter pound of sugar,
Two eggs.

Pare off the skin of the oranges very thin, and boil in half a pint of water for five minutes. Melt the butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour till it is a rich brown paste. Squeeze the juice of the oranges into the sugar; strain in the water in which the peel has been boiled, add the eggs well-beaten, and stir over the fire till thick as cream. Add the butter and flour, and stir five minutes over the fire. Serve hot.

Mutton Broth.

Ingredients.—Neck of mutton,
Four onions,
Four turnips,
Four carrots,
Parsley,
Flour dumplings,
Pepper and salt,
Two tablespoonfuls of rice.

Cut the vegetables into pieces. Boil the mutton very slowly two hours; skim off all fat. Add the vegetables, rice and dumplings, and boil one hour slowly. Strain before serving, and serve meat on a separate dish with the vegetables around it.

White Soup.

Ingredients.—Knuckle of veal,
Six quarts of water,
Three tablespoonfuls of cream,
One onion,
One turnip,
Three eggs,
Salt and pepper,
One-quarter pound of macaroni.

Boil the veal six hours. Add the vegetables and macaroni all in small pieces, the pepper and salt. Beat the eggs very light, with the cream, and put into a tureen. Over this strain the soup through a sieve, stir together briskly, and serve very hot.

Fish Croquettes.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of cold fish,
One-quarter pound of butter,
One tablespoonful of flour,
One-quarter pint of milk,
Pepper and salt to taste,
Parsley,
Grated nutmeg to taste,
Two eggs,
One teacup of bread crumbs,
Lard.

Mince the fish till very fine, carefully removing all bones and skin. Melt the butter in a saucepan and stir in gradually the flour, and the milk boiling hot, pepper, salt, nutmeg, and a little chopped parsley. Stir this all over the fire until it thickens; then add the fish. Stir ten minutes over the fire, and turn out on a dish to cool. Have the crumbs very fine, and the eggs well-beaten. Make the fish into balls and dip into the eggs, and then the crumbs. When all made up, dip each again into the egg and crumbs. Fry in boiling lard till brown. Serve very hot.

Codfish Steaks.

Ingredients.—Two pounds codfish, cut in steaks,
One egg,
One teacup of milk,
Salt,
Flour to make a thin batter,
Lard.

Wipe the fish on a coarse towel till dry. Mix the eggs, milk, flour and salt to a smooth batter. Into this dip each piece of fish. Fry in boiling lard to a rich brown. Serve with slices of lemon.

Bread and Butter Fritters.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of flour,
One teaspoonful of butter,
Two eggs,
Lard,
One-half pint of milk,
Salt,
Slices of bread, and marmalade or jam.

Make a thin batter of the eggs, flour, milk and salt. Cut the bread into very thin slices, butter each slice, spread with marmalade or jam, and double, pressing the edges close together. Dip each piece into the batter and fry till brown in boiling lard. Serve hot, powdering each fritter with sugar.

Rice Pudding Without Eggs.

Ingredients.—One-quarter pound of rice,
Three pints of milk,
Two ounces of butter,
One-quarter pound of sugar,
A little nutmeg,
One teaspoonful of flavoring.

Wash the rice and put it into a buttered dish with the milk, cold. Add other ingredients, and bake very slowly in a moderate oven three hours.

Tea Cakes.

Ingredients.—One cup of sour cream,
One-half cup of sugar,
Two eggs,
Two cups of flour,
One teaspoonful of soda.

Mix to a batter and bake in small buttered tins in a very brisk oven—or in muffin rings on a well-greased, very hot griddle. Must bake quickly to be light.

HOME AMUSEMENTS AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

PUZZLES, ETC.

CASEMENT PUZZLE.

The first horizontal and the first perpendicular lines spell a word which is the name of a color. The second horizontal and the second perpendicular lines spell a dress. The third horizontal and the third perpendicular lines spell one of the first names in history. The fourth horizontal and the fourth perpendicular lines spell the name of a shrill cry. Each word contains but four letters; each letter being represented by a star.

PYRAMID PUZZLE.

The first is a word usually avoided by very polite people.

The second is the name of a lady.

The third means images formed by the mind.

The fourth is what is always done by the fifth.

The fifth is a friend, who is now before you.

The centrals read downwards and across are carefully cultivated by the fifth, which is the basis of this pyramid, as well as of many better things.

AN HISTORICAL ELLIPSIS.

.. .. R .. ..

.. .. R .. ..

.. .. R .. ..

.. .. R .. ..

.. .. R .. ..

.. .. R .. ..

Supply the omissions in the above and find:
A naval officer of the American Revolution.
A naval officer of the War of 1812.
A distinguished American author.
A Vice-President of the United States.
A marshal of the French Empire.
A French Revolutionist.

RUSTIC FRAME PUZZLE.

Very many, and very bright;
Very wholesome, and inclined to fight.

The stars which represent the intersections all stand for the same letter, which is a vowel. The perpendicular lines represent words of ten letters; the horizontal words consisting of eight letters.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL SQUARE.

The square is formed of five words, each of which consists of five letters.

One of the diagonals reading downwards from left to right expresses a popular beverage. The other diagonal also reading downwards, but from right to left, signifies more than rude.

1. To change in tint or hue.
2. A term frequently used in the science of arithmetic.
3. The name of a girl.
4. At no time.
5. One who governs.

ENIGMA.

I belong to the parson, but not to his wife;
I am seen in his book, but not in his life,
I belong to his gown, but not to his band;
I am seen in his nose, but not in his hand.
I am part of his fork, but not of his knife,
And I live in his love, but not in his strife.

CHARADES.

No. 1.

My first has two legs; my second has no legs, and my whole has many legs; because my first is a bird, my second is a fish, and my whole an insect.

No. 2.

My first is an animal, and my second is an animal; my whole also is an animal—my whole being the bitter enemy of my first.

No. 3.

My second is the principal object in my first, and is also my whole, which is an object of great notoriety.

TRANSFORMATION.

I fly up into the air, giving delight to thousands, and serve as a signal both of joy, danger and triumph.

Change my head, and I am a special department of the Custom house.

Change my head again, and I am a term used in law.

Change my head, and see a jewel.

Change again, and I am part of a dress.

Change my head again, and I am an opening into which anything else is fitted.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

Answer to Hour Glass Puzzle.

C O M B A T I V E

C O M P E E R

S U R G E

H I T

L

A F T

T R O O P

C O R O N E T

E X C U L P A T E

Answer to Geographical Arrow.

N A I R N

N E V A N N

N E W L E B A N O N

N E V I N N

N I J O N

Enigma.

The letter M.

Anagram.

Nep-tune.

Charade.

No. 1.

House-wife.

Charade.

No. 2.

Cat-a-ract (cart).

Transformation.

On:—Bon, con, don, son, ton, won, yon.
O-ri-on; on-i-on.

An Omission.

Centiped.

Word Squares.

No. 1.

A V O N

V A S E

O S S A

N E A R

No. 2.

C H I M E

H E L E N

I L I A D

M E A C O

E N D O W

GAMES.

THE MAGICAL MESSAGE.

Two partners or colleagues are required for this game, who shall have a perfect mutual understanding of the system of signs, which may, of course, be varied when necessary, to confuse the rest of the players.

One of the partners leaves the room, and the other who remains is provided with a walking stick, umbrella or staff, to serve as a magic wand.

The company then select some word which the absent member is to guess. This player is then recalled, and the magician informs him that he is expected to read by his secret power the word, which he (the magician) is about to write upon the floor. The writing is then performed with great solemnity, and an abundance of flourishes intended to distract the attention of the audience from the real scheme of the play, which is to inform the confederate by furnishing each consonant by the first letter of each sentence, and the vowels by a certain number of taps with the wand or stick.

Thus, if the word Godey should be chosen, the Magician might begin by saying with great importance:—"Give me your attention!" He will then pretend to write a word with great care, ending with four little distinct taps of his stick, which will represent "o," the fourth vowel of the alphabet. He will then very emphatically add: "Do notice what I write," closing with two taps for the second vowel or "e." Waving the wand with a great air of mystery, he may then exclaim: "You can now read that." In this manner the successive letters, G-o-d-e-y will be revealed to the colleague.

THE BAKER, OR LOAVES IN THE OVEN.

The children are ranged in Indian file according to size, the smallest child standing in front. Each player then passes his arms firmly around the waist of the person standing directly in front, thus making a strong chain. The leader of the game, who is known as the Baker, then passes up and down the line, making if possible some droll remarks as in imitation of a French or German baker, and touches each player with a stick, as if testing the condition of each loaf. The first or smallest loaf is finally decided to be done sufficiently brown, and the Baker endeavors to draw it out of the oven. All the other "loaves" resist as much as possible by preserving the chain, and when any link is broken the Baker carries off the "loaf" in triumph, places it to cool on a shelf, and returns to decide that the one next in order has also become done, and must be served in the same fashion.

HUNT THE RING.

A finger ring or small key is strung upon a piece of tape or twine sufficiently long to form a ring about which all the players may take their places. The ends of the tape are then firmly tied together. The Leader then assumes his place in the centre of the ring, while the rest of the company take hold of the tape with both hands, shifting the ring or key from one to another as cautiously as possible. When the Leader can detect the ring or key in the grasp of any one, that member must become the Leader in his stead, and serve until he finds the ring.

→※OUR ARM CHAIR.※←

MAY, 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.

Our steel plate is another of those matchless sketches of Mr. Darley, representing Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem of The Last Leaf. An old man, who preserves the oddities of past generations in his dress and habits, finds consolation in visiting the graves of departed friends. The children find merriment in his appearance, but withal struggle hard to preserve the outward signs of respect to the aged pilgrim.

In our mammoth colored fashion plate are given all the latest Paris fashions, and the new colors which are most popular for spring; the color on Fig. 1st is an old color revived, and which promises to be the rage this spring and summer.

The diagram pattern is for a lady's jacket bodice; the full size for this bodice is given, and it can be worn as a street jacket by young ladies who dislike outside wraps that do not show off their figures to advantage.

We give in our pages of fashions, more if possiple, than our usual variety of street and house dresses for ladies, the beauty and style of which make each one a good model to copy; the popular Redingote is also given, no outside wrap for some time being as popular as this now is. Bonnets, coiffures, and lingerie are given in variety; and those mothers who are about preparing the spring and summer wardrobes for their little ones, will find in these pages whatever garment they desire.

The music this month is a sacred piece, "Flee as a bird," and is very beautiful.

Our colored novelty page is a design for a tidy to be worked in Java canvas; it is of two sweeps, the smallest one is ready with scraper to mount the ladder and commence his work, while the larger one, with his broom, also looks as if he intended, as far as he was concerned, that the work to be done should be a success.

The work department is full of all the latest styles of fancy work, among which is a beautiful design for a plush table cover, now so fashionable; a housewife worked in crewels; basket for soiled linen, towel, drawn work and embroidery, and many other designs.

Our literary columns are fully up to their usual high standard; our two serials increase in interest—we are daily receiving compliments in reference to them; there is also the usual rich variety of sketches and poems by popular and rising authors.

Children Cry for **Pitcher's Castoria,** because it is sweet and stops their stomach ache. Mothers like **Castoria** because it gives **health to tne child** and **rest to themselves,** and Physicians use **Castoria** because it contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

ATLANTIC CITY.

When the mild spring breezes are beginning to hint at the approach of the summer heat, the American people, who seem to consider it an impossibility to remain in the crowded cities during June, July and August, look about them for the most healthful as well as the most pleasant resort for a summer holiday. Amid the many that offer attractions, it is now generally acknowledged that there is no one combining so many advantages as Atlantic City, the wondrous sea-side child of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad.

It is within the memory of those who are far from being the "oldest inhabitants," that Absecom Beach was a locality little known, and still less counted as an attractive spot. Some few sportsmen resorted to it for shooting or fishing, but they little dreamed of the busy city, the fashionable crowds that were soon to flock to the scene in search of pleasure or health.

It is to the Camden and Atlantic railroad enterprise that these pleasure seekers and invalids owe the development of the beauties and advantages of this lovely seaside city, that has been so aptly called the "Florida of the North." The managers of the road, with true liberality, bent all their energies to making the many advantages of the locality known, and as they were recognized, to offering every facility of travel to those seeking them.

The great advantages of Atlantic City as a resort for invalids we have already dwelt upon in a previous article, but it is not out of place here to add the opinion of some of our best physicians.

J. V. SHOEMAKER, M. D., 1031 Walnut street, Physician in charge of Pennsylvania Free Dispensary.

"I can cheerfully testify to the beneficial influence exerted upon a large class of affections by the uniform temperature and fine air of Atlantic City. The facilities for the hot, cold, warm and tepid baths, are unsurpassed, and have here given great relief to a large number of sufferers whom I have sent there at all seasons of the year."

From R. J. LEVIS, M. D., N. W. Cor. Walnut and 16th Sts. Surgeon to the Pennsylvania Hospital and to the Jefferson College Hospital.

"I prefer Atlantic City to all other seaside health resorts. For the merits, general salubrity and dryness of atmosphere, accessibility, and excellent accommodation for patients during the winter and spring months, it is elsewhere unequaled on our coast."

JOSEPH LEIDY, M. D., 1302 Filbert street, Prof. of Anatomy, University of Pa.

"I am pleased to give my testimony as to the healthfulness of Atlantic City as a place of resort. I know of no place better adapted to invalids in general."

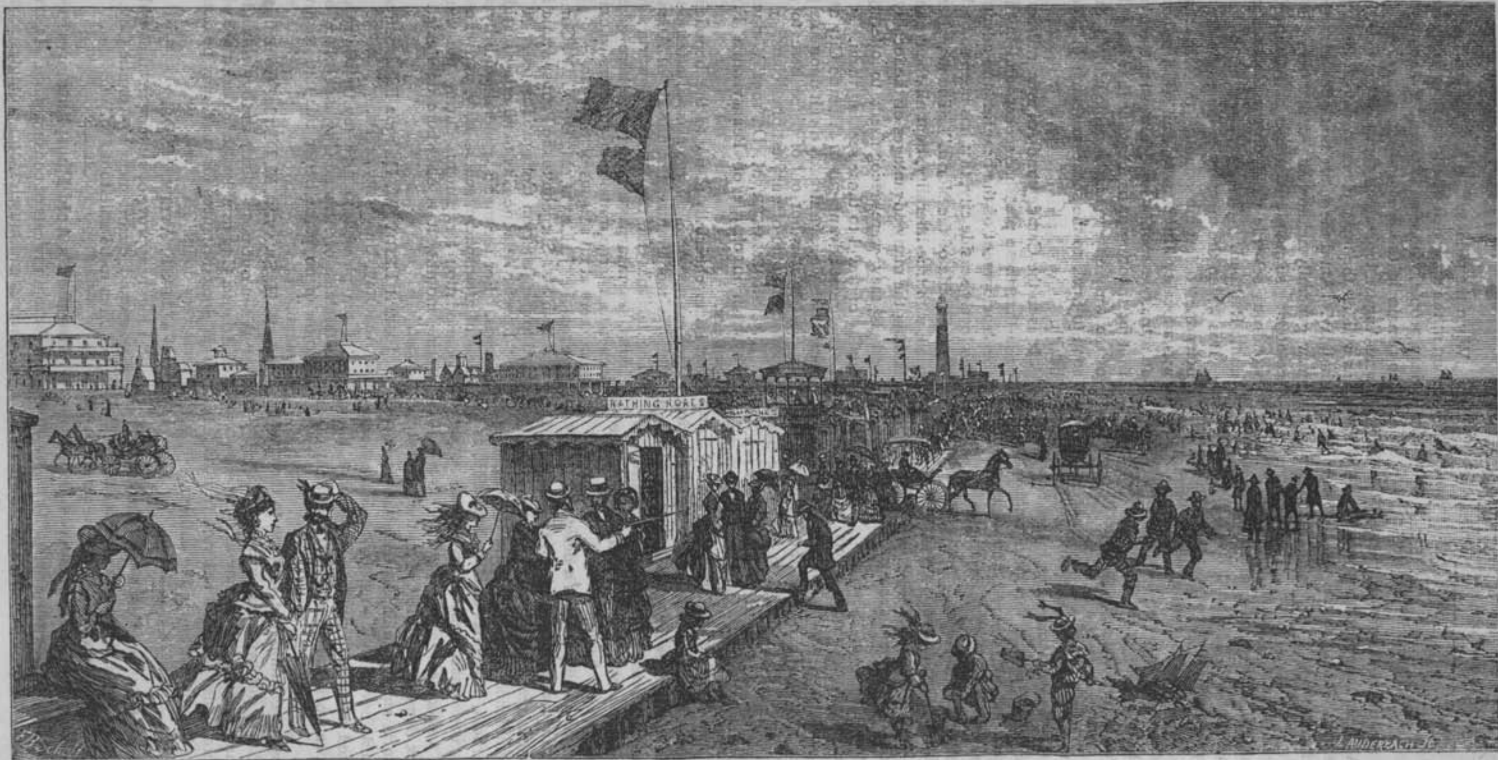
G. B. H. SWAYZE, M. D., 1828 Columbia avenue.

"When our people learn the hygienic advantages of Atlantic City as a health resort, they will cease to go great distances for what may be obtained at their very doors."

WALTER F. ATLEE, M. D.

"I highly approve of sending invalids with certain diseases and disturbances to Atlantic City, and am glad often to be able to do so."

Horsford's Acid Phosphate gives speedy benefit for night sweats of consumption. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, and promotes recovery.



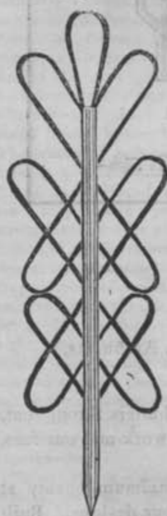
ON THE BEACH AT ATLANTIC CITY.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

Nothing adds so great a charm to a home as healthy growing plants; they beautify and brighten the plainest, dreariest room, and if properly cared for, will flourish as luxuriantly in the cottage of a day-laborer, as in the costly conservatory of a millionaire.

To some persons in out-of-the-way places, where even such common-place articles as earthen flower pots cannot be very easily procured, it may be interesting to know that plants generally grow *better* in tin fruit or meat cans, than in earthen pots. The ordinary earthen flower-pots, being porous, permit the moisture to evaporate; and the earth becoming hot and dry, settles and cakes around the roots of the plant, and thus it becomes sickly. When tin cans are used, a hole should be bored in the bottom for drainage; and before the plant is put in, a few bits of charcoal should be laid in under the earth which holds the root. These cans, when nicely painted by the amateur gardener, are quite ornamental. The tall cans, about fifteen inches high, in which cooked cornbeef is sold, are very good for the purpose; they are square with flattened corners. As they would be too deep for most plants, they are generally cut down—taking off about six inches—and the upper edge of the remaining part is cut in points (two inches long), which are bent outwards, thus making an odd and fancilful receptacle for a plant. The peculiarly shaped, corrugated gunpowder cans, may sometimes be procured from civil engineers; and these, when painted, make very pretty flower pots. Tin hand basins—those which are nicely shaped and rounded without rims at the bottom—when painted and hung by chains make evcellent and pretty hanging baskets; and tasteful trellises for ivy and other house plants can be made of hoop-skirt wire, which should be painted black or very dark green. See Figure 1. Take an old hoop-skirt, throw it into a brisk "bonfire," by means of which the covering of the wires will be burned off and the wire be found to have become annealed by this process, therefore pliable after it is cooled. The central rod of the trellis shown in Figure 1 is of wood, with holes drilled in it laterally, and through these the wire is passed back and forth. Where the wires meet, at points each side of this support, they are fastened together by means of very fine annealed wire wound over them like cord, and finally the whole is painted.

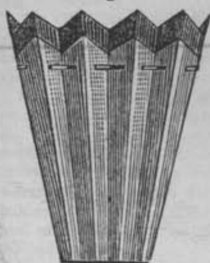
Fig. 1.



Pretty covers for old and discolored flower-pots are made by folding paper fan-fashion, gumming the ends together, and running a colored zephyr through the flutes at the top, to keep it in shape. See Figure 2.

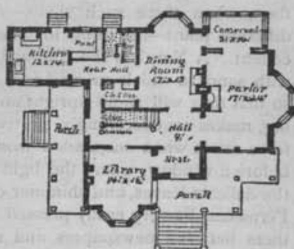
A fernery is a very satisfactory thing, and can be made for a small sum. A square zinc-lined box six inches deep should be made to hold the earth; the sides of the box of window glass; while the top, also of glass--pointed like the roof of a house—should be made so that it can be lifted off occasionally, to give the plants an airing. Though they require a great deal of moisture, and that which collects on the glass and runs down keeps them supplied so that a regular watering is not often needed, yet if fresh air is not admitted once in a couple of weeks mould will collect, and the roots will become "sour." Plants suitable for one of these "Wardian cases," as they are called, may be found in the woods, well covered with dead leaves, as late as December. It is best to take up *small* ferns, as they will grow rapidly under the glass, and the mitchella with its red berries will look very pretty with them. "Gold thread" is a pretty plant for the purpose, and hepatica, as it will bloom towards spring. When the plants are set in their places, cover the roots with leaf mould and then with the greenest mosses you can find; and your fernery will become a delight to your eyes, and constantly grow in grace and beauty.

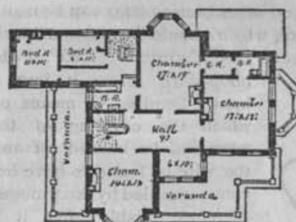
Fig. 2.



The common conch-shells, which are found on the New Jersey and Delaware beaches, make pretty hanging baskets. Each one should have three holes drilled in it, one for drainage, and one at each end for the wires by means of which they are suspended; then, when three such shells—each containing a different plant—are hung together, the effect is excellent. A Nautilus shell hung by wires and filled with sand, in which pressed fern leaves are placed, so that they will stand upright and look as if growing, makes an exceedingly pretty winter ornament for a room when suspended from a chandelier, or before a window, where the light will strke through the delicate leaves, and shimmer on the pearly shell. Ferns can be very easily pressed by merely placing them between newspapers and under weights. It is best to have two sets of papers, so the leaves may be taken out and placed between fresh ones every two days—if this is not done they will become discolored, and lose their bright green. If gathered too early in the season, ferns will turn black while pressing; after the middle of July is generally the best time to collect them, as by that time they become tougher and firmer. The long, trailing sprays of the Hartford fern are generally very difficult to press, and many persons facilltate this process by running the vines through a clothes-wringer. Cut a number of newspapers in strips six or eight inches wide, and lay them between two thin boards of the same width and length, then carry this with you into the woods and put the vines into your "long drawn net" and odd book as you gather them, and you will have no trouble. Weights must be placed on this after you reach home, of course.

E. B. C.





A TWO-STORY GOTHIC VILLA.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects, 520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The design is just finished under our superintendence. It is solidly and substantially built under our superintendence. It has fine limestone cellar walls and base to principal floor. The superstructure is bricks rubbed down and painted. It is complete with plumbing, heaters and gas piping. Well-finished, inside shutters throughout. The cost, including all extra work and our fees, was less than $8,500.

We endeavor to obtain maximum beauty at minimum expense in all of our designs. Built for Mrs. A. Somerville, at Winchester, Va.

RESULTS OF VIVISECTION.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

PROF. MOTT SHOWS HOW PEOPLE ARE TAKING POISON IN THEIR DAILY FOOD—A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DYSPEPSIA SCIENTIFICALLY DEMONSTRATED.

From the New York Tribune.

A series of highly interesting experiments with dogs has been lately made by Professor Mott, and in the *Scientific American* of February 7th, a detailed account is given. The disclosures are so unpleasant and startling, coming home as they do to every one, that we believe they should be given the greatest publicity. The effort Dr. Mott is making to purify our articles of kitchen use should receive the support of every thinking man and woman. There has been too much indifference on this subject—an indifference that has resulted in Americans earning the title of "a race of dyspeptics." Poison, year after year, is introduced into the stomach with a criminal disregard to consequences that is appalling. If every purveyor of domestic supplies will carefully consider the result of Dr. Mott's experiments, as detailed in the *Scientific American*, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of these evils will be corrected.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCE AGAINST ALUM IN FOOD.

Dr. Mott says: "The introduction of alum in flour, for various purposes, has been a trick of the baker for the past 100 years. Fortunately for society, its introduction is limited now to a few unscrupulous bakers. In England, France and Germany, it is an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to use alum in any connection with articles of food. It should be so in America."

The Royal Baking Powder Company, of this city, a long-established corporation, celebrated for the absolute purity of their goods, some time ago commenced a vigorous warfare against many of their competitors who were indulging in hurtful adulteration. The contest excited great interest in scientific circles, in which Prof. Angell, Dr. Mott and other leading lights took a very prominent part. The experiments of Dr. Mott are a result of this discussion, and go to prove conclusively that the most dangerous adulteration that a community has to guard against is alum in baking powders. In his paper, the Doctor says: "It was with difficulty I found a suitable place to conduct the experiments so that the animals would not disturb the neighborhood; but, through the courtesy of the Commissioners of the Dock Department, I secured a shed on the premises, foot of Sixteenth Street and East River. This shed I had completely remodeled into a suitable house, having the dimensions of about 16x14x12 feet. Sixteen stalls were made inside, having the dimensions of 3½x2x2½ feet. The bottom of each compartment was covered with straw, making a pleasant bed for the dogs. I then secured 16 dogs from the Pound, which were all carefully examined to see if they were in a perfect state of health. None but the strong, healthy dogs were selected. The breed, age, food, color and weight of every dog was carefully noted. Each dog was then confined to a stall and securely chained, and they all received a number from 1 to 16. I commenced my experiments on the 9th of September, and finished December 3. My assistant was with the dogs from morning until night, and never left the animals without first securely bolting and locking the dog-house. No stranger was allowed to enter the house unaccompanied either by myself or my assistant, and the dogs never received a mouthful of food or anything else from any one except from my assistant or myself. I will now detail the result of my experiments;

"Dog No. 1.—Breed of dog, coach. Age 1 year. Health, perfect. Food, bread and crackers. Color, spotted black and white. Weight, 35 pounds.

"To this dog, on the morning of the 9th of September, was given eight biscuits at 8:10 o'clock. The biscuits were made by myself as follows: One quart sifted flour, 20 teaspoons alum baking powder, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon butter: 22 biscuits made, weighing 27 ounces; time of baking, 20 minutes.

"At 11:30, just three hours and twenty minutes, the dog was taken very sick, vomiting profusely; his vim and brightness of eye had departed, and he trembled considerably in his limbs."

Experiments were then made upon three dogs with biscuits containing only 10 teaspoonfuls of alum baking powder. The result indicated that some animals are more liable to yield to the effects of poisonous substances than others are. When, on the other hand, three other dogs were fed with biscuits made with pure cream of tartar baking powder, no ill effects were experienced. They ate and ate with an evident relish, day after day, and even whined for more.

It was next necessary to discover what effect alum has on the solvent power of the gastric juice. In order to obtain some pure gastric juice, a curious device was resorted to. Dr. Mott sent several dogs to Prof. Arnold, Medical Department of the University of New York, who inserted a small metallic tube directly through the skin and into the stomach of each one of them. When the dogs were in a perfectly healthy condition, Prof. Arnold sent to Dr. Mott some gastric juice, which was produced by tickling the lining of the stomach of the dogs with a feather or glass rod, which caused the gastric juice to flow out of the tube into a receptacle placed underneath the dog to receive it.

Dr. Mott, aided by Prof. Schedler, then began some experiments with the four samples of gastric juice which he had received from Prof. Arnold, to discover the effect of the gastric juice in which alum had been dissolved upon fibrine, a white, very easily digested substance, having a basis of coagulated blood. The fibrine was imperfectly digested, and the experiments were very important, as showing that alum can check the digestion of so easily digested a substance as fibrine. They indicated, therefore, how dangerous it is to introduce these two salts into our stomachs, if we do not wish to excite indigestion and dyspepsia. Further experiments showed that the digestive power of the gastric juice is entirely destroyed by alum, so far as its power of dissolving the more indigestible substances, like the boiled white of an egg, is concerned.

Dr. Mott then determined to learn whether alumina could be found in the various organs of the body if a dog was fed with hydrate of alumina. He found a considerable quantity of the stuff in the blood, liver, kidneys and heart.

The Doctor goes on to describe the different symptoms exhibited by these dogs, as they passed through almost every phase of animal agony until they were left in a complete state of physical prostration. To those especially interested in the details of this subject, the article in the *Scientific American* supplement will give most complete information, and we will spare the sympathetic reader the account of the sufferings of these dumb brutes.

Dr. Mott's conclusions, after making these experiments, are of vital interest to every one who either makes or eats bread, and therefore concern all.

"These experiments," said he recently, while speaking before the American Chemical Society, "clearly demonstrate that the salts left in the biscuit when a cream of tartar baking powder is used are perfectly harmless, but when an alum baking powder is used are very dangerous; for in every case where dogs were fed on biscuits made with such powders the dogs were made very sick, causing them to vomit profusely, lose all energy, and show weakness in their limbs."

It is a clear and triumphant corroboration of the assertions of the Royal Baking Powder Company, that entitles them to the gratitude and support of the community they are endeavoring to protect. As they claim, and Dr. Mott has shown, bread made of alum is totally unfit for human or animal food. 'Tis true in the bread of domestic consumption there may not be as large a proportion of baking powders as was in the bread used by Dr. Mott, and that accounts for the fact that the symptoms in the reader are not so well defined as they were in the experiments in question. How many there are of our immediate friends suffering from this evil, scientific investigation will alone reveal; but many a lingering and suffering invalid, with no defined idea of his trouble, can easily trace it to its source by stopping the use of alum powders, substituting some brand like the Royal Baking Powder, whose manufacturers have a competent chemist in their exclusive employ, who rigidly analyzes every ingredient before its incorporation into their powder. The old cry of "honesty being the best policy" may be worn threadbare, but its truth will hold forever; and while adulterations and short weights abound, it is a pleasure to see at least one in the trade strenuously endeavoring to give full weights and pure goods.

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 violet Chinese crape and Pekin satin and silk. The underskirt has the front breadth puffed, the whole skirt being edged with a box plaited ruffle. The overdress is double the upper apron being of the crape trimmed with fringe; the lower one, of the Pekin. Basque bodice with vest at the upper part and revere of Pekin, it is fastened at the waist with several buttons, open below with a puffed piece underneath and fastened with loops and ends. Bonnet of violet straw, trimmed with feathers and satin ribbon, lined inside with shirred satin.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of blue silk made in the princess shape, low corsage and short sleeves, the skirt is trimmed with four knife plaitings. Drapery over the skirt of white satin de Lyon, made to fall in a very long train in the back, with roses scattered over it, bouquets of roses and foliage loop the skirt up. Berthe of white lace with roses between. Hair arranged in chatelaine braids fastened by a large bouquet of roses.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress of wood-brown camel's hair. It is made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle headed with a band of India cashmere in bright colors; the same edges the overskirt. Coat of the cashmere colors, the edge trimmed with fringe. Collarette of white lace and jabot coming down to the waist. Hat of chip, the color of dress, trimmed with a bird and long feather to correspond in colors with the coat.

Fig. 4.—Dinner dress of pink silk made in the princess shape, with bodice cut V shape, and elbow sleeves. The skirt has three draperies upon it of striped silk and satin gauze edged with Mechlin lace, a plastron of lace up the front of skirt with large ribbon bows between it; ribbon bows also loop the skirt at intervals. The trimming on bodice sleeves and upper part of skirt is composed of white crape embroidered with roses, and edged with Mechlin lace.

Fig. 5.—Walking dress of navy blue, and pale blue silk and damassé. The dress is of the navy blue silk trimmed around the skirt with one box plaited ruffle, and up the front breadth with alternate puffs and ruffles of the two shades. The drapery across the front and in the back is of the Damassé of the lighter shade, fastened in front by loops and ends of ribbon. The bodice is trimmed to appear like a square neck with a puff, collar of the damassé. Straw bonnet trimmed with feathers and flowers.

Fig. 6.—Suit for child of four years made of Prussian blue chally, the dress is cut gored so as to represent a coat, is trimmed with satin, and can have a pique dress underneath or not, as the wishes of the mother may decide. White chip hat bound with velvet of the same shade as dress and long white feather.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Scarf for the neck of black lace, worked with cashmere colors, and finished on the ends with fringe of the various colors.

Fig. 2 and 3.—Front and back view of ladies' walking dress composed of caroubier satin, and gray wool chevoit. The skirt is kilted satin, the overdress and jacket of the chevoit; the overdress is draped at the sides. Jacket bodice, fastened at the sides over a satin vest likewise kilted. Narrow sleeves, trimmed to the elbow with plaited satin.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress for girl of twelve years, made of cotton faille Severs blue with bouquets of pink flowers over it. The dress is made with an underskirt trimmed with three plaited ruffles, and a polonaise looped very high. White chip hat trimmed with blue ribbon and pink roses.

Fig. 5.—Lady's glove of black kid, featherstitched with fine silver cord, and ornamented with three rows of silver lace, from beneath which the kid is cut away.

Fig. 6 and 7.—Front and back of afternoon dress of moss green silk, and woolen brocade, moss green and blue. The skirt is kilted and bordered with satin plaitings. The upper skirt, is tied at the right side, shows at the hip a brocade panier, it is much draped and falls in puffs in the back and is mixed with brocade. Basque bodice of the brocade forming in the back a long plaited habit basque, it has satin plaiting upon the hips, and a gathered half vest of satin.

Fig. 8.—Mourning jewelry and lingerie chatelaine, of jet beads, with a hook, on which is suspended a watch.

Fig. 9.—Cuff, of crêpe lisse and white lace, to match. Fig. 13.

Fig. 10.—Peasant fichu of black illusion with a pleated ruffle trimming it.

Fig. 11.—Fichu of white crêpe, black crêpe, and black blonde. On the fichu are placed two pleatings of black crêpe, two of white, and a piece of pleated white blonde between the two. A coquillé of white crêpe covered with blonde makes the jabot and a bias of white crepe to fasten it.

Fig. 12.—Cuff to match Fig. 11.

Fig. 13.—Flat collar of crêpe lisse. The collar is

of festooned crêpe, with deep flat points of narrow white lace under the festoons. The lower part is of pleated crêpe lisse. White lace under this pleating.

Fig. 14.—Walking dress made of nut brown silk, with ruffles embroidered in colors trimming the two skirts. Redingote of écru cloth, trimmed with a narrow binding of narrow brown satin, and brown wood buttons. Écru chip bonnet trimmed with brown satin and bird.

Fig. 15.—Walking dress of pongee and damassé, the front of skirt is made entirely of the pongee, the back of the damassé, the jacket is of the damassé with plaitings of the pongee between the points in back. White chip bonnet trimmed with cashmere colors, ribbon, and feather.

Fig. 16.—Fashionable mode of arranging the hair composed of puff, short curls and waved bandeaux.

Fig. 17.—Small Frisette for the front of head.

Fig. 18.—False chignon, two plaits are crossed on the neck with a bow above it. Three little crescents in the plaits.

Fig. 19.—Waved curls; it is impossible to know they are false, being on tulle over silk, looking exactly like the head.

Fig. 20.—Evening coiffure, the back hair is curled and falls on the back; it is fastened near the neck with a bow of ribbon. The bands are crossed on the neck forming two curls, which are raised to the back of the head, where they are fastened with an ornamental pin.

Figs. 21 and 22.—Jet pin and earring.

Figs. 23 and 24.—Front and back view of dress for child of three years, made of wool damassé pale blue and écru. The front is gored, the back laid in box plaits. Collar, cuffs, pocket, and strap in back are trimmed with écru lace.

Fig. 25.—Walking dress for a girl of ten years made of mummy cloth in cashmere colors. It is made with a plain skirt and polonaise, looped up with different colored ribbons. White chip hat trimmed with different colored ribbons and feather.

Fig. 26.—Sailor suit for boy, made of white flannel braided with navy blue. Sailor hat of white straw, blue ribbon.

Fig. 27.—Hat of black chip trimmed with old gold satin, feather and jet ornament.

Fig. 28.—Tuscan straw bonnet with gay colors run through it, trimmed with black lace worked with bright colors and a bird of bright plumage. Satin strings.

Fig. 29.—Brown chip bonnet trimmed with feather satin and owls head.

Fig. 30.—Violet straw bonnet, trimmed with satin of two shades, shaded feathers and white lace satin strings.

Fig. 31.—Fashionable mode of trimming dress sleeve, with folds of satin, damassé and ribbon bow.

Fig. 32.—Fashionable mode of trimming dress sleeve, with plaited lace and satin folds.

Fig. 33.—Evening coiffure, arranged in puffs and bow, with loose braid flowing in back, wreath of flowers in front.

Figs. 34 and 35.—Front and back view of ladies dress made of blue wool goods and damassé. The lower skirt is trimmed with three narrow plaitings with a deep bias band of the damassé above them in front. The overskirt is trimmed with one plaiting. The basque is added of the damassé, collar and cuffs of it.

Fig 36.—Scent bottle of cut crystal, with bronze stopper set in silver, and suspended from the waist with an ornamental silver chain.

Fig. 37.—Jet hatchet to ornament the hair or a bonnet.

Fig. 38.—Pearl earring.

Fig. 39.—Coiffure for a young girl, plain in front, hanging in loose puffs and bow in back.

Fig. 40.—Dress for young lady made of figured and plain foulard silk. The underskirt is of the figured with narrow plaited ruffle of the plain edging it. The overdress of the plain, jacket of the figured trimmed with plain.

Fig. 41.—Dress for young lady made of cotton goods plain lilac, and trimmed with the same goods in cashmere colors. The underskirt is trimmed with a pleated ruffle, the overdress with a band of the figured. The vest and trimming of basque are also of the figured.

Fig. 42.—Passementerie ornament for dress or cloak.

Fig. 43.—Sailor suit for boy of four years made of navy blue cloth trimmed with white braid. Straw hat.

Fig. 44.—Dress for girl of five years made of white pique, and trimmed with embroidered ruffling.

Fig. 45.—Highland suit for boy of seven years, made of green and blue plaid cloth, plaid stockings, straw hat.

Fig. 46.—Suit for boy of three years, made of écru camel's hair, cut gored with skirt set on in back in box plaits. It is trimmed with brown velvet and ribbon bows. Straw hat trimmed with brown velvet.

Diagram pattern of jacket bodice for lady. Our pattern will make up a useful traveling or dress bodice. It consists of five pieces, half of front, half of back, collar, sleeve and pocket. It is double breasted, and the buttons may be either metal or the same as the jacket. The skirt is kilt plaited to the knee and the overskirt is draped as a panier.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

There is a very decided tendency this spring to a return to comparative simplicity in street costumes. This simplicity, however, appears rather in the cut and make of dresses than in the materials of which they are composed. These materials are generally a plain, self-colored woolen fabric, combined with a fancy armure or other figured tissue; either all wool or wool and silk, in tiny brocaded or floriated pattern, and in various but alternated shades of color. A favorite combination is that of a small pattern in old gold or orange color over a bronze or dark blue ground, with some self-colored material in plain dark green or blue. The basque bodice, or coat, are the favorite styles for bodices, while the dress is made very plain, with herhaps merely a fluted or

hollow pleated flounce around the bottom. This coat is made of the figured material, with facings, collar and pocket flaps of the plain material, of which the skirt is made entirely. Occasionally a bias band of the same material is put on, by way of heading, to the trimming around the bottom of the skirt. A second skirt is sometimes worn with the basque bodice, but it is made very simply, without any trimming but a few rows of stitching or a bias band of fancy material.

A neat and pretty costume is of peacock blue cashmere. The basque bodice has a square plastron of silk and satin striped Pekin of two shades of the same blue; below this plastron it is double-breasted, and fasted with a double row of enamel gilt buttons. At the top the bodice is finished by a plain turn-down square collar of the cashmere. The sleeves are tight, rounded off, and open at the bottom, with a fluting of the Pekin. The back is slit open twice, and pleated in three hollow pleats. A second skirt is of plain cashmere draped in curved pleats in front, and a full tournure at the back, over an underskirt, trimmed round the bottom with a deep fluting of the striped Pekin.

The same pattern looks well in beige material, with seal brown Pekin, or in bronze chally, with myrtle green brocaded or floriated silk.

A visting dress is of fancy silk, in stripes of two shades of brown, brocaded with a tiny pattern in old gold color; the dress is princess shaped at the back, being continued into a short train, draped up with enormous bows of plain noisette brown satin, over an under train of plain brown silk. In front the bodice is finished in a peak; and the skirt is of shirred brown silk, divided by three pleated scarfs of the brocaded silk, which are crossed over it, and finished at the bottom with a fluting. Small collar of brown silk, tight sleeves, with band and fluting of brown silk.

Another very elegant visiting dress is of Russian gray India cashmere, and gray silk brocaded with tinted blue flowers. The toilet consists of an under-dress of cashmere, and a habit or coat of the brocaded silk. The entire dress is arranged into deep but not very full puffings, divided one from the other by treble rows of shirring, except at the back, where it is trimmed with two scarfs draped and intersected around the bottom there is a narrow fluting. The coat is trimmed around the neck with a deep square turned down collar, below which it remains widely open, showing the puffed and shirred bodice of the under dress, with deep facings, trimmed like the collar with a very narrow fluting of plain gray satin; at the waist it is crossed over and fastened with a double row of three buttons; the basque is squared off, then continued into a long, narrow lappet on either side, edged with a satin fluting. Behind the coat has one basque, separate from the side lapels, and turned up on either side in pointed revers, fastened down with buttons. The same narrow fluting of gray satin is continued around the edges of this basque. The coat sleeves, very tight, of the brocaded silk, have a deep facing formed of five small puffings and fluted edgings of gray satin.

Dark shades still continue to be more fashionable for general wear than light ones. Dark marine blues, brownish reds, dark dull greens and reddish purples are the most fashionable tints. In many instances a *soupcon* of old gold or reddish orange color lightens them up.

Violet is also a fashionable color this spring, and that in all its shades, from the color of an iris to the soft hues of the Parmese violet and the Persian lilac. It is a sweet and lovely color in itself, but very rarely becoming to the complexion. For evening wear it must be of a pinkish tint, or else it is not at all pretty by gaslight.

At a late wedding the bridesmaids' dresses were of lilac Indian cashmere and silk armure. The skirts were kilted around the bottom. A second skirt opened over the first with facings of the armure silk, draped at the back with clusters of loops of satin. The bodices were made cuirasse fashion, packed in front, and with a postillion basque behind, all bound around with armure silk; they were trimmed with draperies of armure silk arranged in the shape of a fichu, finished with a bow of satin and edge around the throat with a ruche of silk tulle. The tight sleeves, with armure silk facings, were finished with a similar ruche. Bouquets of white roses were fastened near the left shoulders.

The favorite style of mantle this spring is the mantilla rather than the paletot. The mantlet, in the shape of a cape behind, fastened close to the waist by ribbons sewn on inside and tied in front, and falling in square or pointed lappets in front, is one of the most fashionable models. The materials are black cashmere, gros grain silk or Sicilienne; the trimming, waved silk or crimped braid fringe, beaded passementerie or brocaded galloons, embroidery, lace, or satin.

In the way of jackets the most popular model is the sportsman's jacket, rather short, half-fitting behind, loose in front, with square basques, a quantity of pockets of all shapes and sizes, and a profusion of fancy buttons. They are made of light cloth, are either double or single breasted, and have a deep collar and revers.

Then another popular style is the English shape. They are mostly skirted coats, with the horizontal seams which joins the waist and skirt directly at the waist line instead of below it. They are of medium length, as they are intended for general wear and not for dress occasions. The fronts are double-breasted, yet the revers collar comes quite close to the throat; and the novel feature of these coats is the curved front of the skirts, instead of the cut away bias slope worn last year. The back is quite closely fitted by a short side form, is open in the middle seam below the waist, is folded or has a lapel in the other seams, has square pocket flaps on the waist line, and two large buttons in the side form seams. These details, it will be seen, are exactly those of a gentleman's morning coat, and the edges are finished with machine stitching, or else turned up and faced like masculine garments. The cloth used is chevoit and English homespun of light qualities in small checks and narrow stripes of light tan shades, coachman's drab, snuff brown and pearl gray. These light colors are very much more worn than black and dark blue jackets, and are

worn with dresses of almost any color. Large smoked pearl buttons with eyes in the centre are used upon these jackets.

The genuine Chinese crapes, like those in Canton crape shawls, are imported this season in all colors to combine with silk or satin for elegant costumes; they come in pale tints, and in coachman's drab, heliotrope, and black; they make a very elegant and serviceable dress, but expensive, as they cost from $2.25 per yard upwards, and are very narrow.

A novelty is the summer satin De Lyon, which is almost transparent, and may be classed among thin goods. The surface is lustrous, and as closely woven as if twilled, and will make up very handsomely in combination with heavy satin.

Soft figured silks are used to combine with the Chinese crapes; they have very quaintly contrasting colors arranged in the design; thus cream color will have Japanese blue and bronze figures, a *ciel* blue ground will have brown and écru figures, and old gold will be strewn with pale blue.

Wool grenadines come in pretty designs of bars that look like hem-stitching, and in many lace patterns, these come in all the light and dark shades worn as well as black.

The fine dressy grenadines that have a great deal of silk in them are made to have a lustre of satin, and are usually brocaded and have lace-like patterns. Sometimes only one stripe is brocaded, while that next it has lace like effect; other patterns have large detached figures, flowers, or feathers. Great oval lozenge-shaped satin figures are strewn on lace-like grounds and polka dots are in the square open meshes.

The handkerchief dresses this spring are much prettier than those worn last summer. Instead of the gay bandana plaids of Madras cloths, they are now made of Scotch ginghams, woven in handkerchiefs that have the centre plain and of a single quiet color, while the gay striped border is of some color that contrasts prettily with it. These handkerchief squares are all woven in a piece, and require twenty to make a costume. Very coquettish costumes are made of these for mornings at summer resorts. For instance, one of blue handkerchiefs bordered with pink has a Tallien overskirt opening on the left of the front, from the belt down, to show three wide pleated flounces, each bordered on the lower skirt; the back of the overskirt is then prettily draped. The waist is a pleated and belted basque. There is a large box pleat in the middle with three side pleats on each side of it; this in back and front alike. In making it up the handkerchiefs are so arranged that the bordered part passes around the waist line, and makes the figure look prettily tapered. The collar is a deep sailor square at the back, and this with the cuffs is made of the border. A white canvas belt, not more than an inch wide, with a leather buckle, is worn with such waists. The parasol is of the blue handkerchiefs with pink silesia lining, and the chip round hat is trimmed with forget-me-nots and roses.

For summer wraps there are small round pelerine capes made of many rows of pleated black thread lace, with jet insertion between the rows, and jet fringe on the edge. A stylish novelty is the black grenadine scarf mantle, with its Medicis ruffs of lace around the neck and about the shoulders; jet fringe edges the shell-like lace trimming at the waist line behind, and the fronts have long pointed ends, and are tied at the waist by a bow of satin ribbon. Spanish lace scarfs, two and a half or three yards long and about a yard wide, are imported to wear in the picturesque fashions of Spanish women. There are also small fichus of black Spanish lace, and many three cornered wraps like small mantles, as well as the familiar three cornered shawls of larger size.

China crape scarfs, large enough for mantles, are shown covered with embroidery. They come in black, plain and pale colors, the embroidery being done in gay colors representing natural flowers and foliage, done in the long stitches of India needle work.

Among the many pretty novelties for summer wear are round hats, scarf mantles, and fans of white muslin trimmed with lace. The hats are of most picturesque shapes with soft crowns, not lined, and indented brims shaped by wires, and covered with open work embroidery, imitating the Irish point lace. A cluster of large flowers and a few knots of satin ribbon complete the trimming. India muslin, organdy, and the glossy silk muslins are used for these hats; some are also made of the black muslin, trimmed with open work and a cluster of yellow buttercups, daisies, or perhaps a sunflower.

The white muslin mantle is in scarf shape, and is much larger than those worn last summer. It is shaped at the shoulders to make it fit properly, and the wide ends hang almost to the feet in front. It is trimmed with many rows of lace, either Languedoc or Breton.

The new feather fan is in Spanish style, and consists of three very long and full ostrich feathers, mounted in a slender fan and fastened by satin ribbon bows. Two pale blue plumes, with one of rose color between them, makes a beautiful fan; and others are composed of two black feathers with a yellow one in the middle. They are worn suspended from the waist by a chatelaine of satin ribbon of the most conspicuous color in the fan.

For the street are square beaded collars, either of jet or rainbow beads, with a full fraise of black lace above them. Black Spanish lace scarfs are revived for wearing close about the throat like a muffler outside warps. For ladies, whose complexions allow the use of a great deal of white muslin, scarfs of India mull trimmed with lace are worn; also square handkerchiefs with hems of hemstitching around them. Brunettes, and all ladies with sallow complexions, use the écru-tinted muslins, and laces that look as if they had been dipped in coffe, or else they confine themselves to the black neck wear, that is always stylish and nearly always becoming.

Persian veiling is the novelty for veils this spring. It is black net of very fine quality, edged with Persian colors, given by India embroidery, or else by rainbow beads. It is quite narrow and is worn as a mask veil, or else as the long scarf veil that crosses behind the head, and is tied in a great bow under the chin.

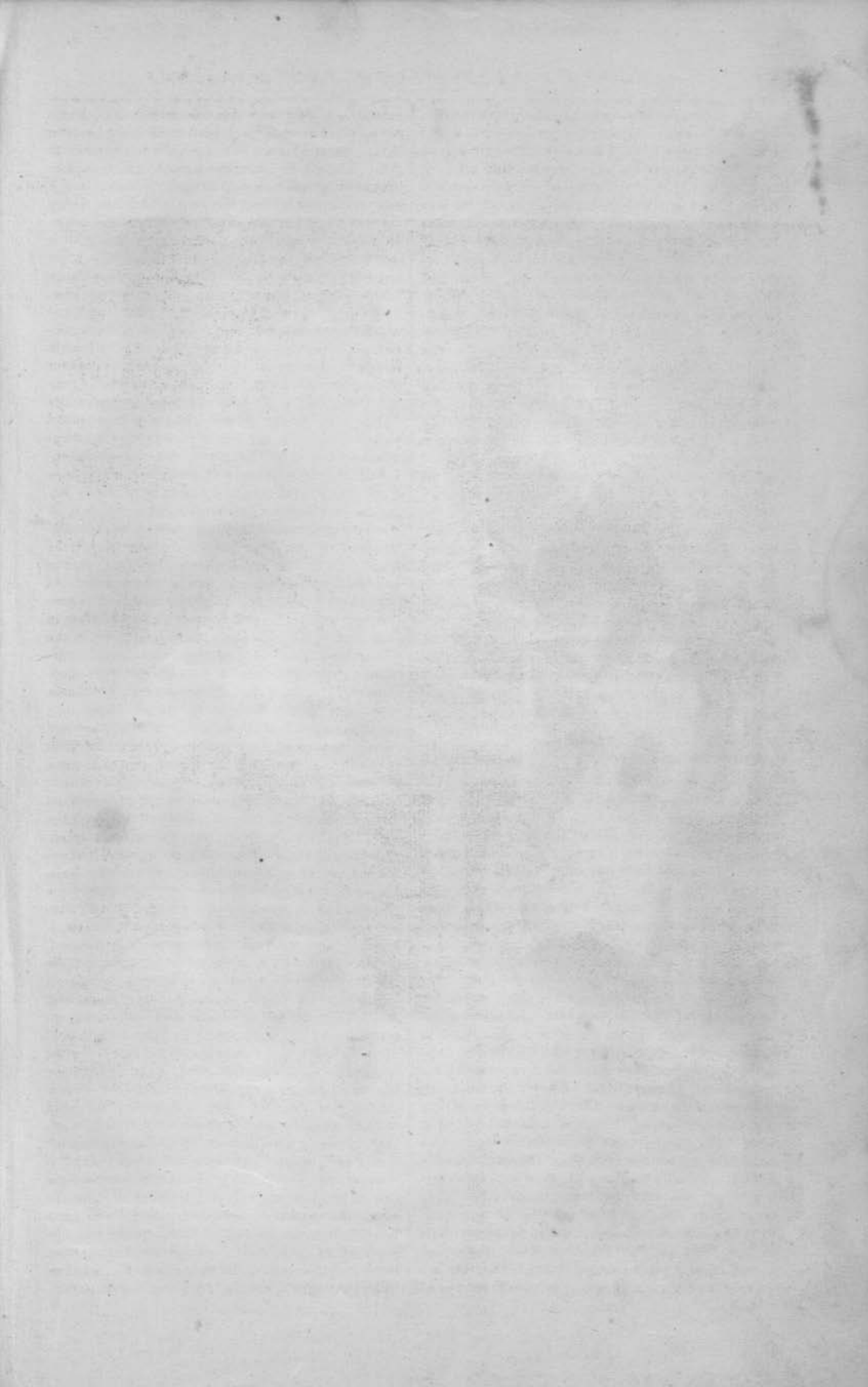
New collarettes of lace for the house have a large square-cornered collar of lace turned over in the back, and above this is a fraise quite high about the neck, while in front is a large irregular bow in Directorie style. Ivory white satin is tied in tiny white bows, one of which rests on one corner of the lace collar, and another is put in front at the throat. The large size and the irregular look of these Directorie bows make up their style. When they are worn, they make the simplest toilette look dressy, and they do away with the need of elaborate trimming on the waist of the dress. The new French breakfast caps are in most varied shapes. The Fanchon is again used, and is universally becoming. The novelty, however, is a muslin drapery at the back, shaped like a Spanish veil, and with ends crossing in front below the chin. Flowers in small clusters and fringed satin ribbons trim the dainty Fanchon of lace. Sometimes dark red satin and cream color are most effectively combined in the trimming; and again there are three large crushed roses across the top, two of which are dark red with a creamy tea rose in the centre.

The New white Hamburg embroideries for trimming summer dresses for children, are in the open designs known as English work. Compasses, stars, wheels, diamonds, squares, palms, arabesques and Greek borders are all made in the newest edgings and insertions, and to vary these are both architectural and floriated patterns, with arches, columns, and borders, made up of tiny open squares, like hemstitching and revere work. When thick work is used, the polka dot pattern prevails in heavy raised work, with merely a scalloped edge.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

In everything that is done, no matter how trivial, it should never be forgotten that there is a right and a wrong way of doing it. The writing of a note or letter, the wording of a regret, the prompt or the delayed answering of an invitation, the neglect of a required attention, all betray to the well-bred the degree or the absence of good-breeding. In no respect is this more manifest than in the maner of salutation. "A bow," says La Fontaine, "is a note drawn at sight. You are bound to acknowledge it immediately, and to the full amount." According to circumstances it should be respectful, cordial, civil, or familiar. Between gentlemen, an inclination of the head, a gesture of the hand, or the mere touching of the hat, may be sufficient recognition. In the case of a lady, however, the hat must always be lifted from the head. In smoking, be prompt to remove the cigar before raising the hat. A well-bred person instinctively, as it were, bows the moment he or she recognizes an acquaintance, at the instant of the first meeting of the eyes. By the laws of good society everywhere, any one who has been introduced to you, or to whom you have been introduced, is entitled to this mark of respect. Many people hesitate to bow, from the fear that this act of recognition should entail a calling acquaintance. But this is a mistake, and neglecting to bow is looked upon as an indication of defective education and want of the instincts of refinement. Never fail to return a bow, even if the person who has bowed should be unknown to you. The more cultivated persons are, the more prompt they will be found in such civilities. For it may be assumed that the one who bows either knows you or has mistaken you for some one else. In either case return the bow. Probably it will be discovered that the mistake has occured from some forgetfulness on your part, or from the resemblance which may exist between yourself and some one else. The bow costs nothing, and to withhold it, if not attributed to rudeness, may be open to misconstruction. There is no one whose good will is not worth having, and no act of courtesy, no kindness, is ever entirely thrown away. It is customary for a gentleman walking with a lady to return any bow made to her; even though the person bowing be a perfect stranger. Young persons often wait for the recognition of the elder, having been erroneously informed that they should wait for their elders to bow first. But the introduction that entitles one to recognition having once been made, it is the duty of the younger person to recall himself to the recollection of the elder person, if there should be much difference in age, by bowing at each time of meeting until the recognition becomes mutual. As persons advance in life they look for these attentions on the part of the young, and it may be, in some instances, that it is the only way in which the young have in showing their appreciation of courtesies extended to them by the old or middle-aged. Persons who have large circles of acquaintance often confuse the faces of the young whom they know, with the familiar faces which they meet and do not know, and from frequent errors of this kind they fall into the habit of waiting to catch some look or sign of recognition. Only persons with a limited number of acquaintances, can be expected to remember the faces and names of all who have been introduced to them; and no man or woman, of whatever degree, possessing culture and self-respect, should pass knowingly an acquaintance without a salutation, unless that person has forfeited the claim which an introduction imposes. Should anyone really wish to avoid a bowing acquaintance with a person who has once been properly introduced, he may do so by looking aside or dropping the eyes, as the person approaches; for if the eyes meet the recognition ought to follow. Gentlemen who are driving are often embarrassed by bowing acquaintances. It is necessary to keep a tight hold upon the reins, and this becomes difficult if the hat is raised. To obviate this, some have adopted the custom of recognizing a lady by lifting the whip to the hat, but the better way is to incline the head without touching the hat or raising the hand at all. Our ideas of what constitutes politeness in such points are entirely controlled by custom; and if it were an understood thing that gentlemen who are driving are not expected to take off their hats, the simple inclination of the head, a trifle lower, perhaps, than when the hat is lifted, would soon be accepted as "good form." It certainly seems more respectful than raising the whip; and it may indeed be not thought amiss.

FASHION.



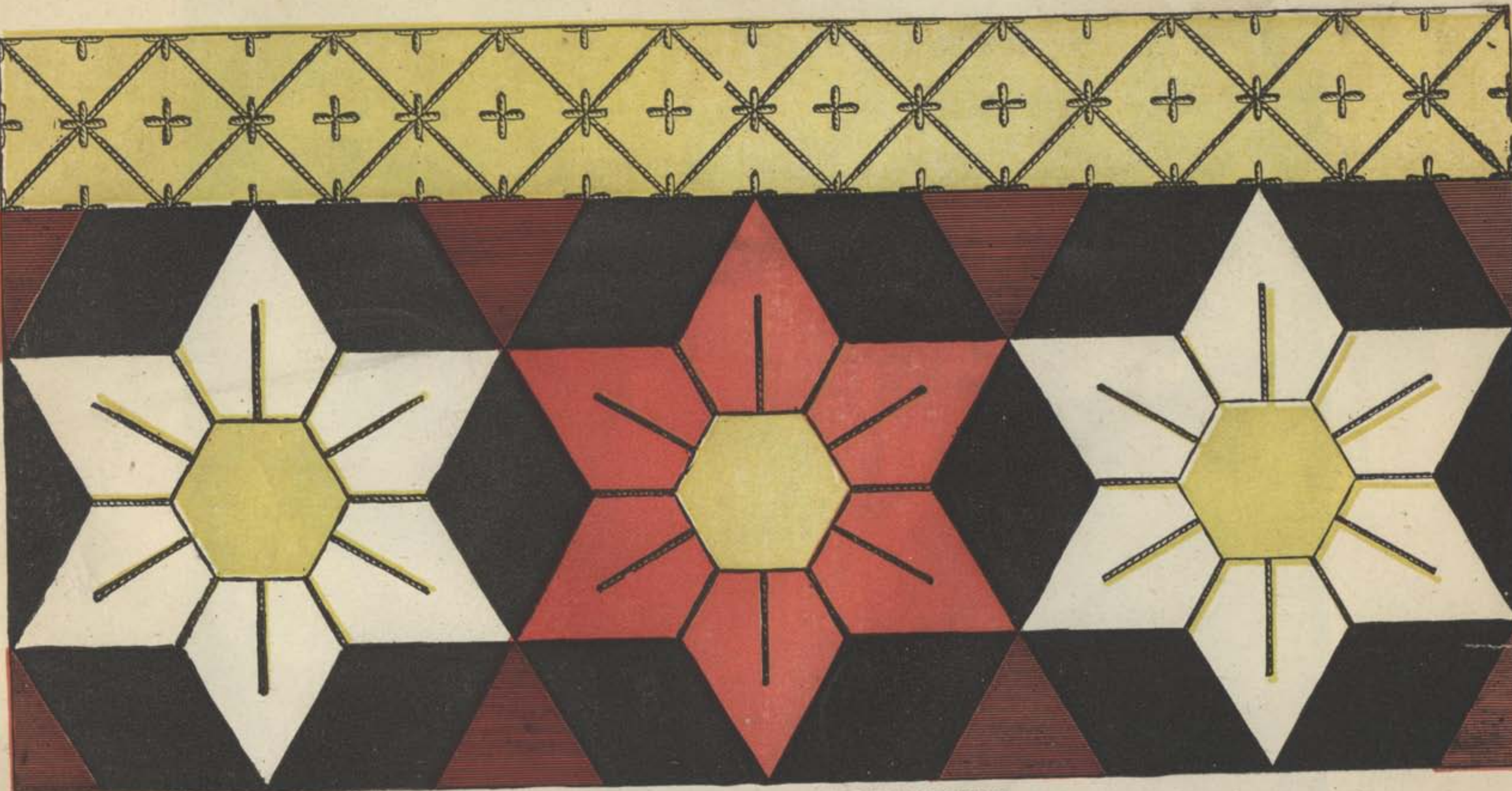
F. O. C. Darley

John C. McRae

"Then the whining school boy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

The Seven Ages
W Shakespeare

GODEY'S FASHIONS FO



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK NOVELTIES.

Design for Quilt or Sofa Cushion.

(See Work Department.)

THE WASP.

[*See Poem.*]

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.

Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 13.

Fig. 14.

Fig. 15.

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

Fig. 18.

Fig. 19

Fig. 20

Fig. 21.

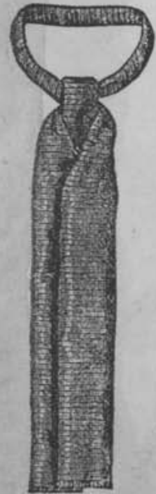


Fig. 22.

Fig. 23.

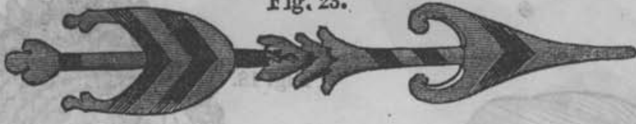


Fig. 24.

Fig. 25.

Fig. 26.
Fig. 27.

Fig. 28. Fig. 29.

Fig. 30. Fig. 31.

Fig. 32.

Fig. 33.

Fig. 34.

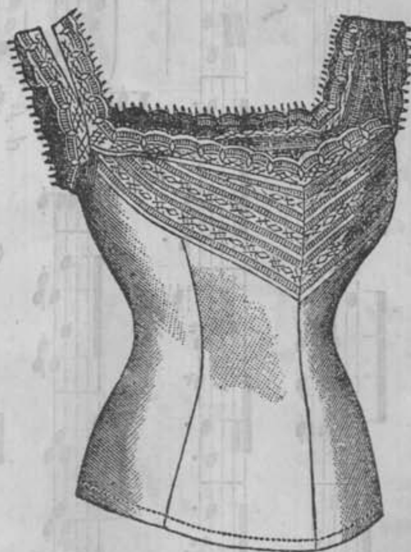


Fig. 35.

HEEL AND TOE POLKA.

VON LUDWIG STASNY, Op. 155.

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Fig. 36

Fig. 37.

Fig. 38.

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// GODEY'S
Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME C. No. 600.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1880.

ROSLYN'S FORTUNE.*

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

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

CHAPTER XV.

ROSLYN DECIDES.

Some time elapses before Roslyn appears—so long a time that Duncan begins to fear she will not come—but at last the door uncloses slowly, and she enters.

The recollection of when and how they parted last is not much in the mind of either. Since then, time seems to have stretched out interminably to Roslyn—a new life filled with new emotions, and lately pierced with keen pain—while Duncan is thinking so much of her that he has not time to think of himself. He is struck, as he comes forward and takes her hand, with the change in her of which Mrs. Parnell spoke; it is almost intangible and quite indescribable, but he sees it, though she smiles and lifts her eyes with the old frank look of welcome

"I am glad to see you back again," she says. "When did you return?"

He answers her question—speaking half-mechanically—and then they sit down and look at each other—he with an anxious inquiry that he cannot disguise, she with a shrinking from scrutiny that he observes in her for the first time, a feeling which makes her rush into speech, since he does not speak at once again.

"Have you been to Verdevale? But of course you have, or you would not have known that I was here. They must all have been delighted to see you."

"They were all very kind in welcoming me," he replies; "but I confess I did not think as much of their welcome as perhaps I ought to have done, for I went to see you, and you only."

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"Did you?" she says, in a tone of surprise—then there flashes into her mind for the first time a recollection of his words when they were together last, and the color on her face deepens. "I only came into town this morning," she adds hastily, and not very relevantly.

"I know," he answers. "I also know why you came," he goes on, thinking that it is best to plunge into his subject at once. "Will you let me speak frankly to you? Lovelace has told me his story."

She changes color again—to paleness now—But she shows no sign of astonishment, for some instinct has warned her that it is with regard to Lovelace that he is here.

"Yes, you may speak frankly," she answers, "but I do not know that there is anything to be said—concerning Mr. Lovelace."

"There is this to be said," Duncan replies, "that I blame myself for having gone away without previously telling you of his engagement. It is true that I warned *him;* but I should have known that it was a position of great danger for any young man—and for your sake, I ought to have been thoroughly open on the subject. I might have foreseen what would happen."

"Do you mean with regard to *me?*" she asks. Unconsciously she lifts her head proudly. If she is miserable, she does not mean to be weak. "So far as I am concerned, nothing has happened, except that I have come here to avoid meeting a man who has behaved in a dishonorable manner."

The curl of her lips, the light in her eyes, give added emphasis to her words—words that in their trenchant clearness astonish Duncan; for though Lovelace has spoken of her scorn, he is not prepared for so explicit an expression of it as this. He feels for a moment uncertain how to answer. He has not come with any intention of pleading his cousin's cause—yet his next words are words of apology for the young man.

"I understand your indignation," he says; "but

it is only just to remember how greatly he was tempted. I have had to remember this in judging him. No doubt with him, as with many another man, love surprised him."

"That may be," she replies; "but had he not time to think? Had he any right, any excuse, to come day after day, to ride, to walk, to talk, to imply all and more than all that he said at last? It is not his fault that I am not the most miserable woman on earth. But why do I talk of it?" she breaks off abruptly. "You see there is nothing to be said. That he is engaged is enough for me. I do not wish ever to hear his name again."

"But," says Duncan, watching her closely as he speaks, "it is possible for engagements to be broken—and it is also true, as he has suggested, that there may be more honor in breaking than in keeping an engagement, under such circumstances as these."

"Has he suggested that?" she asks, the color flashing into her face again. "Surely he does not think that it would matter an iota to me if his engagement was broken to-morrow?"

"He did not venture to say that it would influence you," Duncan answers. "He told me that you had refused to listen to his love. But I—" he hesitates a moment, then goes on, speaking a little more quickly than usual—"I know how far pride can steel a woman's heart, even against the man she loves. So I have come, not as his advocate, but as your friend, to ask you, in the name of our old friendship, to tell me the truth, and give me the right to serve you. If you mean exactly what you say in declaring that you wish never to hear his name again, then I pledge my word that he shall go away, and that you never *shall* hear it again. But stop and think whether you do mean it. If you care for him—as it is very natural that you should—don't make the mistake of sending him away for a scruple of honor. I frankly tell you that he is not a man whom I should select as the man for you to marry; but if he is the man you love, *you* must decide whether or not you will trust your life to him. I appeal to you as a woman, not a fanciful girl, and I beg you to believe in the sincerity of my desire to secure your happiness."

"Could I know you and doubt it?" she asks in a low voice. The serious gravity of his appeal has affected her as strongly as he could possibly desire. All the feeling that has filled and swayed her since she parted with Lovelace, seems suddenly calmed—whether by the power of the voice that has addressed her, or by the weight of responsibility thrown upon her, she does not know. Perhaps it is the latter, for a recognition of all that depends upon her reply makes passionate haste impossible. As she looks at him he sees in her eyes—eyes that never seemed to him so beautiful before—the spirit of reasoning womanhood to which he has appealed.

"I will answer you as you deserve that I should, with perfect candor," she says. "You ask if I really mean what I say in wishing that I might never hear Mr. Lovelace's name again. An hour ago I thought so; but wounded pride and indignation had so much to do with the feeling, that perhaps it was not real. What I feel now is that whether or not there would be any excuse for his conduct, there would be none for mine if I listened to the suit of a man who is engaged to marry another woman, or if I permitted him to break that engagement in order that I might listen to him. You talk of a scruple of honor?—but surely that is more than a scruple, if there be such a thing as honor."

"You are right," he says, "it is more than a scruple; it is a very grave question of honor. But you cannot blame me for thinking more of your happiness than of anything else."

"Yes, I blame you," she answers, "because you ought to judge for me as you would for yourself—and what have I ever done that you should think so much of my happiness?"

"Never mind about that," he says. "If I choose to make your happiness my care, that only concerns myself. What I desire to know is, how best to serve you. I see the situation—your heart is on one side, your pride, your conscience on the other. How to reconcile them is the question."

He rises, walks across the floor to a window, and stands there for a minute looking out, though evidently seeing no feature of the prospect before him. Roslyn sits motionless and silent. Once she uncloses her lips to speak, but closes them again without uttering a sound. What can she say? Has he not stated the matter truly? If she contradicts him how can she state it better?

"Please do not talk of it any more," she says, with child-like simplicity of manner, when he again resumes his seat near her. "I only want to be let alone. I came here in order that I might not see him again. If I am foolish enough to care anything about it, I do assure you that I am at the same time wise enough and honest enough to despise myself for doing so. All is said in the fact that he is engaged. I will not hear anything beyond that."

"But if he were free—pardon me that I *must* ask this—if he were free, would you forgive him?"

"Why do you ask?" she says, shrinking away from the directness of the question; and turning her face so that he could not see it, she gazed straight out of the window with eyes as unheeding the green beauty they rest upon, as his had been just before. "I will not entertain the thought of his breaking his engagement; and I beg you to let him know that it would be useless for him to do so," she goes on. "He cannot mend one dishonor by another, and you are the

last, the very last person in the world, whom I should have thought would be the advocate of such a thing."

"I am not the advocate of it," he answers. "You mistake me entirely if you think so. But engagements are often broken—indeed they seem very much made to be broken at the present time—and I confess that I am thinking much more of your happiness than of Lovelace's honor."

"But it is my honor as well as his that is concerned," she says. "What should I be if I listened to him now while his engagement exists, or if I suffered him to break it in the hope that I would listen to him *then?* Do you think I do not know and feel how generous, how more than generous you are!" she says, turning towards him with eyes full of unshed tears. "But you think too much, far too much of me—and indeed there is no need for you to consider this affair so gravely. I do not look as if my heart was breaking, do I?"

If the smile with which she says this is brave, it is also tremulous. And the man before her—the man who would give his heart's blood to serve her—feels that he is utterly at a loss to know how that service shall be rendered. He hesitates an instant, gazing at the bright face which is now overshadowed by the change so intangible, yet so marked, which had struck both Mrs. Parnell and himself, and then takes her hands abruptly.

"You have fenced me off," he says; "you have not spoken the whole truth to me! How can I appeal to you more strongly and directly?—how can I persuade you to be perfectly frank and trustful? I can only say, Roslyn, that I think I deserve your trust; I can only implore you to give it me! Tell me if you love this man so that his going will make you miserable, so that his staying—if he could stay with honor—would make you happy?"

He speaks with such passionate earnestness, that Roslyn's tears are ready to overflow, and there is a choking sob in her throat which she can scarcely swallow. But she makes a great effort and does swallow it, and force herself to speak calmly.

"There is no such *if,*" she answers, "no such possibility—and if there were, how do I know that it would make me happy? I do not know; so I beg you to do nothing in my behalf. Let him go—make him go! That is all I can say."

She sinks back in her chair as she ceases speaking, and looks so suddenly pale, so much exhausted, that he sees it will not do to press her farther—even if farther insistance would be likely to tell him more than he has learned already—and this he doubts. So he takes her hand again—this time with a gentle friendliness.

"My dear child," he says in a soothing and persuasive tone, "you must forgive me for tormenting you in this way. But remember how you have been our pet, how we have wanted to keep you always bright and glad, and how little I at least like to be baffled by the fate that has brought this cloud upon you. I feel, too, that it is *my* fault; that I am accountable and responsible—and hence I have endeavored to see if it could not be taken away. I thought you might be like other girls—that love and it's gratification might be all in all to you—but I see, and I am proud to see, that you think more of honor than of love; and would rather suffer than be happy unworthily. You leave me, therefore, nothing to say but God bless you and good-bye."

He goes without another word, and before the echo of his footstep has died away, Roslyn's shield of bravery and pride is gone, and she is sobbing like a heart-broken child. Hardly until this moment has she realized what has been offered her, and now the realization comes with the sense of final loss. She feels perfectly assured that had she uttered a word expressive of her desire that Lovelace should remain, Duncan would have smoothed matters to that end—and the temptation was not so sharp when it was offered, as now when it is passed. We are doubtful of the value of many a thing while we hold it, which seems to us absolutely good after it has escaped from our grasp.

Before her passion of grief has quite exhausted itself, Mrs. Parnell comes in—knowing that Colonel Duncan is gone—and great is her astonishment at the scene before her; for the matter had seemed to her very simple. If Roslyn cares for the man, she has but to say so, and with an unexampled generosity, Colonel Duncan is ready to play the part of fairy god-father, and bring the affair to a happy conclusion. If she does not care for him, she has also but to say so, and the matter is at an end; in either case Mrs. Parnell fails to perceive any need for tears. And here is Roslyn, lying prone on the sofa, her face buried in a cushion, her hands clenched passionately, her lovely hair all disordered, and her whole form shaken with convulsive weeping!

The intruder upon this storm of grief—for such Mrs. Parnell feels herself to be, for an instant—pauses and regards with mingled distress and amazement, the prostrate figure before her; hesitating whether to advance or retreat. But after a moment's indecision, she yields to her impulse, and going forward, puts a kindly arm around the girl's shrinking form.

"My darling," she says, "how sorry I am to see you so much distressed. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Nothing at all," answers Roslyn, battling with her sobs and choking them down; "I am a fool, Aunty—a fool!—and you ought to despise me!"

"Why, my dear?" asks Mrs. Parnell; and

seized with sudden uneasiness, she adds gravely, "Are you going to marry Mr. Lovelace, Roslyn?"

"Do you mean that you would despise me if I were?" asks the girl.

Mrs. Parnell does not answer at once; she looks at her niece apprehensively, restraining the inclination she feels to answer the question just proposed, strongly in the affirmative—for she does not understand how anybody with a due sense of honor, could think for a moment of overlooking the breach of honor which Lovelace has committed. Hot words were quivering on her lips, but she is old enough to have learned that violence is much more likely to injure than to help a cause—particularly in a case of this kind. She speaks quietly, therefore, but there is an unconscious inflection of coldness in her voice, which is very perceptible to her hearer.

"I confess, my dear, that I should be very sorry to see you do anything which, I am convinced, would make you miserable for life."

Roslyn smiles bitterly, as she pushes back the damp tendrils of hair that are clinging to her brow and cheeks, and looks up frankly.

"You will not be called upon to despise me, or to be sorry for me, either, Aunt Lavinia," she says—"at least for this reason. *I* have some sense of honor. He is engaged to another woman, and I have told Colonel Duncan that I *will* not suffer him to break the engagement for me."

"Thank God!" says Mrs. Parnell—and she bends and kisses the tear-stained victor, adding, "You are right—and some day, my dear, some day you will be as glad as I am now, that you have come to this decision."

CHAPTER XVI.

GEOFFREY'S GOOD OFFICES.

When Colonel Duncan reaches Cliffton, he finds Lovelace impatiently awaiting his return. That gentleman would not have hesitated to present himself at Verdevale, had his cousin not anticipated him; but, knowing well the destination of Duncan when he rode off alone, even his audacity was not equal to following. He felt quite certain that, with any provocation given, Duncan would summarily warn Mr. Vardray of what was going on, and then, he was well aware, all hope of seeing Roslyn would indeed be at an end. He is inclined to think that it is at an end now—that the warning has probably already been given; but possessing a sanguine temperament, he still hopes that fortune may befriend him; the fortune that so far in his graceless life has befriended him to a remarkable degree.

He sits all morning on the piazza which commands a view of the road by which his cousin must return, smoking, and making a vain attempt to read the newspaper he has placed on a chair beside him. But it is only his eyes that are on the printed columns. His mind is occupied by disagreeable thoughts of various kinds and degree; thoughts which will obtrude themselves, though he would fain shake them off. His little "affair" with Roslyn is by no means the only, or the most serious, embarrassment on his hands. Being, however, the latest, and having in it elements of attraction as well as of annoyance, it is that which principally engrosses his meditations, as he watches the smoke curl away from his lips, and directs an impatient glance toward the distant point of the road at which Colonel Duncan's figure will first appear,

"He stays long," Lovelace thinks with some irritation. "I wonder if he means to spend the day! If so, by Jove!—Ah, there he is now!"—he exclaims aloud, as a horseman comes galloping into sight.

"I have been expecting you for some time," he says, as Colonel Duncan dismounts and is ascending the piazza steps. "I suppose, however, you have been to Verdevale—and, as I can testify, that is rather a difficult place to tear one's self away from."

"I have been to Verdevale, yes—but not all the time," answers Colonel Duncan; and as he sits down and takes off his hat, the other thinks what a young and handsome man *he looks*. "After leaving Verdevale, I went on to Kirton and paid a visit," he continues. "Miss Vardray is there."

"Indeed! With whom?"

"With her aunt, Mrs. Parnell, who lives in that place. I tell you of her whereabouts because she has gone there to avoid any possible chance of seeing you again—such a chance as she thought might occur at Verdevale."

"Thanks, you are very kind," says Lovelace, endeavoring to hide his chagrin. "It is always kind to give a man a bit of cheering news. But may I ask why Miss Vardray thinks it necessary to resort to such extreme measures to avoid me? I have certainly not evinced any intention of troubling her," he adds, in a tone of petulant pride.

"Did you *have* no such intention?" asks Duncan, looking at him keenly. "Not, however, that you are to imagine that she anticipated or feared anything of the kind. She only thought it probable that you might be at Verdevale, and that for her to avoid seeing you there would excite attention—so she went to Kirton where there would be no difficulty."

"Very considerate of her!" says Lovelace, dryly. "I suppose, then, she would decline positively to see me if I called?"

"She certainly would," says Duncan.

"One might think," remarks Lovelace, after a short silence, during which he has been considering the by no means agreeable information he

has just received—"one might really think that it was a crime to love a woman, and an insult to tell her of that love."

"And was it not an insult to have wooed a woman as if you were free in honor to do so; and then in the same breath with your declaration of love, to have told her that you were already engaged to marry another?" asks Duncan sternly. "There may be women—no doubt there are women and to spare—who would think lightly of such a breach of honor, but Roslyn Vardray is not of the number. I was sure of that even before I saw her."

"And I presume you have been made more sure by seeing her," says Lovelace. "Well, she need not disquiet herself, nor exile herself from home for fear of my persecutions. I had almost decided before hearing this to leave at once, and now I am quite decided. I shall go this afternoon."

"It may be the best thing you can do," says Duncan, quietly. "If you see any mode of retreating with honor from your engagement to your cousin, and if you believe that your happiness is really to be found here, then come back—but otherwise, it is best for you to go, and best for you to stay."

"I shall be likely to stay," the other replies. "If I could retreat with honor from my engagement, I could not possibly live on air. That settles the matter for me."

In his heart Duncan thinks that it is well settled. If Roslyn had said a word, he was ready to do anything, to make any effort, any sacrifice for her sake; but she said no word to demand or to authorize any step on his part; and since he has seen her—has seen her firmness and her pride—he is satisfied that it is best for Lovelace to go. Had she been what his fancy pictured—a girl with whom passionate love overpowered every other consideration—the matter would have been different, he would then have acted according to his first impulse; but now he believes that she has the sense and the resolution to conquer her love, (if love it be!) at the dictate of honor, and he knows clearly how much better it will be for her to do so, than to marry Lovelace, if not a single obstacle stood in the way of the last.

Lovelace, meanwhile, is the prey of many conflicting thoughts and feelings. Quite unintentionally he has brought matters to a crisis that does not suit him at all. His flirtation with Roslyn has ended disastrously in all respects: in none more than in driving him away from the place which he desires to eventually possess. To remain now is more than he can make up his mind to do in the face of his host's distinct, "It is best for you to go"—yet to go is a very disagreeable necessity. Finally he determines upon a compromise. He will leave Cliffton, so as not to be under the surveillance of his cousin, but he will not leave the neighborhood—at least not now. Pride, pique, interest—the desire to achieve a more satisfactory climax in some way—all unite in influencing him to stay, and his resolution is taken to do so.

He does not announce this resolution definitely to Duncan, but he does decline the offer of that gentleman's companionship into Kirton. "Of course I shall drive in with you and see you off," says the latter, in hospitable desire to speed the parting guest—not, as Lovelace suspects, because he wishes to make sure that his guest really goes.

"I hope you will not do anything of the kind," says the young man coolly, "for if you drive into Kirton, it will only be to say good-bye to me at the hotel instead of here. I shall not leave by the afternoon train, which is a slow one, but shall wait for the midnight express."

"Why not wait here, then?" says Duncan, though he knows the suggestion to be useless.

"To give you the trouble of sending me in at midnight?" says the other carelessly. "That would be a fine idea! No, thanks—I shall go in this afternoon."

So, when the afternoon comes, he drives away with the cordial farewell of his host ringing in his ears. Nor is this cordialty other than sincere. Colonel Duncan likes the young fellow, with all his faults, and is genuinely sorry for him at present—more sorry, undoubtedly, than there is need for his being, were he but aware of the the truth. But our feelings mostly outrun or fall short of the occasion for them—seldom corresponding in exact degree to the demand made upon them.

Lovelace calls at Verdevale and makes his adieux--which fact surprises the family very much. Geoffrey, in especial, is astonished and suspicious. It flashes upon him with the force of an instinctive conviction, that there is some connection between Roslyn's going to Kirton, Colonel Duncan's return, and this man's departure. He drove Roslyn into town himself; and he remembers now how pale and preoccupied she looked. Jealousy suggests an unworthy thought to him again, and he wonders if she did not go to Kirton in order to meet Lovelace there before his departure—which he shrewdly argues to have been in some way a necessary consequence of Colonel Duncan's return.

These thoughts are strongly in his mind when, Lovelace's hurried visit over, he stands on the piazza watching that gentleman drive away, and debating in his mind whether he will not ride into town and see for himself the extent of Roslyn's infatuation and duplicity. He is only deterred from doing so by a feeling that to act the spy, in even the least degree, is a very unworthy part to play. It is impossible to say how his indecision would end, did not a slight chance determine the matter for him. While he still stands

with a gloomy brow, saying to himself, "If she has a secret, is it any of *my* business to pry into it? No—I will not interfere and act like a sneak!" a servant on horseback rides up and gives two notes to him.

One is for himself and one for Roslyn, and both are evidently from the same person. He opens his own and finds that it is an invitation to an informal dance that evening at the house of a young lady in Kirton, well known to them both. She signs herself, "Your old friend, Rose Gilray," and never before has Geoffrey felt so warmly conscious of the claims of old friendship between himself and the bearer of that name. Go? Of course he will go—and he will make it his instant duty to carry Miss Gilray's note to Roslyn, and persuade her to go also. The excuse he wants is given him, and sending word to Miss Gilray that he will report to her in an hour, he orders his horse at once.

When he dismounts at Mrs. Parnell's gate and walks up to the door of the house, it is with not a little fear of what he may enter upon. He almost wishes now that he had not come, that he had remained away until certain that Lovelace was out of Kirton.

"How like a spy and a sneak I shall feel if I find them together—as no doubt I shall!" he thinks, with a strong impulse to retreat. It is too late for retreat now, however: if any one is in the drawing room he must have been seen from one of the windows—so he pulls the door-bell and hears the peal ring through the spacious, silent house.

Into the broad hall with its waxed floor, its old claw-footed furniture and pleasant lounging chairs, comes a neatly-dressed maid, who says:

"Walk in, Mr. Geoffrey, and I'll go up and tell Miss Roslyn you're here. I don't expect she's awake yet."

"What!" says Geoffrey, so much surprised that he forgets to be relieved, "Isn't she down?"

The girl looks at him, in turn surprised. What is he thinking of, to imagine that a young lady is likely to be down from her siesta with the sun two hours high!

"O, no, sir," she says in a tone of rebuke. "But I'll let her know that you are here."

She goes away up the wide, shallow staircase, and Geoffrey, sitting down in one of the inviting chairs, revolves the situation in his mind. Has Lovelace been here and gone? Clearly not, for it has been too short a time since he left Verdevale for that. Has he an appointment yet to come? Hardly possible, or Roslyn would surely be ready to receive him, knowing that railroad trains, like time and tide, wait for no man. But can it be that he will go away without bidding her farewell at all? Such a proceeding can have only one meaning, the young man feels, and that he is not prepared to credit. Altogether the mystery puzzles him, and when a clock suddenly chimes out on the stillness, striking the hour, he starts, for the distant whistle of a railroad train answers it, and he says to himself that Lovelace is off.

"Roslyn must have known that he was going, and she must have come here to avoid him," is Geoffrey's next thought as he sits patiently waiting. "What the deuce does it all mean? Only yesterday she talked of him in a way that showed she was very near caring for him. What has happened since then? I am not a curious fellow, as a general rule; but I *should* like to understand this."

No explanation comes while half an hour wears away in drowsy silence; then a door opens and closes again in the upper regions of the house, a pair of high heels and a trailing dress are heard, and around the bend of the staircase Roslyn comes into view, prettily dressed and smiling—only a slight heaviness about the eyes (which might pass for the effect of an interrupted siesta), making any difference from her ordinary appearance.

"Geoff, what do you mean by disturbing one at such an hour as this!" she exclaims. "Have you come to pay me a visit because I happen to be away from home for a day? Of course, I should be glad to see you at a reasonable hour—but to rouse one in the middle of a warm afternoon is *so* provoking."

Her petulance pleases rather than annoys Geoffrey, for he thinks, reasonably enough, that she would hardly speak so if his coming was seriously disagreeable to her.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you," he says. "It is true that I might have sent this note to you, but I brought it, because I wanted to take your answer with my own, to Miss Rose."

He gives her Miss Gilray's note, and watches her as she reads it. No flush of anticipated pleasure comes to her face, no light to her eyes. When she reaches the end, she looks up and says quietly:

"I am sorry you took the trouble to come just for this. I don't care to go."

"Not go!" he exclaims. "Why not?"

"Because I don't care to. Isn't that reason enough?"

"No," he answers, "I don't think it is. Miss Rose will certainly expect a better one. And your not going will be all the more remarkable from your being in town. What possible excuse can you give? You know they count—that everybody counts—on you."

She makes a gesture of indifference.

"Let them," she says. "There is no reason why I should constrain myself to do what I don't want to do, merely because people expect it of me. Geoffrey, please don't worry me. I will not go."

Geoffrey's face grows dark. He knows what this means, and looking steadily at the counte-

nance before him now, he sees that some of its bloom is gone, and that the heaviness of her eyes may be the result of weeping.

"I am sorry to worry you," he says, "but I am bound to tell you that very disagreeable things will be said of you if you decline this invitation without being able to give any good excuse for doing so. It will be known that you are in town, it will be remembered that you have never failed to appear on such an occasion before, and of course people will draw an inference—an inference that may or may not be true; but that in your place, I should dislike for them to draw."

Her eyes kindle as she meets his gaze, and she lifts her slender neck with the air of pride that on rare occasions belongs to her.

"I do not in the least understand what inference you mean," she says coldly.

"Do you not? Then I must remind you that Mr. Lovelace left this afternoon—and I am sure I need not point out what connection people will find between that and your refusal to go to a dance."

Despite her utmost power of self-control, she cannot prevent a change of countenance which tells him that his news *is* news to her—but for the rest, she has herself well in hand, and bears the ordeal gallantly.

"Has he gone?" she says. "I did not know that he—was leaving so soon. Are you certain?"

"He was at Verdevale an hour or two ago on his way to take the train in Kirton, he said, bade everybody bood-bye, and left a message with my mother for you," answers Geoffrey. "That is all I know. I suppose he has gone. His trunk was along, and Colonel Duncan *wasn't*."

He regards her keenly, as he utters the last words; but her face does not betray her further. She only looks down nervously, closing and unclosing the fan she holds.

"You see how the matter stands," the young man goes on stiffly. "Your name has been very much coupled with Lovelace's lately, and people will say—well, you can imagine what they will say. Of course it is nothing to *me* whether you go to the dance or not—further than that I should be sorry for you to be the theme of such gossip as I know will be the result of you not going. You must decide, however."

There is a moment's pause. A breeze blowing lightly through the hall, brings a fragrance of roses and jasmine with it from the garden behind the house; the clock ticks; the sunshine streams on an old engraving of the "Death of Montgomery," and Geoffrey has no instinct of what cause he is pleading—for whom he has won—when Roslyn, looking up presently, said:

"I do not believe that any such result would follow my not going to a stupid party in this warm weather; but since you have thought fit to say such things *to* me, perhaps somebody else may be found foolish and ill-natured enough to say them *of* me; and so I will go."

CHAPTER XVII.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Fortunately for Geoffrey's peace of mind, he has no intuition of how Miss Gilray is engaged when he calls at her door half an hour later, and is informed that she is out. He scribbles a few lines on his card accepting her invitation, and then continues his way out of town—for he is charged with the important commission of having an evening dress sent to Roslyn.

The young lady whom he has failed to see, is not very far away. A few squares distant, her pretty pony phaeton is drawn up close to the side-walk, and she is talking eagerly to a gentleman, who is no less a person than Mr. Lovelace. She was driving rapidly down the street when she saw him sauntering under the trees, with the low sunlight streaming on his handsome face and figure; and having met him once or twice during the past few weeks, at Verdevale, she instantly conceives the idea of securing him for her evening's entertainment. It is the work of an instant to utter his name and draw up her carriage by the spot where he pauses.

"How fortunate that I should meet you, Mr. Lovelace," she says eagerly. "I was just thinking of sending a note to Cliffton, asking if you will not come to a little dance at our house this evening. Pray, don't say no, for in that case I shall feel sure that you scorn anything like village festivity."

"You are very kind, Miss Gilray," says Lovelace, "and nothing would give me more pleasure than to accept your invitation, if I was not intending to leave Kirton to-night."

"But why should you leave it—at least until late—and I believe there is a moon? You only mean that you are going out to Cliffton, do you not?"

"I regret to say that my meaning is I am going to much more remote regions. I leave on the midnight express."

"O, but *don't* leave!" says the young lady pleadingly. "Is there any very particular reason why you should? Can you not stay until to-morrow? Can I offer you no inducement to stay? Not even a dance with Roslyn!"

Few things could have been more distasteful to Lovelace than is the arch expression which accompanies the last words; but they suggest a thought to him. He is really yet undecided whether or not to leave on the midnight train; and also wholly undecided whether or not to make any attempt to see Roslyn before he goes. He was debating this question mentally, when

Miss Gilray stopped him—and now her words suggest to him a solution of it. By yielding to her request, he provides himself with an excuse for not leaving; and although he entertains little hope that he will see Roslyn, there is a shadow of a chance that he may do so, and have an opportunity, not of his own making, for speech with her. These reflections pass swiftly through his mind before he answers:

"You tempt me very much; and since there is no pressing reason for my going to-night, I think I will defer my departure in order to accept your invitation. It will be a pleasant memory to carry away, as a close to my very pleasant visit to this part of the country."

Miss Gilray is delighted, and expresses her delight frankly. Then, urging upon him that he must not change his mind, that he must not fail her on any account whatever, she drives away, charmed with herself and her capability to grasp an opportunity.

Whether or not Roslyn is charmed with the result of this capability when she hears of it, "is quite another thing," as the old Jacobite toast says of the King and the Pretender.

"So glad to see you, my dear," says Miss Gilray, meeting her effusively. "I have a pleasant surprise for you. By the most delightful accident I met Mr. Lovelace on the street this evening, and induced him to delay his departure—of course you know that he was intending to leave on the midnight express—in order to be here to-night. Are you not heart-broken at the thought of his going? I am sure I should be, if he were my admirer."

Roslyn puts up her lip and her shoulder with pretty carelessness. Her start had been too slight to be noticed, and she is buttoning her glove, so that her eyes do not betray her.

"Heart-broken!" she says. "That is very likely! Of course I am sorry Mr. Lovelace is going, but somebody else will take his place—or if not, we shall manage to exist without him. 'Men may come and men may go'—and it isn't worth while to mourn over their coming or going." Then, walking to a mirror to scrutinize herself, "How do I look to-night, Rose?" she asks. "Without flattery, mind. I ask because I have not been very well to-day."

"I never saw you looking better," replies Miss Gilray with emphasis. "Your dress is so very becoming."

"I sent for it because it is the most becoming dress I have," says Roslyn, looking at herself approvingly. Glad is she that she did send for her prettiest toilette; that she did rub the color into her glowing cheeks, and summon light to the starry eyes that look back at her from the mirror. Her object was that nobody should be able to say that she is mourning for Lovelace; but now that she hears he is himself to be present, she is doubly determined to look her best, to seem her brightest. "He shall know that I was under the impression that he was gone," she thinks, with a sense of cordial gratitude to Geoffrey for having made her come.

Geoffrey, who was standing at the foot of the staircase waiting for her in rather a dejected mood —for up to this time he has not been forgiven, but has been treated with an appalling dignity and reserve—is altogether surprised by the tone of her voice when she comes down and lays her hand on his arm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALIX'S FAITH.

BY MARIAN C. L. REEVES.

"Not a natural death!"

The doctor's words are repeated in an awed undertone of several voices, that thrills through the hush of the death chamber.

"Not a natural death!"

The windows are set wide to the sunset and the evening breeze, and a long shaft of ruddy light slants through the elms, and flickers mockingly on the dead, upturned face upon the bed. A gray, hard old face, narrow and cold, in which, if any but a narrow, sordid soul had lived, it could hardly have found a more unfit dwelling place.

And now there are no tears shed for that soul's flitting. There have been handkerchiefs applied to eyes watching round this death-bed for days past; but that they have been performing a mere act of supererogation, is obvious by the eager glances full of wonder, not of tears, disclosed on their hurried removal at the doctor's verdict.

"Not a natural death!"

It is Cousin Janet Scrymgeour, who is the first to recover herself. She adjusts her spectacles, and looks sharply round upon the assembled company of mourners, every one of whom may have something to gain, and certainly nothing to lose, by their rich old miserly cousin's demise. Yonder, with his hands folded resignedly on the gold head of his cane, and his own shining white-fringed head bent over, sits Cousin Barham, and his trim little wife, the model of respectability, beside him; it is clear as the sun, that neither of these could have anything to do with an indecent hurrying of their kinsman out of the world. Next them, in the great arm-chair, her pretty feet hardly touching the floor, John Wilmot's gay little widow has started from her lounging posture, with a rustle of silks and ribands, and a frightened look in her pretty blue eyes, for love of which John Wilmot, poor fool, had left her all his fortune to bestow upon some other man—at least, as much of it as is not frittered away beforehand on her gew-gaws and her furbelows. As for any part of the fortune of old Cousin Grimsworth lying dead yonder, it

has always been thought in the family that he is the last man in the world to leave it to such a little gilded butterfly; and the little gilded butterfly herself is of the same opinion, though she has fluttered in here with the rest. The wide circle is completed by a timid, deprecating matron in rather shabby widow's weeds, seated on the sofa with a youthful edition of herself on either side. It is to this matron that Miss Scrymgeour addresses herself, rather sharply:

"Where's your son, Roger, Cousin Fleming, that he's not here to-day, as he should be?"

"He—he did come with us, Cousin—" faltered the poor little woman, for whom the disapproving shake of the iron-gray curls and rustle of the iron-gray silk dress are quite too much. "He came with us this morning—he must be out attending to the horse or something—for we borrowed Mrs. Brownwell's carriage—"

All at once she becomes aware that she is talking more than Cousin Janet Scrymgeour considers permissible to her. So she stops short in a confused way, with a frightened glance toward the dead man on the bed, of whom she stood in awe enough also while he lived.

But Miss Scrymgeour's impatient movement is not altogether for Mrs. Fleming: it is that, at mention of Roger Fleming, there is a little stir in one of the windows, where a small figure sits half hidden by the curtain's drapery. Dr. Hoskins comes pointedly forward towards it.

"Perhaps you can tell us something of this mystery, Miss North? You were nursing the patient—"

Alix North makes a shrinking movement, as if she would fain have drawn back further into her hiding place. She says faintly:

"I have nothing to tell."

"Yet you were alone with him when he died. You were alone in the room for some hours before, so I am told."

The girl's white lips move—just once: but no sound comes from them. She sits there with her hands clasped on her knee, her small dark head bent on the window-frame behind her. Her lips move, but no sound comes from them; it is Mrs. Fleming's voice that breaks the silence:

"If Alix has been in this room all this while, she must have seen my son, who came up here, at once, on our arrival, to see Cousin Grimsworth. My son could tell us if anything was amiss when he came in."

The Doctor turns and looks at the speaker. "At what hour did you arrive, madam? My patient has been dead some time, from an overdose of laudanum. The bottle that contained it has been removed. If Mr. Roger Fleming"—

He is cut short by a hand upon his arm.

"Stop, Dr. Hoskins. I have the phial. I—I—you need look no farther for the guilty one."

She stands there in the midst of them all, in a sort of stony calm that may well be taken for sheer hardihood. She puts out a firm hand to the doctor, with the empty phial in it.

"Good Heavens!—Miss North!"

"I have the phial. You need look no farther for the guilty one."

There is a strange monotony in her voice: much as if she had learned certain words by rote, and could repeat those, but no others. Yet, what need of more? Out of her own mouth she stands condemned.

A stir throughout the room, a movement of horror, a low, breathless murmur of indignation. All those eyes are fixed upon the girl standing there still and unmoved, as if turned to stone. Cousin Janet Scrymgeour is, as usual, the first to break the silence.

"Why, it is impossible! Nobody does a thing like that, without a motive. And the child can have had no motive. She is not even of the blood, only a far-away cousin of his wife's, and can't have expected to gain anything at his death."

"There you are wrong," says the doctor, startled out of his proper reticence. "Blood or no blood, she has been nursing him for months, and old Grimsworth left her in his will"—

He recollects himself; but not in time to prevent the astonishment which runs like a thrill through the room. Darker looks than before are fixed on the girl. It was bad enough to have hurried the old man out of the world: but to have hurried him out, and to lay hold on the worldly goods which he must leave behind—

Cousin Barham is shaking his venerable head ominously over such iniquity as that. Little Mrs. Wilmot is shaking hers also: but it is over the information given by the way—"'nursing him for months,'—and with Cousin Grimsworth's temper! Why, it was enough to drive the wretch into madness and murder!"

It is Cousin Barham who proposes that the examination of the guilty creature (in the name of the ladies in this room assembled, he refuses to insult womanhood by calling her a woman,) shall be conducted otherwhere than in the lifeless presence of the generous protection she has so foully betrayed. If Mrs. Barham and Cousin Scrymgeour would be so good as to remain here until some one should be sent to their relief, it might be advisable to remove the prisoner.

Dr. Hoskins informs him somewhat dryly, that she cannot just yet properly be called the prisoner; although of course it is their duty not to lose sight of her until she is duly taken in charge by the law. Certainly it will be better to remove her.

Every one is standing now; so every one shrinks out of her pathway, as Alix North moves mechanically toward the door. Mechanically—she does not appear to see or to heed anything about

her, until Mrs. Fleming, who is nearest, in her effort to escape any possible contact even with the touch of the creature's dress in passing, steps backward and pushes against a light chair behind her. The sound of its fall, crashing in the stillness, startles Alix, and she lifts her eyes from the floor, full upon the shrinking woman before her. Alix stretches out both her hands, with a passionate, imploring gesture.

"Mrs. Fleming, you have been my friend—you cannot turn from me so—you at least have one word for me—"

"One word, yes!" The elder woman tears her dress out of the girl's trembling grasp. "I have been deceived in you, Alix North—I never thought to let creep into my heart, a treacherous viper—"

At last, the icy calm is broken up: the passionate torrent breaks forth in wild sobs that convulse the girl's slight frame. She has flung her arms up with one desperate "God help me!" which sounds like blasphemy on the lips of one who has dared to steal His power over life and death. She sinks down, cowering at the feet of that homely woman who is turned into an avenger.

"—a treacherous viper, striking in the dark. A poor, defenceless, old man like that! Don't dare to touch me, girl."

"Mother—Alix!"

It is another voice: another spectator of the scene is standing in the doorway. A man pushes his way through the group gathered there, and stoops over the wretched girl, and tries to raise her from the floor.

But she only shudders from him, covering her face.

"Alix—Miss North!"

She puts out her hand with a desperate gesture —of fear—of abhorrence.

"Mother, what is this?"

"The foulest murder, Roger—that wicked, wicked creature there, whom we all loved—O what an escape for you, my poor, poor boy!"

But Roger has turned to Doctor Hoskins, who is saying sternly:

"It is too true, Fleming. He lies dead yonder; and by no natural death. Miss North has been alone with him for hours: she confesses to the deed, and gives up the empty laudanum phial in proof of it."

"Alix," calls the young man's thrilling voice, "Alix, have you no word to say in explanation of this accusation?"

But she makes no answer—unless it is an answer to bury her face deeper in her shaking hands, to cower yet more abjectly there at his mother's feet.

And he—

He stoops and gathers her in his arms, holds her against his breast, standing confronting them all so. They all see she resists; but still he holds her fast, confronting them with a proud flush upon his face.

"If Alix North was guilty, I am guilty more than she. If she gave up to you the empty phial, she but took it up, empty, where I had laid it down."

There is an indistinct murmur throughout the group about him. Mr. Barham moves a step nearer, as if it were a duty to arrest him without a moment's delay; then slinks back, as he finds the others have done. But Mrs. Fleming's voice rings out in scorn:

"He is mad—mad—you are all mad, to believe him! My Roger a murderer! He says it just to shield Alix North. It is impossible!"

He gives his mother one glance of utter confidence, and goes on speaking as if there had been no interruption.

"You all see how she has shrunk from me. It is because she saw me set that empty phial on the mantel, and steal out of the room, cautiously, not to awake her sleeping in her chair at the bedside. When I had driven my mother and sister over, I came upstairs here, being told that Miss North was in my cousin's room—had been sitting up with him all night. I found, as I opened the door, that she had fallen asleep at her post, after her long watch. I found more than this: that the poor old man (you all know to what paroxysms of pain he was subject, and how he dreaded them), however, had provided himself against a recurrence; he was lying lifeless on the bed, an empty phial clutched fast in his already cold and stiffened fingers.

"Life was already extinct, beyond a hope; I had no time to deliberate. The thought flashed on me, to save him from the appearance of suicide; and I put the empty phial on the mantel-piece, and stealthily quitted the room and the house. It was a mad thing to do: I might have known that, except, as I have said, I took no time to deliberate, but just followed my impulse to save him from the name of suicide. I would hardly have left Miss North alone to make the discovery of the death, but that from the window I saw you, Dr. Hoskins, alighting at the gate. I fancied no one had seen me enter this room, or leave it: but now I believe that Miss North did. Are you all satisfied with my explanation?"

He says "all;" but as he speaks, he is looking only at one.

He has dropped his arms from about Alix: she stands before him pale and downcast.

"Alix—" he puts out his hand to her —" will you take for your own, the life you thought to save?"

She lifts her eyes to his, "O Roger!—and you can forgive my lack of faith?"

And this is all the wooing. For death is mightier than love, and will hold state supreme.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN
OF OUR OWN AND OTHER LANDS.
NO. 23.

MARY MOORE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

While the hardships of the early settlers of New England, and their sufferings from savage hatred and cruelty, with all their attendant horrors of house-burning, torture, and death, or captivity, are familiar to every school-boy, the more protracted and terrible experiences of the pioneer families of Ohio and Virginia, and other Southern and Western States, are comparatively little known.

The heroine of the present sketch is thus touchingly introduced by her biographer:

"In the burying-ground of New Providence, in Rockbridge county, Virginia, there is a grave, surpassing in interest all other graves. It is by the side of the resting-place of the pastor of the people who worshiped in the neighboring church. Its inhabitant once walked by his side, a cherished one. His deep-blue, sunken eye, that flashed so fiercely in moments of indignation, always beamed sweetly into her full, jet-black orbs that could do nothing but smile or weep. But those smiles and tears charmed equally the savages in the wilderness and the Christian people of Providence.

"The maiden name of this woman was Mary Moore. The melancholy romance of her early days, and the Christian excellence of her mature and closing years, make her memory immortal. The history of the destruction of the retired dwelling of her father—his murder, with that of two brothers and a sister, on a fair summer's morning—the captivity of her mother and herself, with a brother and two sisters, and a hired girl—the murder of the brother and one sister on the way to the wigwam homes of their captors—the death by fire and torture of her mother and remaining sister—the rescue of herself and the hired girl, together with a brother, the captive of a former year, and their return to their relatives in Virginia—combines in one story all the events impending over the emigrant families taking possession of the rivers and valleys of Western Virginia."

James Moore, a Scotch-Irish emigrant, settled in a beautiful region of country known as Abbs' Valley, on the waters of the Blue Stone, and devoted himself successfully to the raising of stock. Here, in 1777, his daughter Mary was born; and her earliest recollections were full of Indian alarms. "The wily savage discovered the white man's track, and the white man's cabin west of those Alleghanies, which they resolved should be an everlasting barrier between their homes in Ohio, to which they had fled, and the hated whites who held the corn-fields and hunting-grounds of their fathers and their race, between those great mountains and the Atlantic shores."

Depredations were committed, and attacks made upon different families of the settlement, until they were driven for safety to forts and stockades in more populous neighborhoods, and only a few besides that of Mr. Moore remained in the valley.

But James Moore was a brave man; and he and his family had become much attached to their beautiful home, which they did not feel disposed to leave from fear of hostile Indians. There were nine children in the little cabin; and the size of their magnificent playground beneath the forest trees, made up for lack of room indoors.

In September, 1784, a fourteen-year-old son, named after his father, was sent to one of the deserted clearings to get a horse for the purpose of going to the mill—which was twelve miles off through a dreary wilderness. He never returned; and trails of savages having been discovered, it was soon decided that he had either been put to death, or was in captivity among the Indians. The family did not move, however; and after a while, information was received that the lost son was probably in or near Detroit.

In July, 1786, the mournful tragedy of Abbs' Valley put an end to any steps for the boy's recovery, and broke up forever the peaceful home of the Moores. A party of Indians, after murdering a Mr. Davison and his wife, and burning their dwelling, swept on to the Valley before any alarm could be given, and changed the quiet harvest scene to one of slaughter and desolation.

The savage yell startled the little band in the midst of their farming and domestic occupations; three children and the father were shot and killed, one after another, while the mother and four children, with the hired girl, Martha Ivans, succeeded in gaining the house, and shutting and barring the door, just in time to prevent the Indians from entering. The guns, unfortunately, had been discharged the evening before, to be reloaded some time in the morning.

Mary Moore seized her infant sister, Margaret, and, with Martha Ivans, crawled under a part of the floor just large enough to hide them; but the frightened child sobbed so that the savages, once in, would soon discover them. The elder sister of only nine years, was for a moment puzzled, what to do. Should she put the little Margaret out upon the floor, and attend to her own safety? —or keep her there, and share the fate which her continued wailing was sure to bring?

The brave child left her hiding-place rather than abandon the little one; and found that the Indians were cutting the door and threatening to set fire to the house. Mrs. Moore gathered her four children together, and kneeling down, com-

mitted them to the protection of God; then she calmly unbarred the door — further resistance being useless.

The savages now deliberately gathered their spoils together, and feasted on the breakfast which had been prepared for the family. Everything was taken out of the house; and after dividing what they considered worth carrying off, they piled the remainder up to be burned. After the fire was kindled, Mary Moore saw two New Testaments among the discarded things, and bravely rescued the precious volumes from destruction—carrying them under her arm through the long, weary journey that followed; and keeping one of them, at least, throughout the entire period of her captivity.

"Whatever else she may have left or lost, she retained her Testament; and whatever else God may have suffered her to be deprived of, He did not permit His word to be taken from her. When brighter days shone upon her, she could say, with the Psalmist, 'Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.'"

Having taken all that they wanted, the savages set fire to the dwelling, and carried off the mother and her children to their Shawnee towns in Ohio. One of these children was a boy, feeble in body and mind, and his slow progress in traveling annoyed his captors so much in their hurry to escape pursuit, that, before evening, he was despatched with a single blow of the tomahawk, and his body carefully concealed.

There was no time for mourning; and under the circumstances, the poor mother may even have rejoiced that one, at least, of the doomed band was "safe and dead." The wretched night was spent by the captives on the ground—each one tied to an Indian, who slept with his hatchet in his hand, ready to finish the atrocious work, should there be an alarm of pursuing whites.

On the third day, the little Margaret, for whom Mary had risked so much, was taken from them. The Indians had not only spared the child so far, but had even helped to carry her; and had she not become fretful from a wound accidentally received, her life might have been saved. An impatient savage, irritated by the baby's constant crying, dashed its head against a tree, and flung it into the bushes.

Still the mother went on; there were yet two to cling to her for support in this terrible time.

Twenty weary days and nights more before the captives reached their destination, and when they came to the Scioto, the savages showed Mrs. Moore some hieroglyphics on the trees, which represented three Indians and a captive white boy—this, they told her, was her son whom they had captured in their expedition two years before, and that he had been here with them, and was still a captive.

The prisoners were then taken to the Indian settlements, near the present site of Chilicothe; and here they were kindly received.

The triumphant return of the warriors, with their prisoners, scalps, and booty, was the cause of great rejoicing in the different villages to which they belonged; but at the council held a few days after, an aged chief made a long speech, disapproving of these plundering expeditions, and representing the war and disasters to which they would certainly lead.

These ideas did not suit the restless, plunder-loving savages; and after listening in respectful silence until the end, they shook their heads disapprovingly, and retired.

Mrs. Moore and her younger daughter were placed in one village, while Martha Ivans and Mary were taken to another. They could meet every day, and this was no small comfort in their captivity; but before long, the mother and little Jane were cruelly put to death by a party of Cherokees, who passed through the Shawnee town on their return from an unsuccessful raid upon some of the settlements in Western Pennsylvania.

Furious at the loss of some of their warriors, these savages were bent upon revenge, and laid their plans to intoxicate the Shawnees, and kill their white captives. Some of the Indian women who suspected this, saved Martha and Mary by hiding them at a distance from the town, where they kept them until the Cherokees had departed.

Mrs. Moore and her little daughter were tortured and burned at the stake; and a few days afterwards, the two girls were brought to the village where this tragedy had taken place. Mary, who had not been told of it, looked in vain for her mother and sister; but the horrid sight of half-burned bones among the ashes and blackened remains of a fire, told her all too plainly how they had been dealt with.

It is difficult to believe that Mary Moore was at this time a child under ten years of age, and a fair, delicate, gentle child at that; her whole conduct seems so "pure womanly;" and in all the annals of Indian captivity, there is not so touching a story as hers.

Whether tears, or heart-broken silence, followed the first shock of this discovery, is not recorded; but the little girl felt that a sacred duty devolved on her—that of paying what respect was possible to these poor relics of those who were so dear to her. An Indian woman lent her a hoe; and digging a grave as deep as she could with it, she gathered the bones with her own hands, and placing them in the receptacle she had made, covered them with earth, and marked the place with a stone. It was a poor funeral, but the best that she could give them; and turning to her little Testament for comfort, she found there the strength she needed in these dark hours. With

no parents on earth, she drew very near her Father in heaven.

As a general thing, the captive girls were kindly treated; and the little Mary was an especial favorite. Golden-haired and black-eyed, with a complexion which no exposure could blemish, she added the charm of personal beauty to her brave and sweet disposition; and soon became the pet of the whole tribe. She had been taken into the family of an inferior chief, who loved the child almost as if she were his own; and one of his great pleasures was to have her read to him from the Testament which she treasured so carefully.

The forest is necessarily the summer parlor, or sitting-room, of an Indian mansion—the inside of the latter being sufficiently unpleasant in winter; and it was a very pretty picture against the background of trees and rocks, the fair little captive, book in hand, reading with her soft child's voice to the dusky warrior at her feet, words of love and hope which he could but dimly understand. But he frequently called her to him, in his leisure moments, "that he might hear the book speak," —for he was curious to know, if possible, what made it so precious to the little girl.

The other children of the family would often tease Mary by hiding her books, and pretending that they were lost; but when she appealed to the father, he always interfered and compelled them to restore the volumes. One of them was finally lost in this way, and could never be found.

During the little girl's sojourn among the Shawnees, she was exposed to great danger from her very popularity. Her several captors all claimed her, and it had never been settled to which one she properly belonged. In times of general intoxication, which were not unfrequent, angry quarrels would arise on the subject; when it would be proposed to settle the dispute, Indian fashion, by killing the captive.

The few sober ones, usually squaws, would warn Mary of her danger; and then, no matter what the hour or the weather, she must start at once for some place of concealment until the anger and drunkenness had passed away.

On a very cold night, two young women, looking very much terrified, went to her in great haste, crying out, as they approached: "Run, Mary, run!" and away ran the child from the fire into the forest, where the darkness effectually concealed her from the angry disputants, who soon came in search of their captive with murderous intentions. The poor child shivered with cold, for in her haste she forgot to wrap her blanket around her; her clothing, too, was very thin; and during the hours that she had to remain exposed to the cold, she only kept herself from freezing by exercising as hard as she could.

In the autumn of 1786, the Shawnees were driven from their villages on the Scioto by a party of white men, who punished their frequent depredations and outrages on the frontiers by burning their houses and destroying their winter provisions—the Indians themselves having made their escape into the forest.

When the troops had gone, and the Shawnees ventured to return to their homes, they found nothing left but the rude huts; and to avoid starvation during the winter, it was necessary to go to Canada, where they could claim assistance from the French and British inhabitants whose allies they had been at different periods. It was a journey of several hundred miles through a dreary wilderness in late autumn; and while all suffered more or less, the captive girls were exposed to great extremes of hunger and cold. They had few garments, and only deer skin moccasins, for the deep snows.

One morning, they awoke to find themselves under a snow coverlet twelve or fourteen inches thick—their bed being formed of bushes heaped together, and a single blanket.

When the party reached Detroit, the savages gave themselves up to drinking; and here the sale of the two girls took place. Martha was bought by a man in the neighborhood of Detroit; but being soon afterward set free, she went out to service in a wealthy and excellent English family, where she found a very comfortable and happy home.

But little golden-haired Mary, who was valued at half a gallon of rum, fell to the lot of a person with the ugly name of Stogwell, who lived at Frenchtown, and who was so little affected by beauty and merit in distress as to treat her like a servant, with poor clothing and scanty fare for her wages.

In the spring, however, Stogwell moved into the neighborhood where James Moore, taken captive when a boy of fourteen, was living on the farm of a French trader; who, on hearing of his sister's purchase by her present owner, went at once to seek her. He found her in a wretched condition, and with no clothing but a few dirty rags; and Stogwell was soon brought to trial before the commanding officer at Detroit.

It was decided that as soon as there was an opportunity for her return home, the poor child should be released; and Thomas Ivans, the brother of Martha, having found *his* sister, and the master of James giving up his claim upon him, Stogwell was obliged to restore Mary to her last surviving relative.

In October, 1789, the rejoicing party set forth to return to their distant friends; James Moore having been in captivity five years, and his sister over three. Traveling in those days was beset with delays and unpleasant adventures; and after experiencing their full share of these untoward happenings, the two couples accom-

plished their object toward spring, and gained their different destinations.

But the precious little Testament, whose sweet teachings had lightened so many dark hours of captivity, and sunk perchance into the heart of the aged warrior, as he listened intently to the gentle tones of the childish voice, was lost on this journey; and no other copy could ever have the same value to Mary Moore.

James Moore says, in his account of their wanderings: "A day or two after we set out, having called at a public house for breakfast, while it was preparing, my sister took out her Testament and was engaged in reading. Being called to breakfast, she laid down her Testament, and when we resumed our journey, she forgot it. After we had proceeded several miles, she thought of her Testament, and strongly insisted on turning back; but such were the dangers of the way, and such the necessity of speeding our journey, that we could not."

It is difficult to understand *now* what traveling really was then; but the description of a westward journey that took place in 1784, will give some idea of the hardships encountered by those who went to seek fresh fields and pastures new:

"Pack-horses were the only means of transportation then, and for years after. We were provided with three horses; on one of which my mother rode carrying her infant, with all the table furniture and cooking utensils. On the other were packed the stores of provisions, the plough irons, and other agricultural tools. The third horse was rigged out with a pack-saddle and two large creels, made of hickory twists in the fashion of a crate, one over each side, in which were stowed the beds and bedding, and the wearing apparel of the family. In the centre of these creels, there was an aperture prepared for myself and little sister; and the top was well secured by lacing, to keep us in our places—so that only our heads appeared above. Each family was supplied with one or more cows; their milk furnished the morning and evening meal for the children, and the surplus was carried in canteens for use during the day.

"When the caravan reached the mountains, the road was found to be hardly passable for loaded horses. In many places, the path lay along the edge of a precipice, where, if the horse had stumbled, or lost his balance, he would have been precipitated several hundred feet below. The path was crossed by many streams, raised by the melting snow and spring rains, and running with rapid current in deep ravines; most of these had to be forded, and for many successive days, hair-breadth escapes were continually recurring—sometimes horses falling, at others carried away by the current, and the women and children with difficulty saved from drowning. Sometimes, in ascending steep acclivities, the lashing of the creels would give way, both creels and children tumble to the ground and roll down the steep, unless arrested by some traveler of the company.

"The men, who had been inured to the hardships of war, could endure the fatigues of the journey: it was the mothers who suffered; they could not, after the toils of the day, enjoy the rest so much needed at night. The wants of their suffering children must be attended to. After preparing their simple meal, they lay down with scanty covering in a miserable cabin—or, as it sometimes happened, in the open air; and often, unrefreshed, were obliged to rise early to encounter the fatigues and dangers of another day."

After many delays and disappointments, the travelers' wanderings were happily ended. James and Mary Moore were joyously welcomed at the house of their grandparents; while the Ivanses returned to their father and mother.

In 1798, Mary Moore was married to the Rev. Samuel Brown, pastor of New Providence; and became the mother of eleven children. She retained, in all the relations of a happy, busy life, the same lovely qualities that endeared her to all among whom she was thrown in childhood; and her children rose up and called her blessed.

A grandson wrote, after a visit to Abb's Valley, in 1849:

"While I was with our relations in the valley, I counted up the descendants of the three children of our grandfather. There are one hundred and sixteen now living. Most of the grandchildren who have come to the years of mature life are members of the church, giving pleasing evidence of piety. O, my brother, may we not look on this as an answer to the prayers of our grandmother, when, amidst the flames, she committed the little remnant of her murdered family to a covenant-keeping God?"

NO. 24.

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

BY H. G. ROWE.

Of Elizabeth Tudor, the powerful and popular ruler of England, and the sturdy champion of Protestantism in the sixteenth century—the woman of whom it was said by Pope Sixtus V.: "There are but three sovereigns in Europe who understand the art of governing; namely, myself, the king of Navarre, and Elizabeth of England"—every student of history, the world over, has read and admired or condemned, as religious bias or early prejudice may have swayed his judgment of her life and character. But the disinherited, motherless child of poor Anne Boleyn, the often neglected, sometimes persecuted and imperiled maiden, whose very life, at times, hung as it were by a single thread, few even of her most ardent

admirers have taken the pains to become familiar with.

The blaze of glory that surrounded her in her long and prosperous reign, naturally obscures to careless eyes the memory of those earlier days of obscurity and neglect that a father's unnatural hatred, and the jealous suspicions of her brother's and sister's council and friends, forced upon this noble daughter of a kingly race.

Elizabeth was born at Greenwich Palace on the seventh day of September, 1533, and although her royal father was bitterly disappointed at the sex of the infant, a *Te Deum* was sung in announcement of her birth, and a magnificent christening prepared to do honor to the child of his still fondly loved queen, the beautiful Anne Boleyn, for whose sake Henry had boldly defied all laws, human and divine, braved the wrath of foreign princes, and openly cast off his allegiance to the Romish Church, whose head had refused to sanction his divorce from Katherine of Aragon.

The descriptions of the splendid gifts presented to the royal infant, as well as the magnificent costumes with which the proudest nobility of the realm graced the august occasion, read to our plain republican ears like some gorgeous oriental fairy tale; while even more dream-like and improbable seems the sad and unlooked-for tragedy of Anne Boleyn's accusation, her mock trial, and condemnation to the block, that a younger and fairer woman might share the throne of her fickle, tyrannical lord.

With death staring her in the face, the poor young mother's thoughts turned lovingly to the baby daughter whom she was never more to see; and in a farewell letter, whose tender eloquence drew tears even from the eyes of the selfish tyrant to whom it was written, she solemnly committed the child to his care, praying him, in memory of the love that he had once borne her, to be a loving father to her motherless infant.

The next day the headsman's axe had done its work upon the fair young head that for four short years had worn the crown of England, and the day after, Henry led to the altar his new love, the Lady Jane Seymour; while in her retired nursery at Hunsdon, the little Elizabeth lived unnoticed and uncared for, her simple wants grudgingly and tardily supplied by her selfish and unnatural father, who seems never to have shown the smallest interest in or affection for his disinherited and neglected child.

Upon the birth of her brother Edward, the little Elizabeth was summoned from her nursery to assist in the christening of that prince, whose chrisom she bore herself, being carried in the arms of the stout Earl of Hertford, brother to the queen; and afterward, in company with her elder sister, the princess Mary, she visited the chamber of her stepmother, who, although even then in a dying state, was obliged to take part in the splendid pageant, and, in concert with Henry, bestowed her benediction upon the kneeling children whose rights had been so ruthlessly set aside in favor of her own new-born son.

From her cradle, Elizabeth possessed the rare gift of winning hearts at will, and it may be that this unconscious charm had power to soften even the hard heart of her cruel father; for he so far relented toward her, that he permitted her to share the nursery of her baby brother, whom she soon learned to love with all the fervor of a heart heretofore shut out from all the sweet ties and privileges of kinship.

Upon Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, Elizabeth, then a precocious child of seven, expressed a strong desire to see her new stepmother, and in spite of her father's brutal reply that "having had such a different mother of her own, she ought not to ask such a privilege," her request was at last granted, much to the delight of the kind-hearted German princess, who was so charmed with the child's grace and wit, that she enthusiastically declared that she would rather be the mother of such a daughter than to be a crowned queen. Indeed, her love for her became so great that, when after a few months marriage, Henry decided upon a divorce, she made a special request that the little princess should be allowed to visit her in her retirement—a wish that the king made no objection to, and of which Elizabeth gladly availed herself as often as possible, in spite of the favor and kindness that she received from the hands of the new Queen, Katharine Howard, who having been an own cousin to her unhappy mother, took every opportunity to show good will to her little kinswoman.

When Katharine Parr became queen, she immediately sent for the princess Elizabeth, who had been for some time sharing the home of her sister Mary, and establishing her in apartments at Whitehall suited to her rank, bestowed upon her the tenderest and most judicious care—a kindness that awakened in the heart of the motherless girl the warmest motives of gratitude and love, and made her, to the day of that lady's death, her closest friend and admirer.

It was under the care of this accomplished and estimable lady that Elizabeth received that thorough and wise intellectual training that so eminently fitted her for the important part that she was to play in the future political history of the world.

Besides being an accomplished Latin scholar, the young princess spoke and wrote French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish, with as much facility as her native tongue. Her love for poetry, and her own occasional efforts in that line, she regarded merely as a relaxation from more important studies, while three hours of every day were devoted to the reading of history, for which she manifested a decided preference, eagerly perus-

ing everything upon that subject, in the various languages with which she was familiar.

No wonder that with such training, the youthful mind of this daughter of the Tudors early learned the insecurity of a throne unsupported by the love of the people; and the vast importance to a prince of concilating and gaining the confidence of his subjects, if he would sway a peaceful as well as powerful sceptre.

After the death of her father and the accession of the boy king, Edward VI., Elizabeth, then a blooming girl of fourteen, accepted the home offered her by the widowed queen; and in the quiet of Haworth, pursued her studies like any other school-girl of her age; although, thanks to the generous affection of her brother, she was provivided with a retinue and income suitable for the sister of a king.

Of her character and manners at this time, we are indebted to the pen of the poet Throckmorton for a description that will scarcely be recognized as that of the arrogant, domineering woman, that after-years of unlimited power and flattery changed her to:

"For as this lady was a princess born,
So she in princely virtues did excel;
Humble she was, and no degree did scorn
To talk with poorest souls she liked well;
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground,
The greatest states in lowliness abound."

Queen Katherine often remarked to her stepdaughter: "God has given you great qualities; cultivate them always, and labor to improve them, for I believe that you are destined by Heaven to be the queen of England."

This prophecy, often solemnly repeated by one so wise and far-seeing, could not but awaken ambitious hopes in the heart of the high-spirited girl, who, however much she might feign humility and love of solitude, had yet within her breast that restless longing for power and place that no quiet joys could satisfy; and which, in future years, fortune bestowed upon her in such unlimited measure.

Although the Princess Mary had always been upon familiar, even affectionate terms with her young sister; yet her accession to the throne, upon the death of Edward, made the position of Elizabeth a dangerously critical one.

As a Protestant, the younger princess was naturally regarded as the hope of that portion of the nation who had embraced the new doctrines; and although she wisely held herself aloof from any participation in their numerous plots and conspiracies, she was considered by the queen's counselors and friends as too dangerous a person to remain at large; and Mary, incensed at the artful reports of her treasonable designs, at length issued orders for her arrest on a charge of treason.

Although just arisen from a bed of sickness, still weak in body and tortured with fears of the terrible trial before her, the high spirit of Elizabeth triumphed even in this hour of doubt and peril, and she made her entry into London, in obedience to the queen's summons, in an uncovered litter, robed in white as a symbol of her innocence, and bearing upon her pale, girlish face a look of stern determination, that awed even her enemies into reverential silence.

That the summons was to her death seems to have been the general belief; for all the road from Highgate to London was lined with crowds of kneeling people, who wept and bewailed the almost certain fate of this fair young girl, whose mother only seventeen years before had passed to the scaffold beneath the eyes of many who to-day wept tears of the tenderest pity for her imperiled child.

Arrived at the palace, Elizabeth boldly demanded an audience with her sister, which was sternly refused; and she remained for three weeks a closely guarded prisoner at Whitehall, while Mary's privy council debated the question of her life or death.

The most powerful and determined of her enemies was the Emperor Charles V., whose son Philip was already betrothed to Mary, and who sought her destruction, not only because he considered her a formidable rival to his future daughter-in-law, but for the deadly hatred that he bore her as the child of that Anne Boleyn whose fatal beauty had been the cause of Henry's divorce from his aunt, Katherine of Aragon—an insult that the haughty Spaniard never forgave nor forgot, and which he now sought to avenge upon the innocent head of Elizabeth.

He even went so far as to hint at the breaking off of the marriage contract of his son, if this dangerous rival were not removed from the way—a terrible threat to Mary, whose heart was so firmly set upon the Spanish alliance.

And yet, angry and perplexed as she was, the queen could not so entirely forget all the ties of natural affection as to send her perhaps innocent sister to the block; and, in spite of the stormy opposition of her council, she decided to commit her to the Tower for the present, to wait further developments in her case.

When landed at the traitor's gate, the young princess, lifting her eyes and hands to heaven, exclaimed aloud:

"Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone."

Her gentleman usher, overcome with compassion at this piteous outburst, was moved to tears, for which she gently reproved him, saying that he should try to uphold her courage in this strait, instead of giving way to his feelings in so unmanly a manner.

While Mary was engaged in celebrating, with the greatest splendor and rejoicing, her marriage

festivities with the Spanish prince, Elizabeth remained a doleful prisoner in the Tower, beguiling the weary hours as best she might with her books and music, and now and then forgetting her griefs in the innocent prattle of a little child belonging to one of the officers of the Tower, who was permitted by his father to spend much of his time with the captive princess, bringing her flowers every day when she took her narrow walk in the garden, and receiving from her the caresses and gifts that his guileless devotion merited.

But even this harmless diversion was discovered and forbidden by the unrelenting junto that controlled not only England, but the queen herself; and one morning the little fellow, coming with his daily nosegay, found the door locked against him, and called piteously to the weeping prisoner within:

"Farewell, lady; I can bring you no more flowers."

Which sad message, as Elizabeth declared in after years, wrung her heart as many a sterner mandate had not had the power to do.

At one time the captive princess narrowly escaped losing her life from the enmity of Gardiner, the queen's confidential adviser, who, finding that her majesty was considered by her physicians in a dying state, took upon himself the responsibility of sending a warrant for Elizabeth's immediate execution. Fortunately, the Lieutenant of the Tower, an honorable and upright man, refused to obey the bloody mandate without an especial order signed by the queen herself. Mary recovered, and Elizabeth escaped the vengeance of her enemies.

While Mary lived, her sister could never have known a single hour of security; for although pronounced innocent of the treasonable charges brought against her, and allowed a place at Court, by the influence of her brother-in-law Philip she was constantly exposed to the suspicious espionage of her sister's Catholic friends, who, dismayed by the queen's failing health, looked upon the probable accession of a Protestant princess with the gravest apprehension for the safety of themselves and their religion.

To obviate this difficulty, Philip made the greatest exertions to bring about a match between his friend Phillibert of Savoy and his young sister-in law; and at length, finding her determined not to wed the gallant Savoyard, he seems to have conceived the design of himself becoming her suitor, so soon as the daily expected demise of his wife should leave him at liberty. When that event really took place, however, and by the unanimous voice of the people Elizabeth was called to the throne, the Spanish prince was kindly but firmly rejected by the royal maiden, who reiterated the sentiment that, throughout life, served her as a shield against unwelcome suitors:

"I have decided to live and die a maiden queen, for no man's love shall stand between me and my subjects."

One of the first public acts of Elizabeth after her accession, was restoring the coin of the realm, that had been greatly adulterated by Henry VIII., to its pristine purity; the loss coming, not upon the people, but upon her own treasury, as every base coin when presented at the mint was exchanged for one of full weight and value.

The sufferings, especially of the poorer classes, from this base coinage, had been very great; and the new queen could scarcely have taken a surer road to popularity than this return to an honest currency.

That Elizabeth's reign was so prosperous and her power so unlimited, was due in a great measure to the wonderful art with which she secured the confidence and affection of her people. However much her court and attendants might suffer from her caprices and ill temper, to the populace she never failed to appear the benign and gracious sovereign whose one great object in life was the prosperity and happiness of her people.

She gratified their love of pageantry and show by frequent "progresses," as they were called, visiting in great state different parts of her kingdom, attended by an immense and splendid train of lords and ladies, who were all entertained at the expense of the luckless lord whom it was her pleasure to honor as a host.

At such times, the meanest peasant, man, woman or child, had free access to her presence, and none were turned away with a scornful or ungracious word. Patiently she listened to their wrongs, redressed their grievances, and graciously acknowledged their honest expressions of loyalty by some well-timed compliment, that sent them from her presence willing to die, if need be, for so sweet and noble a lady.

Jealous and easily offended as the queen was in the privacy of her own palace, and especially among those of her own blood, she knew how to treat even a saucy jest from one of her humble subjects with a good natural leniency that went far to make her the idol of an unthinking populace.

A story is told in regard to this trait in her character that may not come amiss here:

On one occasion, her Majesty having decided to make a visit to one of her country palaces on the following day, a porter was ordered to be on hand in the morning with his cart, to transport the load of luggage that was considered indispensable by the maiden queen and her ladies. The man came, but was told that her Majesty had decided to put off her journey a day longer. Again he came, only to receive the same message, and the third morning with a like result. Thoroughly out of patience, the sturdy boor exclaimed, with more truth than reverence:

"Now I see that the queen is a woman, as well as my wife!"

A speech that the queen, standing by an open window, chanced to overhear, and laughing heartily, sent him three golden angels, as she said, "to stop his saucy mouth."

Although, with her usual crooked policy, Elizabeth sometimes deceived and misled even her Protestant allies, there is no doubt that her attachment to the Reformed creed was sincere; and she evidently tried in every way, compatible with the safety of her own kingdom, to aid in its preservation and extension in the other countries of Europe.

As a munificent patroness of literature and art, the Virgin Queen stands foremost among the crowned heads of her day.

Her own learning and excellent literary taste fully qualified her to appreciate the genius of those great men, who return have handed her name down to posterity surrounded by a halo that the mists of centuries have had no power to dim.

Well would it have been for her if she had oftener listened to the calm philosophy of such men as Bacon, instead of the cold, often cruel policy of the calculating Cecil and the haughty ambitious Leicester.

At one time the queen was greatly incensed again a certain writer who had presumed to make a public attack on her, on account of her partiality to the handsome favorite Dudley; and in *Bacon's presence she angrily threatened him* with the rack.

"Nay, Madam," counseled the great philosopher, "he is an author; rack his *writings* rather than his *person*."

A piece of shrewd advice, that Elizabeth had the good sense to profit by.

Of the foolish vanities, the womanly jealousies, and the unwomanly tyrannies, that marred the character of this great monarch in her later life, we have neither space nor wish to speak.

Few indeed can bear the unreasoning admiration and flattery of a great people without acquiring more or less of conceit and arrogance; and if the follies and weaknesses of England's maiden queen have been food for the contemptuous wonder of writers and readers of history for the last two centuries, have not her manlike virtues—her wisdom, he prudence, and above all her devoted and steadfast love for her country and people, called forth praise won from the most prejudiced lips?

In England's hour of greatest peril, her woman's hand wisely and firmly guided the ship of state to a safe haven; and no Englishman, be he peer or peasant, can suppress a thrill of national pride and thanksgiving, when he remembers the name and days of "Good Queen Bess."

THE WASP.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

(See Plate.)

Ah pretty maid!
Full early are you learning that, in truth,
Which comes to all fair damsels in their youth,
To be afraid,
Of "jacket" covered, dancing, airy things.
'Tis not alone a daring wasp that stings,
I tell you true;
There is a little god who flies just so,
And when he sees a beauteous maiden, lo!
Swift to pursue.
He speeds him on his way with magic art
And plants his sting within the tender heart,
With courage rare,
Take warning then, and of your sweetest charms
Be chary, else he'll cause you vague alarms.
I say—Beware!
For though a wasp may bitter sting and smart,
There is a deeper, more enduring hurt,
When love invades:
And oftimes never can be found a cure
For his sweet wound! Love holds a potent power
O'er pretty maids.

GLENARCHAN.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Her father's evident confidence in her gave *her great hope; she never deceived him, and he* knew that whatever he said or did, his daughter's *clear eye of truth was ready to confront him.*

When he threatened to "try his hand," at one of the baby's fits of crying, she composedly answered, "If you really can think of any way to soothe him, father, I will be very grateful; his cries are hard to endure."

A comical glance was her only answer; in truth, the story of any actual cruelty to the children was not very well authenticated; threats seemed to be sufficient to reduce the twins to a condition of abject terror, and this aggrevated their father, who despised weakness in every form. Perhaps more truly he *thought* he despised it, for he failed to recognize a weakness that turned from annoyance, and a cowardice that "bullied" it.

Ellen met each emergency with such wisdom as was vouchsafed her, when she had rest, she thanked God and took courage.

One source of anxiety increased daily; this was Jack's restlessness. He worked on the farm like a laborer, giving no sign of weariness, then read nearly all night, unless he could persuade Ellen to go with him to the rocks and tell of the Old World, when he would listen with a gratitude that she could compare to nothing less than that of a freed captive. He rarely seemed to sleep, and had a wild, staring expression, like a fettered eagle, that filled her with disquiet. He laughed

at her remonstrances, and advised her not to try sleeping potions for one who made such good use of his time as he.

One day, while the family were taking their early tea, Mr. May tossed a letter to his daughter with a curt "Read that."

It was an invitation from Aunt Anne for them all to make her a visit of a week, before she left her house for the summer.

Miss May's summers were short; she loved the city, and insisted she was more comfortable in her large rooms, and more amused in parks and gardens, than ever at any place of resort. "Some of your old friends are still in town," she wrote. "I have invited them to dinner on Wednesday; come and see if I cannot make my rooms as cool as any part. of the old farmhouse; leave the children with Juno, and come one and all."

Ellen glanced at the subject of the letter, then read it aloud, as it concerned her mother as much as any of them.

"What do you think of it, dear mother," she asked; "will you accept? It will be a change for you, and father and I will be so much happier if you are with us."

Mr. May tipped his chair back, and laughed till the room rang again. The twins held their spoons in mid-air, with mouths open; Jack gave his sister a look that nearly destroyed her; while poor Mrs. May turned so white and trembling that her watchful son came to the rescue.

"It is not such a dreadful thing, mother; I will see to the children," he said.

"Oh no, my dear," finally replied Mrs. May, with a jerk at her sentences; "I'll stay home; I'd rather, indeed."

"And we'll go. *Confound it!*" said the master, with a bang on the table that brought the twin spoons down so suddenly that their owners shrieked, and made even Ellen jump.

There was something in the absurdity of it all that was too much for Jack; he exclaimed as he rose to go, "Really, Nellie, the enlivening way in which those candles light up does you credit."

The poor candles extinguished themselves in tears, at which Mr. May followed Jack, after relieving his mind by sending his chair nearly to the ceiling. To Ellen's surprise, she heard the two laughing as they went out, a most gratifying and unprecedented event, and which encouraged her to urge her mother to accept the invitation.

"Oh Ellen, you are so thoughtless," was the answer. "What a time you have made; I never go anywhere; just forget I live; I don't want to do anything; you do make your father so dreadful," and another tank of tears bid fair to sweep away what was left of the family.

"Rain relieves the clouds," thought Ellen, nowise discouraged, as she gathered the remnants of the twins and put them to bed, delighting their hearts by some simple story of "what a little dog did one day," and then undressed the baby and sang him to sleep.

A letter of acceptance for herself and her father was the next duty; and a search for Jack to post it for her.

"I told Aunt Anne we would come," she said to her father, whom she met. "We will go down in the 8:40 on Wednesday morning."

"Anything more, your majesty?" he asked.

"No, father—except I'm so glad to have an opportunity to wear my white silk," which womanish speech closed the conference.

CHAPTER VI.

On Wednesday, Jack and Dolly escorted Mr. May and Ellen to the depot; the day was intensely hot and the ride dusty and disagreeable; it was a relief to approach the city.

"Can you find the carriage alone, Nell? I want to get out at Thirtieth street; tell Nancy I'll be along in time," said her father, with a sort of tone that made his daugher shiver at the idea of his appearing at a dress dinner.

"Adams will be waiting for us; I can do very well alone," she replied, rather glad at his proposal. The depot was in Twenty-Seventh street then. Ellen found the carriage at the ladies' door, and in a few minutes she was at her aunt's.

From her welcome to her room, everything was delightful, and refreshing beyond expression. The house was shaded and cool, and from the open greenhouse filled with the perfume of delicious flowers; while the ferns and tropical plants in the hall refreshed the eye with soft green coloring, as much as the fountain in the centre the leaves on which it fell.

"It is fairy land," said Ellen, "I feel too disgracefully dusty to stop a moment; let me get into a white dress before you look at me."

"Come up stairs, then; if you confess it is as pleasant as the country, I'm content," and her aunt ushered her into a city bower where India mattings, linen coverings and lace curtains, replaced the usual decorations which delight the souls of *Phyllises*.

"Water, water everywhere, is certainly an advantage beyond any we have," said Ellen, going to the Croton; "I could not persuade mother to come."

"Your mother once told me it made life too dark when she returned; but must it always be dark?—are you succeeding, Ellen?"

"I can hardly tell; father is such an enigma."

"He will be a greater one to you soon; where is he?"

"He will be here later."

"Come into my morning room when you are refreshed, dear, and we will have luncheon and talk;" and Miss May left her niece to her toilet.

"Oh how I delight in this heat," exclaimed she, when Ellen joined her in a room of cane chairs and lounges, and where fans from the ceiling were gently stirring the air.

"For one who delights in heat, you certainly are wonderfully inventive in producing coolness," laughed Ellen, as she made herself at home on one of the sofas.

"Yes, that is true enjoyment; I'm a perfect Sybarite in my love of lounging; and delight in the freedom of summer, in the warm air that I breathe, and in all the means and appliances that produce this exact temperature. I like the air to be so warm that ices and fans are grateful."

"If I had not heard you equally eloquent over wood fires and winter evenings, I would believe you."

"Oh, my dear, that was five years ago! Are you quite comfortable; take some more glacie."

"Life can produce nothing nearer perfection," laughed Ellen.

"Then let me offer some mental refreshment, in the form of a letter from Robert Mackenzie; he and I are constant correspondents."

Ellen read; presently she threw it from her, her cheeks all aflame. "It is too bad; he will speak as if I were engaged to him. I am *not*. I positively refused any answer until a year had passed."

"Nothing venture, nothing have! You would hardly expect less bravery from a Mackenzie, a Highland chief."

"Truth is as important as bravery."

"My dear, if you examine the letter critically, you will see that he speaks of his engagement to you, not of yours to him."

"But we both know what he means."

"Yes, Nellie, and my earnest wish is first for your success in restoring peace to your home; then that you may rest in the great peace of Robert Mackenzie's love. His father was a Christian nobleman, in all the full meaning of both words, and his mother, worthy to be that father's wife.

"Robert inherits the virtues of both, without the physical weakness that made his mother a widow so early in life. I knew him well; my grandmother was a Mackenzie, and you have heard that I spent my early years at Glenarchan. Now read the letter once more, then go to sleep for awhile; tea will be sent up, and Elise will come in time to dress you."

Miss May closed the door on her last words, and Nellie re-read the letter in a better mood. It was nearly eight o'clock before she escaped from Elise; then, when she contemplated the result of the French maid's skill, as she stood before the Psyche in her aunt's room, she may be pardoned for her pleasure at the vision there reflected; a beautiful contrast of first youth with the more mature loveliness of the elder maiden.

On opening the door, they were confronted by a tall, fine-looking man, in dress coat and white neck-tie, short hair and smooth face, whom, with a start of surprise, Ellen recognized as her father; he made no remark, but offering his arm to his sister, escorted her down stairs.

Lights through soft tinted shades, flowers, plants, waving India fans, tinkling fountains, carried one to scenes of eastern luxury. Every sense was gratified but *one*, and that, modern luxury of science born has not conquered.

Crash, crash, went the omnibuses; rattle, rumble and ring went the cars; New York was revealed. But New Yorkers pay no heed to these familiar sounds; they talk in low tones that thunder cannot drown, and forget the outside world. So the fair women and brave men came into this enchanted palace, arrayed as if they had come in cloud-chariots, and bright and merry as if care and sorrow were myths of another sphere. Mr. May and his daughter were welcomed as old friends. Some thought he, too, had been abroad—these finding their error, discreetly said nothing; others who had seen him more frequently, and heard of the mysteries of his country life, calmly ignored all but the present, in the safe philosophy of the high-bred, who know only what they see.

One of his old friends, to whom a terribly exaggerated story of Mrs. May's domestic troubles had been told, exclaimed unblushingly: "Now tell me, dear Mr. May, all about your lovely wife; do you know I have missed her whenever she has been here, and now I hear she is an invalid. When will she be well enough to come among us again? We were schoolmates, and she as bright as fair."

"She is as lovely as ever," replied her husband with equal audacity. "I hoped we could induce her to come to this odd fancy of my sister's, a summer dinner party! I feel half disposed to spirit you all off to the country, where bird-songs are sweeter music than this everlasting crash."

"Oh, do you mind it? that proves you have been away too long. I never hear it; but the country sounds *are* nice, rather disturbing in the morning; the crowing, you know—"

"And *I* like that. Nellie, come here, dear; allow me to introduce my daughter."

"My daughter" was pleasantly received. "You tried to persuade mamma to come, did you not, my darling?"

Nellie, having listened to the previous colloquy, was quite prepared, though greatly amazed.

"I did, indeed, but mother does not feel equal to gayety yet; we will be down in the winter, perhaps take apartments—then I hope she will see all her old friends again."

She answered with delightful coolness, being claimed at that moment by an *awing* young Englishman; her father was left to adjust the situation.

Dinner was announced—it was like all dinners, only "more so." The flowers were more exquisitely chosen and grouped, the tiny glasses with bonbonnieres were more choice, the heavy viands more infinitesimally dainty, the wines more delicious, the conversation more brilliant, than at any of Miss May's recherché entertainments. To Nellie's increasing surprise, her father's wit, repartees, and terse stories, were the life of the party.

It was one o'clock before the perfume of coffee and cigars ceased to penetrate the drawing room: "I cannot keep it out," said Aunt Anne, pathetically, to the little circle of ladies who were making merry in the absence of their lords, sipping iced tea over their summer plans.

At last the two elements reunited; the outside noise had ceased, for the working world were wrapped in slumber, the blinds were thrown freely open, the balconies sought, and the dotted lights of the Square admired and commented upon.

"We must go *sometime*," sighed the heavy matron, to whom the duty of first move belonged; "but I could stay forever, Anne, in your beautiful home."

Of course she was entreated to remain for the rest of her natural life, a series of similar entertainments recklessly promised, all sorts of odd suggestions of amusements made, amid which gay badinage the good-byes were lost; but towards two o'clock began again in earnest, and the last regular dinner of the season was over.

The week passed in a round of unbroken pleasure; two days at the South Side Club, where one seems to have reached Mount Meru; a dinner at the Yacht Club House, on Staten Island; another at the Jockey Club; then, rides on horseback, ending at the High Bridge, drives and suppers, Thomas's Garden, and all the rest of the modern modes of time-killing. Miss May and her brother were delightful and untiring as chaperons; but the week ended, and Mr. May insisted on returning before he said "Nellie was clubbed to death."

Her aunt's purpose was accomplished; she not only wished to give pleasure to her niece, but that she should see her father "shaven, shorn, clothed and in his right mind," as she laughingly expressed it.

The day of departure came, and just before they entered the cars, Ellen remembered having promised Jack to telegraph when they left the depot. She did this hastily, and then they were homeward bound.

Some palliation of her father's conduct had become known to Ellen in her conversation with her aunt; but her experience of life was too short for her fully to understand him.

May Farm was the old homestead once presided over by a widowed mother, who was of the old New England type—one of those wonderful women who possessed nerves and back of iron. She superintended the farm and farm hands, kept her house in perfect order, with or without help. Knowing neither weakness nor weariness, she was always serenely knitting at five o'clock, when her son returned from the city, and ready to go over the day's experiences with him, with a cool investigation which stood with them both for sympathy. Then, after tea, she contentedly knitted on, while he read the paper; a few words more, generally a slight reference to Nancy's folly in spending the money left her by an old Scotch Aunt Mackenzie in an extravagant town residence; then a chapter in the Bible, which was yearly read in course, genealogies and all, and the day was over. Son and mother slept the earthly sleep of the just, and began the same invigorating round of duty at "five o'clock in the morning" of the next day.

When this good mother died, Mr. May remained in the city until he fell in love with the beautiful young girl who became his wife.

Miss May remonstrated at his proposed plan of taking a city belle to a quiet farm, but her brother's memories were of what he thought was happiness, and of a mother who had never wished for change. He fancied her old chair once more filled, and this time he looked not only for content, but the added charm of youthful beauty.

He was not a good tempered man, and unfortunately having once decided on a course, never wavered till he bent all to his will. A capital business man, he was destined to be a failure as a husband.

His wife entered upon her new duties with equal enthusiasm and bewilderment. She began by superintending milk, butter, bread, and poultry; but the milk soured in the pans, the butter would not "come," the bread was as heavy as her heart, the eggs were forgotten till they were spoiled, and the house, that former picture of neatness, was in indescribable confusion. The one servant was a perpetually dissolving view, for no one would remain with a mistress who gave her orders in tears, and had a fit of hysterics over every failure. Miss May, guessing the troubles, sent up a well-trained second servant; but she was promptly dismissed by her brother, with a note, written according to the light vouchsafed to men under wilful blindness, that when his wife could manage one servant, she should have two!

In regard to visits from her own family, her husband was positively ashamed of his home, but hoping each day for better times, continually deferred their coming. He had never known the mystery of his mother's housekeeping, and her incredibly small expenses, but rather accepted them as natural, and therefore could not understand his wife's troubles. There were no more peaceful evenings, they passed in fault-finding and in tears; a form of weakness particularly annoying to Mr. May, and one which he always supposed especially contrived for his vexation. He lived

in a perpetual rage at his wife for not being happy—but Juno has told the rest of the story; and when Ellen took it up, her father was habitually a tyrant, her mother a worn and weary slave, and the children—what I have described them.

CHAPTER VII.

With the hopefulness of youth, Ellen, after this visit, fancied some radical change had come over her father, and even tried, as she neared it, to invest her home with a new attractiveness—but when Jack failed to meet them at the little station, and only Tom stood beside the patient Dolly, a storm of rage told her that the old life had begun again.

As they drove up to the house, Mrs. May stood on the porch, striving to smile, but looking as if some new weight of care was burdening her.

"What's up now?" exclaimed her husband.

"Oh—nothing. I'm so glad you are safe home; take care, children."

"I'm not going to touch 'em; is anything the matter?"

"No, no—how soon will you have tea?"

"When I'm ready. Take the end of this confounded trunk, Tom," and the owner of everybody and everything went upstairs. Ellen remained beside her mother, who continued a nervous sort of questioning about her visit until her husband went off towards his farmyard.

"Now, mother dear, what has happened?" asked Ellen.

"Oh, my child, the most dreadful thing you can imagine. Jack has run off; he brought me your telegram only two hours ago; 'They will be here to tea,' he said, 'but I am going away—have I done what I could for you, mother?' I told him he was the comfort and joy of my life, and besought him not to leave me. 'I have had a good offer,' he said, 'but it will be a year before you will hear from me. I will not tell you, it will only get you into trouble; father won't be surprised at my running away, I have told him he would make me do so; I never meant to be a farm hand, and work without wages;' then he kissed me good-bye and was gone."

No wonder the mother wept; Ellen led her to her room, fairly stunned at the prospect of home without Jack.

At the tea table Mr. May asked:

"Where's Jack?"

"He has not come in yet," answered his wife, faintly.

There was no reply, for in truth the dreariness of his home stabbed its master like a knife, and his heart was full of what "might have been."

That night Ellen stood beside her window, thinking of the boy whose summons she had so often answered; she could not believe she was the same gay girl of the day before, looking forward to telling him of all she enjoyed; now she could see nothing but sorrow. Suddenly a rustle among the vines, and the dear voice whispering:

"Nellie, Nellie"—

A moment sufficed to get through the window and slide down the roof.

"Oh, Jack, Jack, my precious boy, thank heaven you are come."

"Only for a few minutes, Nell; I could not go without telling you the blessing you have been to me. I am going out into the world of life and enterprise; I'll do you credit some day; and you will go ahead and straighten things out for mother. I don't think father would be so hard if he were happier—good-bye"—and Jack folded her in his arms, and without giving her a chance to speak, he ran toward the bridge, where the Boston Express stopped before crossing. In a short time she heard the whistle of the engine, and intuitively divined that Jack was rushing away from her.

Then she discovered that he had pressed a letter in her hand as he left; holding it tight, she climbed up again to her room. It was in Robert Mackenzie's writing, and only a few words:

"Nellie, darling, one year from to-day I will stand beside you, and claim, not a promise, but your own sweet love; do not send me an answer, dear; and so will I know that I may come."

If the balm of a thousand flowers had been poured on her path, no sweeter fragrance could have surrounded this weary girl than came in these words from her lover. There was no explanation of how the letter came into Jack's possession; there was no date, and as it was just midnight, she could not tell from which side of twelve o'clock to compute the year—but he would come; it was enough; she could go on now, and though there was not the slightest engagement, no, not at all, yet she might allow herself to see a picture of future peace.

In the morning, breakfast passed as usual, no one spoke of Jack; Mr. May went out, but suddenly came shouting back again, "Where's Jack?"

Fortunately Ellen was alone.

"He bade me good-bye last night," she said, calmly. "He has gone to seek his fortune in the outside world."

"Where?" asked the father, turning pale.

"He gave me no clue to his plans."

"Did he see your mother?"

"Yes; he bade her good-bye, yesterday."

"And she kept it from me; that's a model wife. I could have traced him if I had known in time."

"He would not have returned."

"Hold your tongue; you don't know what you are talking about."

The reformation of people and habits is not

easy, even when they give their help; in this case, Ellen worked alone; no entreaties towards fearlessness and straight-forwardness produced any effect on her mother; her only comfort was to gather her children in her room and to try to amuse them—so vain an effort, that she sometimes fainted from exhaustion. The twins were certainly the most trying of children; they cried if they were looked at, they knew nothing and thought nothing, they ate and slept and gazed at vacancy—yet they were not idiots, but approaching that condition.

One day Ellen made up her mind they must be sent away to be saved, and to relieve both her mother and father. She consulted Aunt Anne, who, of course knew a reliable widow who would take the best of care of them, while a kindergarten, near her residence, would do all that could be done to rouse their minds. She lived in Brooklyn, and the two conspirators made every arrangement before Ellen spoke to either parent. Mr. May made no sort of objection; he did not tell how this proposal solved a problem quite beyond his power; and Mrs. May consented; with floods of tears and reproaches to her daughter for not letting things alone. Ellen hastened the departure; the children wailed a little when they bade their mother good-bye, then apathetically put their cold hands into their sister's, hardly looking up until the motion of the cars aroused some latent wonder.

Miss May's carriage waited them; she was at Newport, but with the ubiquity of an American woman, governed her town retainers without difficulty.

They drove at once to Brooklyn, where a sweet-faced woman received them, who looked with kindliest sympathy at these extraordinary specimens of child-life.

"Now, dears, bid sister good-bye," she said cheerfully, much relieved when they performed this little ceremony with composure; while Ellen, delighted with the surroundings and prospects, could not restain her thankfulness.

She returned the same day, feeling very anxious about the increasing debility of the unfortunate baby: her father surprised her by meeting her at the station.

"Got rid of the first installment, have you? Pretty good move, Nell; I really do hope it will do those poor creatures good," was his greeting; "now what do you want to do with me; what do you think of an insane asylum?"

"I prefer to try to make you happy," said the truth-telling daughter.

Her mother was up stairs, for the boy was indulging in a regular crying fit; and as they stopped, her father said:

"More work for you."

But as he helped her out with some care, smiling as she answered:

"I am able to bear it, father."

She ran upstairs; but thought is instantaneous, and a vision came back to her of a Highland home—a broad, low-roofed piazza, on which stood a lovely old lady with a face beaming with welcome, as her son presented to her a party of American friends, whom he had invited to pass a week with him. The look of love that flashed from mother to son lighted all the surroundings. Ellen never forgot it; it glorified the old fir trees, brightened the weeping birches, shimmered over the Loch, illuminated the house, and better than all, warmed every heart. Somehow it cast a shadow over her now; the Highland home seemed an impossibility, its very existence a myth, as shriek after shriek came from her mother's room.

The child was in convulsions; he could no longer swallow the soothing mixture; and the helpless mother on her knees beside him had no other resource.

"Oh, Nellie, I thought you would *never* come!" was the despairing cry.

Ellen placed her mother on the sofa; then, gathering the child in her arms, she ran down stairs. Dolly was tied to a post, waiting for Tom; she got into the wagon, drove rapidly to Juno, who stood at her door wondering what could be coming now.

The boy was relieved by the air and change of position, so that his usual moans replaced the screams.

"Laws, honey! have you done brought that baby?"

"Yes, Juno, he is very ill, and I don't know what to do for him."

The kind heart took him, and the old arms comforted him, crooning a song that had never failed to soothe.

"Laws, honey, he'll die sure;"—but she ministered to his comfort, while Ellen sat on the door-step, watching the old nurse who never made a false move. She soon undressed him, gave him a warm bath, then rubbed him gently till he slept.

"'Tain't no use, honey, but he'll die easier; you leave him here."

"Yes, and if father don't like it he can come after him; I did not mean to rob mother of all her children—poor mother; I took the twins away to-day, and Jack has gone—"

"Pears like you's done took 'em all. I miss my boy. See dem book-shefs; dey look so lonesome I cries ober 'em."

"Good, gracious! there's father."

"What does this mean, Nell?"

"I feared the baby was dying, and brought him here."

"What do you think, Juno?"

"He struck by def. *Sure.*"

"I will go for the doctor; you must go home, your mother is in hysterics, and I'm no match for that sort of thing."

Ellen drove home quickly; her mother was laughing and crying, her limbs were rigid, the frightened Mary was rubbing her. Ellen gave her ammonia, but it was an hour before there was any relief; then she sank into a heavy sleep.

Ellen went out into the hall; the house was dark, no one had had tea, she was still in her traveling dress:—it all seemed so strange!

"Run down, Mary," she said, "make some fresh tea, while I light the lamps; I'll go for father; don't ring the bell."

They had rather a melancholy meal at the long table, yet Ellen felt some change in her father.

"Can I do anything to help you?" he asked.

"No, thank you. I will watch mother to-night."

"You're a regular trump, Nell," he said, as he went out.

A pretty tired "trump" she was, but she sat beside her mother all that summer night, puzzling over the problem of her life failure.

Towards morning the poor mother began to cry, "Jack, Jack, my boy, my boy!"

"Mother dear, he is safe," whispered Ellen; then she was quiet again. At last the day came, the heavy lids opened.

"My darling! why are you not undressed? what has happened? where are the children?"

"Juno is taking care of the baby; the twins have gone to stay with a kind-hearted lady in Brooklyn; dear Jack will come back to us. You have been restless all night, dear; I have been sitting by you; you are not to get up, I'll bring your breakfast."

"Oh, Nellie, I'd better go down; your father won't like it."

"Yes, he wants you to get well and strong; now promise to lie still." Then she bathed the hot face, smoothed the soft hair, freshened the room and bed; leaving her mother with a sense of comfort which she was too weak to define, but thankful to accept. She had short time for her own toilette; the traveling-dress was exchanged for a fresh white one; cold water restored her color, and forcing light and brightness to her eyes, she ran down to get her mother's breakfast.

"Take a leaf out of the table, please, Mary, while I watch the coffee," she said cheerfully, at the same time arranging a waiter with the daintiest neatness for her mother; this was soon done, and while Mary took her place again in the kitchen, Ellen hastily gathered flowers, placing some on the breakfast table, and some in a glass for her mother.

"Did you think I was never coming, dear?" she asked, as she placed the tray on a table beside the bed. "I wanted to do so much myself; I'm afraid you have waited too long."

"No, dear, I was in no hurry. Oh, Nellie, I wish I might never be well; just lie here and rest."

"You shall lie here just as long as you want to; I'm determined you shall be thoroughly rested, then you and I will divide the work, so that you will never be tired again; now dear, can you reach everything? if you can, I will go down stairs and see about father's breakfast."

Ellen left her mother, closing the door. A shout from her father hastened her somewhat weary steps; but the face gave no sign.

"Good morning, father," she said, putting her arm in his, as she turned towards the dining room.

"Allow me," he said, with a profound bow, ushering her in, placing her chair with courtly grace, and standing till she was seated. "Now, may I inquire without offence, where the lady is who usually presides at this festive board?"

"She breakfasts in her morning-room to-day," replied Nellie, "I hope you will allow me to fill her place."

The father laughed, "No one can fill yours, my little girl; you look as bright as if you had slept all night."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

JUNE ROSES.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

Roses, roses clinging
O'er my lattice, swinging
All your blossom faces
In the summer air,
Why are you still twining,
In the sunlight's shining,
While the heat of noontide
Pulses everywhere?

Home the bees are winging,
Birds have ceased their singing;
And a drowsy languor
Steals our thoughts away:
E'en the brooklet's tinkle
Over periwinkle,
Comes but faintly, faintly,
Chiming as in play.

Sprites of fairy-stories
Roll the morning-glory's
Purple cups to slumber,
Down among the leaves,
But no elf-wand closes
Yet my lattice roses,
Twining ever upward
To the cottage eaves.

Nature here discloses
Lessons in the roses,
As their groping tendrils
Climb in rugged ways:
Life with hope is teeming,
But who stops for dreaming,
Loses much that roses
Gain in summer days.

A HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

None of Mr. Lawrence's children made any objection when he married the second time. They belonged to that agreeable class known to the common people as easy-going, and they saw no reason why their father should not have a second wife, if it suited him to have one—and of course it did, or he would not have done it. There were four of them, three girls and a boy—the girls ranging from seventeen to twenty-five, the boy not quite twenty—when Mr. Lawrence made his second venture in the matrimonial line; and although Tom Lawrence did remark confidentially to the girls, that he wished the old gentleman had allowed him—Tom—to have a hand in the choosing, for he knew enough more about girls than his father did; still they were quite agreed that it was no wonder their father married the poor little thing, for she had no money, was making a dismal failure of trying to be a governess, and needed some one to take care of her, if ever anybody did. So they all fell into the way of petting and coddling the forlorn little woman, whose nose had so long been held to the grindstone that they wondered there was any left at all—there was not much. They had dutifully offered to call her "mamma," which honor she had declined, without any thanks at all; saying, with more energy than she often displayed, that people who did not know the circumstances, hearing Lucilla—who was twenty-five—and Tom, not to mention Belle and Marjorie, call her "Mamma," would think she must have married when she was a baby, as they did in royal families.

"But we must call you something, you know, dear," said Lucilla, soothingly.

"Of course!" replied Mrs. Lawrence—she was a two-weeks-old bride when this conversation occurred, and had just returned from her wedding-journey—"I think, if you would not object, that 'Cousin Bertha' would be nice—it would be a sort of compromise, you know, for I couldn't bear you to call me 'Mrs. Lawrence,' when you are all so kind and pleasant; it sounds sort of distant and formal!"

So 'Cousin Bertha' was decided upon, and the family moved harmoniously on.

It was a remarkably cheerful and robust family, barring the new member; and it was highly credible to human nature that all Mrs. Lawrence's gentle little complaints—about which there was an entertaining variety—were listened to with unfailing good humor, and as near an approach to sympathy as perfect health can feel for weakness and ailingness.

Mrs. Lawrence made a feeble and futile attempt to establish herself as housekeeper, ably seconded by all the girls; but after a week or so of discomfort, borne with admirable patience by the rest of the family, she decided that she was not equal to the charge; and beside, she was sure that, whatever dear Lucilla might say, she felt the loss of her accustomed duties and dignities. Lucilla had felt the loss in the results of the change; otherwise, she would have been glad enough to give up the endeavor, sustained steadily since her mother's death, when she was eighteen years old, to make one dollar do the work of two, and to turn her attention and give her time to her music, which, in spite of all her difficulties, she had managed to make profitable, in a mild and uncertain sort of way. She had two or three little scholars, but she did not dare to charge professional prices, for she undervalued her own attainments; and her constant aim and aspiration was to take her small earnings to pay for lessons, which would make her really professional; an investment which, she felt sure, would pay in the long run.

But there seemed to be a fatality about it; her quarterly payments were sure to come just as something about the house had arrived at its last ditch; indeed, they could never have found a time to come when this would not have been the case; and although everybody remonstrated, and said what a shame it was that Lucilla's poor little hard earnings should go down the hole which was always filling, but never full, Lucilla insisted that since she would run as much risk as any of them of breaking her neck because of the holes in the stair-carpet, or being blown up if the parlor lamp did not have a new top, or dying of thirst if the pump were not "fixed," it was pure selfishness on her part, and nobody's business, beside!

When a bouncing baby arrived, a year or so after the second Mrs. Lawrence appeared on the scene, there was a revival of interest on the part of Mr. Lawrence's fellow-townsmen, or, to be quite correct, his fellow-townswomen.

The Lawrences had had all they could do to "get along" before; and they, the people, would just like to know how they were going to manage now!

They did know, in the course of time; the girls were so delighted with the three successful dyes which had been substituted for three new winter dresses, that they could not help mentioning where they had them done.

And that baby throve, whatever any one else did. He was "all Lawrence, the very image of dear father," they said, proudly; and the three girls contended for the honor of waiting on him. It was not much wonder, for he really was a splendid fellow, a perfect king of a baby, from the first; and his weak little mother would lie and look at him, for her share of the proceedings, dreaming of the time when he should be a man, and give her his arm to lean on.

Tom, who was of the opinion that "all father

wanted was push—he had head enough," determined early that his financial prospects should not be jeopardized for lack of that valuable quality, and obtained a situation on a New York paper in a manner which was, to say the least of it, not bashful, but for which he modestly disclaimed any originality; having, as he frankly admitted, seen the idea in a paper, and hastened to act upon it. He had merely, after taking sufficient precautionary measures to make defeat at least doubtful, pre-empted a vacant desk in the office of a newspaper which had two heads—nominal and actual; the result had fulfilled his most sanguine expectations, for by the time each of the heads made the discovery that the other had not given him the position, he had written some remarkably clever and well-worded editorials, one or two of which had elicited favorable comment from other papers; and had, besides, made himself so generally useful and obliging, that his sin was condoned, laughed at in private, and told as a good joke to one or two intimate friends of the heads. His salary, which of course had not begun until after the exposition, which came about by accident at the end of two or three weeks, was moderate at first, naturally, but quite enough for his own needs; and he determined at once that it should be more than enough, to which end he removed from the boarding-house which he had patronized, so soon as he had paid the bill which had been his stake in this little confidence game; took a comfortable lodging-room in a building full of offices, for which, including the ministrations of the janitor and his wife, he paid about a fourth as much as his room and board had cost him hitherto, and then proceeded to "find himself." On high days and holidays he dined at a restaurant or good hotel, but intermediately he dined at home, and his letters, about this time, were looked forward to by his family with pleasurable excitement.

Lucilla was his chief intimate, although he was fond of all his sisters; and it was to her, as housekeeper-in chief, that he appealed for advice and instruction. Lucilla objected strongly to postal-cards; she insisted that they always made her feel as she knew she should if she went to make calls in her dressing-sack and red balmoral, and she would not be induced to use them; so Tom, who declared that, dear as his family was to him, from three to nine cents a day expended in postage made them much too dear, bought a French dictionary and grammar at a second-hand bookstore, and proceeded to write French postal-cards.

The girls were all good French scholars, but it frequently took their united forces to arrive at Tom's meaning. They were amply repaid, however, for their trouble, by the look of deep disgust with which the lady who presided over the post-office handed them their daily mail. They could not help reveling in the deprivation she was suffering when they deciphered such despatches as the following:

"How in thunder do you clear coffee with an egg? I put a whole one in mine every morning, and it don't clear worth a cent!"

Lucilla always responded to the culinary questions, and her reply to this was brief:

"Do you *break* the egg, and use only the white, with a little cold water, before pouring in boiling water?"

To which Tom responded—in French, of course—"Bless me, no, child! I eat the egg when I drink the coffee—I thought it was the shell that did it; I'm sure I have heard you say so!"

Lucilla smiled superior when she extracted the information that, "an asparagus can went off at me last night, like a whole battery of brass cannon—I suppose I ought to have made a hole in it first—ought I?"

But her pity almost overcame her amusement, when he plaintively inquired, "*How* can I keep the butter from running into the fire when I broil a steak? It takes almost a pound and a half of butter every time, and none decent under fifty cents a pound."

"Never put the butter on until the steak is broiled, and removed from the gridiron, you poor boy!" replied Luclla, compassionately.

But Tom's blunders became fewer as time went on, and in a few months, he announced triumphantly that he'd just like to have them all to dinner!

A long cherished plan, which he and Lucilla divulged to no one else, was that when Belle and Majorie should be old and experienced enough to succeed Lucilla in the charge of the house, she should take up her abode permanently with Tom, as his housekeeper and manager. They did not want a whole house—oh, dear, no! just two more rooms in the building in which Tom lodged; and the rooms had been picked out for some time.

"The only thing that bothers me," wrote Tom, "is that Mrs. Mulrooney has to go through one of our rooms—the one with the big south windows, which is to be the parlor, and where you are to have all the plants and cats you want—to get out on the flat where she hangs her wash to dry; but I think I see a way to change the stair-case a little, and cut off a small passage, which will not spoil the room. I saw a little refrigerator, yesterday, which I could really hardly help buying, it was so exactly what we will want; but luckily, it was just before I drew my week's pay, and I hadn't a rap!

"Don't you think it would be a good notion for you to make some of those rag rugs, and mats and things, in your spare minutes? You know we can't afford carpet, or even matting, for some time yet; but I am dropping in at a painter's,

where I have scraped acquaintance, every day or two, and he's going to show me how to oil the floor, in return for a jolly rhymed advertisement I've just written for him, beginning

"Ye, who would view your homes aright,
Get Thomas Duffy to paint them white;
And you shall gaze on your halls with pride—
Of course I allude to the inner side!"

Lucilla's letters were, at first, warmly responsive; she begged him to make no rash purchases, as she knew she could make the money go twice as far; and every letter bore fresh testimony to the increasing capability of Belle and Marjorie, who could really, if they only thought so, take charge of the house, and baby, and father, and Cousin Bertha, at once, and let her go; but they had so little confidence in themselves, and were so foolish about her, if she only went into town for the day.

But after a while, Tom reluctantly noted a change; her letters were no less affectionate, indeed, they grew more so; but she made fewer allusions to their scheme, sometimes quite ignored his remarks upon the subject, and filled her letters with home news—the increasing sweetness and intelligence of little Bert, the baby—her pity for poor Cousin Bertha, who was now a sofa-invalid, petted and waited upon by the whole household. "Indeed," she wrote, "I don't know what father would do without her — you know he never used to tell us anything, and now he brings home every scrap of news—cheerful news, that is—that he can find; and he hunts over all the papers you send—for which, bless your dear thoughtful heart—to find things to make her laugh; and he actually reads aloud every evening, now, while Belle and Marjorie and I sew, and the poor little *Belle Mère* falls quietly asleep; and you know we never could induce him to read us so much as a paragraph—but she says his voice soothes her. We really feel grateful to Cousin Bertha for rousing father, and drawing him out so; and she is very gentle and patient, and always thanks us so sweetly for any little thing we do for her, that it is quite a privilege to wait on her—and as for Bert, I declare I don't see how people *live* without a little child in the house—it seems queer to me now that we were contented before he came. The dear little soul has learned to pull out my comb and hair-pins, and let my hair all down; and you just ought to see him laugh when he does it."

To which Tom replied, when he could find time for something more than a postal-card:

"Your letters are like yourself, my dear, always jolly; but much as I love my family in general, you know that it is about you, yourself, that I most care to hear; and it strikes me that you're cooling off about our projected partnership. If, for any reason, you don't like the notion, do not hesitate to tell me; for I know you have more sense than I have, and perhaps I could not make you comfortable."

The reply to this letter, although highly affectionate, was so entirely indefinite that Tom resolved upon immediate action. He inquired in the neighborhood of his lodgings, and found a quiet boarding-house where Lucilla could be received as a "transient," for a moderate weekly compensation; and then he wrote her a pressing invitation, enclosing a ten-dollar bill for the journey, "and a pair of new gloves to fit you for life in the metropolis," he wrote, "and sit right down and name your day and train, and I will meet you at the depot, and install you with the worthy Mrs. Tuttle. You are to wind Belle and Marjorie up to run at least three weeks; you may bring Bert, if you like, and if it will make your mind any easier—I'd rather like to see the little chap every day—but come, you must, and shall; and if that isn't enough to fix you up, just write at once, and I'll raise you another—I know you are always giving away your gloves and bonnets and things, or lending them to Belle or Marjorie."

Lucilla did not wait to consider; pressed by the whole family, who unanimously voted that it was "splendid, and just like Tom," she sat down quickly, and wrote a joyful acceptance, fixing her day a week thence, however—for she knew that, to make herself presentable, she must have at least that much time, and deprecating the idea of Tom's sending anything more than his present inclosure, which, she said, was "simply princely, for the fare to New York and back will only be four dollars, you know."

To which Tom joyfully responded in French: "Never do you mind about the fare back—spend every cent of it but the fare *to*, and come on! I'm so impatient, now that I know you are coming, that a week seems like a year."

That hackneyed quotation about the best laid plans o' mice and men has not become hackneyed for nothing; but we will leave the letter which Tom received on the morning of the day when he was to go and meet Lucilla, to explain.

"You can't possibly be more disappointed than I am;" she wrote, "and I am glad to think that *you* will have a chance to bury your sorrow in the affairs of the nation. I was afraid something would happen, just because everything seemed going so smoothly. Belle and Marjorie wouldn't hear of my taking Bert, though Cousin Bertha thought the change would be good for him; they said the care of him would keep me from fully enjoying my spree, and although it seems dreadfully selfish to say so, I believe they were right; I couldn't have gone out in the evening with an easy mind, and you know concerts were in the bill to a large extent. So they fairly courted Bert, to get him used to them, for you know he has always been fonder of me than of any one, and I really grew quite jealous when he was as

ready to go them as to me. Cousin Bertha picked out all her prettiest neckties and laces, and said I *must* take them to wear in New York; and she looked so sweet, and little, and weak, that I felt like a wretch for leaving her.

"But where is the good of going over all this? Here is what happened: I went out to make a call, which I'd owed for an age—it was that poor old Mrs. Fritz, and as the girls never would go there, after that time when she hinted that they were over-dressed for people in "their circumstances," I have had to do the manners for the family, just because she knew dear mother. I took Bert, because she had met me in the street a few days before, and asked me to bring him, 'though it must be painful to you to be so superseded, my dear,' she said, pleasantly; so I just wanted to let her see how thick Bert and I were; and I rigged him out in his best suit—the little beauty!—and as ill-luck would have it, she was at home. Now you know Bert won't go to anybody and everybody; we all think he is an extraordinary physiognomist for such a young child; and when she offered to kiss him, he just put up his lip in his dear little funny way, and *backed!*

"Poor little soul, he backed against one of those idiotic round tables with no legs worth mentioning, and over it went, smashing a hideous flower-pot with an artificial flower in it, and a glass shade over it, which, of course, went too. If I had owned that thing, I'd have thanked anybody, on my knees, for smashing it; but you should have seen her glower!

"Bert cried, poor little fellow. I don't wonder! I got away as soon as possible, for instead of saying it was of no consequence, she said it was the gift of a dear friend, and she had nothing else that would do to go on that table! I couldn't stand that; I had five dollars of your money left, luckily, and on my way home I bought an atrocity as nearly like the one that came to grief as I could find, with a glass shade and all, and had it sent straight to her, and that left me just twenty-five cents. If I had only not bought the gloves and hat-frame I might have gone after all; but there, I am *not* going to worry over it—where's the good? I chiefly lament the hideous misappropriation of your money."

Tom wrote his sympathy and disappointment at full length, lamenting bitterly that when he received his pay the day before, he had lent one of the fellows half of it. "But never mind, you poor dear angel," he added; "when I get my next slice you shall have a V, and come at once; I'm only sorry I can't send an X again, but I'd been saving up for that; and you have your trunk all packed, and your dear self booted and spurred, as it were, and the minute you get my letter, step into the cars and come. I shall look for you next Saturday week, by the train which you were to have taken to-day."

Fortune, and especially misfortune, is not always the "fickle jade" which poets represent her to be; she frequently exhibits a tenacity of purpose which should command our admiration. So Tom ought not to have been surprised when, once more, he received a letter from Lucilla just in time to prevent him from going to meet her.

"Dearest Tom," she wrote, "I think we had better give it up; I am really afraid to have you send me any more money! I was all ready last evening, and *so* happy, but just a little tired, for I had been making some things for Cousin Bertha—which she says I make better than any body; she is the *gratefulest* little soul!

"I took Bert to my room, because poor Cousin Bertha was trying to get a little nap; and Bert has actually learned to whistle—you never saw anything funnier! But it goes through and through Cousin Bertha's head, she says; so when I found he would not stop, I said, 'Come, whistle for sister in her room, dear,' and he came, like the little lamb that he is. I gave him my purse to play with, never dreaming that he could open it—but he is so clever for his age—and then I just dropped on the bed till the tea-bell should ring, and the first thing I knew, Bert was poking the purse in my face; and when I took it, it was empty! I thought, of course, the money—it was your 'V,' you know, Tom—would be on the floor; so I lit the gas, and hunted everywhere, and when I couldn't find it, I tried to make Bert understand, and tell me where it was. He did understand perfectly, and he looked as grave as a judge, and said: 'Bert eated it up; Bert was *velly* hungly!' And I really believe he did, for you know it wasn't by any means a spandy clean note, and the poor little fellow was dreadfully sick in the night. Of course, I did not blame him, for how could he know? but I do feel utterly disappointed—only don't, whatever you do, send me any more money. I know you have pinched yourself to send all this; and perhaps, when my next pay-day comes—though that won't be for a month yet, worse luck!—I can embezzle enough to pay my fare to New York and back."

"Lucilla Lawrence; what do you take me for?" replied Tom; "you are too superstitious. I will not dwell upon my disappointment—you are perhaps aware that the mill never grinds with the water that is past; but week after next, I shall send you three dollars—would that it might be more, but my shoemaker is a heartless fiend, who will not even half-sole me until the past is cancelled!—and you will take the train, twice before specified, and I will meet you as aforesaid; and all will yet be well. Only deposit my remittance in a double-locked receptacle, for the few hours during which it will be in your custody; and request father to take you to the station, buy your ticket for you, and not lose sight of you until the cars are in motion."

But, although Tom reproved Lucilla for her developing tendency towards fatalism, he had a curious feeling of having known it all along, when the appointed day once more brought him a letter from Lucilla; and it was with deep disgust, rather than disappointment, that he read the following:

"My darling; there is no use in *anything!* I have just alarmed my family with the first 'bursting into tears' since I used to bump my head in the happy hours of childhood; so I will not overwhelm you with my woe, but just make a brief statement of the heart-rending facts of the case! I can hardly bear to tell you that it was Bert again; for I don't want you, even in thought, to blame the precious child, whose escape from a dreadful death was so narrow, that I still shudder to think of it.

"When your last letter came, they all congratulated me as if—but what a foolish speech! I mean the dear things were all as glad as if it had been themselves. But, as ill-luck would have it, the milk-man handed in his bill just as we sat talking about it, and I said I might as well pay it—it was just three dollars—and not make him take it away when it was all receipted, and then father could pay me in the evening. I knew he would have it, for he is so particular about letting bills run, and always has the money ready, no matter what he goes without. Cousin Bertha didn't want me to; she said that if that money hadn't happened to come just then, the man must have waited till the next day, and she didn't want me to run any risks, after all that had happened, but I just laughed; and now—how I wish I had been led by her! I paid him; and she was so eager to have me paid back, that she made father give it to me the minute he got into the room; and, like the fool that I generally am, I laid it on the table—my purse was upstairs, being temporarily out of commission—and went out to tea. We were late that evening, for father had told us he would be detained, and we had waited for him; so I had given Bert his supper and put him to bed, before father came. The door was open between the dining-room and library; but nobody heard any sound, till all of a sudden, Bert's sweet, merry laugh came through the door, and we heard him say, "pretty, pretty!" in his little broken way. I rushed in, for somehow my heart sank prophetically; there he sat before the open fire, from which the guard had been taken after he went to bed, in his little white night-gown, with his cheeks all flushed, and his yellow hair falling over his shoulders, and at his little bare feet, on the hearth, were three bits of burning paper. The hem of his night-gown was fairly smoking, in one place, and would have been all in a blaze in another minute. I caught him up, and crushed the burning place—my hand is blistered a little, which accounts for the unique appearance of this letter—and he laughed, and chattered, and pointed to the remains of his bonfire, and when the excitement was all over, I found that he had burnt my three notes. There was just enough trace left in the ashes to make sure. But when I think how we should be feeling now if we had been a minute later, and that sweet, innocent, joyful baby had—but there, I can't bear to write it, and I am so deeply, deeply thankful for his escape, that I can bear my disappointment very well indeed, and only wish I might take yours too, for I know you are disappointed, dear; and I still look forward hopefully to my next pay-day."

When Tom had read to the end of this so nearly tragical narrative, he meditated deeply for at least five minutes. Then he went straight to his own familiar friend, whom he had frequently trusted with similar accommodations, and borrowed five dollars. Then he wrote on a postal-card, in English, but with his left hand:

"*Dear L.:*—I have broken my arm. Come to me at once. T. L."

Then, as if it had been an afterthought, he put the five dollars in an envelope, without a word of further explanation; sealed it up, and, remembering just in time, directed it also with the left hand, and mailed the whole collection promptly.

A grin of more than usual satisfaction was observed upon his open countenance during the rest of that day; and he chuckled softly to himself at short intervals, as he settled the fate of nations and the duration of fashions for the confiding citizens of New York.

As he had expected, his two missives wrought curiosity in the town, and consternation in the house to which they went. Mrs. Lawrence alone was faithless.

"I don't believe Tom has broken his arm, any more than I have myself," she said; "but I do not blame him in the least—he has borne his disappointments beautifully, and this last was too much—you ought to have let me spank Bert, Lucilla, indeed you ought; and I had my slipper all ready!"

"But, dear Cousin Bertha," cried Lucilla, almost impatiently; "you surely don't think Tom would tell such a—such a—whopper as that would be?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Lawrence, calmly, "it's the force of association. Just think how long he has been in that newspaper office, where they *have* to make them up, every day, by the column at a time; and you know, yourself, that the last time he was at home, your father said he hoped Tom wouldn't allow himself to tell—those things; and he just laughed, and said, ''Tis my vocation.'"

"Oh, that was only in fun," said Lucilla, eagerly; "Tom says so many things like that."

"Well, then, it showed he did it, either way,

you see," said Mrs. Lawrence, triumphantly; "but in this case, as I said, I don't blame him—the end justifies the means; so I wouldn't worry a bit, if I were you, but just go and pack, and you'll find all my laces and things in the corner of the top drawer, where you put them when you had to give up going; dear knows when *I* shall ever want them again!"

Lucilla was almost afraid to change the five dollar bill, to telegraph Tom that she would come by an early morning train; but it had to be done, and she rushed home with the change, and locked it away in her desk.

Tom had answered her telegram with "All right; I will meet you," which rather surprised her—she thought people with broken bones were obliged to keep at least measurably quiet.

She did not really believe that she was going, until her ticket was bought, and the train was actually in motion; and then, in spite of her pity for Tom, she began to rejoice in the prospect of having him all to herself, to nurse and pet and wait on, for at least two or three weeks. Perhaps he would want her to write from his dictation—for it must be his right arm, or he never would have sent such a scrawl: and she read the postal-card once more.

"I wish he had said when he did it," she thought, "and how—but, poor fellow, he could hardly write this much, I suppose. I don't believe I could write with my left hand at all," and a few attempts with a pencil increased her loving pity for Tom. So the shock was all the greater when, as the train drew up to the platform, she saw that worthy, tall and handsome and smiling, coming eagerly to help her out, with both arms evidently in a perfect state of preservation.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me, my dear?" he asked, as Lucilla, having reached the platform, stood speechless, regarding him.

"But Tom," she managed to say, at last; "what *did* make you tell such a—"

"Not at all, my child," he interrupted, putting her hand in his arm and leading her to the luggage room. "My statement was perfectly truthful—I only did not mention the date!"

"But when was it?" said Lucilla, utterly bewildered.

"Let me see," said Tom, musingly; "I was thirteen that summer, I believe—yes, it was about seven or eight years ago, as nearly as I can remember."

"You humbug!" exclaimed Lucilla, indignantly; "I'm afraid Cousin Bertha wasn't far wrong."

"You see, my dear," explained Tom, as they walked, arm-in-arm, to the boarding house; "desperate diseases require desperate remedies—I was merely fighting—Bert, we'll say—with fire; and I am glad to find myself successful."

They had a royal time for the next three weeks—concerts, lectures, churches, park, so filled up the days and evening, that there was scarcely a moment for quiet talk, until the day before Lucilla was to return home. Tom would make no engagements for that evening, although it was his "off-night;"—he told Lucilla that she must invite him to tea at her boarding-house, and make him some candy, up in her room, afterward.

So, while he picked out the nuts, which he had thoughtfully provided, he quietly questioned her as to the housekeeping arrangement. He had been promised a "rise" in his salary at the beginning of the year, he said, and he could easily keep her then, and let her take music lessons, too.

Lucilla made no answer; she was bending over the fire, watching her candy; and her face grew alarmingly red.

"Young woman, what does this mean?" said Tom, setting the saucepan on the hearth, and Lucilla in a chair; "I have never considered you fickle; and, if you have changed your mind, I have a right to know your reasons."

"Dear Tom," murmured Lucilla, laying a sticky little hand on his walnut-blackened fingers; "it seems so mean that I couldn't bear to tell you, though I have tried ever so many times, but—I have promised somebody else!"

"And who might that somebody else be?" asked Tom, gloomily.

"Will Gresham, dear—and he thinks the world of you; and you know you have always liked him," said Lucilla, eagerly.

"Well, you might have done worse," replied Tom; "he's a good fellow, though I don't think he's good enough for you—but I would just like to know what I am to do?"

"Likewise, to be sure!" said Lucilla, briskly; "you know when you were at home last"—she nodded sagaciously.

"Nonsense!" answered Tom, indifferently; but he blushed "very becomingly," Lucilla said; and then they finished making the candy.

Do not Deceive Them.—When the children are ill, don't tell them that the medicine is "nice" when you know it is positively nauseous; do not induce them to swallow the dose under the pretence that it is "good." Children never forget white lies of this sort, and their confidence, once shaken, never regains firmness. Better by far tell them the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary to their health, and you desire them to take it and at once. Ten to one they will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words, and love you better for your firm, decided manner. Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbors. Guard your lips and bridle your tongue, if you desire to have the coming generation truthful.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

BY EMMA MORTIMER WHITE.

It was a sweet, wild thing of youth, the mountains, and summer skies, which Clive Breton had written, set to music, and sung with Rose Leslie many times during his tour of Europe. They had charmed the crowded *salon* with it; they had waked the echoes of old caves with it. It had risen, sweet and fine, among the listening silence of the Alps, and chorused to the plashing of oars on the moonlit waters of Venice.

Clive was fond of his own music, and said that Rose only sang it to please him. A golden haired girl of twenty might sing it well, certainly; and she might sing better under the light of two happy dark eyes, and with the companionship of such a magnificent tenor as Clive's. Yes, there was rare singing among that little party of seven, and much wit and mirth as well as wisdom. The professor's daughters, Rose and Helen, must needs finish their education abroad, with their parents' attendants; and Clive's relatives, the Breton's, had reached the climax of many years' planning when they commenced the foreign tour with their favorite nephew and heir. For Clive was one of those fortunate individuals born with a golden spoon in his mouth. His uncle and aunt, who were very wealthy, had adopted him in his infancy, and doted upon him. The midnight beauty of his eyes was his aunt's utter delight; nothing so flattered her as having him personally admired. His uncle was equally proud of his quickness and talent. And these fortunate circumstances, combined with the natural ambitions and hopes of youth, made Clive Breton's life very sweet to him. At twenty-three it had been very little but a long play-day. He had, as yet, found nothing to grieve over, for his energy easily overcame his tasks, and his natural buoyancy floated him easily over minor disappointments. Affliction or calamity he knew nothing of; and he had from sources not his own a generous impassioned sympathy which springs naturally from a noble nature never embittered by trial. A fine, agreeable fellow, and yet not faultless, since lacking the discipline of which come patience, unselfishness, faith and clear spiritual insight. Yet it was good to see one so healthily full of courage and enjoyment, and Clive was a general favorite.

The party of seven had been three months abroad. Clive and Rose had been invariable companions, as their congenial ages and contrasting temperaments made natural. Together they had floated upon delightful lakes, or staged it over tedious roads, their courage and fun enlivening the rest. Together they had stood silent in the great cathedrals, or frolicked like children in the rose-garden of their chateau. They had climbed the Alps, dreamed in Venice, and been presented to a queen; and now, full of places, persons, and pictures, and tingling with the young author's ambition, Clive was eager to be at home and at work upon his book. It was not his first, but he had determined that it should be his best.

He was to go home alone, his uncle proceeding to Heidelberg for a year, and at the end of the time, Clive—his book completed—was to rejoin him there.

So one fine September morning he bade adieu to the united family at the pretty French chateau, and set forth for New York. When he could shut himself in his own old room at Twoelms, he could commence the absorbing task of disburdening his mind of its crowding ideas and fancies. He said to himself that he would lose his baggage without a murmur, but to lose his note-book would create an utter crash and chaos of his world; *that* would be an irreparable loss, and utterly unbearable.

The voyage home was a quick and fortunate one. Clive was glad that he knew nobody much, and could be mainly alone. The ideas of his novel thickened upon him.

At last he was on land again. He hurried out to Twoelms. Only the housekeeper and one or two servants were there, but Apollo, his favorite hound, was delighted to see him, and Apollo's was just such companionship now as he wanted.

The dog would lie all day under the table of green cloth, on which Clive's manuscripts were strewn, only coming when called to push his silken head under his master's weary hand. He would follow him in the walks which he found it necessary to take, resting with him side by side on the grass beside the river.

Thinking there, one noon, Clive found that he had made his heroine very like Rose.

"Well," he said to himself—or to Apollo—"where could I find a better? I didn't want a brunette, nor one of Holmes' washed blondes."

And here a vision of Rose's *lapis lazuli* eyes and ripples of golden hair danced before his sight so that he rubbed his forehead, and rose restlessly.

"A year in Paris won't spoil Rose. Nothing must change her," his heart beating quicker, and a sudden trouble, vaguely understood, oppressing him. He made an effort to throw it off.

"Hi, Polly! come, old fellow! Ten more pages to-night. How would you like to go over seas with your master next time, old boy?" and he led the dog a race back to the house.

He worked methodically and faithfully all the autumn; but he suffered from the author's depression, the result of reactions, so like the minister's "blue Monday;" and by winter the handsome dark eyes his aunt so loved were growing very melancholy. He still shunned society, lonely though he was, for "I cannot talk," said he, "but I want somebody to talk to me. This 'give,

give, give,' of my novel empties me; yet I would so like to be talked *to!* I am suffering to be amused, entertained."

There was something in this state, too, that made him long to be loved. If his aunt had been at home, he would have gone and put his head in her lap, as he used when a little boy. If Rose were there, he would have confessed a headache, that she might consent to play physician, as she had done once before, and stroke his forehead with her cool, white, magnetic fingers. He seemed to realize that time, now, more plainly than when it had occurred. The dimples of those lovely hands, the girl's voice and familiar wiles and ways, now seemed ever with him. He brooded over them in the twilight when he was resting before the fire with Apollo between his knees,—and one by one, with pre-Raphaelite fidelity, he wove Rose's personalities into his book. Not only were her tones and manners, her habits and her beauty, presented with striking aptness; but the tenor of the young girl's mind was so applied to the counterfeit presentment, that Clive himself was startled to find how well he knew her. And now, for weeks, his book utterly absorbed his whole being.

Just at the last he wove in the little song he and Rose had so often sung together—the one of youth, the mountains and summer skies—which he had written for her and arranged for their two voices; and then the book was done.

It had ended sadly—he could not help it, in poetic justice to the leading ideas—yet he wished it had not done so, for it left a feeling of pain with him.

When he considered the matter, he made an effort to throw it off.

"It isn't reality; Rose isn't lost forever to her lover. And I won't wait until next summer to return to France. I'll make arrangements with my publishers to go next spring. It's the last of January now. Hurrah!—only a few weeks more!"

Yes, "France." See how he was thinking only of Paris, where Rose was finishing her musical education; while his poor old uncle and aunt were longing for his society in Germany!

When the manuscript had gone to the city where his publishers were awaiting it, his spirits rose to high tide. He caught up his big dictionary and books of reference, and threw them upon the emptied table with a bang. Then he called to Apollo and ran out of doors.

A rarely bright and warm winter day—the rapid river glittering, the icicles sparkling, the clouds looking warm as wool in the sunshine of a deep blue sky. Clive stood watching the river and thinking how it was flowing down to the sea—the wide, free sea, across which he longed to fly.

"Rose, my sweet, beautiful Rose!"

Yes, she was his own. He had found her out and taken her into his heart of hearts. It was a strange, delightful experience. It seemed to him that he feared nothing, cared for nothing now, but to reach her. There could be no repulse—no. What could she want more than such fervent adoration? How happy — how happy they would be when they again met!

But now the Americans came pouring over from Paris, for the Franco-Prussian war had begun, and most of them wanted to be safe at home. And what with difficulties, delays, and uncertainties, Clive had not engaged his passage when he heard that the Leslies had come home.

He heard it casually in the city, but there was no proving it, and a letter of inquiry sent abroad would be useless, since if he were to go he wished to start at once. And now he admitted that if Rose had returned, he would not, at present, go at all.

One day he met his cousin Blanche in a horse-car, her hands full of a magnificent bouquet of rhododendrons.

"How do, Clive? Aren't they splendid? Came from Rose Leslie, down at Ashville, North Carolina. Came by express this morning. Did not you know the Leslies were back? Spending the winter south. Helen's health is miserable."

Clive was suddenly radiant now. What would be nicer than a few weeks in the vicinity of the French Broad?

He packed his valise and was on his way the next morning. So Helen was sick, and Rose—Rose was gathering rhododendrons under genial skies; and Ashville was a fashionable resort—was she gathering them alone? A feeling of mistrust and anxiety now visited him for the first time. A northern girl, beautiful as Rose, would be a belle in the old hotel, full of northern visitors.

He looked up at it eagerly, as he descended from the stage, hoping to see upon the balconies, or at a window, a familiar face, but the people leisurely watching the new arrivals were all strangers. He pushed through them, and followed the waiter to his room, where his mail was speedily brought to him. The largest envelope contained his first proof, and he understood immediately that this was to be corrected and returned by the early morning mail. A different role from what he had planned, but he said to himself—

"I am under the same roof with Rose, now, and I am a little travel-sick and dull. I had better present myself first in the morning. I will devote this evening to the proof, and then have a little beauty sleep before I see her."

For it had *its* attraction—that first white sheet of his coming book; and ordering his supper brought to his room, he settled down to the reading in print of his story—to a minute inspection of its exquisite typography. It was eleven o'clock before he retired after an absorbing evening.

He had stretched himself upon the cool bed, the open window admitting to the chamber a ravishing fragrance, and the dewy air bathing his face; when, on the night's stillness, rose a singing voice—a young and sweet voice, singing out of a happy heart—a song he knew. How familiar it was; and he had never known it to be *so* beautiful. For it was his own, and Rose was singing it in one of the rooms below.

"Darling," he said, softly, to his own heart. And when all was still, he fell asleep.

He awoke with a feeling of delight. It was late; the green boughs against the window were full of sunshine, and its heat filled the air with a faint balsamic scent. Full of anticipation and hope, he rose for a profuse bath and careful toilette, and emerged from his chamber.

"Late to breakfast, sar," said the ebony waiter who had attended him the previous evening. "But I'll wait on you, Mr. Breton."

"Pete."

"Yes, sar."

"Is there a family staying here named Leslie?"

"Leslie? Dere *was*, sar. But dey all went away on de early stage dis mornin'."

Clive stopped as if he were paralyzed.

"*Gone?*"

"Suah, sar."

A bitter disappointment. He bore it neither well nor ill. He ate his breakfast in discontent; he tried to look at the scenery, but seemed to have no eyes. He went into the parlor and surveyed the piano where they said Rose had played so beautifully. Finally, he spent a long, tedious day with a fishing party, who invited him to join them on the banks of the river.

It seemed that the Leslies had returned to New York, as they had come to North Carolina, on Helen's account. The elder daughter was threatened with a rapid decline. Clive thought of her tenderly—a pale, dark-haired, spiritual girl, whose sweetness was proverbial. They had taken her to be again under the care of the family physician in New York.

"But the Professor has lost much of his property this year, and they are not living at the old place, I believe," said his informant. "I think Rose told me they should board this spring; and they may be at one of the hotels. I do not know which one."

Poor Clive, he was in great trouble now. Afterwards, long afterwards, when he recalled the French Broad, he knew that its silvery width was sweet with flowers, lush with ferns, and embowered with trees—that here it rushed, foaming white, among rocks; there it stole silently past great vine-hung cliffs. He remembered the mountains lifted airily; the snowy cascades in the green glooms. He saw them that day under a mute protest at the beauty they exhibited for him so uselessly.

When night came again, he resolved to return immediately to New York.

But now arose a new difficulty. His proofs were to arrive daily. His publishers were in haste; the book had been already announced by the press. So he was kept at the Eagle hotel three weary days before he could change his arrangements.

Now he did not in the least know where Rose was, nor where he could find her; although his aunt and Mrs. Leslie had been early friends, he had not known the family much until he went abroad with them—Rose, not at all. He did not know where the "old place" was, nor who their family physician was. And his aunt, who would immediately have informed him, was in Germany.

But he could not rest until he again set foot in New York, where, at least, was Rose's locality. There he took lodgings, and interviewed everybody who might possibly know of her whereabouts.

He was surprisingly unsuccessful. Many persons of whom he sanguinely expected the desired information, knew even less of the Leslies than himself. Most of them were not aware that they had returned from abroad. Spring passed quickly, summer came, and he had not even a trace of the lost maiden.

But, one evening, came a sudden glad surprise. He was passing through a part of the city he seldom frequented, when bright lights and music attracted his attention to a fine private residence. Some one was singing. He paused, and his heart's blood rushed suddenly to his face. It was his own song, in the dear familiar voice!

He sprang upon the steps of the house, thus obtaining a good view of the drawing-room. A party of well-dressed people were assembled, evidently a few selected friends; but Clive saw nobody but the beautiful girl at the piano—Rose, in snowy *crepe*, covered with white flowers, singing of youth, the mountains, and summer skies.

It made him desperate to see the knot of gentlemen surrounding her—yes, gentlemen—young, high-bred, handsome men. Why might not Rose choose another? A pang of jealousy wrenched his heart. He turned away, white and trembling; then looked back to realize how Rose had matured and how radiantly beautiful she was as she arose from the piano just as a hand dropped the lace curtain before the window.

He possessed himself of the house's number and the name upon the door-plate, and then went away. It had begun to rain heavily, and the hour was too late to seek an interview.

But he had found Rose, and at a proper time in the morning he set forth to call upon her. He readily found the street and number. The name upon the door-plate was DeLacy.

A phlegmatic person in black answered his summons and surveyed him with leaden interest. Miss Rose Leslie did not live there; she did not know her.

"But she was here last night: I saw her!" cried Clive, in sudden alarm.

"Several ladies were here to spend the evening. The general and Mrs. DeLacy gave a little party. Merely a few friends to say good-bye. They—"

"Can I see Mrs. DeLacy," interrupted Clive.

"She went with the General this morning to Washington. They will not be here all summer."

The woman was the housekeeper—left in charge. She did not know the names of half of her master's visitors. He was a politician—gave many dinners—had many parties. She thought the young lady he described was a friend of Mrs. DeLacy's. Remembered her dress and appearance: had not known her name. Could not for the life of her tell where she lived. She went away in the carriage with the others.

It was impossible to get the least clew out of the woman. Angry and sick at heart, he turned away from the door.

And now he revolved all kinds of desperate plans to find her. But our lover was no longer bold. The memory of that resolute and blooming young face upon which his eyes had rested for a single moment, seemed now to challenge his confidence. Rose *had* changed. The gay girl who frolicked in the garden of the old chateau had become serene and stately. She was infinitely more adorable; but less accessible. He longed now and dreaded to meet her.

"What if we met, and she was only pleasant, said something civil to me, and evidently did not care that we had met again? What could I do but go straight and hang myself?" thought poor Clive.

And this thought forbade such an impertinence as a carefully-worded "personal" in the morning paper, or a letter sent to Washington, care of General DeLacy, to be remailed to Rose's address. There was nothing that he dared say upon a sheet of commercial note.

He fell now into great dissatisfaction and darkness. His book appeared and was praised, but he took in it only a languid interest. At one time his hopes sank so low that he resolved not to hope at all; and as the fall was approaching, to join his relatives in Germany. Yet he could not yet quite tear himself away.

One day he resolved to visit his cousin Blanche. She had removed from the city to a country residence upon the Hudson, where she was settled with her husband and children. Previously she had not known where Rose was, but she might have gained news; and the quest he had followed so long would not be abandoned. So one fine September day found him at Locust Lawns.

He found some petals of pink rhododendrons pressed in a book of poems, and forced himself to speak Rose's name.

"Rose Leslie!" repeated Blanche, quickly. "Do you know where she is, Clive?"

"Do I?" said Clive, strongly. "No."

"Poor Rose, she seems to have quite gone out of the world since her father's death," Blanche went on, running her fingers through the curls of her youngest. "Nobody has seen her for months. She was at General DeLacy's the night before Helen died. She seemed to be so much better about that time that they coaxed Rose out. The Leslies were boarding at the Huntington House. The day after Rose was at General DeLacy's, Helen burst a blood-vessel in coughing—poor dear child—and died almost instantly; a dreadful shock to them all. And then the professor—he had been much affected by the hard times for the past two years. He lost nearly everything at last, I believe, and when he died this summer they say there was so little left that Rose is supporting her mother somewhere somehow; nobody knows. I think Rose might come and see *me*. She knows that I am her friend; that I always loved her for herself."

Clive rose suddenly and went to a window, turning his back on his cousin. Blanche looked after him curiously.

"Aren't you sorry for her misfortunes, Clive? You don't seem to care much."

In a minute Clive turned around.

"Try to find her for me, Blanche. I have tried over six months in vain."

"I will," responded Blanche, suddenly enlightened and full of sympathy.

It was good to unburden his heart a little, and Clive returned to the city, his spirits somewhat brightened. But these were serious news which he had heard. Rose, afflicted by death, and living toilsomely—he shook with impatience now to find and relieve her. If he could rescue her soon, he should hardly be sorry for the reverses; he would reinstate her in position and wealth gladly! Yes, if Rose had become a beggar in the street, he would marry her!

Day after day went by. Apparently Blanche had no success, for there came no tidings. She had promised to write him immediately when she gained the least clew to Rose's whereabouts. She had resources, and had been somewhat sanguine. Yet still no word came.

It was October now, and his uncle had written, bidding him take the next steamer.

Clive still occupied his lodgings in the city. The rooms were pleasant, fronting one of the principal avenues, along which ran a line of horse-cars. One fine night the moonlight stillness was broken by a swiftly-passing singer or singers, for a single line of Clive's old song rang out, and then a male voice joined in the simple chorus.

The rattle of a horse-car accompanied the sweet sounds, then all was still. Yes, it was *his* song, sung by unknown persons rapidly passing at that late hour.

It was not exactly a pleasant experience. No modest and good woman would be singing in a public conveyance at that unseasonable time. It seemed to desecrate the song—his song and Rose's. And then he was lost in wonder as to how persons of that class could have come in possession of the music. It had never been published. If heard by chance, it was not of a character to be ordinarily repeated. It would never be a popular song with the low class. The more he thought on the subject, the more utterly did sleep fly from his eyelids. He rose at daylight, resolved to find the singer, possessed by the idea that this course would lead him to Rose; for it must have been learned only of her.

Apart from the impossibility of Rose singing in a horse-car by moonlight, the voice was not hers. It was a powerful, breezy voice, yet lacking culture, and the enunciation had not been nice. No, he never thought it was Rose whom he had heard; but he believed that if he followed this clew it would somehow bring him to her.

He had a difficult task before him, and he must work fast, or the incident would soon be of the past, difficult to find as a bubble of yesterday.

The hard task proved an easy one. He soon found the number of the car which passed his residence at the hour named, and obtained an opportunity to speak with the conductor.

"O, I know who you mean," he said, after a little. "It's Luce Hall. She was with her sister and a feller I've heard called Peterson. Don't know him, but guess he isn't much. If you want to find Luce Hall, she boards—here, I'll write it down for you. Just a chance that I happened to know who you are after," he added, handing Clive a card, on which he had scribbled an address.

It proved to be a third-rate boarding house. The mistress, however, seemed an honest and well-meaning woman.

"Be you one of them city missionary fellers, sir? Lucy Hall ain't in, but I'd be glad to have her see some good folks. She's a handsome girl, and she's a good girl, sir, but Luce has got into wild ways, and a city boarding house is no place for a young girl. Lor, here comes Lucy now. What's your name? How'll I introduce you?"

Clive quietly introduced himself to the girl who entered. She was pretty, but underbred, and looked feverish and tired. She sat down near him with her hat and shawl on, and gradually her manner improved as he conversed with her.

"I know Miss Rose Leslie, yes. I used to live with her mother to do parlor work. I used to sew for Miss Rose sometimes, too. I liked her very much; she was very kind to me. It's three months since I left them. They only keep one girl now. They live out on the Albany road, and are not as well off as they used to be."

"Did you learn the little song of Miss Rose, Lucy?"

The poor girl gave a sweet, quick smile at the kind tone.

"Yes, sir; she used always to sing it when she was happy; sometimes when she was sad. She's had much trouble lately—poor young lady."

"Have you seen her this fall?"

"No sir; not since the spring. I was sorry to leave, but they could not keep me after the old gentleman fell sick and they had so many doctor's bills to pay."

"Would you like to see Miss Rose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you go out there with me to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir, I will."

He drove out to the old brown homestead where Rose had made a home the next day, taking Lucy Hall with him. He left her in the buggy under the elms, and slowly approached the woodbine-shaded entrance. Before he could knock at the open door, there was a confused stir within, the trampling of many little feet, and a group of rosy children came forth with their books. Rose's little school was out.

He involuntarily entered the room from which they had emerged. Vine-shadowed windows—a half circle of little seats—a desk—a graceful, black-robed figure in the chair before it. The teacher was still in her place, tired, for the golden head had dropped upon the white hands.

Clive stirred slightly, and his foot struck a child's marble, which rolled across the oaken floor. Rose looked up—and sprang into his arms.

It took such a little while to say "Darling, I have found you!" and to exchange the first real lovers' kisses. Then Lucy Hall was called in, Mrs. Leslie came down, and things were on the right track at last.

Women Barbers.—Sometimes the best Japanese barbers are women. As in a Japanese family the shaving of the children's heads is a regular duty as imperatively customary as the Saturday night's general ablutions are among families where Sabbath and Sunday-schools are old institutions, so nearly all Japanese women acquire a deftness and delicacy of tact with the razor that rival professional touch and skill. The girls and boys are not considered dressed or perfectly clean until their scalps in the chosen portions are perfectly polished. The male barbers of the period are stout conservatives, resisting wordily the foreign custom of the hairy foreigners who wear beards, mustaches, and full heads of hair.

SELF.

FANNIE WARNER BICKNELL.

One day, after more than a year of swinging like a pendulum between the pretty village of Summerville and the adjacent city, Paul Spaulding announced quite abruptly, but in a matter-of-fact way, that he was going to Europe. This announcement was made to his *fiancé*, Belle Benton, to whom he had been engaged for twelve months, and whose heart he had labored for six months to win—outdoing all her other admirers in the matter of bouquets, expensive literature, knick-knacks of various kinds, and more than all, in assiduous and devoted attentions. He was rich, as the phrase goes—in money, certainly—and could command the time when other young men were at their business or profession, to bestow in his endeavors to carry off the prize—the loveliest girl in Summerville—indeed, in the whole county. He distanced the many who had started in the race before him, and then, having won, settled down completely satisfied to be engaged, and thinking no more of marrying than he did of dying—and that was something he never contemplated. Belle lived the life of a recluse after the engagement; because Paul had withdrawn her from all company by not going into it himself, "having enough of that sort of thing in the city," as he said, "and coming down to Summerville to rest." One friend after another was dropped, until it came to be understood in the circle of which she had been the brightest link, that she cared for no one but her lover; all lamented this loss to Summerville society; but after some indignation at the "city snob's" selfishness, they were allowed their way, and were rarely disturbed by the old friends who regarded the beautiful Belle as one buried from the world as effectually as if she had taken the veil. There was no reason why they should not marry, and as he wanted her all to himself, have her so as his wife—he was twenty-eight, she twenty-three—he was established in business, and with a competency outside his business income; but he never had asked her to name the "happy day," nor, indeed, had ever referred to it from the time he proposed and plead for the priceless gift of her love. Belle was an orphan, and the idolized ward of a bachelor uncle, who was in no hurry to part with the treasure he loved more than aught else in life. She graced his home as its mistress, and he had hoped she would never leave him. He had not altogether favored Paul from the first, and was now and then spasmodically indignant at the selfish monopoly of his niece, and the sudden turning of his house into a convent, as he termed the change from a gay home to a quiet, almost hermit-like existence; for it was Belle who had drawn all the company—her uncle was too indolent to make an effort in that direction. But then Paul did not take his niece away, and so uncle Chauncy said nothing, lest a word of remonstrance should suggest such a step to the young man, and then the thought of losing his darling was intolerable to the loving heart. But Belle had thought of it, and had latterly experienced some mortification at the apparent indifference of *her* lover, to what is supposed to be the darling wish of the orthodox lover's heart—union at the earliest possible day. This European flight was something for which she was entirely unprepared, always believing that a tour through the Old World would be the delightful manner of spending their honey-moon. It came upon her like an unexpected blow, but she was equal to the occasion. Following the abrupt communication, appeared a long catalogue of wishes, desires, almost commands as to her course of action during his absence, "such abiding confidence as he had in her uncle as a protector, that he could leave with feelings of perfect security;" but she was to be narrowed down to even greater seclusion than she had, to please him, already adopted. She listened while he ran over his itineracy, dwelling with relish upon the pleasures he was to enjoy in those countries to which her inclinations had pointed, and upon which her hopes had settled as the sunny path of their wedding tour—hopes utterly blighted by Paul's assertion that he "intended to *do* the Continent thoroughly, since he expected never to go again." Then indignation, mortification, wounded affection, and insulted pride, almost gained the mastery. The peculiar look that came into the blue eyes might have given her lover some uneasiness had he not been so absorbed in the selfish plans for his own enjoyment. But she mastered her emotions, and with a firm resolve, fell into all his schemes, suggesting, encouraging and recommending, in such a cheerful, unselfish way that Paul congratulated himself on having found such a blessing in life, on being so appreciated and adored by a woman of mind and heart, and acknowledged beauty—one who had had men of talent and position at her feet, but had had the good sense to prefer *him*, and had swamped *self* in the love he had inspired.

"Yes, I shall be gone about eight months, then I shall be ready to settle down; and Belle, dear, we'll talk about getting married when I return. I shall then be satisfied to become Benedict, the married man. You've had enough of society, and such a belle as you were, to be sure! It is hard upon *society* to keep you a little close; but my gem must shun display—I cannot waste any of its lustre upon other people, you know. We'll lead a regular Darby and Joan life in those rooms at my mother's, where you'll have no housekeeping cares—nothing to do but devote yourself to me." And then he contemplated in silent enjoy-

ment the picture he had drawn, while she bit her lips, and the flashing eyes filled with tears. Those were almost his last words, and when he was off she seemed not to know whether to laugh or cry. The change wrought in her feelings by Paul's egotistic and selfish course, had reached its climax; and now, stung to the quick, she resolved to throw off the yoke, and be no longer the slave to a narrow, mean, selfish nature, whose power over her lay in a peculiar fascination of manner, a handsome exterior, and the flattery which his satisfaction in her society during his visits to Summerville conveyed, and which few women could be insensible to. Had he gone to work with a settled purpose, he could not have more successfully destroyed every spark of affection, than the remarkable development of the contemptible features of his character had done. A union with such an one was no longer to be considered. She was astonished at the buoyancy, the gayety she felt when this determination had been arrived at; and her uncle regarded her with amazement, and concluded he did not understand girls. He had anticipated tears and low spirits, two things in his opinion worse than an onslaught of the enemy in battle; and he had taken an active part in the late war, and was competent to judge; but after a prolonged interview with his niece that evening, he had a clearer comprehension of at least one girl's nature, and uncle and niece understood each other thoroughly.

"Now, uncle, I am going to enter at once upon a change of base. I am going out to-morrow morning, to call upon my friends, and invite a few here for the evening. I shall teach one of your sex a lesson. To live with him in *rooms* after having been the mistress of this good old place, and that, too, without his even saying "By your leave!" No, no; I've been uncle's pet too long to be another man's slave; but if he'd only been *noble* and *generous*, I would have gone to the world's end with him."

"But he wouldn't let you," said Uncle Chauncy, with a look of humor in his eye.

"I wouldn't go now if he begged me on his knees; I'd be afraid he'd leave me on the road, as being too much in his way; and besides, I despise his meanness."

"Belle, do you remember what day to-morrow will be?" asked Uncle Chauncy, with peculiar significance.

"The Fourth of July, to be sure—oh, I see what you mean. Yes, we'll celebrate my return to liberty," and she laughed more merrily than he had heard her for months.

"And when he goes to his club in the evening, his mother will be company for me," she said in a mimicking tone; then, drawing herself up, added—"Not if the court knows herself, and she believes she do! Good-night, uncle; to-morrow will dawn a new day."

On the morrow, Belle appeared before her uncle, arrayed in the loveliest of blue buntings; a Tuscan hat with trimmings and feathers of cream color, and parasol and gloves of the same delicate shade. With heightened color and a dangerous sparkle of the eyes, she laughingly kissed him; and straightening herself up, said, "Now, I am going to meet my fate."

"Well, while you are on that benevolent errand, Belle, just manage to come across Col. Gentry; he is the fate I would choose for you—"

"Who might he be, pray?"

"He might be a selfish idiot, like Paul, but he is not—he is candidate for Governor; I'd like to see him here; just manage to get an invitation to him in my name. This precious gout is keeping me in doors, or I'd see him myself."

"All right, uncle; we'll have the old gentleman if he is to be had."

Belle drove from the house of one friend to another, everywhere welcomed with delightful cordiality—at Helen Blakemore's, her once confidential friend, before her "entanglement," as she now called her engagement to Paul, she lingered long, and continued her conversation at the gate. To the willing Helen, she confided her troubles, and her intention of breaking altogether with Paul. "He has excommunicated himself from the sanctuary of my heart," she said, "and has none but himself to blame; so I feel no compunctions."

"But you'll write to him, Belle?"

"Yes; a brief note—and refer him to uncle; he don't deserve even that much courtesy."

They were talking thus, when the quick eyes of Helen espied a stranger standing on the opposite steps, belonging to the modest hotel of Summerville.

"I don't know who he is, Belle; but I saw him early this morning talking with Judge Justice. He is overpoweringly elegant; but you must not turn to look, for he is gazing this way."

"I told uncle I was coming out to meet my fate; who knows"—Belle was interrupted by Helen's brother, who, appearing at that moment, saluted them with a torpedo, which, exploding within a yard of the gate, caused them to turn suddenly. Ralph was lifting his hat to the stranger; and Helen said in a low tone, "Who is he, brother?"

"Colonel Gentry—running for Governor, you know, and speaks here to-day. Young, isn't he?"

"And that is the 'old gentleman,' is it, that I promised uncle I would invite for this evening—and you know him?"

"Like a book; I am out to escort him to Judge Justice's. He's apparently waiting for me. You never looked better, Miss Belle; sorry I can't stop longer."

"But you'll come this evening, Ralph, and

bring the candidate with you—such a lion—and we've not had one since Barnum was here."

"It's a perfect God-send, Belle, this invitation; such a stupid hole as Summerville to have a stranger on your hands! Yes, I promise both of us, and thanks."

Ralph had been in the train of Belle's admirers, and was disconsolate when Paul carried off the prize. He had watched their course with interest, and had said many a big D— over the selfishness and arrogance of her lover; and had been chief mourner when Belle buried herself from society. Now he snapped his fingers and wondered what was up. "The fellow is off, and I'll be hanged if I've seen her look so bright since he cut us all out."

"You are a fortunate dog, Ralph, to know the ladies I saw you conversing with. The one in blue is a perfect Hebe. Who is she, and what is her condition?" remarked the Colonel, as he thrust his hand through the bend of his friend's elbow.

"Miss Belle Benton—"

"Whew! You don't say so! The *fiancé* of Paul Spaulding? I have heard of her as the belle of Summerville—what induced her to fancy that man? I wouldn't have his reputation for meanness for all I am worth!"

"Well, he was from the city, you know, and that goes a great way with country belles; then he went ahead of us fellows here, in the matter of horses, dress, and dash generally; and being bent on having her—and he is handsome, you know—he carried his point, as far as engagement goes. I don't believe she'll ever marry him though—for I'd stake my honor on it, she is as sick of the bargain as he is satisfied with it, for she has an oh-be-joyful sort of look now that he's away."

"I hope so, for her sake; she looks amiable."

"You shall judge of her amiability this evening, if you will accept an invitation from her uncle to meet a small company there."

"With pleasure, old boy; I shall consider it a privilege to go. Thanks for the courtesy; but here is the Judge."

That evening Uncle Chauncy's grounds were illuminated; and after the reception of her guests, Belle and Colonel Gentry led the way out to witness the pyrotechnical display, on the Common opposite. The presence of the favorite candidate had drawn a crowd of his partisans in front of the house, and shouts greeted his appearance on the piazza. Belle stepped back while he advanced and gratified the clamorous throng by a few well-chosen remarks, at the close of which he again sought her side. She had never looked so superbly beautiful; the brilliancy of her color, the sparkle of her eyes, the animation of her manner, caused many a remark at Paul's expense; and there seemed to be a universal feeling of joy that his absence had permitted her to join her old friends, and grace once more her uncle's mansion as its charming hostess; and Uncle Chauncy was as happy as he had not been for months; surrounded by youth and beauty, by wit and intelligence, by *life*, which seemed to have departed from the domicil, he had feared forever. Without doubt pique, the fire of resentment, wounded pride, and a just indignation, had much do to with the almost exaggerated brilliancy and dash, the high spirits, impetuous movements and lofty carriage of the young hostess; but she was fairly radiant, and her old admirers thronged around her, while Colonel Gentry bestowed most devoted attention. For herself, she regarded him with especial favor; his dignity, grand presence, and noble face commanded her interest, as that of all others; and he had come, too, at a time, when she felt the conduct of Paul an insult to her devotion and self-sacrifice of the past year. They parted that night like old friends, and with a mutual desire to meet again. After Paul's first letter, which was long a-coming, and full of himself, Belle wrote him a formal dismissal, referring him to her uncle for an explanation. His letter abounded in self-congratulation in having started on the trip—such delightful people as he had fallen in with, and who had persuaded him to join their party to Syria, which would lengthen his stay to at least a year—then she would have the supreme happiness of having him entirely to herself, and their lives would flow along like a placid stream, away from the gay world, and undisturbed by the intrusions of society. He had discovered some gray hairs, and they admonished him that he must seek rest and quiet after this journey; the careful nursing of a wife, and comforts of a settled home. He presumed she would occupy the time of his absence by preparation for her wedding; and he imagined her busy with her needle, and absorbed in thoughts of him. This was a refinement of selfishness and egotism that provoked her wrath. Another letter came; he had departed from his itineracy and her note had not reached him; she knew her lines would follow him, however, since he had given instructions to have all letters forwarded.

In the meantime the Colonel had not been neglectful. It came to be whispered that his frequent visits to Summerville had another than a political motive—Uncle Chauncy had not hesitated, in the delight of his heart, to say that Paul had been dismissed, and Belle was once more free. At length came a letter of expostulation; the brief note had come to hand, and he demanded an explanation, which Uncle Chauncy immediately forwarded.

Three weeks later—in the latter part of October, Belle's engagement to Colonel Gentry was announced. He had been nominated; the election was drawing near. He was run almost to death

with business of a political nature, and that of his profession—the law—both of which separated him too much from the object of his devoted love. He urged her to complete his happiness by consenting to an early marriage.

"Belle, my darling, will you not share with me my triumph or my defeat?—grace the Gubernatorial Mansion, or wander with me in foreign lands? In the event of a defeat, I shall wish to sail at once for Europe; I could not go without you, my promised bride, and you would not compel me to remain and witness the inauguration of my opponent?"

He plead long and earnestly; Belle thought it would be premature; the weeks, months, she had known him, had fled so rapidly they seemed but days—it was but yesterday it seemed since he had proposed—and now he was imploring her in passionate accents to become his wife. How different from the dispassionate conduct of Paul, who was reveling in the delights of foreign travel, to which her inclinations he knew pointed; had exhausted the pleasures of life at home, and only asked her—no, not asked her even, but named the time himself—when they would be married; when he should have become wearied of those very pleasures she had so often expressed a desire to taste. Art and music were her delight; she had fine literary taste, but how little gratification of those tastes could be had in Summerville, one only knows who has had the experience of existence in so comparatively small a town. Paul had heartlessly, selfishly ignored her desires, while gratifying his own; while here was her new lover—and she seemed now never to have had any other—begging her to share his triumph and high position, it might be, or to participate with him in a tour which his means could extend to any length, and could open every avenue to the enjoyment of all that the Old World furnishes for the gratification of cultivated taste and intellectual pleasure. She might have loved Paul Spaulding, as she now loved Gregory Gentry; with the latter she could live in contentment in a hovel—with the former, she would not be happy in a palace. Selfishness and meanness in men, are crimes in a true woman's mind; nothing so serves to lower them in feminine esteem, or so effectually to incur disgust and contempt. "I will share his glory if it may be, or comfort him in the overthrow of his hopes," she said, almost wishing that it might be the latter, that she could prove to him how entirely her heart was his.

It was on the eve of their marriage; Belle and Colonel Gentry were standing at the vine-curtained window of the library, when the old house-keeper entered, and motioned Belle to the door. After a few words, she returned to his side, and placing her hands on his, said, "Paul Spaulding is in the parlor; will you go in with me? shall I see him?"

"See him by all means, my love: no, I would not humiliate him by witnessing the interview; be kind, whether he entreats or reproaches."

"You are goodness itself," she whispered, as she pressed for a moment her soft cheek to his.

Paul was standing at the centre-table; his face haggard and worn, and his attitude that of despair. He sprang forward as she advanced and seized her hand. She was far more lovely than when he last saw her; and he bowed his head in silence, while tears rolled down his cheeks. She could not but be affected at this display of emotion.

"Belle," at length he spoke; "you cannot mean it; you love me still."

"No, Paul; I have only come that you might learn from my own lips, and not doubt, that my heart is entirely another's."

"You don't love him; I refuse to believe it; you could not, after loving *me*; you are only dazzled by a false glitter; he will *never* be elected."

"Hush, Paul; I hope he may not be—I have no wish for a public life; but I love him for his unselfishness, his nobleness and goodness in all things."

"What an idiot I was to go?"

"Thank God you did go, for both our sakes; as your wife, I fear I should have hated you; as it is, cannot we be friends?"

"Friends—no; what care I for your friendship? You are my promised wife, and by heavens"—his voice raised to an unnatural pitch, made itself heard in the library, and brought the Colonel to the parlor door; he heard the last words, and entered. Belle held out her hand; he took it in both of his, and said, in a quiet voice, "Mr. Spaulding, I regret to meet you here."

"Then remove yourself at once, sir, and drop Miss Benton's hand; she is my affianced wife," shouted Paul, in accents of ungovernable rage.

"We will let her decide. Belle, how is it?"

"Gregory, you know you have, unshared, all my mind can think or my heart can feel."

"Enough," said Paul. "I am suffering—punished for the sins of others; I was reared by injudicious parents, to think of no one but myself, only of my own pleasure, and I could now almost *curse* them for their idiocy; I see the error of my whole life; but Belle, it is not too late?" He looked pleadingly into her face, and held out his hand.

"No, Paul—not too late to think less of yourself and more of the happiness of those you profess to love; but I suppose it would be useless to invite you to my wedding."

He raised his hand as if to ward off a blow; and turning suddenly, left the house.

The marriage took place, and the day following, Colonel Gentry was elected by an overwhelming majority; at the end of the term, he

was re-elected; then, when he finally went out of office, Belle, with her devoted husband and two sons, started on the much desired tour abroad. Mrs. Gentry profited by the experience of her first engagement, and labored to teach her boys that there are other considerations in life of more importance, even to one's own happiness, than *Self*.

CHILDHOOD.

BY ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

I heard a child's laugh over the way—
 A child's laugh, glad and free,
Come over the apple-blooms so sweet;
A perfect rhythm of joy complete,
 A strain of melody.

I heard the voice of the little child,
 As it sang in its innocent play;
A joyous song so glad and wild,
As it sprang from a heart all undefiled,
 And rippled across the way.

Oh, trusting childhood! Oh, innocent glee,
 That knows not of sorrow or pain;
That fills the house with sweet minstrelsy,
With childish faith and laughter free,
 As a robin oft sings in the rain.

May thy childhood hours pass glad and sweet,
 Distrust ne'er dim thy gaze;
The life of a child is short and fleet;
A woman's life with care replete,
 And full of weary days.

Oh, the sweetest thing in this world of ours,
 When the waves of sorrow run wild.
Where a blight is over the fairest flowers,
And clouds o'ershadow life's sweetest hours,
 Is the laugh of a little child.

There are wonderful anthems of hope and cheer,
 And love songs tender and sweet,
But what far-away song falls so soft on the ear—
What anthem of hope is ever as dear
 As the patter of little feet?

Then let thy laughter, so glad and free,
 Ring out on the summer air,
For the Father who watches the sparrows small,
Will tenderly fold his children all,
 And shield them in his care.

TRUTH, taken as a whole, is not agreeable. Every man, woman, and child dislikes it. There are agreeable truths and disagreeable truths, and it is the province of discretion or sound judgment to make a selection from these, and not to employ them all indiscriminately. Speaking the truth is not always a virtue. Concealing it is very often judicious. It is only when duty calls upon you to reveal the truth that it is commendable. A tale-teller may be a truth-teller, but every one dislikes the character of a person who goes from one house to another and intercommunicates all he sees or hears.

A CRISIS.

BY SARA T. SMITH.

Always the same! The same dull waste of meadows stretching towards the river; the same low line of shore beyond the wide, white water; the same bleak and sombre houses, far apart, and unsuggestive of a single pleasant thing in life. One needed not to cross the threshold to make sure that no hearth ever glowed within, no table ever set forth its cheer with snowy napery and dainty dishes. Monica thought, as she looked at them in the clear, red morning, that if she had never seen more of them than their homes, she would have known of the hard lines in old Thomas Gerry's face, the tight little knot at the back of Liz Benkart's round head, the general care-for-nothing, do-nothing, hope-for-nothing, outward seeming of the eight Longleys. Only just such people could lead such a life, amid such surroundings. But no, *she* was one of them! *Could* she be such as they were? She drew in her head from its framework of the open window, with its flowing oriental curtains. The morning wind swept one of them against her cheek, and the light touch thrilled her pleasantly. Here was a difference! She came of another race, and drew her being from far back amid other scenes. Her grandfather had made things possible to her of which Liz Benkart had no conception. What if he died years before she was born? Had he not left the record of those days when he "sailed the seas over," for her hourly scanning? Those curtains, to begin with, sweeping the bare, brown floor with faded silken fringe, and glowing faintly in the new day—was she not sure of a sultry, perfumed tropic land, half-barbaric, half grandly civilized, where they had grown beneath lithe, bronze-hued fingers? The ewer and basin on her painted stand might have been offered to some dusky Indian princess by attendant slaves; the frail linen of her narrow couch, the velvet-soft tiger skin beside it, the quaint crystal ornaments on her plain square toilet table, had each a dream connected with them, which, sleeping or waking, the Longleys would never know. No, she was not like them! She had so much more, and so much less. They were content, while she fretted her heart out with longings for some unknown good; and she was growing so old, too!

She leaned her dimpled elbows on the white covered table, and looked steadily at her face in the glass. Then she drew a long sigh of relief, and went slowly away to the duties which were never ended, and never lightened for her by one strong, swift, pressure of new experience.

Breakfast and washing the breakfast cups, planning the dinner and dusting the parlor, cutting out and fitting together of garments which lacked the elements of elegance and beauty that

would have stirred her very pulse, a little chatter with Liz Benkart as to the strangers who were at church, and then a quiet half hour in her room again. The sun had "gone round" to the other side, and it looked bare and worn and cold. A sudden rush of passionate feeling filled her heart. She threw out her hands with an imploring gesture towards that unseen, yet ever conscious presence, and uttered her cry.

"Lord, I cannot bear it! I am going mad, I think. There is so much in the world, and I have nothing. Give me something beautiful, and new, and sweet, as Thou art merciful!"

Then she lay down on her bed, and wept as if her heart were breaking. What was it she wanted? What was it she had so longed for during all the summer days and winter brightness of her life? She could not tell, but it had grown, at last, too strong for silence. She felt a sad, faint hope that her very sobs would plead for her with the One who ordered her "goings out and comings in," and bring about some change. Surely, the wants of the nature He had created, He would supply. Then, comfort flashed on her like a blaze of sunlight. Why had she not seen it sooner? She had not sinned. It was no repining, no envy, no vain desire for pomps and vanities that had made her neglectful of her present, in idle visions of the future or of another state in life. It had been a certain "divine discontent," and a yearning for something infinitely better and higher, that she had not understood. If she had only cried out sooner! Only put her thoughts into words for herself, and her God, help would have come sooner! She was sure it would come *now*, and in the peaceful exhaustion which followed the thrill of awakened feeling, she dropped into a quiet sleep.

It was late when she awoke. Her mother was standing by, calling her in a strange, muffled tone of excitement.

"What is it?" she cried, starting up, "There is something the matter. Tell me, mother—tell me! Whose letter is that?"

"It is mine—from Henry. He has sent for one of us to come at once. Lucy is dying."

"O, mother!"

"*I* cannot go; poor fellow! And are you well enough?"

"Well enough? I am not sick at all."

"Are you sure? You seemed so drooping this morning, and you were in such a heavy sleep at dinner-time. I would not waken you, for I thought you must need it."

"So I do, now, for I will not get any more to-night. Let me see the time. Help me, mother. I must leave here in an hour. Poor, poor Lucy!"

She was hurrrying from closet to bureau, from table to stand, as she spoke, dressing and gathering together things she would need, rapidly and methodically. Her mother stood looking on helplessly, now and then offering a suggestion, throwing in an exclamation of pity, wondering over the cause of her daughter-in-law's illness, and questioning Monica as to her feelings and her ability to stand the excitement and fatigue of the journey and its object. Monica's quick call brought her sister to her aid, and in less time than she would have thought possible an hour before, she was out of the house and walking rapidly towards the station. The sun was low in the red, stormy-looking west, and a sullen wind was blowing. The meadows were an intricate network of blood-red pools, and streams, and black ragged tufts, for the tide was in and overflowing them. Old Thomas Gerry hung over the gate of his front yard, and grunted at her as she passed him quickly; but not another thing of life was visible in the long mile she traveled before she reached the station, just as the train came in sight.

When they were well away, for the first time she faced what lay before her—a long night ride, a strange city, a strange house, and faces almost as strange. Henry was her mother's son, but not her father's. He was years older than she was, and had always lived with his father's people, making only short visits at long intervals to his step-father's house. But there had always been most kindly feelings towards him in that house, and he had been glad to come and sorry to go. The last time, he had brought his bride in their honeymoon, and spent two pleasant weeks. Lucy had charmed them all, and had given warm liking in return, especially to Monica. Henry had spoken often and warmly of having her much with them in their own house, but she had never gone; her father had died soon after, and the time never came when everything suited to leave home. Lucy had grown tired of excuses, not half believing them, and had ended her last letter of months ago with a downright scolding. Poor, pretty, gentle Lucy! What a fair dream her visit to the old house seemed! Her modern loveliness, her thousand and one dainty devices of dress and ornament, the new atmosphere of wealth and careless indulgence she carried with her into their narrow round of moneyless existence! Monica had cherished no resentment of the scolding, for she could readily believe the petted darling of fortune was utterly incapable of understanding the chains of want—fine as cobwebs, but unyielding as steel wire—which forever hampered any longing for pleasant "outings" with her. And she had been far too proud to speak of them in a quarter that might have seemed to render the offer of relief imperative. Oh, that want of money! Had it been *that* which had darkened her life of late?—kept her always yearning through her brief girlhood? No, surely not! Lucy had wealth, but it was not *it* that seemed so bitter to leave in Monica's

thought of her going. It was the full life of love and thought and event that she had so often pictured to herself as her sister-in-law's portion. Had she envied her? Some faintly remorseful memory of her cry for "something new" rose up at this; but she was a very fair-minded creature, and quickly checked the morbid whisper. She had asked for good to herself—none knew better than her God how far removed from her was any thought of evil to her neighbor; besides, "while there is life, there is hope." Lucy might not die, after all. She had done her very best to help her brother in his trouble, and the good thing might come in that very way. What if it should? And thus questioning and answering in the new state of her flying ride through the blackness of darkness which seemed to remove her infinitely from the girl of the morning, and yet carry with her that girl's inner life, Monica sped into the great, blank-looking depot, and found Henry waiting for her at the very door of the car.

"Monica! I am so glad! I hoped it would be you," was his first greeting. He looked pale and worn, yet strangely excited, and hurried her off to the carriage so restlessly she had no time for a question. But when they were shut in, and rattling over the network of rails before the depot, he began to talk at once of Lucy, as if he dreaded any reference to her illness from another. He could not bring himself to say what he had written; he could scarcely tell the worst of what had been. When Monica thanked him earnestly for leaving home to come and meet her, he answered: "It was better for me than staying there; I can do nothing for her!" and broke down utterly. Monica laid her hand on his, and he held it with that close clasp which is so sure a proof of the comfort of sympathy, that visible sign of the soul's clinging to the "brother which it has seen" as an earnest of the God whom it has not seen.

It was a long drive before the carriage stopped in a wide, dark street, with here and there a bright, clear light, bringing out the tall stone houses from night's heavy shadows. The door at the top of a steep flight of steps opened instantly, and a servant came down to the carriage to assist them. Beyond the wide portal, Monica saw such a vision of color and space and light and warmth, as fairly dazzled her; but, when she had entered it, the stillness, the loneliness that could be felt, appalled her.

"Is there no one here but the servants?" she asked Henry, in a whisper.

"No one," he answered. "But there are reasons for it," he added, quickly, seeing her wonder in her face. "We are not friendless nor neglected, dear. Lucy's family are all in Europe, and she would not consent to any one else remaining with her, save you or my mother. Before she grew so ill, she seemed to dread the presence of every one but me; and, when she thought there must be some one else, she begged me to write for one of you. Since yesterday, she has been in the hands of professional nurses; and the doctors are here all the time. O, Monica, you do not know! O, Lucy, my Lucy!" And he threw himself on the sofa of the room he had led her into, in a passion of grief such as she had never seen.

What she said, she knew not; but it was not in her nature to stand aside from any of earth's evils, dumb and cold. She knelt down by her brother—near and dear as her very own from that hour—and uttered her broken words in a voice whose very tones brought strength and hope.

He kissed her, after a while, with a new tenderness, and calmed and restored to himself, busied himself for her comfort. She took the refreshments he ordered, and followed him to the door of Lucy's room for the last word from her attendants. Then she went to her room, for the rest she knew would be needed to meet the calls on the morrow. Sleep seemed far from her when she laid her head on the pillows of the spacious couch, and closed her eyes upon the luxurious elegance of the dimly-lighted room. Truly, here was a change in earnest! And, sad as it was, there was something beautiful and sweet in it, too. Her life was really wider now than it had ever been; wider by the whole range of a brother's heart. And then, she lost sight of herself in the vagaries of that dream-land which, hitherto, had been her only rest from the monotony of day.

Truly, "while there is life, there is hope." Lucy did not die; and Monica, before many days, had just as many new and loving duties as she could fulfill. Patient skill, and wise nursing, brought the gentle sufferer from the very edge of the grave; and the rebound of her husband's heart from the anxious grief of those three days, was felt by all who came in contact with him. The whole household was pervaded by a new atmosphere of energy, hope, and pleasant self-sacrifice. Every good and gracious thing on earth he would gladly have lavished on her, the current of whose being set towards him from the first languid moment of consciousness; and Monica was his ready and skillful assistant. From the pleasant cares of the house, and the calls of Lucy's friends, she went eagerly to the sick-room, where, daily and hourly, she delighted in the beautiful love of the newly-restored husband and wife; and found out some new and lovely trait of Lucy's pure nature.

As Lucy grew stronger, her friends came into her room for half-hour chats, and Monica was never a stranger with them. It never crossed her mind, as it certainly would have pervaded all Liz Benkart's thoughts, that, because they were dressed like tropical birds in the very height of

the fashion, and knew nothing whatever of work-day life, they were any less girls like herself to whom friendship and love and sorrow were real things. They looked into her clear eyes when they were introduced; they generally took her hand when they left her, because it seemed natural to cling to her; and they all liked her. Sometimes they wondered among themselves, why Mr. Graham's sister had never visited him before, and concluded she must have been at school, as she was evidently not "out" yet. But they made her one of them, and told her their little stories of gay life; confided to her each other's little romances; asked her advice in the candid way women so often have, and, indeed, often followed it.

Lucy fell into the way of saying, "What do *you* think, Monica, dear?" quite as naturally as the sisters at home; and here, too, Monica was giving, giving, all the time, and getting less in return than she gave, although she did not feel it. The "change" had begun for her. "Something beautiful and new," had been given her.

At last, Lucy was able to sit up the greater part of the day, and then, the doctor said she might be dressed and carried into the drawing room for just one hour after dinner. They made a great festival of it among themselves. She was to wear her prettiest dress; to have her hair in the most becoming style; to be most careful of herself all the day before dinner time; and twenty other suggestions and restrictions were poured out by Henry, as he hung over her, hat in hand, while she breakfasted in bed. Monica, propped by pillows at the foot, looked on and laughed at him.

"And I am going to bring Ned home with me," he added, as he left the room. "He came in last night, and stopped to ask for you on his way up. Tell Monica all about him. Good-bye! I'm off."

"O, I am so glad you will see him, at last!" exclaimed Lucy. Monica, he is the dearest fellow! And so wise and good?"

"Who is *he*, my dear!" Tell me all about him, as Henry said, while you rest after that exertion, when Jane takes the waiter."

Lucy was very ready, and had found a congenial topic. Monica heard Ned Fairlie's story from beginning to end, and appreciated it. He was Henry's dearest friend; he had struggled with many difficulties, and conquered them in a quiet way; he had borne wrong patiently, and repaid it nobly—in short, he stood a man among men, unscathed, unwounded by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," ready to take its blessings, and use them well. There was no love story, strange to tell. Lucy concluded he had not had time for it, for he was handsome and affectionate enough for any woman's heart; and he was older than Henry.

"Handsome and affectionate enough for any woman's heart," Monica repeated to herself, when Henry brought him in to speak to Lucy just before dinner. Monica was looking on from the shadow of the curtains, and his natural manner was untrameled by any shade of the formality due a stranger. It certainly was the most perfect manner a man could have; cordial, yet with a touch of homage dear to a woman's heart; tender, yet with a tone of deep respect, and proud consciousness of his position as a gentleman, bound to shelter and protect. He was very glad to see Lucy, and very sorry for her, and very glad for her; and full of hope, and cheer, and bright suggestions. Then Henry asked for Monica, and brought her forward, a little flushed with interest in the scene; a little shy of this man, whose praises she had heard all day, and now believed; and with all her interest, and her shyness, her sympathy and her belief, looking at him eloquently from her lovely, child-clear, woman-deep gray eyes. He actually paused a second in admiration before his bow to her; and his first words thrilled with the feeling she awakened, common-place though they were.

They went away then to the dining-room, leaving Lucy to rest in the twilight. They had a pleasant hour together, though Monica said little. More than once she caught him looking at her with a strange intent gaze, and Henry, too, smiled at her in an approving manner she could not misinterpret. But she could not know *how* fair she was; how the change in her life had lit up a fire within which transfigured the silent soul, and made eloquent her every feature. Slender and tall and lithe, purely fair and delicately lined, with soft Madonna-falling hair, and those wonderful eyes, she was a beauty brought to late perfection, and destined to preservation. Henry told Lucy when they were alone that night of his surprise and delight, and asked her what she had done for Monica.

"If you mean as to her dress, Henry, you are mistaken. She wears always the same quiet black silk, and simple white lace; but she wears it differently, and I think she smiles more easily and brightly. She seems so happy."

And she was. That evening was the beginning of such delight to her as she had never imagined. She sat the greater part of it in silence, listening to the voice whose tones were never more to die out from her heart, learning and appreciating the unstudied wisdom of his remarks. He was one of those rare and noble men who do, indeed, seem made in "the likeness of God," and he had that unconsciousness of self, that almost child-like respect for others, which disarms the harshest critic. Yet, he was every inch a man. Monica's heart beat full and true with his, and she knew it.

When the evening was over, and she was alone in her room, she knelt down, dressed as she was,

waiting for no thought, no methodical routine of nightly preparation, and laid her face close among her pillows.

"Lord!" she said; "Thou hast been better to me than I dared to ask! Thou hast shown me the want of my heart. The woman Thou hast made *me*, and the man Thou hast made *him*. I know it now, and I can wait, O Lord, even forever. Just as Thou wilt. I am content, for I have seen Thy face, as it were, behind the cloud; I have read the secret of the discipline of repression. Thou hast kept me back from wasting in vain fancies the strength Thou hast given me for my life's best!"

Then she went quietly to bed, but not to sleep. Over and over she recalled his tones and his words, his looks and his gestures. He seemed to have been always a part of her life, and she might never have lived before that day, for all the interest she had in the years. She had no hopes or fears for the future; she could wait, as she had said. If a love such as he could give was to crown her life—O well, indeed, to have been born! If not—then, well to know that only for such a love, the purest and the best, had she been fitted.

She was late next morning, and Lucy's maid came to her door with a message from Mr. Graham that Mr. Fairlie did not get off the night before, and would breakfast with them in something of a hurry. Monica's fingers trembled, but the color in her cheeks was only enough to hide her sleepless night, and she looked bright and fresh when she went in to take her place at the urn.

Mr. Fairlie did not seem in a hurry, after all; in fact, he lingered until Henry called him impatiently, after his usual lounge at Lucy's side.

Monica went all day in the light of his smile, and the strength given her by the light warm touch of the hand he had half unconsciously offered her in the hurry of parting. That is, she thought it half-unconsciously given. What if she had known the truth?—that he stood before her, lingering and longing, yet fearing to hold, for one instant, those quiet hands in his, and draw upwards, with his tender clasp of them, those sweet, shy eyes to his. For Ned Fairlie, too, was swept away, at last, from the barren shore of his desert isle, and floating with the current into the haven where he fain would be.

There has always been, I doubt not, a favored few for whom the course of true love ran smooth; those who have deserved it. Those who, taking life as it was sent to them, in the best spirit possible, patiently doing the daily round of duties, patiently bearing the daily cross, patiently waiting, and never dreaming of taking for themselves anything less than the best, because the best was withheld, have come, at last, to their inheritance, and found also their reward, as did Monica.

The days were not many before she had a glimpse of her future, and stood awed and trembling at its great promise. Mr. Fairlie was no fair-weather wooer. He carried the single heartedness, the determination, the steady effort of his nature to this, as to less inviting tasks. Henry and Lucy rejoiced in secret, and planned all sorts of good things for Monica's wedding and Monica's home, long before they dared to speak to her of her lover, because she had not learned to call him such even in her heart. Then there came a day when Henry, rushing in to Lucy, quite early for him, sent Monica down stairs to entertain Fairlie, and announced that he was about to "finish it."

"Yes, he came round to me this morning, as nervous as a woman, and told me, in that proud, shy, sweet way of his—bless the dear fellow!—that he thought it right I should know how he regarded my sister, and if I objected—objected, indeed! I think—well, Lucy! I'm pretty sure I gave him a regular bear hug, and certainly did not hold off in any dignified manner. But then, I am not her father. Brothers do not have to keep up the paternal state, do they?"

Monica, meanwhile, had gone slowly down, striving to quiet her eager heart, and schooling herself not to long for more than was her due in the brief half hour she anticipated.

"If he ever is to love me," she said to herself, "it will be because I am worthy of it. And I can only be worthy of it by the truest womanliness—not by craving and fretting for love. And if he is never to love me, I must still be worthy." Then she went in, calmly and pleasantly, quite herself at her best.

But he was "not himself at all;" he was flushed and almost awkward; he did not seem to give full attention to her words when she spoke, and yet he listened eagerly for her to speak when silence fell upon them. Monica's sensitive nature responded to his mood, and fearing, hoping she knew not what, the moments of silence grew more frequent. Suddenly he turned, rose, and came to her side.

"Monica," he began, "you *must* know what I wish to say. I cannot—I fear to ask the question upon which my all depends. Oh, my darling! I swear to you I have never told a woman before that I loved her. If I had, and she loved me, can you tell me what she would have felt? Answer me quickly," and he seized her hand, bending over her as she sank back in her chair. She had heard him aright? He loved her? She looked at him with these questions in her glance, and his answered them.

"Yes," she said, softly, but steadily. "That is, I know what she would have felt, but I cannot tell you. Don't *you* know?"

Blushing, smiling, trembling, half-timid, half-proud, shy, fond, and altogether beautiful, Ned Fairlie blessed God that *this* first woman he had

ever loved, was fair and pure as any he had ever seen. What he answered to her question, no need to tell. What need, indeed, to tell their story further? Is it not ended? Had not the crisis of her fate been safely passed? and was she not launched, just at the turn of the tide, into the deep waters, where all is plain sailing, if God directed? And had they not both of them shown their trust in the Pilot, while yet they were bound to the rugged shore?

Monica went down to her home under Ned Fairlie's care, when Lucy was quite, quite well. There had been a delightful season of courting in the parlor, as well as the drawing-room; for Henry set the very best of examples, and Ned refused to be out-done. The engagement was to be a very short one; the wedding over and the honeymoon seclusion ended in time to go to Europe with Henry and Lucy in the early summer.

The barren winter lay heavy on the land when they passed old Thomas Gerry's gate and came in full view of the desolate marshes once more. They were walking over from the station, and taking their time, for they were not expected.

Monica paused and looked out eagerly over the river. "Everything is so different!" she said; "It does not even look dull to-day."

And then she told him of that last day at home, of her morning reverie, her noon-day prayer, her evening's answer.

"God has been good!" she added, reverently. "He heard me when I called, and came to me!"

"Was it that, my darling, or did he lead you, step by step, to the gift He held for you, until you asked just at the right moment?"

"I cannot tell," she answered, after a pause. "Either way, it was His way. And one thing I *am* sure of, I was only just ready for it when it did come. A year ago even I was not as worthy as I am now. I can see, looking back, how every moment was needed to do its own work."

"And I, too; I have nothing to regret *now*. There is nothing I would have had otherwise *now*. How clear to us the meaning each can read in the past, how steadfast should be our trust in the future!"

"I don't complain, God knoweth what is best.
The discipline we need is what is sent.
We yearn for holiness—He hears—the rest,
Come as it may, there is a blessing *meant!*"

repeated Monica, half to herself. "It did not seem so true then."

"And yet out of that very existence she found so hard to bear, were springing even then the blossoms of song and the deep-laid poetry of soul my darling rightly deems her best gifts."

"No, she ranks nothing half so high as the something beautiful and new and sweet which came in answer to her prayer—your dear love."

He kissed her under the twilight heavens solemnly and tenderly.

Out of his sheltering arms, she passed up the wide old garden into the clinging mother arms, and the new life under the old roof where she had grown to its height and depth.

THE SURPRISE OF BREDA.

A STORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

BY LUCY WALTON FLETCHER.

'Twas just three hundred years ago—
One winter's night, thro' wind and snow,
Upon the Merk, a skipper bold
Packed close within the vessel's hold,
A cargo strange, of living men,
All warriors brave, three score and ten—
While blocks of turf were piled around,
And filled the deck, that not a sound
Or sight should to the passers-by
Reveal the danger lurking nigh.

Thro' fog and sleet they take their way,
But soon becalmed the vessel lay:
The east wind blows, aye, fierce and high,
Yet all unmoved those brave men lie
For days, packed close within the hold,
In hunger thirst and deadly cold;
'Till a fresh wind blows from the open sea,
And the boat once more rides fast and free.

The castle of Breda soon is seen:
But danger and death lie, perchance, between,
The boat springs a leak, in sight of the foe;
But soldiers and traders rush to and fro,
And the cargo of turf is quickly sold,
For the winter nights have been long and cold—
While the boatmen ply the pumps with a will,
And the wary skipper, with care and skill,
Prevails on the soldiers who come from the fort,
To help him in bringing his vessel to port.

Meanwhile the brave Dutchmen, crouched in the hold,
Half crippled, half frozen, benumbed with the cold,
With a fearful catarrh are suddenly seized,
And each one begins to cough and to sneeze.
One brave lieutenant, in his despair,
Drawing his dagger, implores them there,
Right quickly to stab him, lest the sound
Betray to the foe, now swarming round,
The handful of daring, dauntless men
Bearding the lion within his den.

The skipper on deck, as he stalks around
With soldiers and traders, hears the sound;
He knows that grim Death is hov'ring o'er
The brave men that lie 'neath the little trap-door;
But never a thought of fear has he,
As he shouts aloud in careless glee,
"The hold is filling with water fast—
Work, work, my men, to the pumps, in haste!"
With shouting, and pumping, and stamping around,
The coughing and sneezing are presently drowned;
While jesting and joking, this skipper so bold,
Soon finds that his cargo of turf is all sold.
One surly fellow, lingering, waits—

(They're just within the water gates:)
"My master, sure, will never brook
Upon such turf as that to look;
He'll have the best, or none, you see,
For Captain of the guard is he."
"Ho, ho," cries the skipper, right merrily now,
"The Captain has not been forgotten, I trow,
The best of the cargo is still all unsold,
I've kept it, expressly for him, in the hold.
So prithee be off, for the night comes on—
You may come for your turf at the early dawn,
Your master shall have enough, and to spare,
'Tis all been selected for him, with care."

Soldiers and traders are gone at last,
And the skipper's vessel is anchored fast,
Close to the guard-house; and full soon,
By the feeble light of a waning moon,
The brave Dutch Captain Herangiere
Sets out, with his men, for the castle there—
"No quarter, and short shrift," now they cry,
As they march on to death, or victory.
For they know that within the castle gates,
A horrible death each man awaits
From the merciless Spaniard; should they fail,
Not one would be left to tell the tale.

They seize the sentinel at his post,
And soon dispatch him—no time is lost;
And ere the dawn of another day,
The Spaniards have fled in wild dismay.
The dead and dying are piled around;
But not one Dutchman is on the ground.
Three score and ten, they are yet to be
Foremost in battle, by land and sea.
And the story was told for many a year,
Of the brave Dutch Captain Herangiere
And his men, who sailed with the skipper bold,
Like herrings packed in the vessel hold.

THE FEET.—Many of the colds which people are said to catch commence at the feet. To keep these extremities warm, therefore, is to effect an insurance against the almost interminable list of disorders which spring out of a "slight cold." First, never be tightly shod. Boots or shoes when they fit too closely press against the foot and prevent the free circulation of the blood. When, on the contrary, they fit with comparative looseness, the blood gets fair play, and the spaces left between the leather and the stockings are filled with a comfortable supply of warm air. The second rule is, never sit in damp shoes. It is often imagined that unless they are positively wet it is not necessary to change them. This is a fallacy, for when the least dampness is absorbed into the sole, it is attracted nearer the foot itself by the heat, and thus the perspiration is dangerously checked. Any person may prove this by trying the experiment of neglecting this rule. The feet will become cold and damp after a few moments, although on taking off the shoes and warming them they will appear quite dry.

FUN FOR THE FIRESIDE.

A HELP TO MOTHERS.

The Toy Theatre.—No. 18.

JESSIE E. RINGWALT.

Children are generally much interested in the nautical drama; and many of the favorite nursery tales can be readily arranged to suit the requirements of the toy theatre. The thrilling incidents of Robinson Crusoe are well adapted to the purpose; while a Man Friday and a few howling savages are not difficult of manufacture.

When a well-colored sea view can be found ready-made for the back scene, it requires some care, as well as art, to adapt the side scenes or slips, as they should have a general harmony in color. Good effects can be produced for the back, with the bold and striking wood-cuts which now frequently appear in the illustrated journals. In this case, a broad wash of blue sky and green water, can be readily repeated in the side scenes, with an addition of a high, dark rock, a tree or a frowning fortress.

When these side slips are made in connected pairs, after the model of Figure 1, they are very

Fig. 1.

conveniently arranged. They can be expeditiously manufactured by pasting on dark granite or gray tinted paper, to represent the rocks, and marking in the bold outlines, with ink or black crayon, while adding a little green foliage to break the monotony. Three of these pairs are all that is necessary; but the effect is very much improved by making several additional slips after the model of the waves, which connect the rocks at their bases. If several of these slips are made to extend across the floor of the stage between the side scenes, reproducing the same tints and general outlines of the waves, they will appear to blend with each other, and carry the eye back to the water in the back scene, producing a continuous effect of a water surface, which will give a very good view for a river or ocean. Between these slips, ships can be moved in and out with a

rocking motion, or can be cleverly drawn across the stage by threads or wires.

Beauty and the Beast, also, makes an excellent theme in this species of fun for the fireside. The garden scene can be prepared after the pattern already given; by substituting the picture of a statue, a tree or a blooming plant, for the rocks at the sides. A glimpse of the corner of a flower-covered summer house or veranda, will furnish a pretty variety; or a vine-draped door or window opening to the ground, may be supposed to be a portion of the Beast's palace. The lower part or connecting link of the side scenes, should, in this case, be painted to resemble green sward, or some small flowering plants. A great irregularity in the outlines very much improves the effect of the foliage. A high fountain, statue or ornamental arbor, looks well at the back of the garden; and a little summer house or alcove can be manufactured out of paper or cardboard, to serve as a retreat for the Beast. A little gilt paper with scarlet or blue, renders this residence quite magnificent.

In a very successful representation of this drama, a few fairies, with gay dresses and bright wings, came to the wedding; and the Beast was very imposing as well as very dreadful, being personated by a handsome china pomatum jar, fashioned in the form of a dancing bear. There is generally, however, in every household, a sufficient store of old toy books, from which suitable figures can be rescued, to serve as actors in these dramas. In the preparation, the pictures should always be carefully pasted on stiff paper or cardboard, and allowed to become perfectly dry under pressure, before the outlines are cut out. If cut when not thoroughly dried, the margins are apt to tear and have a jagged and unfinished appearance. Beauty and the Beast has the special merit of requiring but little variety of scene, as it can be sufficiently represented by a mere change from the palace of the Beast to the hut of Beauty's father. The plainness of the latter scene increases, by force of contrast, the gorgeousness of the palace.

Cinderellla has been found to be also excellently adapted to the needs of the toy theatre. A kitchen scene and ball-room, are all that is strictly necessary, although quite a touch of perfection is reached if she is seen rushing home alone in her rags. Any yellow ball can do duty as a pumpkin; and if attached to a string, can be drawn out quickly at the side, to reveal a minature chariot and horses, which has stood concealed behind it. Cinderella should be, in the first place, attired in her magnificent robes; and then disguised for the opening scene, by being clothed in a dingy wrapper. A suitable dress for this purpose can be arranged by taking a piece of brown paper, twice the required length, and doubling it in the middle. This fold represents the shoulder seams of the dress. A narrow oval aperture is cut in the centre of the fold to allow the head to pass through, and if this is insufficient, a short slit may be made down the back. The side lines or outline of the sleeves, waist and skirt, are then cut to complete the robe. If there is difficulty in withdrawing this garment quickly enough at the touch of the godmother's magic wand, only a front of the dress should be prepared, with a little margin turned down at the shoulders to hold it secure to the figure, until it is drawn away. If arranged in this fashion, the same wrapper can be replaced as a cover to the brilliant robes, as Cinderella escapes from the ballroom at the fated hour.

A cave will often add much to the romantic charm of the toy theatre; and it can be arranged by the pattern given in Figure 2. When stone-colored paper is used for the archway or entrance, very little drawing is required. Some

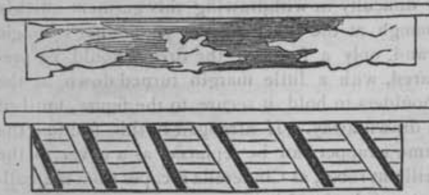
Fig. 2.

foliage makes a pretty decoration; or a few vines with bright touches of color to represent flowers, are often a decided improvement. A rocky floor can be made with stone-colored paper, and a few pebbles, or mineral specimens, can be added with advantage. Three of these archways, drawn with suitable variations in the outlines, will only need a few stones or a picture rock at the back, to produce a chosen spot for thrilling adventures, in which bandits and pirates may figure with brilliancy. A few separate trees pasted on cardboard, furnish a fine reserve fund for such occasions; and an animal or two out of Noah's Ark serve to heighten the picturesque effect.

If the interior of a shanty or cabin is required, as in Beauty and the Beast, there should be added some "flies" or pieces of scenery at the top of the stage. These can be added to the sides at the top, just as the waves have been shown as added at the base of the rocks in Figure 1. They can also be used advantageously strung upon the cross wires which support the side scenes. In the interior of a cottage the flies can represent planks or wood-work, as in Figure 3. If the joists or rafters are drawn with boldness and irregularity, the effect of a ruined shanty can be readily obtained. Flies can also be made to represent sky

and clouds, and assist much in a garden scene. Branches of trees seeming to over-arch the stage will also add to the scenes of romantic adventure, without adding much to the work of the manager.

Fig. 3.

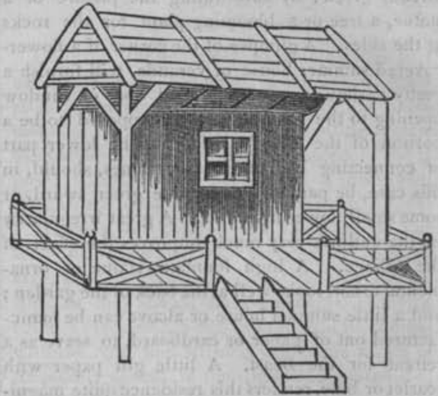


Increasing the completeness of the general effect, these flies are not essential except as a crowning excellence.

A very pretty bit of play in a toy theatre introduced a cascade very cleverly. The back scene exhibited a mountainous landscape, and quite high up among the peaks were made two lateral slits into which were introduced, from behind, the mouths of two pieces of small rubber hose. The other ends of these little tubes were immersed in a pitcher of water placed behind, upon a table which was a little higher than the stage. Upon the stage, but raised on a small block, was a tin pie-plate, from which an inclined plane of heavy cardboard ran up to the holes where the pipes entered. Some pebbles were fixed upon this, and the water ran with telling effect down this rocky bed, and fell with sounding force into the pie-plate, from which it coursed downwards to a small tin box on the front ground of the stage. In the bottom of this box was a slit corresponding with a crack in the old table upon which the theatre rested, through which crack the water splashed in small thunder into a tin basin hidden under the table. This cascade deserved and received distinguished marks of approval from the audience. A little foliage of course concealed the edges of the plates from view.

A mill-dam was an even more pronounced success. A baking-pan the width of the stage was placed at the front, while another stood behind it mounted on a block of wood. Green paper covered the edges, and side scenes were brought in to conceal them still more and to narrow the view. Where the pans joined was placed a slide of heavy cardboard to represent the dam, the lower half being solid, and the upper half cut into openwork, reaching above the rim of the highest pan, and concealing it completely. The water was introduced as in the cascade, and trickled slowly over the minerals until it gradually oozed through a flaw in the dam. Increasing rapidly in force, it finally burst with such power as to throw the dam forward, and pour over it in a broad sheet of water, and furnish the thrilling climax of a sensational drama.

Houses in the style of Figure 4 are of much service, when made "real" in the manner of those given in Celluloid City. The frame work or foundation of slender sticks will bear considerable concussion, while the paper house can be



made to fall in pieces readily. In a highly exciting tragedy, an edifice of this kind was attacked and demolished by soldiery. Fragments of the wall were previously cut out with irregular outlines, and then pressed back into their places so that the fractures were not visible.

In the attack, by a touch of a pencil from behind, these pieces fell out as if in answer to the snap of a cap-pistol in the hands of the manager. Shutters and doors flew open, and finally the walls burst asunder in absolute ruin.

The framework here described, apart from its usefulness as a theatre, has served as a pretty toy. As a surprise for a tiny girl's birthday, it was transformed into a fairy grotto; while her bigger brother, to please his special taste, placed a frowning fortress in the background, and filled the front with cavalry, who pranced valiantly about amid rocks, trees and masked batteries of toy-guns.

To be Loved.—There is nothing so sweet as to be loved, except loving. The true, pure love, which is not a thing of the senses but of the soul —love that is the outgrowth of goodness—what will not one do to win or keep such tenderness? What will not one risk, or dare, or forsake for it? Is any journey long that has a love-kiss at the end of it—any duty hard that cements the bonds between two hearts? To be truly loved is the great reward life has to offer. And any one who has a heart and does not mind showing it, who can put aside selfishness and be true to others, can win love. To have people temporarily in love with you needs only beauty. To be loved one must have truth, tenderness, constancy, and responsiveness. Be good, and do good, and despite all that is said about this world's ingratitude, some one will love you.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

Fig. 1.

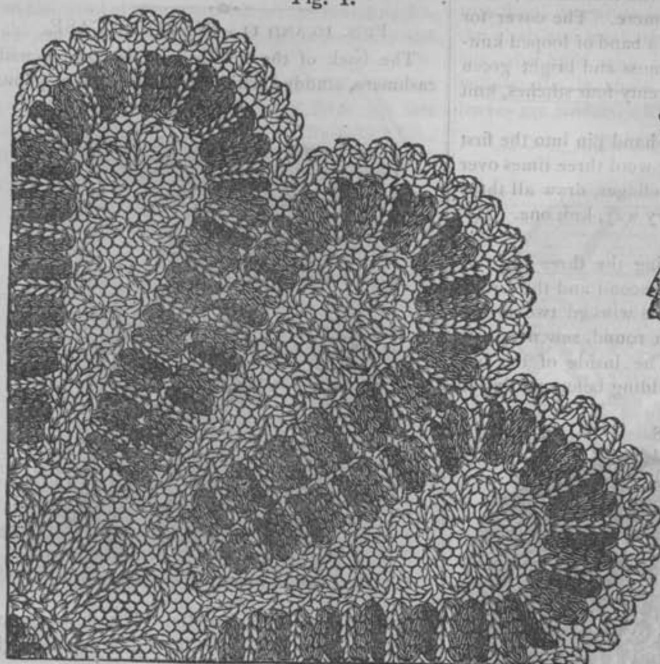


Fig. 3

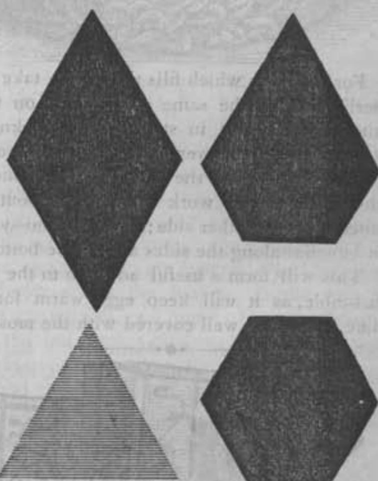
FIG. 1.—SECTION OF DOILY.

White net with rather an open mesh is used for the foundation of the doily. The design must be traced on transparent linen, and the net tacked firmly over it; the pattern is worked in chain-stitch, with embroidery silk of two colors, or very fine Andalusian wool may be used.

Fig. 2.

FIGS. 2 AND 3.—COLLAR AND CUFF.

Fashionable collar and cuff, made of Breton net, puffed and trimmed with two rows of Breton lace around them; the collar is fastened in front with a ribbon bow. These deep collars and cuffs are extremely fashionable.



COLORED DESIGN. (*See front of book.*)

This is intended for a quilt, and can be lined with silk and filled with down or cotton wadding. The colors can be arranged to suit the taste of the maker, or the silks at hand; the full size of each block is given in Figs. 4, 5, 6, 7. Each block when completed is ornamented with stitches in yellow silk. Each stripe of blocks is divided by a stripe of plain silk three inches in width, embroidered with silk according to our illustration.

FIG. 8.—BASKET FOR EGGS.

A round cardboard box about twenty-two inches in circumference is used for the foundation; it is lined with moss-green cashmere. The cover for the outside is composed of a band of looped knitting worked with shaded moss and bright green wool, as follows: Cast on twenty-four stitches, knit the first row.

2d row: Insert the right-hand pin into the first loop of next row; turn the wool three times over the pin and round the forefinger, draw all three loops through in the ordinary way, knit one. Repeat to the end of the row.

3d row: Knit plain, taking the three loops of last row as one stitch; the second and third rows are repeated until you have worked twenty-two inches; when cast off, join round, sew neatly to the outside of the box. The inside of the box must be half filled with wadding before putting in the lining.

Fig. 8.

For the moss which fills the inside, take single Berlin wool of the same shades, cast on twenty stitches, and knit in stripes of plain knitting; steam the stripes over boiling water, then dry thoroughly, cut off the stitches along one side, and unravel the work to within about three stitches of the other side; sew this mossy fringe in bunches along the sides and at the bottom.

This will form a useful addition to the breakfast-table, as it will keep eggs warm for some time if they are well covered with the moss.

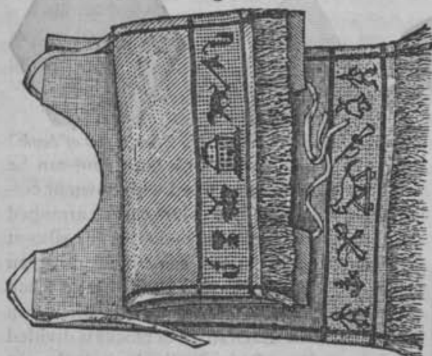


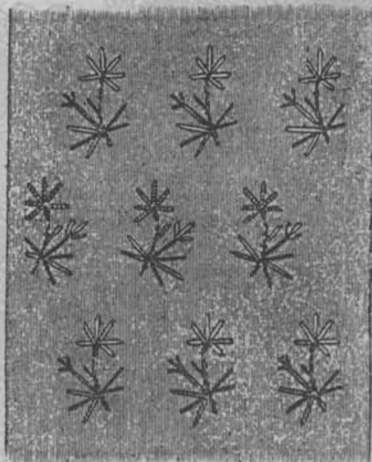
FIG. 9.—BIB.

This bib is of fine diaper; it is ornamented with outline patterns of toys, etc., worked in cording-stitch with colored ingrain cotton. The fringe is made by drawing out threads of the material.

FIGS. 10 AND 11.—NEEDLE CASE.

The back of the needle case is covered with cashmere, studded with small bouquets of points

Fig. 10.



lancés worked with filoselle. The flowerets are pale blue, the buds pink, and the leaves light green.

Fig. 11.

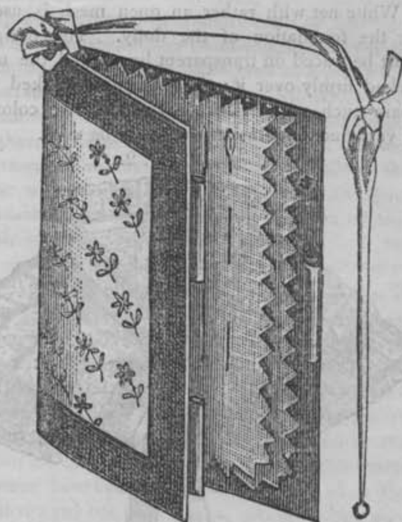
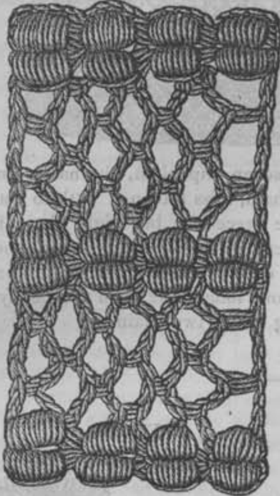


FIG. 12.—CROCHET PATTERN.

The stripe engraved is useful for clouds, blankets, rugs, etc., if worked in thick wools. The thick stitch used in the work is not effective in fine wools. Make a chain of 20 stitches for the foundation.—1st row: 3 Ch., a tufted long stitch; this is made by putting the wool ten or eleven

times round the needle, then put the needle into the 4th Ch. from the needle; draw the needle through all the stitches on the needle at once; put the wool eleven times round the needle again, take up the next stitch, and finish in the same manner. 2 Ch., miss 2, 1 DC. on the next, 5 Ch. —Miss 3, 1 DC., on the next.—3 Ch., a twisted long stitch on the 3d and 4th Ch. from the last DC.—3 Ch., miss 2 Ch., a DC. on the next, 5 Ch., miss 3 Ch., a DC. on the next, 3 Ch., a twisted

Fig. 12.



long stitch on the 2d and 1st Ch. of the foundation.—3 Ch., turn.—2d row. A twisted long on each of the two twisted stitches underneath, 2 Ch., 1 DC. on the 2d of the three chain, 5 Ch., 1 DC. on the 3d of the five chain, 5 Ch., 1 twisted long on each of the twisted stitches in the last row, 5 Ch., 1 DC. on the middle of the next loop of 5 Ch., 5 Ch., a twisted long on each of the two twisted stitches at the end of the row.—3d row. Turn, 3 Ch., a twisted long on each of the two first stitches, 3 Ch., 1 DC. on the 3d of the next 5 Ch., 5 Ch., a DC. in the middle stitch of the next loop, 3 Ch., a twisted stitch on each of the two next twisted stitches, 3 Ch., a DC. on the 3d of the next 5 Ch., 5 Ch., a DC. in the middle of the next loop, 3 Ch., a twisted long on each of the two twisted long stitches at the end of the row; repeat the last two rows the length the pattern is required.

Fig. 13.—PENWIPER. (Embroidery.)

This penwiper stands on a square of cardboard measuring two inches. It is covered with a vandyked piece of black cloth. The four upright sides which are sewn on to the square are cut out of cardboard and covered outside with black taffeta. Then four pieces are cut out of red cloth, vandyked and sewn on to the taffeta with gold beads; the four sections of cardboard are sewn together with black silk. Above these sections is a vandyked lambrequin of white cloth embroidered in a floral pattern as follows: Trace the design on the cloth and work the forget-me-nots with blue silk, the buds with red, and the stamina with yellow silk in chain and knotted stitch. The leaves are worked with olive silk in feather stitch.

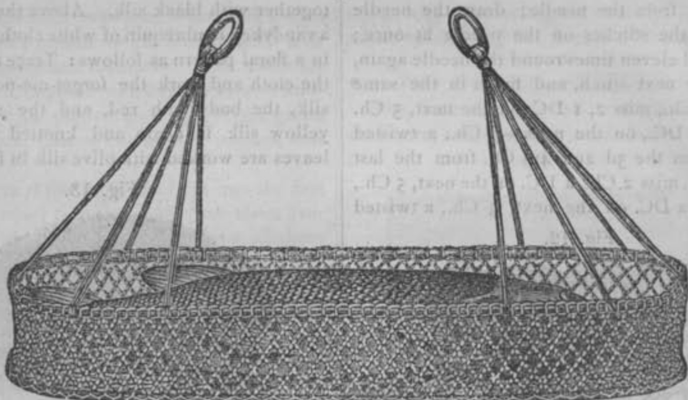
Fig. 13.

Round the upper edge are scallops of blue silk braid, finished off with large bronze beads and tassels of blue silk. Each vandyke of the lambrequin has a bow of blue ribbon at the point. The cardboard is then filled up with brushes.

Fig. 14.—NET FOR BOILING FISHES WHOLE. (Crochet.)

Material, unbleached thread. Cane soaked in water until soft. Porcelain rings. The lower part of the net or basket is an oval measuring 9 inches by 27, and the sides are 4 inches high. The cane is threaded through the work to keep it in shape, and the rings are fastened on to handles of cord to suspend the basket. Begin with a chain of 150 stitches. 1st round: Double crochet, but in the last stitch 5 double; continue in the same way round the other side of the foundation chain, and end every round with a slip-stitch. 2d round: 5 chain, the first four to form one long treble, one long treble where the slip-stitch was crocheted, then alternately 3 chain, one long treble with a chain-stitch between in the next stitch but 5, but for the increase at each side for 9 patterns miss only one stitch instead of five, and in the two centre patterns miss none, last of all three chain. 3d round: one slipstitch, five chain, the first four to form one long treble, one long treble where the slipstitch was worked, then alternately three chain, two long treble with one chain between the two next trebles, last of all three chain. 4th to 11th rounds: Like the preceding, increasing so that the work lies flat. 12th round (through which

Fig. 14.



the cane is passed): six chain, the first four to form one long treble,* one long treble in three chain, two chain, one long treble between next two long treble, two chain, repeat from *. In one piece with this round, crochet the sides as follows: 13th round: fifteen chain, miss two treble, one double, the last double must be worked in the slip-stitch at the end of the last round. 14th round: seven slip-stitch, alternately one double, fifteen chain, miss fifteen. 15th to 19th rounds: Like the preceding, but eight chain instead of fifteen between the doubles. 20th round (through which a cane is passed): six chain, the first four to form one long treble, then alternately miss two, one long treble, two chain.

Fig. 15.

Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

FIGS. 15, 16, 17.—TIDY.

This tidy is worked on gray linen divided off in squares, the sides fringed out and knotted, as seen in illustration; it is worked in every other square with crewels, the full size designs for which are given in Figs. 16 and 17.

RECIPES.

POTATO ROLLS.

Ingredients.—One pint of Indian meal,
One teaspoonful of soda,
One pint of mashed potato,
One egg,
One tablespoonful of butter,
Salt to taste,
Sour milk to make a stiff batter.

Put the meal dry into a bread pan, and mix in the soda. Add the potatoes, which should be boiled, mashed, and rubbed through a sieve. Stir well together. Add butter and salt. Beat the egg very light and stir into the milk, adding this quickly to the other ingredients. Mix well and bake in a very hot oven, in small buttered tins. The same mixture, made into a thinner batter, makes delicious griddle cakes.

BATTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One-half pound of flour,
One-half pint of milk,
Three eggs,
Salt.

Mix the flour and milk very gradually till they are perfectly smooth; beat the eggs very light; add to the milk and flour. Dip a cloth in boiling water, put it over a colander and shake flour over it very thickly. Pour in the batter and tie up very tight, leaving plenty of room to swell. It is better to plug the cloth under the string with a piece of dough. Put in fast boiling water, and boil half an hour.

GERMAN CREAM.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of gelatine,
One quart of milk,
Ten eggs,
One-half pound of sugar.

Put the gelatine into cold milk for one hour, and then let it come very gradually to a boil over a slow fire. Beat the yolks of the eggs till very thick, and stir in slowly; add the sugar, a spoonful at a time, constantly stirring the mixture over the fire. Stir, boiling slowly, for ten minutes; then pour into a dish wet with iced water, and set aside to cool. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and pour over the cream, when it is perfectly cold. Set upon ice about half an hour, and serve very cold. It can be eaten with any preserved fruit.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Four tablespoonfuls of corn starch,
One pint of milk,
Three ounces of butter,
Grated peel and juice of one lemon,
Two eggs,
One-fourth pound of butter.

Mix the corn starch with cold milk till it makes a smooth paste. Put the rest of the milk into a farina kettle over the fire. When it reaches boiling point, stir in the corn starch, stirring all the time. Boil twenty minutes and set aside to cool. Beat the eggs till very light. Stir the butter, sugar, lemon peel and juice to a cream; add the eggs, and stir all into the milk and corn starch. Pour into a buttered dish and bake in a slow oven one hour.

STRAWBERRY CORDIAL.

Ingredients.—One quart strawberries, fully ripe,
One lemon,
One orange,
Three pints of water,
One pound of sifted sugar.

Mash the strawberries through a sieve. Add the juice of the lemon and orange, and the water, and work well together. Let it stand two hours. Put the sugar into a bowl, and strain this juice over it, stirring till all the sugar is dissolved. This should stand on ice several hours before serving, and makes a delicious cool drink.

BAKED SHAD.

Ingredients.—One shad,
One teacup of bread crumbs,
Parsley,
Pepper,
Salt,
Butter.

Cut the fish down from the gills about six inches, wash and scrape clean, take off all the scales, wipe it dry; make a dressing of bread-crumbs, a little chopped parsley, pepper, salt, and butter; fill your fish with the stuffing, sew it up, and lay it on a baking-pan: dredge on a little flour, lay on some bits of butter; bake about forty minutes (for a moderate sized fish), when done dish the shad; then add to the gravy a piece of butter, pepper, and salt, and a little hot water; give it one boil and turn it over the fish; garnish with parsley.

NICE DISH OF MACARONI.

Ingredients.—One pound of Macaroni,
Salt to taste,
One pint of rich milk,
One-quarter pound of cheese,
Two ounces of butter,
Saltspoon full of mustard.

Boil the macaroni till tender. Put the milk over the fire. Mix the cheese (grated), butter, mustard and salt together. When the milk is nearly boiling stir in the cheese, butter and seasoning, and stir as it boils, till it is about as thick as custard. Drain the macaroni, put it into a deep dish, and pour over it the milk and cheese. Serve very hot.

Macaroni boiled as directed above, drained, and dressed with butter, pepper and salt, is very nice as a vegetable to eat with roast beef.

INDIAN PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pint of milk,
Three eggs,
One tablespoonful of molasses,
One tablespoonful of butter,
One-half cup of flour,
One tablespoonful of baking soda,
One tablespoonful of mixed spices,
Indian meal to make a batter.

Scald the milk and when boiling hot stir in Indian meal till the spoon moves stiffly. When cold add the eggs well-beaten, and all the other ingredients. Bake in a buttered dish two hours, in a very slow oven. Serve with hot sweet sauce.

Devonshire Rolls.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk,
Three eggs,
One pound of Indian meal,
Two ounces of butter,
Salt.

Warm the milk until the butter dissolves in it; beat the eggs till light, and stir into the milk; add the meal a little at a time, stirring slowly. When well mixed bake in small tins, well buttered, filling each half full. They should have a quick oven.

Macaroni With Cheese.

Ingredients.—One pound of Italian macaroni,
One teacup of grated Parmesan cheese,
Two tablespoonfuls of butter,
Salt to taste.

Break the macaroni into short pieces, and put it into fast boiling water. Boil briskly for twenty minutes, or half an hour, till tender. Drain on a colander. Butter a deep dish and put in a layer of the macaroni; over this sprinkle a little of the cheese, some salt and a few small pieces of butter. Fill the dish with these layers, making the top one of the cheese, covering the whole like a crust, and with small pieces of butter over it. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Serve hot.

Stewed Cherries.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of cherries,
One pound of sugar.

Stew gently for half an hour in one pint of water. Put the fruit and sugar into the water cold, and do not let it boil—simmer slowly.

Cheese Sandwiches.

Ingredients.—One cup of grated cheese,
One-half cup of butter,
One-quarter cup of cream,
One loaf of bread, cut in very thin slices.

Work the cheese, butter and cream in a bowl till you have a thick, smooth paste. Spread this on half of each slice of bread, turning the other half over.

Cup Cakes.

Ingredients.—Four cups of flour,
Two cups of sugar,
Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder,
One cup of butter,
One cup of milk,
Three eggs,
One tablespoonful of spice.

Mix as usual, and bake in small cakes, in buttered tins, filled half full. Dust with powdered sugar.

Chicken Tea.

Ingredients.—One Fowl,
Pepper and salt to taste.

Clean the fowl and remove all the skin and fat. Cut it into pieces and put it into an earthen pot with cold water to cover it, pepper and salt. Boil very slowly four hours, skimming off all fat and scum as it rises. Set it to cool, and if any more fat rises, remove it when cold.

It should be like a jelly, and for use for invalids should be treated as required for use.

Raspberry And Currant Sponge.

Ingredients.—One pound of loaf sugar,
Five eggs,
One pint of raspberries,
One pint of currants,
Two ounces of gelatine.

Soak the gelatine in half a pint of water, and then stir it over the fire until perfectly dissolved. Make a syrup of the sugar, with a very little water, bruise the fruit, and let it boil in this syrup until it will squeeze through a jelly bag. Strain through the bag into a large bowl. Strain the gelatine into another bowl, through a sieve. When both are cold, mix them. Add the whites only of the eggs, well beaten. Whisk all well together for half an hour, and stand on ice two hours before serving. Eat with cream.

Gooseberry Cream.

Ingredients.—One quart of gooseberries,
One ounce of butter,
One pound of white sugar,
Four eggs.

Cover the gooseberries with cold water. Simmer over the fire until they are soft. Strain through a sieve, and heat the pulp. When hot, stir in the sugar and butter. Beat the eggs till light, and beat them into the fruit pulp after it is cold. Serve in glasses.

Hot Cross Buns.

Ingredients.—One and one-half pounds of dried flour,
Four ounces of moist sugar,
One quart of milk,
One-fourth teacup of thick yeast,
One-fourth pound of butter.

Put the sugar into the flour, and add about one-fourth of the milk, lukewarm. Make a hole in this flour and pour in the yeast; mix lightly and leave to rise about two hours.

When it has risen melt the butter in the remainder of the milk, and then mix with the flour and sugar; when mixed it should be rather softer than bread dough. Put it to rise for about a quarter of an hour, and then mould it into round balls; cut a cross on them; put them on buttered iron plates, and then into a warm place to rise or prove; when well risen, bake them in a hot oven. If you wish to have currants or caraway-seeds and spice in them, mix either of these when you add the butter and milk. The spice to be used is equal quantities of ground ginger, allspice, coriander, and caraway-seeds, mixed together; put as much of this as you think sufficient.

Preserved Cherries.

Ingredients.—One pound of cherries,
One-half pound of brown sugar.

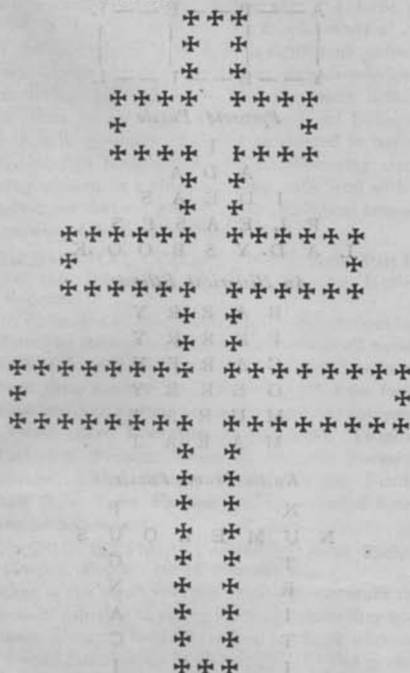
Stone the cherries before weighing them. Make the sugar into syrup over a slow fire. Boil the cherries separately in their own juice and very little water for an hour and a half. Mix the syrup in, and boil together an hour and a half longer. Stir often to prevent burning. When cold put up in small jars or glasses. They make delicious winter pies.

Home Amusements and Juvenile Department.

PUZZLES, ETC.

PAPAL-CROSS PUZZLE.

The words which form this cross all begin and end with the same letter.



The top of the cross gives the name of a river in England; and the foot of the cross the name of one of the most famous women of ancient times. The ends of the right arms of the cross signify in addition, before, and a female animal. Those on the left side express an important organ of the human body, something which recurs daily, and the French word for summer.

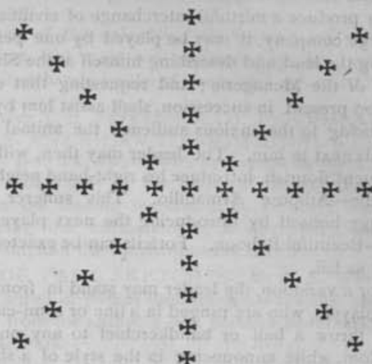
The side line of the top of the cross will give a lake in Ireland, and a town in Egypt. The upper arms express a town in Italy, a town in Pennsylvania, a river in Germany and a river in France. The side lines below these arms express a Frenchman celebrated for his humanity to the deaf and dumb, and a town in Africa.

The second pair of arms give one of the great divisions of the globe, and a sea which borders upon it; a machine, and a government tax. The side lines next below mean comfort and the extreme margin. The lowest arms give a famous town of Denmark, an opening, to make longer, and to decrease in flesh. The two supports will present two forms of government, the one religious and the other political.

RIDDLE.

What can be added to three-quarters of a dozen to make it half a dozen.

STAR PUZZLE.



The central letter is a vowel, and each of the eight points of the star is made by another letter, which is a consonant.

Reading from the centre outwards, the letters will be found to express:

1. Equipment.
2. Hidden.
3. To turn downward.
4. A flavoring liquor.
5. The countries of the East.
6. To over-reach.
7. To oppose.
8. An exit.

SWEET SIXTEEN,

OR THE NEW MAGIC SQUARE.

How many times can the sum of thirty-four be found in the numbers as arranged in the following diagram? – the sum to be invariably produced from four sequent or adjacent numbers.

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

BURIED PRESIDENTS.

1. I was a swell in Col. Numbskull's brigade.
2. While plucking a damson plum, I was stung by a bee.
3. Is a wound from a rapier certain death? Of course not!
4. An accomplished dancing master teaches the lancers, polka, and other fancy dances.
5. At the close of the ballot, the teller exclaimed: "Ah! Ayes eight, noes seven!" The ayes have it!
6. Smart young printers often become expert jeffers. On this talent they rely to overreach their comrades.
7. Many emigrants become valuable citizens.

GAMES.

THE MERRY MENAGERIE.

This game may be readily adapted to the many popular variations upon "I love my love with an A."

To produce a mirthful interchange of civilities in a large company, it may be played by one person taking the lead, and describing himself as the Showman of the Menagerie; and requesting that each person present, in succession, shall assist him by introducing to the anxious audience the animal that stands next to him. The leader may then, with an eloquent flourish, introduce his right-hand neighbor as the—Adipose Armadillo. This sufferer can avenge himself by introducing the next player as the—Beautiful Baboon. Forfeits can be exacted of such as fail.

For a variation, the leader may stand in front of the players, who are ranged in a line or semi-circle, and throw a ball or handkerchief to any one at random, while announcing in the style of a showman:—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I will exhibit to your admiring gaze, a—a"—as if stuttering—"a—B!" The person aimed at should answer to the letter instantly, as:—"a Bellowing Bull! or a Boasting Bullfinch!"

A leader, confident in his own powers, may arrogate the office entirely to himself; and ranging his victims in a row, proceed to exhibit each in turn.

A list of convenient names is here appended:

Arbitrary Antelope,	Nonsensical Nightingale,
Blatant Butterfly,	Ostentatious Otter,
Careful Canary,	Pert Parrot,
Delightful Donkey,	Querulous Quagga,
Elegant Elephant,	Roistering Roebuck,
Fastidious Fawn,	Startling Starling,
Giggling Giraffe,	Turbulent Tadpole,
Hysterical Hippopotamus,	Uniformed Unicorn,
Idiotic Ichneumon,	Vindicative Viper,
Jarring Jackdaw,	Warlike Walrus,
Kicking Kangaroo,	Xanthic Xanthidium,
Laughing Leopard,	Yawning Yak,
Mischievous Monkey,	Zealous Zebra.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Two of the players settle which shall be Oranges and which Lemons, without letting the rest know; they then join hands to form an arch, the rest taking hold of each other's dresses and going through the arch, singing the following words:

"'Oranges and lemons,' say the bells of St. Clements;
'You owe me five farthings,' say the bells of St. Martin's;
'When will you pay me?' say the bells of Old Bailey;
'When I grow rich,' say the bells of Shoreditch;
'When will that be?' say the bells of Dundee;
'I do not know,' says the great bell of Bow.

"Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!"

At the last word, the two children who are holding up their arms drop them on the last child's neck; they then ask her which she will be, Oranges or Lemons; whichever she chooses, she is to go behind the girl who takes that name. When all the girls are caught, the two foremost hold each other's hands, and each strives to pull the other party to her side; whoever succeeds in doing this wins the game.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

Answer to Casement Puzzle.

```
G — — R — — A — — Y
|     |     |     |
R — — O — — B — — E
|     |     |     |
A — — B — — E — — L
|     |     |     |
Y — — E — — L — — L
```

Pyramid Puzzle

```
        I
      A D A
    I D E A S
  P L E A S E S
L A D Y S B O O K
```

An Historical Ellipsis.

```
B A R R Y
P E R R Y
C A R E Y
G E R R Y
M U R A T
M A R A T
```

Rustic Frame Puzzle.

```
    N                 P
N U M E R O U S
    T                 G
    R                 N
    I                 A
    T                 C
    I                 I
    O                 O
L U M I N O U S
    S                 S
```

Double Diagonal Square.

```
C O L O R
M I N U S
M A D G E
N E V E R
R U L E R
```

Enigma.

The letter O.

Charade.

No. 1.

Cock-roach.

No. 2.

Fox-hound.

No. 3.

Race-horse.

Transformation.

Rocket.

1. Cocket,
2. Docket,
3. Locket.
4. Pocket,
5. Socket.

LITERARY NOTICES.

From D. APPLETON & CO., New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Philadelphia :—

THE CRAYFISH, an introduction to the study of Zoology by T. H. Huxley, F. R. S., with 82 illustrations.

The author in his preface to this volume of the International Scientific Series, says, "I have desired, in fact, to show how the careful study of one of the commonest and most insignificant animals, leads us, step by step, from every-day knowledge to the widest generalizations and the most difficult problems of zoology; and, indeed, of biological science in general. To those interested in natural science, this book offers a most interesting study, being written in a clear, pleasing style, and with illustrations that aid greatly in an intelligent comprehensions of the details described.

CEREMONIAL INSTITUTIONS, being Part IV. of the Principles of Sociology, by Herbert Spencer.

A collection of most entertaining and curious facts relating to the ceremonial observances of all nations and ages; published in a series of articles in the Fortnightly Review, and offered now as the fourth of the series of volumes on Sociology. It comprises chapters upon Ceremony in General, Trophies, Mutilation, Presents, Visits, Obeisances, Forms of Address, Titles, Badges and Costumes, Further Class Distinctions, Fashion and Ceremonial Retrospect and Prospect.

CLASSIC WRITERS; edited by John Richard Green. Virgil. By H. Nettleship.

One of the small volumes of classic literature that are most valuable to young students, while they open a most pleasant field of reading to those who cannot read the classics in the original. The present volume contains the life of Virgil and a description of his most important poems; while giving much additional instruction upon the literature of the early Roman Empire, and the poetry of the Augustan age. We have before spoken of these small volumes as the most valuable addition to the library of those who have not had the advantage of a classic education, or whose time and means do not permit extended study or the purchase of many books.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT, 1802–1808, with a preface and notes by her grandson, Paul de Remusat, Senator. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey & John Lillie.

To those who are interested in the domestic life of Napoleon I. and the Empress Josephine, this volume will be found of absorbing interest, entering as it does into scandals, quarrels, jealousies, and other details, which with unsparing hand tear the mantle of greatness into gaping holes. The great military hero, the man who held all Europe in awe, is presented in the light of a petty domestic tyrant, a rough, uncultured intruder into refined society, and his faults are glaringly exposed. The Empress Josephine figures in the light of a spoiled child, a vain, capricious beauty, and a wife whose dignity was utterly cast aside before the caprice and jealousy of an exacting tyrant. There is a vein of personal spite manifest throughout the whole book; but as an addition to the history of the reign of Napoleon I. it is not without value.

SOPHOCLES, by Lewis Campbell, M. A., L. L. D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrews.

One of the valuable little volumes of classical writers, that must win popularity by their sterling merit as handy books of study and reference.

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From T. B. PETERSON & CO., Philadelphia :—

THE AMERICAN L'ASSOMMOIR; a parody on Zola's *L'Assommoir*, by Joseph Sydney.

A comic view of the follies of society, founded upon the leading features of Zola's novel, and describing the tribulations of a would-be leader of fashion, and the catastrophes of her life.

HYDE PARK SKETCHES; by A. R. Western.

A series of papers describing scenes and characters from the author's own point of observation in Hyde Park.

THE LITTLE COUNTESS; by Octave Feuillet, author of *The Count de Camors*, etc.

A French novel of the sickly sentimental school, with a highly sensational climax.

—

From MACMILLAN & CO., London.

CUTTING OUT AND DRESSMAKING, from the French of Madlle. E. Grand 'Homme, with numerous diagrams.

A translation of a little work published by Madlle. E. Grand 'Homme, the dressmaker who has been engaged in Paris to give a course of lessons in cutting out, gratis, in the room of the Mairie, to all women and girls who care to attend. It contains plain, practical directions of how to cut and fit dresses by measurement, with numerous illustrations as guides; and would be a valuable hand-book, not only to dressmakers, but to heads of families who do their own sewing.

—

From S. R. WELLS & CO., New York:—

BRAIN AND MIND; or, Mental Science considered in accordance with the principles of Phrenology, and in Relation to Modern Physiology, by Henry S. Drayton, M. A., and James McNeill.

A cleverly written addition to the numerous works on phrenology, with profuse illustrations of the theories described.

—

From D. G. BRINTON, Philadelphia :—

COMMON MIND TROUBLES, AND THE SECRET OF A CLEAR HEAD; by J. Mortimer Granville, M. D., F. R. C. S. Lond.

This work is written for popular instruction, by an eminent London physician, whose specialty is diseases of the mind. The first Part treats of those mind troubles which are most frequent, which are always the source of unhappiness, and sometimes the warnings of insanity. He tells how they are to be combated, how prevented. The second part contains the positive precepts for gaining and keeping a clear head and a happy spirit.

—

MUSIC RECEIVED:

From W. W. WHITNEY, Toledo, O.

THE DRUNKARD'S LONE CHILD; song and chorus. Words and music by Mrs. Ruth Young; arranged by James G. Clark.

OUR ARM CHAIR.

MAY, 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 turned from the modern poets this month to select for his illustration one of the immortal Shakspeare's descriptions to illustrate in the expressive group with which this number opens.

"The whining school-boy." Oh, mothers all, does he not linger and pout, drag his slate and his feet, droop his shoulders and his head, to-day, just as he did when the poet wrote of him in the days of Good Queen Bess. The little sister, half afraid of the mother's rebuke, half sympathizing with the culprit, clings close to her mother's dress, thinking of the time to come when she, too, must have a "shining morning face," and creep "like snail, unwillingly to school."

With the expressive group, Mr. Darley gives us also one of the pretty rural scenes in which he excels.

Our colored fashion plate offers to the fair sex a choice selection of garments for the hot weather, in the latest London and Paris styles and colors. There is a marked novelty in the draping and arrangement of dresses for this season, and the day of startling contrast is not yet over.

The pages of fashion that follow are full of suggestions for summer wardrobes, and contain a great variety of patterns of the last caprices of fashion.

The Heel and Toe Polka, while it is simple enough to be easily learned, is a sparkling little gem for the parlor performer, as well as that dear, good-natured soul who "plays for dancing."

In our colored "Novelty" page we give a pattern for a patchwork quilt or sofa cushion of entirely new design, and admitting an effective and artistic arrangement of color. It can be elaborately made in silk, or furnish employment for little fingers learning to sew by piecing patchwork for a quilt.

The literary matter this month is full of interest, containing several chapters of Christian Reid's novel, and Mrs. E. B. Benjamin's serial, "Glenarchan." The talented author of "Hilda and I," has written nothing that is sweeter and more interesting than the character of Nellie in "Glenarchan." There are also contributions from Ella Rodman Church, Marian C. L. Reeves, already familiar to our readers through her charming novel, "A Rosebud Garden of Girls," Margaret Vandegrift, Emma Mortimer White, Sara T. Smith, and other talented writers.

In the Work Department, there is a very attractive assortment of novelties; a collar and cuff of Breton lace of new design, and the deep shape now so much in vogue; a basket for eggs, that will be found useful in keeping eggs hot for the table, as well as highly ornamental; a new crochet stitch; a penwiper of very pretty and novel shape, and a treasure to housekeepers in a net to boil fish whole, are among the number.

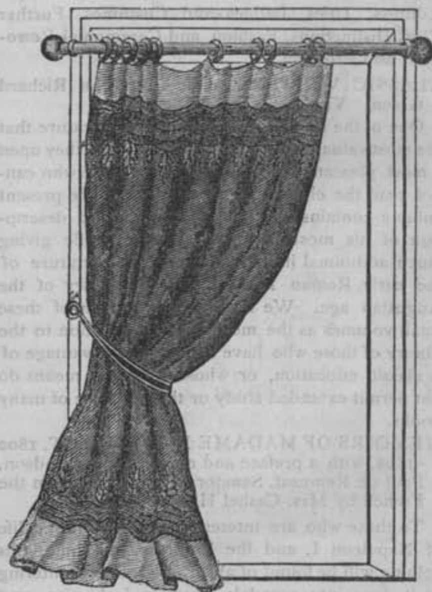
HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

Among upholstery goods there is a remarkable variety now, and the materials, prices, and designs, vary to such extent that hardly any one can fail to find something to suit her taste or the length of her purse. Jute materials are manufactured in artistic patterns and combinations of color, producing a rich-looking stuff which is said to wear well. It is 56 inches wide, and the price is very low—90 cts. to $1 per yard. For curtains it is made with a border woven in, and so all ready to be hung. For these the price is $7 per window—that is, two long strips to be parted in the centre, and looped back at the sides of the window.

"Cotelan" is a mixture of silk, wool, and cotton, which is made in Germany, and is very rich for curtains, etc. Another material made of raw silk and cotton is elegant in effect and is not liable to be moth-eaten. Double faced Canton-flannel comes in a variety of rich dark shades, including garnet, claret, olive, golden, and chocolate browns, myrtle, and blue greens, Prussian blue, etc., as well as in pink and other light tints. It is 60 inches wide, and 88 cts. per yard. This hangs in heavy and graceful folds, and is as rich in effect as expensive cloths or felts.

Figure 1 represents a portiére, or door curtain, made of the double-faced Canton-flannel. The

Fig. 1.

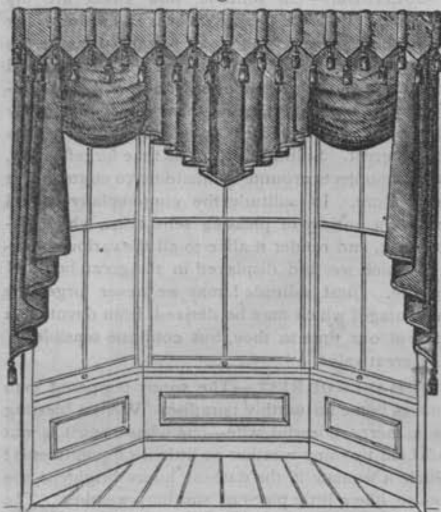


middle of the curtain is of Prussian blue, with a 12 inch border of "old gold" color at top and bottom. Five rows of alpaca braid, and leaf-shaped ornaments (made of shaded double zephyr) complete the trimming. The braid which comes next to the gold-colored band should be red, the next one white, next dark green, then brown, and last, black. The leaves, of shaded red double zephyr, are made by catching the zephyr down at each point, and at the places where it curves out from the middle of the

leaf, by stitches of gold-colored silk floss. This makes quite an elegant curtain at small expense. Of course the colors may be varied to suit the room in which it is to be used.

For a bay window, instead of curtains for each window, a drapery extending across the front of the alcove—as shown in Figure 2—is more elegant. A

Fig. 2.



flat bar of pine four inches wide and one inch thick must first be procured. To this the drapery is attached before it is put up. Screw-eyes on the under side of this bar, slip over screw-hooks which are driven in the wall or moulding at the sides of the alcove, and thus the drapery and bar are supported firmly. The drapery, or lambrequin, as it might more properly be called, is made of maroon Canton flannel, which, being double-faced, requires no lining. It is made in six parts, and, therefore, is not clumsy to work at. The central plaited portion is cut, pointed and hemmed, the hem being pressed on the under side with a hot iron before the plaits are laid. When the plaits have been basted down evenly, they are caught together on the under side by a narrow strip of the material, to make them hang in regular folds and prevent their getting out of place. The middle side pieces are gathered and joined to this, and each end piece, after being cut in a long half-point and pressed like the middle portion is next attached.

The box-plaiting, which makes the finish at the top, is lined with cambric to match the outside material, and has buckram between the Canton-flannel and the lining, to keep the plaits stiff and form them nicely. The lower edge is cut so that the points will come between the plaits, and the tassels are made of American zephyr or "Germantown yarn," as it is also called. E. B. C.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate for seasickness. PROF. ADOLPH OTT said: "In the plurality of cases I saw the violent symptoms yield, which characterize that disease, and give way to a healthy action of the functions impaired."

Mrs. Painter writes to us from San Francisco: "My parents were among the early pioneers of California, and at first lived in the interior, and my mother always subscribed for your Book. I now have children, and hope when they are older, they will enjoy it as much as I have done."

FIFTY YEARS.

With this number, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK completes its fiftieth year! Fifty years of uninterrupted publication gives to those who were the first subscribers, every number, without one break, through the entire six hundred numbers which have come, month after month, throughout a long life-time.

From every part of the country, congratulatory letters have poured in upon us during the past six months, from those whose mothers and grandmothers subscribed for the LADY'S BOOK fifty years ago, and who still watch eagerly for its appearance. Some write, "I took the first number, and my children and grandchildren now are amongst your subscribers, but I still want *my* numbers sent as usual."

In the past year we feel proud of the improvements constantly added to the LADY'S BOOK; the many attractions we keep ever before onr readers. Our fashion plates are unequalled and *reliable*, and any lady following them, need not fear that her dress is not in perfect taste and the latest fashion. In every department, we give the readers the best to be found, written by the most talented writers in each specialty. Our literary matter is of the purest, highest tone, always of deep interest to every reader; and our contributors stand first in the list of American writers of fiction.

We know that our subscribers will agree with us, that no volume upon their shelves will be found more attractive and useful, than the volume closed with this number, GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, from January to June, 1880; the one hundredth volume of the oldest fashion journal in the country.

THE LIVING-ROOM.—No matter how plainly-furnished it may be, if it has a sunny exposure and is made beautiful with plants, the living-room becomes a place of rest for mind and body. If it has a bay window, it is rich in beauty. We can hang no pictures on our walls which can compare with the pictures lying outside our ample window. Rosy dawns, golden-hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and shine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can have and enjoy while we sit in our sheltered room as the changing year rolls on. No one can be really happy in dark rooms; they bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor. But in the light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower-pots on the brackets, and ivies in the pots, let the warm sun stream freely in, to bring health to our bodies and joy to our souls.

AFTER MARRIAGE.—Then comes the tug of war. Life's trials begin in earnest. Hitherto the young couple have seen each other only under the most favorable circumstances. Now they discover unamiable qualities which have been carefully hidden, and must learn the meaning of the words "bear and forbear." Both husband and wife must put constraint upon their tempers if they desire wedded happiness. Men must accept as inevitable the fact that to be happy, women must have artistic, or at least dainty and cosy, environments; and women must learn to preserve their souls in quiet when men spill their tobacco and ashes over the carpets and tables. Neither should try to reform the other, so to speak, but learn to accept things as they are. It is not harder for the wife to study her husband's tastes and fancies, to attire herself to please his eye, to arrange the home with neatness and taste, than for the maiden to do the same for her lover. Nor is it harder for the husband to consider the wife's feelings, and gratify her reasonable wishes, than for the lover to humor every whim and provide for every fancy of his lady-love. And let him show his appreciation of her efforts, and be not quick to blame and slow to please, or even simply indifferent. The amiable temper, the graceful manner, the careful toilet, and maidenly delicacy which charmed the lover will not be less lovely in the wife; and the gentle, manly bearing, the tender courtesy, and the respectful attention of the lover are not less sweet from the husband. Married happiness often depends upon what may at first sight seem trifles, but which are important items in life's complete sum.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being "at home" grows out of the special state of the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake? They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fullness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

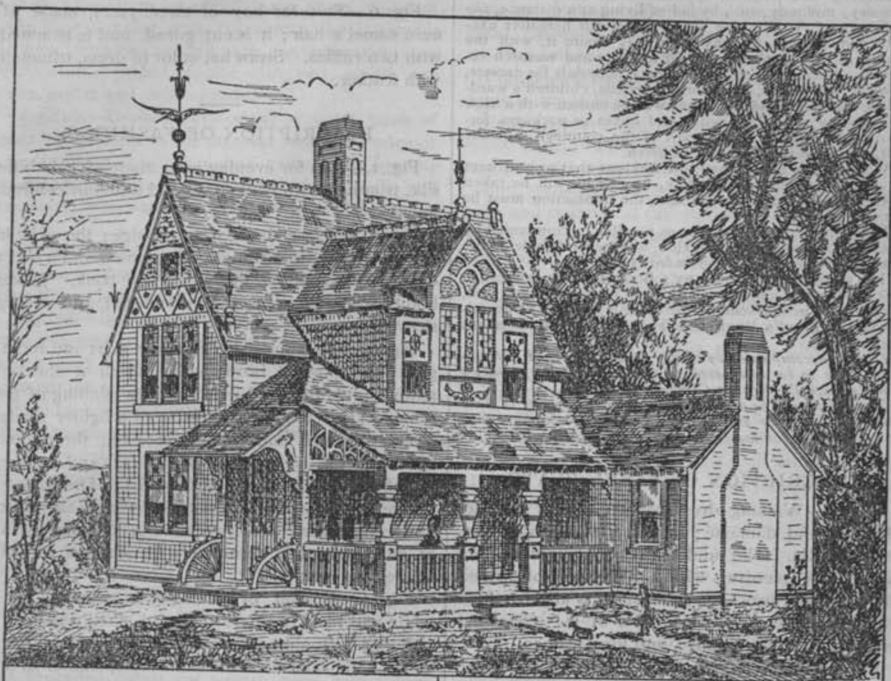
MR. R. G. WHITE thus discourses on the misuse of remember and recollect:—*Remember* and *recollect* are used interchangeably, as if they were synonyms, and the preference seems to be most generally given to the latter. But they are not synonymous, and the distinction between them is an important one, which ought to be preserved. That which lies in our memory at hand, ready for use at any moment, we remember, but we also really do remember much that does not lie at hand, that we cannot find in our mind's store-house on the instant; and this we try to recollect, that is to re-collect. Therefore, the expression I don't remember, but I will try to recollect, is not only correct, but it sets forth a condition of the mind expressible in no other way, and to speak of which we have frequent necessity. The ability to do so will be impaired, if not altogether lost, when the distinction between the two words is done away with.

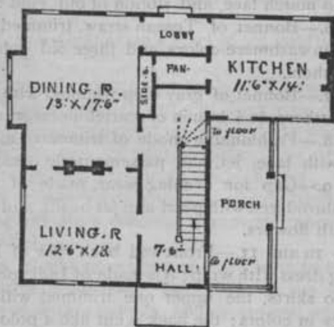
SOLITUDE.—Oh solitude, how sweet are thy charms! To leave the busy world and retire to thy calm shades is surely the most ecstatic pleasure the contemplative mind can enjoy. Then, undisturbed by those who are fond of splendor, and who prefer pomp and ease to solid pleasure, it may enjoy that peace which is rarely to be found in the courts of the great. Solitude affords us time for reflection, and the objects around us incite us to contemplate and adore. In solitude the contemplative mind enjoys a variety of pleasing sensations, which improve it, and render it alive to all the various beauties which we find displayed in the great book of nature. Blest solitude! may we never forget the advantages which may be derived from devoting a part of our time to thee, but continue sensible of thy great value.

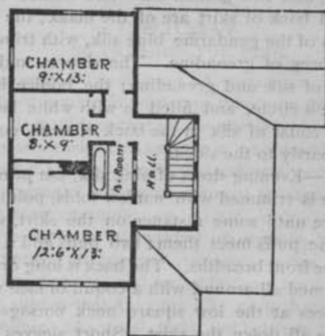
A HAVEN OF REST.—The sunny-tempered man makes home an earthly paradise. What a blessing is a merry, cheerful wife—one whose spirit is not affected by rainy weather or little disappointments! Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles, the electrical brightness of her looks and movements, affect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.—Exercise oils the joints of the body and prevents them from growing stiff. It needs no money, very little time, little or no present strength. One thing only it does need, and that is perseverance. One-third of the time often given to the piano will more than suffice. One less study a day of those which are to-day over-taxing so many school-girls, and instead judicious, vigorous, out-door exercise aimed directly at the weak muscles, and taken as regularly as one's breakfast, and is there any doubt which will pay the better, and make the girl the happier, the better fitted for all her duties, and the more attractive as well? It is as necessary to develop vigorous, healthy bodies as it is to cultivate the mind; for what is mental power without bodily strength?

Castoria is pleasant to take, contains nothing narcotic, and always regulates the stomach and bowels. No **Sour-Curd** or Wind-Colic; no **Feverishness** or Diarrhœa; no Congestion or **Worms,** and no **Cross Children** or **worn-out Mothers** where **Castoria** is used.







PICTURESQUE GOTHIC COTTAGE.

DRAWN expressly for GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, by Isaac H. Hobbs & Son, Architects, 520 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

The above rural design will produce a fine effect, if placed in a secluded position among hills. The design can be fully and well built for sixteen hundred dollars. It is built of frame, weather-boarded, slate roofs, stained glass in top sash of windows; inside finish East Lake style. We are prepared to furnish, by the new process, all drawings, specifications, and details, if unaltered, for ten dollars.

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 lilac, plain silk and damassé; it is made with two skirts and a jacket. The underskirt is trimmed with a kilting, the overdress with a bias band of striped silk and satin, brocaded; the jacket is also trimmed with the same, and the vest is of it. Chip hat trimmed with satin, gauze, and long feather.

Fig. 2.—House dress of black satin, gendarme blue silk, and silk grenadine. The bodice of the dress and back of skirt are of the black; the front of skirt is of the gendarme blue silk, with trimming and drapery of grenadine. The sleeves and vest are also of silk and grenadine; the bodice is cut open like a circle, and filled in with white lace; a standing collar of silk in the back of neck, coming around partly to the sides.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of pink silk, cut princess; the front is trimmed with narrow folds, pointed in the centre until some distance on the skirt, where lengthwise puffs meet them; two puffs and a ruffle across the front breadths. The back is long draped, and trimmed all around with a coquil of lace which commences at the low square neck corsage, and continues all down the skirt. Short sleeves, long gloves. Hair arranged in puffs with small bouquets of flowers between them; the dress is also trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress of navy blue cheviot, trimmed with cashmere colors. There are three skirts in front formed of points of the striped goods, edged with fringe; the back of overskirt is plain, trimmed with a bias band of the same; the jacket has a vest of it, and cuffs upon the sleeves. Yellow satin braid straw bonnet, faced with navy blue silk, and trimmed with navy blue, and satin gauze in cashmere colors.

Fig. 5.—Carriage dress of gray silk, made with two skirts, the front gathered and finished at the sides with bows of two shades; below the front and heading the ruffle upon the underskirt is a satin fold, embroidered and scalloped. Jacket of striped satin and silk, with vest and cuffs of white damassé; it is also trimmed with lace. Chip hat of color of dress trimmed with striped satin and feather.

Fig. 6.—Suit for boy of three years, made of écru camel's hair; it is cut gored, and is trimmed with two ruffles. Straw hat color of dress, trimmed with feather.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—Cap for evening wear made of pale blue silk, trimmed with white lace and different colored flowers.

Fig. 2.—House dress of gray beige; the skirt is trimmed with three ruffles, kilt plaited, and a short overdress draped at the sides and back. Jacket bodice with coat tails, double-breasted, and rolling sleeves.

Fig. 3.—Walking dress costume, skirt and redingote; the skirt is brown damassé in a checked pattern; it is trimmed with a narrow plaiting of the same. The redingote is of satin of a lighter shade, double-breasted and faced and lined throughout with old gold satin; the cuffs, collar, and pockets are of the same material as the skirt. The back of the redingote is slashed open mid-way to the waist, and ornamented with two rows of buttons. Hat of old gold straw trimmed with feathers of two shades and satin.

Fig. 4.—Bonnet of black chip, trimmed with white and black lace, flowers, and black ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Bonnet of white chip run with cashmere colors; the lace is in the same style, feather of the colors to match lace, and ribbon of old gold color.

Fig. 6.—Bonnet of Tuscan straw, trimmed with ribbon in cashmere colors, and three old gold colored feathers.

Fig. 7.—Bonnet of gray chip trimmed with gray satin, feathers, and bunch of scarlet pomegranates.

Fig. 8.—Fashionable mode of trimming a dress sleeve with lace, jet, and passementerie ornament.

Fig. 9.—Cap for evening wear, made of white lace embroidered with pearl and jet beads, and trimmed with flowers.

Figs. 10 and 11.—Front and back view of lady's walking dress with wrap; it is made of India pongee, has two skirts, the upper one trimmed with embroidery in colors; the back is cut like a polonaise, the front is plaited. The wrap is like a scarf mantle, is knotted in front, then taken and knotted in the back where the ends fall as drapery. The hat is of écru and brown chip, with bird and breast trimming it. The bonnet if of écru chip, trimmed with cashmere colors, silk, and gay flowers.

Fig. 12.—Bodice for evening dress made of white silk brocaded with gay colors; it is cut in a cuirass basque with sharp point in front and back; the front is trimmed with pieces of puffed satin forming lapels, filled in between with rows of quilled lace.

Fig. 13.—Bonnet of lavender color straw, trimmed with ribbon, flowers, and three feathers.

Fig. 14.—House dress for lady made of écru albatross; the skirt is kilted, with scarfs fastened across the front with shirred pieces of satin and loops of ribbon and ornaments; the back has an

overskirt draped; the bodice is a basque with shirred piece of satin trimming it, with collar of satin embroidered in colors; the sleeves are trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 15.—Dress for child of six years, made of pale blue bunting, with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two shirred puffs, the upper one piped with satin. Jacket bodice with vest, piped with satin, collar and cuffs of satin.

Fig. 16.—Dress for girl of twelve years, made of gray cotton satin in the princess form; the edge of skirt is trimmed with a plaited ruffle, folds heading it across the front; the pockets, collar, cuffs, and back, are ornamented with embroidered bands in colors.

Fig. 17.—Hat for boy of three years, of yellow satin braid, trimmed with band and ends of navy blue velvet, and ribbon bow.

Fig. 18.—Bonnet of white French muslin, shirred and trimmed with a long scarf of Breton lace, which also forms the crown; gilt dagger stuck through the knot.

Fig. 19.—Suit for boy of five years, made of navy blue flannel, and trimmed with rows of silk braid.

Fig. 20.—Dress for girl of seven years, made of lilac cheviot; it is cut princess half way down the skirt, where a kilting joins it, edged with a band in cashmere colors. A plaited piece forms a drapery across the front, fastened at each side.

Fig. 21.—Dress for child of four years; it is made of plain and brocaded wool goods, old gold and brown; the skirt is kilted alternately of the two goods; the front of jacket kilted of the plain, and the sleeves plain; over this plain bodice is one of the brocaded goods cut square neck and square across the front.

Fig. 22.—Gentleman's scarf of old gold and navy blue satin.

Fig. 23.—Jet dagger for the hair or bonnet.

Figs. 24 and 25.—Front and back view of house dress of heliotrope-color grenadine; the underskirt is trimmed with six narrow ruffles; the overdress with fringe, and a trimming made of satin. Basque bodice trimmed with satin and ribbon bows. The two figures show different modes of trimming the underskirt.

Figs. 26 and 27.—Dress of black satin and velvet, and satin grenadine. The front of the skirt is bordered with plaitings, and is crossed with two satin scarfs edged with fringe; and on one scarf there is a band of the velvet grenadine. The basque bodice has a bouillonné plastron, with revers continued to the back as a square collar. Flat bows of satin ribbon at the waist. The bodice opens over a deep fringe attached to the upper part of the skirt. Three rows of French lace edge the back of the basque.

Fig. 28.—Dress for boy of three years, made of buff linen; the skirt is kilted, with a jacket waist with vest front trimmed with braid.

Fig. 29.—Sailor suit for boy of five years, made of white flannel; full white muslin shirt.

Fig. 30.—Dress for girl of three years, made of white pique; the underskirt is box-plaited and trimmed with insertion; the basque is very deep, forming an overskirt, trimmed with three rows of insertion lengthwise upon the front and back, around the square neck, sleeves, and pockets.

Fig. 31.—Dress for girl of three years, made of navy blue percale; it is gored, trimmed with a deep box plaited ruffle trimmed with rows of white braid; the waist, front of skirt, sleeves, and pockets, are trimmed with the braid and buttons.

Fig. 32.—Walking suit for girl of seven years; the dress is made of Louisine of pale gray, trimmed with navy blue; the paletot is of the same with gores, cuffs, and pocket of the blue. Gray chip hat trimmed with navy blue satin ribbon and wing.

Fig. 33.—Muslin drawers, trimmed with two puffs and ruffles and ribbon bows.

Fig. 34.—Corset cover, trimmed with rows of insertion of muslin and lace, and trimmed around the neck and sleeves with an edging of lace.

Fig. 35.—Lady's drawers, trimmed with tucks, Hamburg insertion, and flouncing edged with lace.

Fig. 36.—Fichu of India muslin trimmed with duchess lace and ribbon loops.

Figs. 37 and 38.—Front and back view of visiting dress, made of striped Louisine; the skirt has scarfs crossed in front and trimmed with fringe. The paletot is of damassé trimmed with satin. Bonnet of black lace, embroidered with jet, and trimmed with aigrette and jet.

Diagram pattern of summer mantle; this is made in silk, damassé, satin, or of the same material as the dress, and is both a pretty and convenient wrap. Our model is given in the full size and consists of four pieces: half of front, half of back, sleeve, and collar. The mantle, to look stylish, should be richly trimmed with black or colored jetted passementerie, lace, or fringe.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

This season the fashion of wearing a jacket or mantle of a material different from the dress is revived. It is seldom that all the dresses one possesses can be worn with one and the same colored mantle, but still dark dresses always look well with black, and for general wear some neutral tint accords well with almost anything.

As to the way of making up dresses, you may hear very contradictory reports; some persons affirming that coat and jacket bodices are no longer worn; others that they are the only shapes really fashionable. As usual, truth lies between these extremes. Coat and jacket bodices are still in great favor; but the peaked corsage, with or without a plastron, is also very much in fashion.

In fact everything, every shape, is accepted in present fashions, provided it is tastefully made and becoming. Ladies who possess polonaises they wish to modernize according to present fashion can easily do so by opening them in front from the waist, cutting to the length of a deep basque in front, and forming long coat lappets behind. The polonaise is thus transformed into a very fashionable coat, which may be worn with any skirt. If the polonaise be fastened at the back, it need only be lengthened in the waist and fastened up with silk or satin bows down the back, for this shape is still fashionable.

With many of the new summer dresses a small cape is worn, not coming down much below the shoulders. This is trimmed with braid, embroidery, or, if the material be a thin one, with a narrow fluting all around the edge. Unbleached lace is also a favorite trimming; any thread lace answers the purpose.

When the bodice of a dress is peaked in front, it is frequently made princess-fashion behind, or else with a coat basque. The skirt is trimmed *en tablier*, with robings at the sides, the latter generally of some different material. A shirred plastron looks very well with a dress of this description.

A very new model for a double skirt is to have it draped in small paniers in front, and hanging down in a pleated lappet behind, fastened about midway up by a bow of ribbon. A dress we saw of this description was of sapphire blue grenadine. The underskirt was cut without any train, trimmed with nine narrow gathered flounces. The lappet at the back did not fall lower than the foot of the skirt, so it was altogether a short costume. The pleats were fastened together midway up the skirt with a bow of satin ribbon. The bodice had a basque rounded off at the side, and forming an obtuse point both in front and at the back. The sleeves, short to the elbow, were finished with flutings and with bows of satin.

Evening dresses are made with the bodice open in a square or oval shape in front, and with epaulets on the shoulders, but very little sleeve. Jet beads are a very fashionable style of trimming; they are scattered in profusion over black tulle or gauze dresses. Dinner dresses are open in front, are made with sleeves to the elbow, and plenty of white lace is used for the trimming of both bodies and sleeves. Also fichus of spotted tulle with lace trimming. Seed pearls, in thick, close rows, are fashionable, worn in coiled necklets and bracelets.

Very picturesque dresses are made of the gay cotton goods now so fashionably worn throughout the summer. For instance, the Turkey red calicoes are made up in short suits, partly of plain red, and partly with figures of yellow, black, and pale blue, in palm leaves generally, and sometimes in stripes. The solid red calico is used for a kilted round skirt, for bordering the striped overskirt. The waist of the figured calico is a double breasted basque, easily fitted, with but one dart in each front. The collar laps quite high, and is covered with plain red calico; the pockets and cuffs are square, and the border is wider in the front and sloped narrower toward the sides, giving the effect of a cut-away coat and vest. Two rows of pearl-enameled buttons are on the front. A parasol covered with the same goods accompanies each of these costumes.

Scotch ginghams are especially popular in the clear blue shades that wash so well, and will be much used in combinations of striped blue and white with plain light blue. Thus the plain short skirt merely faced is of the striped, while the overskirt with retroussé shirred front and bouffant back is of the plain blue. The pretty basque is then made of the striped goods, single breasted, with but one dart each side, and quite short below the waist line; it is then finished out to a stylish length by a pleated ruffle six inches wide, made parallel with the selvedge, so that the stripes will run around the figure. This ruffle should be kilt pleated in front and on the side; but in the back, just below the middle forms, it should be laid in three double box pleats. This arrangment of the ruffle is simple, but adds greatly to the effect. The neck and wrists have also pleated frills, with the stripes cut along the selvedge.

Polka dotted stuffs are very popular; these are shown in all plain solid colors, with a view to replacing plain solid goods. The spot is in a different shade, or else a contrasing color with that of the ground work, and is the size of a pea; hence the French name of *pois* stuff, by which it is known. There are also ball figures that suggest the globe-like shape because they are shaded in the centre, or are brocaded in more than one color. But the polka dotted patterns appear especially in three kinds of summer goods: bunting, camel's hair, and grenadines. The bunting is shown in cream, drab, or grey grounds, with olive, heliotrope, peacock blue, garnet, or black.

Grenadines with velvet ball spots or else brocaded satin balls, are very stylish. There are also satins de Lyon, with ball spots brocaded; these are shown in black, and with light tan, blue, or cream grounds, with the spot brocaded in several colors. The most elegant grenadines are those embossed with velvet in arabesque, vermicelli, and palm leaf patterns of the color of the ground; these are especially handsome in black, or in cream, or heliotrope shades.

A very beautiful dress for afternoon wear, is of white serge worked in crewels and silk in a design of marigolds. The embroidery is the only trimming, the dress being princess-shaped, the fullness drawn in by a series of runners behind, and cut in square tabs at the bottom, which are bound with yellow, and a full frill beneath. The embroidery (which is an irregular design) goes round the throat, a spray falling down the back, and down either side of the gold buttons which fasten it down the front, widening as it reaches the bottom. The pockets and cuffs are also embroidered.

A beautiful dress, lately made for a bridal trousseau, was of white satin, richly embroidered in gold upon the tablier, with a train of Renaissance satin, which has a brocade of gold thread. The low bodice was a pointed one, and the berthe formed of gold lace put on full; the short puffed sleeves having a frill of the same.

Another dress was of mauve velvet grenadine and cream satin, had an entire skirt of the latter; the long train bordered with a narrow pleating of mauve satin above which were two small kiltings of cream, and above that again, a coquillé of lace, in the shells of which, were here and there, large violet velvet pansies. The tablier was covered with puffed tulle, and crossed diagonally with three rows of lace and pansies, about a foot apart. The bodice, of the grenadine, was cut high at the back and in a very low square in front, inside which were folds of Indian muslin. It was cut with long deep basques before and behind, and at the sides a long breadth

in one with the bodice formed a very long point, that, reaching nearly to the bottom of the dress, divided the train from the tablier. All round this, and round the square, and upon the elbow sleeves, was an embroidery in violet, silk, and gold thread; and a large bouquet of pansies was fastened on the left side of the opening.

The small, close bonnets appear to be the most popular; they are almost cottage ones in shape, and are worn so as to entirely cover the back of the head; the front part being often covered with flowers, amongst which primroses, violets, pansies and snowdrops, mixed with moss and fern, are very popular. Almost all the shades of lilac are very popular, and when mixed with cream, are becoming to almost any complexion. A very beautiful bonnet, is of Tuscan straw, lined with heliotrope velvet, and trimmed on the left side with a bunch of pansies, in which much yellow appears; while the right side has two long closely curled ostrich feathers, one of which is heliotrope color and the other pale yellow. For such bonnets, there are rows of yellow pearls to edge the brim, and Languedoc lace that is colored quite yellow for the strings. Two rows of the lace are used with inch-wide insertion between. A French chip bonnet, lined with garnet velvet, has white lilacs and white ostrich plumes around the crown for trimming, while the strings are of poppy red satin. For watering places, large round hats are going to be worn in the Gainsborough shapes, with the soft wide brim turned up on the left side. Gay velvet facings for the brim, with long plumes round the crown, remain the favorite trimming for white chip Gainsboroughs. Others of Leghorn are trimmed with the new square meshed net of gilt threads; while black chip hats have similar square meshed net of mixed black and gilt. Clusters of strawberries or cherries are again used for such hats, and the long spike-shaped ornaments of gilt are chosen for them. Next these come turban round hats, trimmed with soft Lurah silk and velvet; these are shaped precisely like turban bonnets, but are without strings.

Parasols are of medium size, with ribs eighteen inches in length. They are twelve in number; are painted red and are placed outside the lining, where they are displayed conspicuously. Levantine (which is soft twilled silk) lustrous satin, brocaded silk, satin foulard, écru pongee, are the fabrics most used for the outside of parasols. Changeable silks are much used for linings, especially in mixtures of yellow and red; a border is frequently used upon these linings, red silk linings are probably more used than any other color, and the border may be a striped band or else in cashmere colors and designs. Spanish lace, both black and white, cashmere lace of many colors, and fringes, are the trimmings; chenille fringe and the curled tape fringes, are most effective. Natural sticks of light wood are used for handles. Weichsel sticks are also much used. The knobs or crooks at the end are of Longwy faience, or of cloisonné enamel, with bands to match, or else of Dresden china, Lady-bugs, flies, bees of most natural colors, are stuck about on the oaken handles, and sometimes a cloisonné band is around it. Dressy white parasols of brocaded silk are edged with the white Spanish lace, have red ribs over a white lining, and the stick is of pimento. Black parasols are very handsome when edged with cashmere lace, showing red, yellow, and olive threads, and lined with scarlet, or else with sunset yellow. Embroidery in the long India stitches and gay colors, enriches black and écru colors. Hand painted parasols have a large cluster of foliage or of flowers covering one gore, with a slender vine shooting out from it and partly bordering the other gores. The handkerchief parasols are again worn; also those of plain Scotch gingham, either bright red or peacock blue, with a cashmere border on the edge.

There is really nothing very new in the way of children's fashions. All the dresses are either princess in shape, with a plaited skirt, and scarf tied round the knees, or they are made in long, straight plaited sacks, half tight to the figure, and the bottom trimmed with ruffles and the scarf around the knees. One new style is the princess dresses to be worn over other dresses for walking; these can be made in white or colors, and can be made of as handsome material as fancy may dictate. We will describe one made of pale blue camel's-hair: the skirt was cut in square tabs at the bottom, and the open part filled in with plaitings of pale pink satin, and over the knees a pale pink satin scarf, satin collar, pockets, and cuffs. There is an economy in this style of overdress which induces us to particularly notice it. Being made larger and longer in every respect to allow it to be worn over another dress, next year it will be exactly of a suitable size to be worn by itself as a house dress, whereas jackets generally become useless after a year's wear, which is inconvenient, unless there are younger children to continue the wear of whatever may become too small for the older ones. Consequently this princess overdress is recommendable. The sash round the knees forms part of the dress itself, and is a fixture. The dress is buttoned at the back. There are overdresses which are buttoned in front, but then they have not the knee scarf, and are buttoned all the way down from the neck to the bottom of the hem. This dress is trimmed with draperies and bows instead of the scarf, and these draperies may take the form of puffs, or paniers, or looped up skirts, etc., according to the material used. Young girls from twelve to fourteen years of age wear plaited skirts, vests, and redingotes fastened over the vest with three large buttons at the waist, thus showing the under waist, both top and bottom. Hats are of straw and chip, trimmed with the same material as the dress, or the same color, with a flower, clasp, or feather, at the side. The "toque" and "Rembrandt" are more worn than any other shapes. Young children, however, are wearing little closed bonnets instead of hats.

For infants the more simple the dress the better; much more notice is taken of handsome needlework now than trimming. For some years sewing-machine work has been used, which, in our eyes, was always a mistake, for certainly nothing should be more delicate and exquisitely made than infants' clothes.

High neck dresses and slips are both worn, with yokes and long sleeves; this dispenses with a sacque

or shawl worn in the house; but if a baby's neck is very pretty, many mothers cannot resist seeing them in a low-neck dress. Nansook muslin is used for dresses, and fine tucks, puffs, and ruffles, take in many instances the place of insertions, laces, and embroidered ruffles.

This same shape dress is used for the first short dresses; in fact, many persons only cut the skirt off to the required length, thus making two skirts of what is, for a long dress, only one, the yoke and sleeves almost always answering, as they do not fit as tightly as the waists formerly used did.

Baby's afghans are miracles of beauty; they are made of white cloth, bound around with a broad satin ribbon, fastened on by fancy stitches in colored silks. In the centre is an exquisite bunch of flowers embroidered, or it may be a bunch in each of the four corners, with an initial in the centre. In former years zephyr afghans were always made of double zephyr; now the fine wools are used altogether, and are usually made double, frequently a thin sheet of wadding being put between. These have broad stripes of ribbon laid over them, beautifully embroidered.

The caps most popular are the French caps of fine muslin, trimmed with a bow of colored ribbon. These can be done up very easily, and do not require the care of an experienced laundress, often a great matter to consider in large families. They always look pretty and can be easily varied by simply removing the ribbon and substituting one of a different color. Many persons have them all white, and do not even have the ribbon colored.

HINTS UPON THE DOINGS OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

It is a mistaken idea that it is utterly out of the question to give a satisfactory entertainment unless the hostess is prepared to spend a fabulous sum of money. We constantly hear of entertainments where the floral decorations alone for one night cost almost a small fortune. But the question is, how to set to work. The true art of successfully entertaining your friends rests with the hostess, and not with the amount of bills to pay after the entertainment is over. A small house may be as noted for its pleasant *reunions* as the largest of our palatial residences. Supposing, then, it is proposed to give a small evening entertainment, you should first be sure that the most intimate of your friends will be with you, ready to do their part in making the evening pass pleasantly. Make a point of inviting first those who are always glad to meet; decide on the number you wish to see, and then remember you may always invite double the list you expect. To begin with, the necessary decorations and lighting shall come first. As a general rule, the number of gas jets in a room is usually all that is required to light it. Country friends, if asked, will always send ivy and evergreens, even when they cannot supply any choice flowers, and nothing can exceed the effect produced by masses of ivy, either used in twining round banisters or following the line of cornice round the room. Large banks of evergreens may be judiciously placed in corners of the rooms or passages; we are sure that a few dollars judiciously spent may, with taste, effect a charming result. Of the music, much depends on the size and shape of the rooms. A piano with harp and cornet leave nothing to be desired in the hands of skilful performers. But then, last, though not least, we think of supper. Do not let it be a bugbear, and do not be afraid of striking out some new and simple idea in this department. Let a well-set table be decorated with growing plants or flowers, arranged with taste in many of the flower glasses we all possess. At this season, the most perfect arrangement may be made with roses or simple garden or field flowers. A tumbler in a soup plate will enable you to make pyramids of these lovely blossoms, which, set on a bed of moss, will eclipse many exotic decorations. If the supper is not pretentious, every one will be pleased; whatever there is, let it be the best of its kind. Perhaps no more trying time is passed than when, ready dressed, and everything looking as we desire, the first arrival is waited for. Here, then, our real friends do not fail; and with just a few early comers, the music may commence, and very shortly the rooms are full, and all should go merrily. A cheery greeting from the hostess, with no eager fussiness as to who the next comer may be, or planning too much for the amusement of her guests, is the best security for their amusing themselves. Never attempt to drag out some unfortunately shy individual who has a strong inclination to cling to the sides of the wall, nor too good-naturedly try and find partners for some one who may at first be standing out, it will all come right. If a girl be pleasant and can dance, she will soon make her way; and, as a rule, gentlemen object to their partners being chosen for them. If there is dancing, keep the dancers going with spirit; have no awkward pauses—it makes people think about going away, which they will not do if these hints are followed. Have we left untouched the great question of dress? Surely it is needless; for the simpler and fresher the toilet can be made, the better, is the only hint we give. Do we not justly prove our words, that unlimited expenditure is not the absolute necessity for pleasant parties? We venture to say *au contrairie*. If it be whispered that a certain leader of fashion is about giving an elegant entertainment, upon which florists, cooks, and decorators are expending all their energies, what a turmoil is excited! How every one burns with desire to be present! On all sides petitions to be included in the list pour in; the hostess *cannot* refuse some, *dare* not refuse others; and this goes on until the list is swelled to such gigantic proportions that even the largest rooms cannot hold them; and on the eventful evening many a weary *quart d'heure* is spent in the string of carriages setting down, and more weary still the struggle on the stairs to reach the fairy-like scene; a futile attempt to find an empty place within the gorgeous banqueting hall, until patience is nearly exhausted, and a weary homeward drive with the remnants of an exquisite toilet new for the occasion, as a sad reminder of an evening crowd. Believe us, far more may be done in the small way suggested, and the hostess, whose little parties are an established rule, wi[illegible] always be popular, and always successful. FASHION.