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For P

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LADIES NATIONAL

MAGAZINE

MAY.—VOL. XLVII.

TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR,

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

FOR 1865!

E MAGAZINES

ON'S MAGAZINE

...sly increased cost of Paper, and the consequent rise in the pric... ...ned to Single Subscribers at Two DOLLARS A YEAR, *Cash in Advance.* ...ill be better than ever. No Magazine of similar merit will app... cl...

THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES.

...tories in "Peterson" are conceded to be *the best published anywhere.* Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Ella Rodm... Frank Lee Benedict, the author of "Susy L's Diary," T. S. Arthur, E. L. Chandler Moulton, Leslie Walter, Vi... ...nsend, Rosalie Grey, Clara Augusta, and the author of "The Second Life." besides all the most popular fe... ...s of America, are regular contributors. In addition to the usual number of shorter stories, there will be given in 18... **...ur Original Copy-righted Noveletes, viz:**

THE LAST PLANTAGENET,

By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THE MISSING DIAMOND,

By the Author of "The Second Life."

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

COQUETTE vs CROQUET,

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

In its Illustrations also, "Peterson" is unrivalled. The Publisher challenges a comparison between its

SUPERB MEZZOTINTS AND OTHER STEEL ENGRAVINGS

And those in other Magazines, and one at least is given in every number.

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...D PATTERNS IN EMBROIDERY, CROCHET, &C.

...rtment of this Magazine IS WHOLLY UNRIVALLED. Every number contains a dozen or more ...of Fa...-work: Crochet, Embroidery, Knitting, Bead-work, Shell-work, Hair-work, &c., &c., &c. ...B COLO...ED PATTERN FOR SLIPPER, PURSE or CHAIR SEAT, &c., is given—each of which, ...cost Fifty ...nts. No other Magazine gives these Colored Patterns.

...ENTIRELY NEW COOK-BOOK.

...ts of "Peterson" are quite famous. For 1865, receipts for every kind of dish will be given. ...PTS HAS BEEN TESTED. The whole, at the end of the year, will make a COOK- ...worth the price of "Peterson." Other receipts for the Toilette, Sick room, &c., &c., will be

...SIC will appear in every number. Also, Hints on all matters interesting to Ladies.

...ERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

...f "Peterson" will remain as we have said, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. ...nds and neighbors may save money by clubbing together, ...llowing tempting terms are offered, viz:

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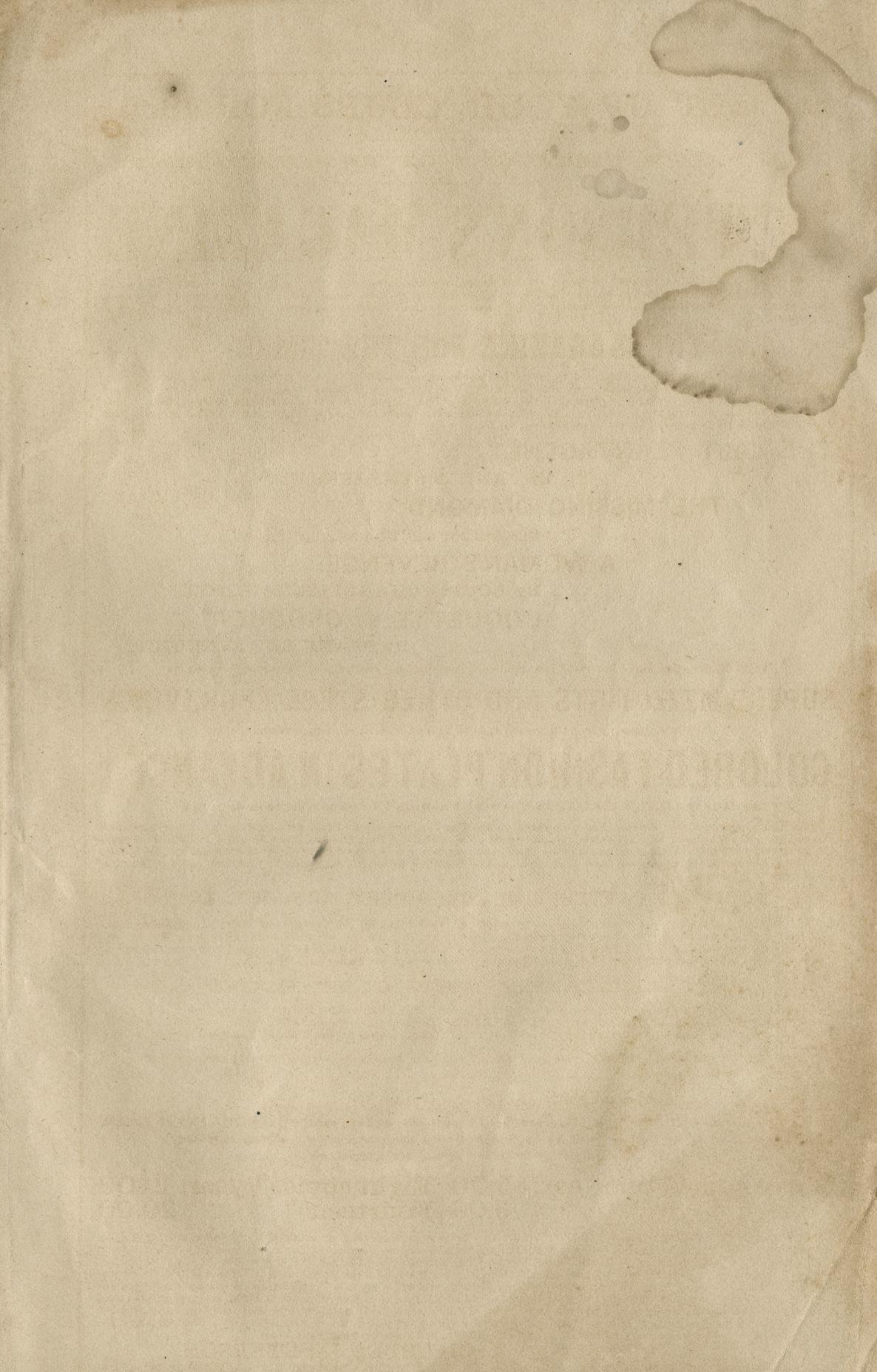


Painted by H. Merle. Engraved & Printed by Illman Brothers.

WILD FLOWERS.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

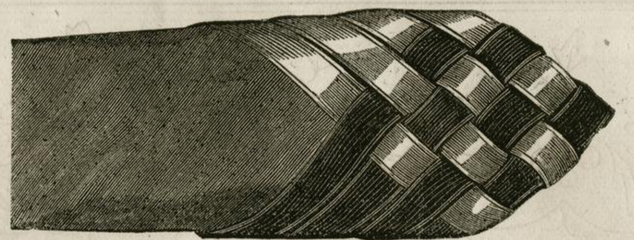
LES MODES PARISIENNES.

MAY.

1865.

OPERA HOOD: TASSEL COVER.

THE CHILDREN HAVE BEEN TO SEE THE JUGGLERS.



CRAVAT END.

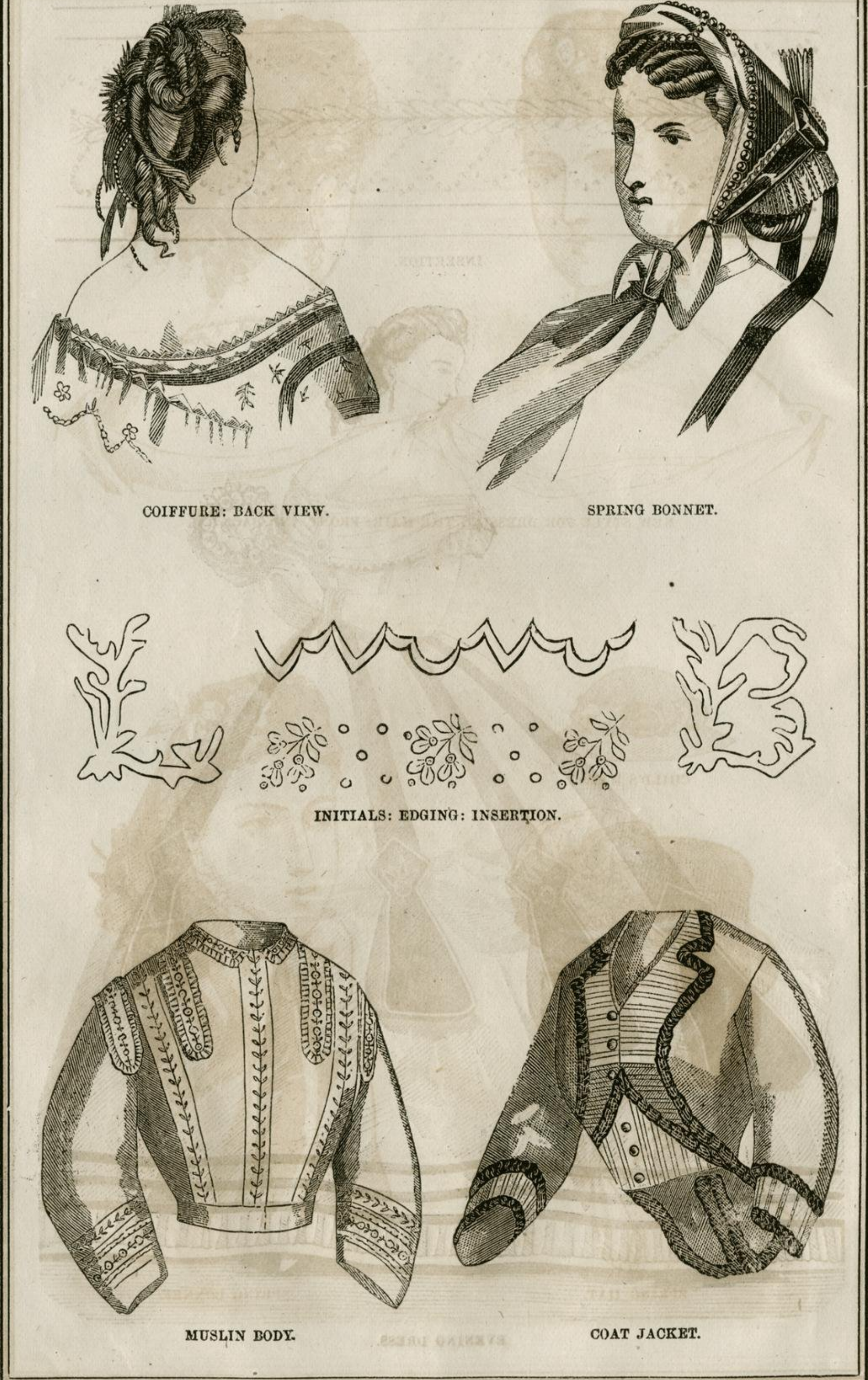
OPERA CLOAK.

EDGING.

WALKING DRESS.

INSERTION.

EVENING DRESS.



COIFFURE: BACK VIEW.

SPRING BONNET.

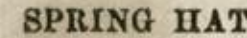
INITIALS: EDGING: INSERTION.

MUSLIN BODY.

COAT JACKET.

NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR: FRONT AND BACK.

CHILD'S HAT.



SPRING HAT.

SPRING BONNET.

NEW STYLE FOR DRESSING THE HAIR: BACK AND FRONT.

PROMENADE DRESS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FAREWELL

Song of Enoch Arden,

OR

"I'LL SAIL THE SEAS OVER."

ARRANGED FOR GUITAR

BY SEP. WINNER.

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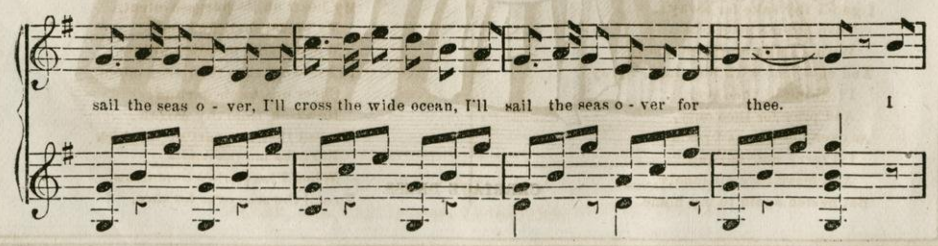
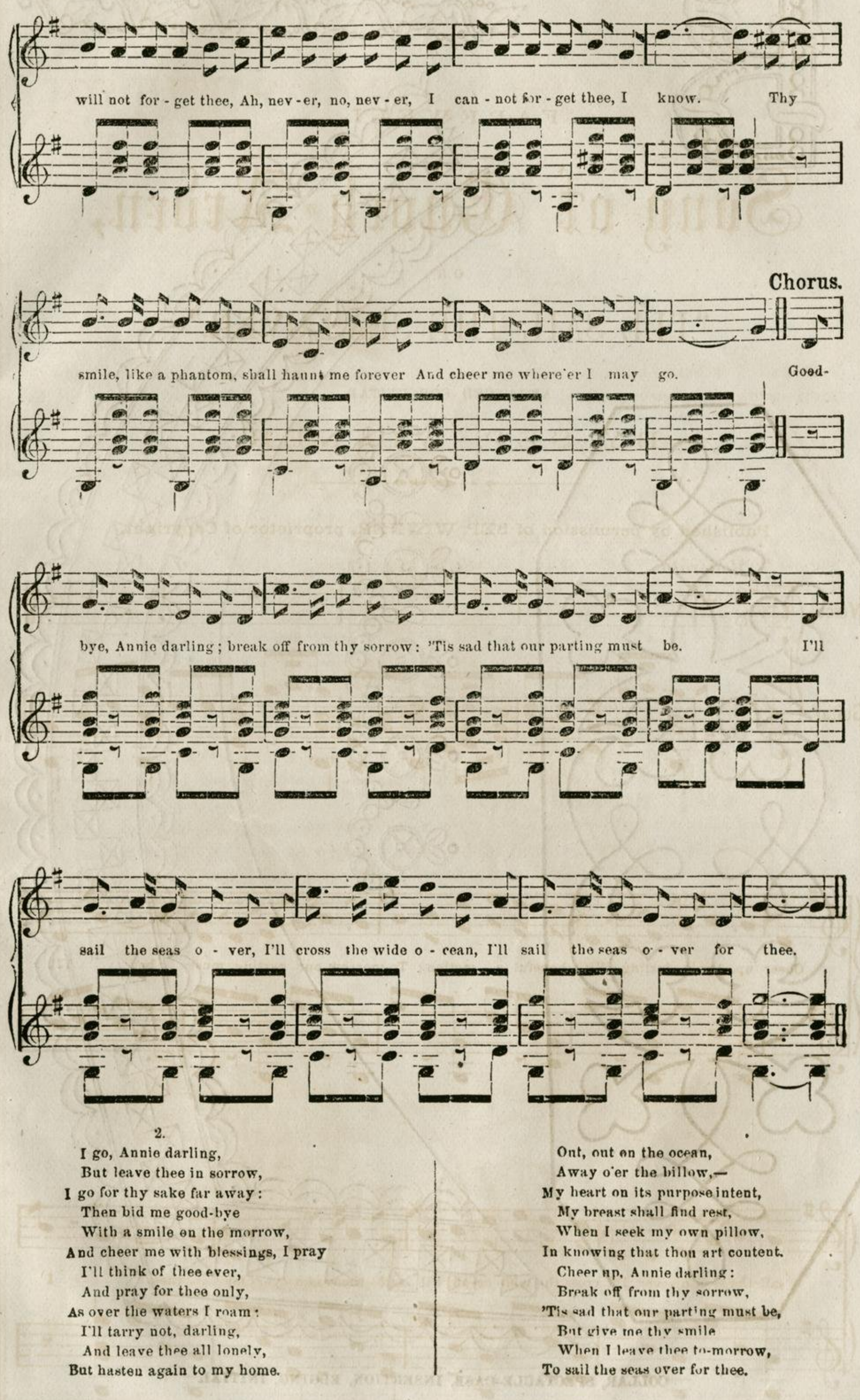


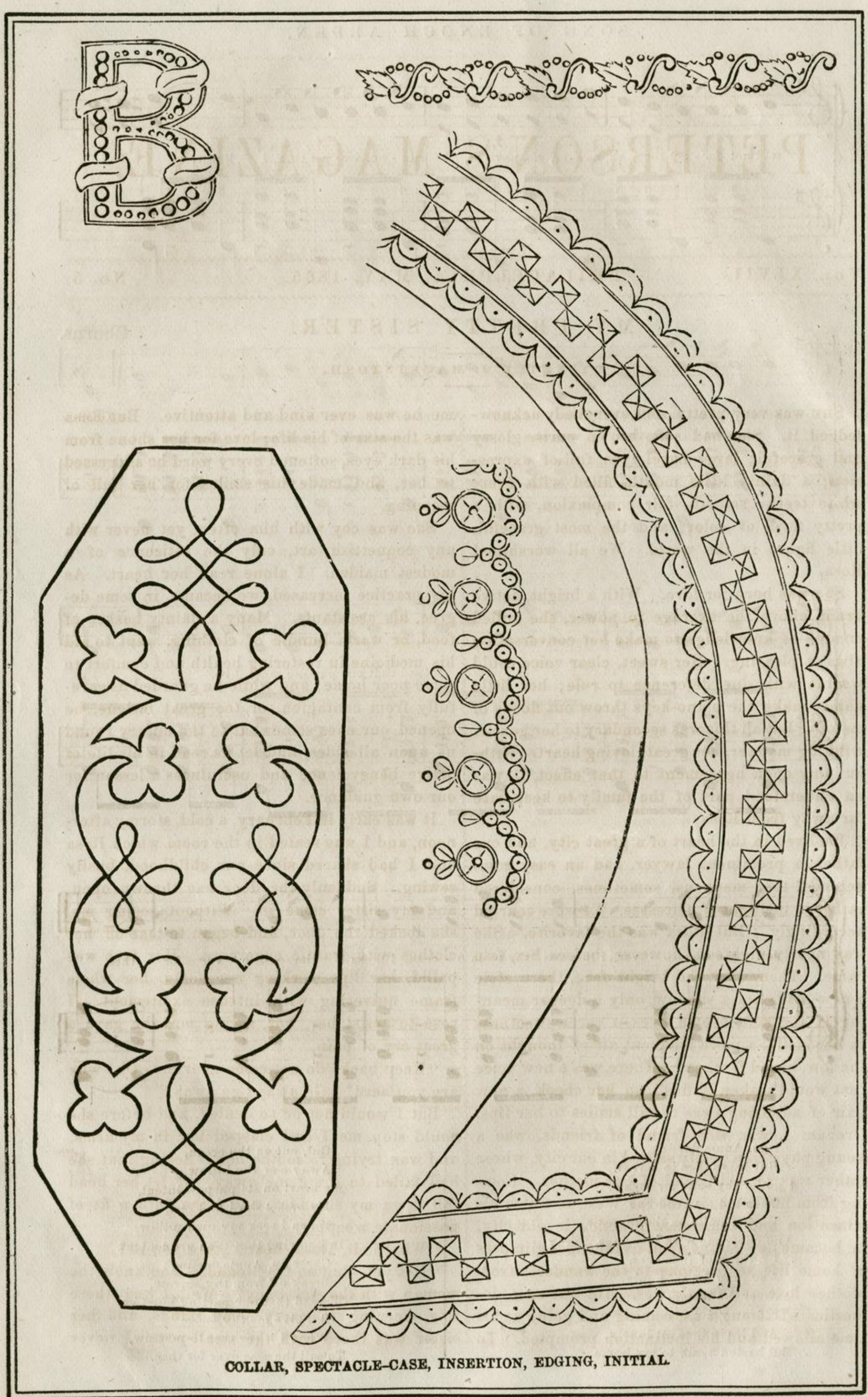
SONG OF ENOCH ARDEN.



2.

I go, Annie darling,
But leave thee in sorrow,
I go for thy sake far away:
Then bid me good-bye
With a smile on the morrow,
And cheer me with blessings, I pray
I'll think of thee ever,
And pray for thee only,
As over the waters I roam:
I'll tarry not, darling,
And leave thee all lonely,
But hasten again to my home.

Out, out on the ocean,
Away o'er the billow,—
My heart on its purpose intent,
My breast shall find rest,
When I seek my own pillow,
In knowing that thou art content.
Cheer up, Annie darling:
Break off from thy sorrow,
'Tis sad that our parting must be,
But give me thy smile
When I leave thee to-morrow,
To sail the seas over for thee.



COLLAR, SPECTACLE-CASE, INSERTION, EDGING, INITIAL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1865. No. 5.

MY PRETTY SISTER.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

She was very pretty, and everybody acknowledged it. She had soft, brown curls, glossy and graceful; large hazel eyes, full of expression; a dainty little mouth, filled with even, white teeth; smooth, fair complexion, with a pretty flush of color; and the most graceful, little figure in the world. We all worshiped Rosa.

She was born for love. With a bright, active brain, above the average in power, she culled enough of knowledge to make her conversation always pleasing. Her sweet, clear voice could warble with due deference to rule; her little hands make the piano-keys throw out floods of melody; but all this was secondary to her gentle, winning manner, her great, loving heart. Without any open agreement to that effect, it was an understood part of the family to keep care far away from Rosa.

We lived in the heart of a great city, and our father, a prominent lawyer, had an easy competence, that made us, sometimes, considered rather in the light of heiresses. We were courted accordingly. But Rosa was the favorite. She was nearly eighteen, however, before her fate came. Then, over the bright face, there stole a new look; not a shadow, only a deeper meaning in the soft, brown eyes, a rarer sweetness in her smile, a more frequent air of thought on the low, broad forehead. There was a new voice that would waken a flush on her cheek, a new pair of admiring eyes to call smiles to her lips. Graham Lewis, this friend of friends, was a young physician newly settled in our city, whose father was an old friend of our mother. Coming from his home, in the far West, to finish his education and commence practice in our city, he became dependant upon us for those glimpses of home life so precious to the wanderer from mother love and family ties. He was soon domesticated amongst us, coming and going as his time allowed and his inclination prompted. To me he was ever kind and attentive. But Rosa was the star of his life; love for her shone from his dark eyes, softened every word he addressed to her, and made his smiles for her full of meaning.

She was coy with him often, yet never with any coquettish art, only the reticence of a modest maiden. I alone read her heart. As his practice increased, we became, in some degree, his assistants. Many a dainty basket of food, or warm bundle of clothing, went to aid his medicine in restoring health and comfort to some poor home; and while he guarded us carefully from contagion, or too great fatigue, he opened our eyes somewhat to the misery round us upon all sides, and let us read in his life of active benevolence and usefulness a lesson for our own guidance.

It was early in February, a cold, stormy afternoon, and I was seated in the room which Rosa and I had shared since our childhood, busily sewing. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and my sister came in. Without seeing me, she locked the door, and began to tear off her clothes with frantic eagerness. Her face was pallid, her lips working nervously, her whole frame quivering with intense excitement. I rose to assist her, but, seeing me, she gave a great cry of pain,

"Keep back! do not come near me. Oh! why are you here? Go away! go away!"

But I would not be so denied, and before she could stop me I had clasped her in my arms, and was trying to soothe her. Seeing that she had failed to drive me away, she let her head fall upon my shoulder, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

"What is it, Rosa, dear? Are you ill?"

"Not yet—but so frightened. You know the woman with the sick baby? Well, I went there this morning to carry some things, and her sister was there with the small-pox. I never

knew till I had been there nearly two hours. And now you will have it, if I do."

It was appalling! But there was no time for useless regrets. Calming her as soon as I could, I assisted her in changing her clothing, and made her lie down. Then I called my mother into the entry, and through the key-hole of the closed door told her the story. It was long before she consented to allow us to fight the fear or reality alone; but at last she yielded. Within an hour our old family physician was with us, and I was duly installed nurse.

I pass over the succeeding weeks. Our fears were no vain ones. For many days our darling hovered over the grave. But at last the fever left her. Slowly the tedious convalescence went forward; but the beauty I had so worshiped was gone forever.

It was long before she knew of the change. Carefully I hid away every tell-tale mirror, and drilled my pitying face. But when she was able to sit up, she insisted upon seeing the wreck of her own beauty. I turned away my face to hide the thick coming tears, as I handed her the glass. When I looked again, there was no expression upon the disfigured face but one of peace.

"God knew best, Rushy," she said, softly. "I know now that I loved my own face too well. Sister," and she let the weary head fall upon my breast, "I was thinking too much of this life, its pleasures, its admiration, and—and—— I was loving one of God's creatures before my Maker. See how he humbles and unteaches me my vain folly. I knew the power of beauty and exulted in it; now—now my dream is over. But do not sob so, sister, I will learn content."

"Graham?" I whispered.

"Yes. He never said he loved me, so he can never have one word or thought of blame."

"But——"

"Let it rest, sister—let it rest."

And I obeyed her, throwing my whole soul in loving worship at her feet, as I saw her so steadily and patiently lift her cross.

We were exiled still for some days, but at last the doctor gave the welcome order to remove our dear invalid to another room, and admit the family. It was like reunion after death. We were still clustered together, happy, yet quiet, when the servant appeared to beg that Graham Lewis might come up. It cost us all a pang. Mother crept away softly, weeping. Father went into the office clearing his throat. I alone staid to meet the visitor.

Rosa held my hand in a tight clasp as his step came nearer and nearer. Unheeding my presence, he came to her, his eyes full upon her face. She locked down, but I scanned him with jealous suspicion. Ah! true, true heart! Not a shadow on those clear, brown eyes, but what tender pity cast; not one shrinking glance, only such softened love as a mother might give a suffering babe.

Unheeding me still, he bent over her, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said,

"Thank God for his mercy!"

She looked up then. No shuddering glance of changed love met her eyes; but the veil that had never yet been lifted from two loving hearts was rent asunder.

I crept away too, then, hearing the murmured words of love and thankfulness he poured out upon her, and seeing to the last his eyes unclouded, true and loving, bent on her face.

He is my dear brother now, loved with a sister's fond affection; and if the scathing fire has carried away my sister's bloom, it has not robbed her of her gentle, winning nature, or taken from her the loyal devotion of Graham's heart.

WAITING.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

I REMEMBER it all! how the Autumn sun
Glittered and gleamed through the yellow leaves;
And the swarthy reapers, one by one,
Went gathering in their golden sheaves.

A black-bird whistled, down in the dell,
A note as sweet as a shepherd's pipe;
And fast, from the bending branches, fell
The rosy apples, mellow and ripe.

The milk-maid trilled her evening song,
Down in the fields where the clover grew;
And crushing the bloom as they tramped along,
The soldiers marched in their suits of blue;

Marched with a tireless, martial tread,
From early morn till evening gray;
And Willie threw by his peaceful plow,
And followed them out to the war that day.

Thrice since then have the trees put on
Their Autumn garments of russet leaves;
Thrice have the reapers gathered in
Their golden treasures of yellow sheaves.

I sit alone, in the twilight gloom,
Waiting, watching, alas! in vain;
Down the winding path, through the clover bloom,
Willie will never come back again.

THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

"Berries? Yes, that crop's a dead failure, both straw and black. Want of hoeing, partly; but the peaches'll make it up to me, d'ye see, Miss Barbara? There's a heavy promise of yield there, down in the orchard, yonder."

As he spoke, the nurseryman drew out his own lank height to peer over the garden fence, stretching his long limbs as slowly as he had drawled out the words. His very hair looked lazy, the young girl thought, being straight and yellow, and so did the full, slow, blue eyes—they suited the day. A day of dusty, oppressive sunshine, though in early June; the pasture fields, that swept out from the little nursery, had yellowed and dried in it; and the bees had gotten the dull bass of autumn into their drone already, as they hummed about their work in the interminable lines of hedges down the road.

"Peaches have failed for two or three years, with you, Mr. Joyce," she said.

"Well, so they have—so they have," pulling his leather watch-chain, thoughtfully. "That's true. Want of underdigging, maybe."

"Want——" Barbara was not yet rid of the intolerance of youth. "If the crops needed digging——"

"It was better they should have it? Surely, I'm slow about some things, I know." There was a queer twinkle in his eye, but he turned dully away, and began weeding out some tomato-plants that grew too thickly.

"So trees as well as people need coaxing and urging before they will show their best parts?" said Barbara.

He made no reply. The girl, like most American school-girls, was used to fire off crude bits of her observation, fancying them as new to the hearer as to herself. He went on, weeding, down to the cabbage-beds.

"Only on human beings so much of the labor is in vain!" she added, now, in a lower voice.

"Now don't, Barbara!" gravely looking up, and wiping the drops of sweat from his face. "You're taking up this new cry of reform, lately; young people have fresh whims every year, it seems to me. Reforms are well enough in their way, but don't let them tempt you on to down-cry your neighbor. I saw you on Wednesday, in the ferry-boat, looking at the passengers as if each of them needed the gospel preached right off to them, and you'd like to do it. You'd have done them more good to start on the presumption, that every man and woman there wore as decent under-clothing as yourself, and was just as apt to be honest and kind. It's a cleaner world than you think. Hoh!" tugging at a tough dock-root.

Barbara did not like this Mr. Joyce; never being certain, under his slow quiet, whether he was not laughing at her, and did not hold her as of little more worth than a kitten. But just now he had spoken in earnest.

"You'll not deny," she replied, however, "that there is crime in the world? Murderers, thieves?" He did not answer immediately; and, glancing down as he pulled at the roots, she saw his face had lost its color, as if something had stung him sharply. Nor did he reply to two or three remarks which she made on the tomatoes, etc. Could she have hurt him in any way? No; she knew by his face, when he raised it, that it was a man's trouble which had brought the anxious look into it, and one with which she had nothing to do. Yet it might be that her words had recalled it, for he went on muttering something about "crime," to himself, as he took up a hoe and began cleaning it, his bony hand unsteady, she noticed, and the flesh about his mouth white.

He caught her keen glance presently, and suddenly dropped into his lazy apathy again. "Yes, there's crime in the world, Barbara, I don't deny it. But when you talk to a murderer, or a thief, take it for granted that it was circumstance, not nature, that dragged him into the pit. You'll have the better chance of taking him out."

Something in his face made her feel that any words of hers would be trivial and out of place. She stood silent a minute, and then taking up his straw hat that had fallen on the path, tightened the string about the crown, and said, "There, that will hold better. I must go now."

"It's not late, Barbara. There's some gooseberries ripe on the middle beds if you'll take that way out; that is, if you will go."

"Why, they're early. The same that I remember last summer, I suppose. I'll find them. Good-morning, Mr. Joyce."

"Barbara!"

She stopped.

"Will you think over what we said just now?"

"Think?" confusedly. What ailed the man?

Dunn Joyce, before this, had seemed to the girl a middle-aged man, hardened by his quiet and dullness into a half-way stage between her father and herself; now this sharp trouble, whatever it might be, of which every look and word bore evidence, made him alive, strong, real to her. Seeing how he suffered from it, and how he held it down, it occurred to her, almost for the first time, that he was, in fact, but a young man, not yet past the season of passion, and the acuter diseases of soul as well as body.

"I know there's crime in the world, Barbara," he said. "It may be nearer us than you think. If some day, if ever you are brought to face it—will you remember what we were saying this morning? I've a reason for what I ask," after a pause, wiping his forehead.

"I will remember, certainly," in a puzzled tone.

"I want you to be merciful, Barbara," collecting himself. "If any one whom you have—who has been a friend to you—should be found guilty, don't be quick to judge harshly."

She watched him keenly—what did he mean?

"To whom can my judgment matter anything?" she said, coldly.

He was leaning against the fence, rubbing his hand weakly, back and forward, on his forehead.

"I don't know," he answered; "yet sometimes I've thought, if that day ever came, your opinion would be of more worth than all the world's beside. I mean, I'd like to think you would be merciful—you at least—in condemning——" He hesitated, was silent.

"You do not speak clearly," she said, assuming a lighter tone, though there was a vague terror at her heart.

"No?" looking up. "I only wanted, Barbara," trying to fall into her careless tone, "to warn you against a harsh judgment."

He stopped there short. The man felt too deeply to pass over this thing with an indifferent gesture. "Child!" making a step toward her, "I've always wanted to say this to you. I've waited long for the chance. If any one who loves you ever stands before you, and says, 'See, I have done this fine deed—all the world has turned against me'—for your own soul's sake, be true to him, Barbara. Believe all things rather than that in his soul he is guilty. Think that it was a passion no man could resist that drove him on—that his better self cried out fiercely every hour against it."

He stopped sharply, listening to some distant sound; she stood waiting, frightened at the strange meaning in his face.

"Go now," he said, almost roughly. "Remember what I have said. It is the last time such words can cross my lips. Do you think it cost me nothing to ask that of you—*you*, Barbara?"

She stood a few moments, tying and untying her shawl-fringe, while he went back to his work, looking askance at him as he stooped. The girl was moved with pity and fright, too, as we said, down to her very heart. She wanted to say some words to him—the right kind of words to say—but what ought they to be? How could she understand him? Consequently, she said nothing at last, but—"It must be four o'clock; there's your brother Richard at the gate."

"Yes, that's Richard," flinging a handful of mullen over the hedge, "I heard him coming up the road." It was the dull, simple Dunn Joyce who was speaking now; there was not a trace of the old agitation in his manner.

Richard stopped to speak to him before coming to her, slapping him on his bent back with, "Well, Dunn, old fellow, here we are again."

"You're late, Dick, boy," was the answer, as Joyce raised his red, perspiring face, and surveyed his brother's square-built figure admiringly, as a father might his pet boy.

"Yes. Good-evening, Barbara. Helping old Dunn in his work? When he hears any one coming he tugs at these weeds, making believe it is by the sweat of his brow the earth is made to bring forth in this bit of ground; but I fancy you and I know better. Laziness belongs to our blood, eh! Dunn?"

Joyce laughed, and picked the bits of clay off of his hoe-handle. There was no finer wit in the world, to him, than Dick.

"I was telling Miss Barbara about the Haarlem gooseberries, Dick," he said. "Go find them for her; and look at the Bartlett pears as you go by," he called after them. "It would be hard for Jersey to beat them, I fancy," beginning to hoe again.

But when they had turned down into the middle alleys of the garden, Barbara glanced back, and saw that he was leaning on his hoe, motionless, looking with a strange vagueness in his face across the flat landscape into the sultry sky.

She could not help watching him while Richard

gathered the gooseberries. It was such an odd, unlooked-for outburst, that of Dunn's. Nothing like it had ever occurred before in their daily life, although she had been used to see him, day by day, for nearly seven years. In those years, she had looked on him as a sort of lay-figure, with not much more perception of his separate vitality, or of what manner of make he was, than of one of his own cedars. But now, as she stood shading her eyes with her hat, the ungainly figure yonder, in its gray shirt and corderoy trousers, had a new interest for her. "One dear to her, yet guilty?" Himself? The remembrance of the look he had flashed on her face and form, as he came closer to her, suddenly returned to her, so passionate and hopeless, that it gave a sudden grace and nobility to the crudely moulded features. Could he have fancied her daily courtesy more than courtesy? Her face flushed hot and red. Dunn Joyce guilty of a foul, hidden crime? Bah! and, trying to thrust the whole matter out of sight, she turned to talk to Richard Nolt, (the brothers, being children of different fathers, did not bear the same name.)

Dunn, meanwhile, went, in his jogging gait, to the tool-house, and put away his hoe and rake methodically, saying to himself, "Barbara and her father'll be going home in a few minutes, I'll make them up a basket of peas and cherries."

His conscience rasped him a little, as he remembered how to-morrow's marketage would be curtailed by this, for poor Dunn counted his income by the pennies. "Richard won't like it; so much off of Friday's savings. But it'll give the girl a hearty dinner. She's a growing girl, and must be hungry, many's the day." And it was curious to see how daintily he washed his fingers before touching the fruit which she was to eat.

Dunn Joyce's little nursery and vegetable gardens lay on one of the low hills that make a gentle inclination toward the Schuylkill, northwest of Philadelphia. It was some ten years since he had leased the land and laid them out. He was a young man then, twenty or twenty-five; a different-looking man, also, full of energy, spirit, *vim*, as we Westerners say, though developed in a slow, leisurely fashion of his own; and also not without a certain city polish of manner, a grave, old-school heaviness of courtesy. But he had lost all this now; or, maybe, no one cared to observe whether he had it or not; there is much in that, and I suppose that, in truth, there was no more unconsidered, unnoted a man in the county than Dunn Joyce.

Before he took up the trade of gardener, he had been clerk in old Judge L——'s law-office in the city; a mere copyist, promoted to that post from errand-boy, yet slowly learning the spirit and letter of the profession. A pet of the queer old judge's, who was used to send him out on errands, when strangers noticed him, and slap his knees while he took snuff, declaring that the "Scotch chap had a long and canny brain, and that he (the judge) meant to make of him a better counsellor than any at the bar." However, one summer day, a stout, shrewd-looking, black-eyed boy presented himself at the office, introducing himself to the judge as Dunn's brother, who "had come to this country, his mother being dead, to pursue the study of his art." "And what may your art be, young sir, beyond the feeding of yourself at other men's expense? You're no tyro in that, or I'm no judge of eyes." The boy colored at this rude attack, but replied quietly that his mother had designed him for an artist, and trusted to her son Dunn to carry out her plans. "I'll be no dishonor to him, nor to her that's gone," he said, with a slight tremble in his voice, which disarmed the judge and kept him silent; though he treated the intruder with a gruff surliness, which extended to Dunn, when the latter broke his plans to him. "I must give up the law," he said, a week or two after Richard's arrival. "Dick's a stout boy, and needs good, wholesome food for a few years; he mustn't be balked in his fancy for the painting business, or, rather, *she* must not be disappointed. I'll turn to something that will bring in the ready penny every day. I'm thinking of leasing a bit of ground beyond Spring Garden, if you approve——" To which the judge returned no answer other than to fling him some letters to post, and bid him "go to the devil his own way." Dunn was full of the sourest Scotch pride when once it was set to fermenting; and, besides, he was under a weight of obligation to the old man, which made this roughness of misappreciation gall him to the quick. They parted in an angry silence. But nobody knew how bitter was the old man's disappointment in the matter, until, when at his death soon after, he sent for Joyce, and entrusted the closing up of his estate to him. An estate of debts, and no assets, as it proved; his protegee was not benefited by it in any respect.

If it cost Dunn Joyce anything to give up his project for life, no one knew of it, least of all the brother for whom it had been done. He sank at once into the dull, simple-hearted fellow we find him to-day; never entering with

much zest into his work; ready always to respond, with a laugh, to Richard's jokes, but never rash enough to essay one in return; becoming a storer-up of receipts, odd dates, and local information, such small, useful knowledge as would help others in an humble way; but keeping strangely aloof from the world, or the world's doings. An observer, more acute than Richard, would have guessed that the man feared to quicken some latent sense of discontent at his own isolation. But Richard never thought of that. He was a warm-hearted, grateful fellow, but without an atom of morbid or sensitive feeling himself, and jeering at it in others; liking work for work's sake, and intent on succeeding in his art to repay Dunn all that he owed him. "Though the coming out here was the wisest thing the old chap ever did," he was wont to say. "It is but a poor outcome he would have made at the law; and this slow, easy life just suits his lazy temperament. We are all inherently apathetic—it came from our mother, a Portage she was; but, for me, I fight it down. Dunn's different. So I will fight it down, and the dear, old fellow shall have time to doze out his days." To all of which Dunn used to reply by a laugh. It was true enough, he thought. He *was* naturally lazy, as Dick said, and he never went into this work heartily, he didn't know why. Maybe, if he had stayed at the law—well, no matter, Dick did not know that."

His faith in Richard's genius was one of his deep and abiding principles, in which belief Dick certainly kept pace with him. He worked steadily at his landscapes; doggedly courageous, though they never were sold, and gathered, year by year, on his hands. "Such ill-luck as this had chanced before; public justice was never so blind as when she turned art-critic," etc., etc. Meanwhile they scraped a meagre living out of the proceeds of Dunn's nursery and garden.

But Barbara? We must go back a few years.

Dunn Joyce's house was a square, uncouth building of brick, which had been once covered with plaster, in imitation of brown-stone; but the plaster falling off, left it in a mottled state, as if stricken with leprosy. Dunn, of course, made no attempt at repairs, other than by striking a grape-vine in here and there, and leaving it to do its work of covering the blotches. The house had been, in fact, a warehouse, in which Squire Ford had stored his flour when he worked the mill above the pasturage. But the squire dying, and the mill going into the hands of his creditors, the house stood tenantless till Joyce took it at a merely nominal rent. Ford's own dwelling-house, a wooden cottage, remained vacant. Just over the hill, there was a small Episcopalian church, of which old Nicholas Waugh was rector, a man of some weight and influence in his day. You may find his name now in the old journals kept in the Philadelphia Library, heading reports of charitable meetings, as chairman, and the like. He tried, too, to found a scheme similar to the modern Emigrant Aid Societies; but Nicholas Waugh was too unpractical and dilatory a man to ever accomplish any effective work. As age worsted him, sapping out both health and energy, his visits to the city ceased, and his whole time hardly sufficed to eke out the two sermons a week demanded by his meagre parish. After awhile, the old man found even this too heavy a task, and began to quietly draw on his old stock of discourses. In a word, he went the way of all old preachers; the younger members rebelled at the toothless mumbling, and slipped away to other pastures. To bring back these truant lambs, a more active shepherd was needed—and poor old Waugh retired from the parish he had so long and faithfully guarded, with two hundred dollars a year, and a miserably sick heart, full of defeat and sad memories.

Before this time, he had established an odd intimacy with the gardener, Joyce; the two men having the habit of smoking together, their chairs tilted back against Dunn's front wall, never exchanging a word. When the new occupant of the living and parsonage arrived, old Waugh went over to Joyce's for his accustomed pipe. He had not thought before that the change of ministry demanded of him to resign the house, which with Deb, his sole servant, he had occupied these twenty years. "I had forgotten that the house must be given up, sir," after sitting silent half an hour, taking the pipe from his mouth, rubbing its stem gently with a far-off look, "I had forgotten that, Mr. Joyce." He laughed a childish, ashamed laugh. "My memory is failing, sir—failing." "It's hard, Mr. Waugh," Joyce answered, his face flushing. He did not say how he had called it a cursed shame to the vestry, this thrusting the old man out. "You built the back rooms, did you not, sir?" "Only the out-sheds, that is all, Joyce; Mrs. Deborah (my woman, Mr. Joyce,) has papered and painted all the rooms though; and I tinkered at the old house every year a little. When a man has no wife or child, they come to care for such things as the house they live in, and—and such like trifles." Again the weak, sad laugh. They smoked in silence a long while after that. When the old man's pipe

was out, he knocked the ashes carefully out, and put it up on the little shelf. "A long good-by to my old chum," he said. His long, lean face wore its usual look of mild vagueness; but the chin, Dunn noted, that sure index to the heart, worked unsteadily. "I purpose a journey, to-morrow," he said, leaning with both hands on the back of his chair, "down;" motioning with his thumb toward the city. "To look for boarding?" said Dunn, staring blankly over the Schuylkill. "Yes, that is it. I—it is a long time since I was there," with a look as if he were going to face the whole world, neither clothed, nor in his right mind, "I never thought to go again into the city." "It costs you much, then, to give up the neighborhood?" stammered Joyce, as the old man put on his hat, and drew on the torn old gloves. He tried to speak, but did not, only by a choked chuckle; and after fumbling at his wristbands a moment, lifted his hat, and walked hastily away. At the end of the path he stopped, and came back. "Excuse me, Mr. Joyce, I was confused just now," with an effort to be quiet and dignified. "I fear I left an impression on your mind that I felt my removal from the house unjust—I am not so foolish. But I am old, and it was a blow—a blow, sir."

But we must make haste with this part of the story; it matters but little, after all.

There were two vacant rooms in the second story of Joyce's house, for he and Dick occupied but a part of it. Into these, when the clergyman started for town the next day, Dunn had his books and furniture carried, contriving, with old Deborah's aid, to give them the home-look as nearly as possible. And when the old man stood amazed, after his return, Dunn drawled out, raking the celery-beds, "It's a bad time for moving into town. Make Richard an' me a three weeks' visit, an' take time to look around you." Nicholas Waugh thanked him cordially; the poor young man was well disposed, he thought. But when going into the room again, where his books were, he found every minutest fancy consulted and gratified; he came out, and touched his hat on passing Joyce with a new recognition; there was a certain respect in his tone toward the young man after that, never there before. Seven years had passed since then, and the old man still occupied the upper rooms; the three weeks stay extended itself indefinitely. At first, the change troubled him. The corn-fields were on the left of his study window; they faced these. But he had become accustomed to the alteration, and almost liked it.

After he had been in Joyce's house a year or two, his brother came from New England, Samuel Waugh. Not so old a man as he, and more rubbed by friction with the world, bringing with him a child, (a daughter,) and a second wife, whom he had lately married. He wanted a house near his brother. The two old men clung together as burrs from the same tree will, when the sap and life are nearly dried out of both. "It's not long Nick and I have to stay," said the stranger Waugh, who, being the younger, talked oftenest of death, "and we had better be together."

Richard Nolt thought of Squire Ford's empty cottage, and named it to them. Old Mr. Waugh liked it as being easy of access to the city; his wife, who meditated a book that summer, (she was a New Haven woman, the authoress of "Leaves from the Heart," published in '32,) thought it's isolation favorable for spiritual development; and the girl, Barbara, finding three hen's-nests under the hedges, was tumultuous in her approval—so the house was rented. But old Nicholas did not forsake Dunn's home for his brother's. He had grown into the two rooms, as one might say. Besides, the brothers discovered, in a month's time, that each had acquired some queer notions and habits in these years they had been apart; and then Samuel's wife made old Nicholas shiver with her rising scale of, oh! oh! oh! when anything to admire in Nature gave her a chance of outbreak—so the old men limited their intercourse to an occasional evening visit, pipe in hand. Barbara, meanwhile, grew out of the fat, freckled hoyden, who found the hen's-nests, into the tall, anxious-faced girl, who stood by the gooseberry patch with Richard Nolt that day. That she did grow so fast was, maybe, one cause of the anxious look. The frocks and wrappers that fitted her at fourteen were ripped and flounced, slid down off the shoulders, and crept up the ankles; yet none came to take their place. Barbara had a good share of sense and independence; but it needs less of these qualities to take a woman to the stake, than to make her totally forget that her dress is faded and too short, and her shoes with a hole at the side. So Barbara was awkward with her sense of shame, as she talked to Richard Nolt; and she should have been no heroine of ours if she had not been so.

CHAPTER II.

Dunn Joyce brought the basket of vegetables and cherries to Barbara.

"I'll carry them over when you are ready to

go," he said; "or, Richard will do it," with a sudden glance at his brother.

Barbara thanked him heartily, with a satisfied glance at the peas. As Dunn had thought, she was a healthy, growing girl, and often hungry with their unceasing dishes of milk and eggs. Some very vital feeling used to twinge her on passing the butcher's shops, in town, with their mottled, yellow and red roasts. "I'll make cherry pies," eagerly. "Come over and take dinner with us," looking at both of them. Somehow her countenance fell when her eyes met Dunn's. He was not, surely, the guilty wretch whose crime was to bring her such sorrow; and yet—— She turned to speak to Richard, nodding to the upper windows of the house. "Three hours since that conference began," she said. "I mean to break it up."

He laughed, and walked with her toward the the house. Dunn looked after them steadily for a minute; then scratching a match on a birch tree near by, lighted a cigar, and betook himself to his forcing-house, shrilly whistling, "Roy's Wife," for the young man's songs were as few and hackneyed as his ideas.

Old Nicholas Waugh, seeing them coming, threw up the sash of one of the upper windows, and when Barbara looked up, put his finger to his forehead, saluting her. There was a quaint, old-fashioned grace in all the movements of the old man, airy and delicate, present always, in spite of the clerical habit, or even of the very unclerical garb he wore just now. An old, faded green camlet wrapper, trimmed with frayed fringe and buttons, and perched on the top of his long, bald head a purple velvet smoking-cap, with tarnished gilt tassel. The old man's mind now had grown simple and transparent, and his notions aged, *fade*, absurd, even, if you please; yet away back, in those years gone, he had been a gay young fellow, with hot passions, and days that brought clear messages from heaven and hell into his history; never a thinking man; in fact, below mediocrity, so far as the brain went, but in his heart always a curious chivalric instinct; the narrow tenderness of a woman. He had traveled in France, in Spain; knew the whole Continent, in fact, so far as its pictures and people, and cities and sunrises; and the rest formed a background to his own history while there. What that history was he never told; but sometimes to Barbara he talked of the violets in the Paris markets; of the phosphoric waves he had seen in the Mediterranean—different from ours; of how Recamier danced in her own saloons, her flossy hair touching her ankles; of how Fouche schemed, or Braham sung; and countless other trifles into which he never suffered a remembrance of himself to enter. Yet the young girl used to cunningly draw him in to the memory of this old life; she saw it was full of an unnamed glory to him; that these later years caught all their feeling and meaning from it, as she had seen the thin air and pinched landscape of a winter's day, reflected in a Claud Lorraine mirror, freshen and glow into their summer's life; again Barbara used to laugh to see how he looked on these days as "carnal," "devoted to fleshly vanities;" yet how he preached out of them, when his sermons were worth hearing, that is. I am afraid the carnal instincts of these days haunted some cobwebbed chambers of his brain persistently, even now. Looking out of the window at the girl, it pleased him to see how her nut-colored hair caught the sun; "And she puts her foot down like an Indian," he said to her father, "with just as careless, bold a grace."

"Um? Yes, very true, very true," mildly answered the little man, in a hurried, weak treble as usual, as though there were danger that the words would not be out ready to humbly assent quick enough. He took snuff with his long, white fingers, (the Waughs all had delicate hands,) thrust the box into his brown coat pocket; fumbled to cover the darned sleeve; then, his hands clasped behind him, and down went his head on his breast again.

"If she had but a year's training—Barbara," resumed her uncle, "with well-bred people."

"A year's training? Exactly; and with cultivated people. There is Mrs. Waugh, now, brother Nicholas?" meekly hesitating. "She has Mrs. Waugh, my wife, as I might say."

Nicholas looked rather blankly out of the window. "So she has," he said.

Meanwhile Barbara and Richard, coming up the walk, saw the two heads as if framed behind the window-sash.

"Barbara," said Richard.

"What is it?"

"Have you noticed anything peculiar about your uncle, lately?"

"Peculiar?"

"Different from other people; from his usual self, in fact."

She looked at him inquiringly, her lips shut tight. Since she was a child, (with the same explosive temper that she had to-day,) she watched sharply and jealously any slightest look of derision at the old man. He was a sort of knight for her fancy; all that she knew of the gay world, of honor and courtship, and fashion and

grace outside of these flattened hills, with their pastures and truck patches, came through him. For this Richard Nolt, with his stumped figure and slovenly clothes, he belonged to the truck patches, to these coarse days. She belonged to them herself; she had a bitter scorn for the whole lot, sometimes, herself included; or listened to Richard's mistakes in grammer, or slips of the tongue, that showed him as ignorant as she was, with a more bitter pity, the limits of which, as far as Richard was concerned, she did not define. "It's harder for a man to have to drag along in this way than a woman," she used to think. But that did not make her less tart and impatient with Dick, or his dull failings and want of delicacy and tact, as now.

"He is always different from you or me," she said, quietly. "What is the matter? Has he found fault with your last View on the Delaware?"

"Not that I know of, Barbara," said poor Dick, quite oblivious to the sarcasm. "He's a good judge of pictures, I think. No. There's a screw loose here," touching his forehead, and shaking his head anxiously. "I've noticed it since he made that trip to town, a month ago; a certain unsettled flighty manner not natural to him; a most irrational way of stating facts—his own plans and future, for instance—as though he had some hold on an unbounded fortune."

"Irrational enough," said Barbara.

"He has no such hold? Prospect?" said the young man, leaning forward, and peering eagerly into her face.

She rejoined by a half uttered "Pish!" and an audible, "You know the extent of our poverty as well as I, Mr. Richard. For the fancy about my uncle, it is fancy. I wish we were as sane as he."

They had reached the door-step by this time. She did not notice a curious expression of satisfaction that had crept out of his features, and which as suddenly died away when she looked up.

"It is a long time since I saw your 'Views,' by the way, Mr. Richard. Are they in town, or here?"

"Here, fortunately, here. Come in, Miss Barbara—come in!" hurrying through the passage with alacrity; "the best are here, according to my opinion. But you shall judge for yourself," his face quite in a glow. She followed more slowly, caring or knowing nothing about beauty in pictures or landscapes. Only she was afraid she had been rough with Dick, and was making a sort of peace-offering. One half of Barbara's days were hardly enough for her to repent of the sins of the other half.

Richard had chosen the old summer kitchen as his studio, and whitewashed it. His great picture of the Juniata by Sunrise was over the dresser; the "Storm off Cape Cod" by the pantry window; and the vacant space, where the stove had been, was filled up by a table covered with brushes, paint-cases, oily rags. Some artists would have made the old room not unpicturesque; but, except to place the pictures in the proper light, Richard Nolt cared nothing for such effect.

Nolt was a modern landscape-painter, not the artist of books by any means. When he painted that Juniata down, he had no "passionate dreams" of beauty or fame; it was a scene with good points in it; he analyzed it thoroughly. "That bit of color above the water, rose madder and lake—good; cloud to the left, brown-burnt umber, carmine, etc., etc." He was faithful to the very roots coming out of the water, the broken bricks in the roadside; his lake and burnt umber were bought at the best shops in the city; but as for being "stabbed to the heart by Nature's grandeur, or healed by her beauty," (as his chum, Fred Powers, was fond of expressing himself.) Nolt said simply, "Bah!" and went on with his work; so Nature, diluted through his pictures, stabbed or healed nobody; nor sold the pictures, either, which touched Nolt more nearly.

He turned a wooden bucket upside down, and gave it to Barbara for a seat, while he explained the landscapes to her. The sun was setting, and its rays fell warm and pleasantly about her figure and smiling face. If the dress were but limp calico, and unfashionably made, it only hinted more plainly the lithe, pliable form just swelling out of childhood, which it covered; the nutty-brown hair shone warmly in its half curls; the large, unformed features were good-humored just now; there was a depth of strength and tenderness in the wide, brown eye. If Barbara Waugh's life remained unsoured, she would soften and ripen into a matron, some ten years hence, that her sons would be proud of; would be the enduring type to them of a beautiful woman.

It was an odd thought about a homely, unfinished girl, but such a one as was natural to Nolt's cool Scotch brain; besides, he knew Barbara well, and all the capabilities within her. As he talked on about the pictures, this notion about the girl grew stronger, filled his mind completely; he hesitated, glanced at her continually, grew embarrassed in his monotonous

talk. It was partly her fault, this; she never had seemed so cheerful, pleased, happy, with him; her bonnet had fallen by her side, and she leaned forward, listening attentively, not heeding the moisture which the sun called out on her white forehead.

There was something he always had meant to say to Barbara; (after looking at the matter on all sides,) but he had put it off, year after year, in his canny Scotch fashion, with, "Bide a bit; let's view the subject a little longer." It might be too late, if he deferred much farther; and there could be no better time than the present. Dunn was in the green-houses; the old men, up stairs, were safe for a half-hour's longer parley. It certainly was as good a chance as would ever offer again. But he turned the face of another picture from the wall and talked on—a queer throbbing at his wrists, and a lump coming up into his throat.

Meanwhile, Barbara's real eye (while the other one was apparently studying Richard Nolt's browns and cool grays,) was looking at himself and her. "There was the use of being a man! She had as good a fund of plain sense as Richard Nolt, and as quick eyes; and her hands could be trained as well as his, she supposed; yet he, being a man, had his profession to fill up his days, to be of use to him as a money-making help, as well as an excitement and a pleasure. She had nothing of all this, because—she was a woman."

She put her hand to her mouth, biting it nervously. Not that Barbara was an ambitious woman, or was troubled with any unused and angry gift of genius, but she was forced to be idle. In their bare, idealess home, there were neither books to read, clothes to sew, nor even materials to cook. She would have been rested, contented with any of these. She was just at that age, when, in every woman who will ever be of any worth in the world, the instincts that will hereafter make her a good wife or mother, or ruler of a house, begin to ferment in her brain, set her fancy to work, soften her eye with a tender appeal, force her to hold out her hands in urgent entreaty for work to do, for something to caress. Barbara Waugh loved no man as she should her husband; but she was ready, like all girls of seventeen, to bestow her love on the first actor in her little social drama who would slip into the costume she had prepared for her hero; and to be a good loyal, helpful wife to him afterward.

About this visioned hero she had hung many absurd fancies. It may have been one of them which had brought the rose-flush to her cheeks so vividly, when she was wakened out of it by a sudden pause in Richard's monotonous flow of talk.

"If I had been painting an ideal landscape, a touch of brilliance should come in there," pointing with his brush, "against that dark hollow in the water. 'An Aphrodite,' say, rising from the waves. But how should I know anything of goddesses, Barbara? The only beauty with which I am familiar is that of a dear, loveable, home-looking girl that——"

He had studied the speech for five minutes; but he did not go through with it successfully, he felt that; for Barbara said quietly, as if her thoughts were far-off,

"Anything white would do—the glitter of mackerel's fins, for instance. That would be more natural off the Connecticut coast than Aphrodites, don't you think?"

"I think," his face heating a little as he turned the picture back to the wall, "that a man ought to paint, or write, or talk of nothing that he does not know practically and thoroughly. And I know so little, Barbara!"

She looked up quickly. Dick's face was cut in keen, shrewd lines. The face of a man, you would say, who would succeed in a quiet trading business; but now, as he stood looking out of the window, his palette in his dropped hand, there was a vague regret, a sense of some bitter loss in the unnerved features that touched her woman's sympathy.

"You know your art, Richard," she said, gently.

"What I could teach myself I know; nothing more," impatiently. "I worked in a brick-kiln at home. It was a sign-painter taught me the names of colors—great artists must have other beginnings than that."

"I know, Mr. Richard," in a subdued voice.

Sympathy from a voice softly toned as this, unlocked poor Dick's heart completely. "I know I have power," he said, his eye kindling; "I'm sure of that, but it's shut up as the germ were in the magician's jar; it needs a gold spring to set it free, and I haven't the gold," with a forced laugh. "If I had the money, Barbara, I'd be off to Europe, put myself under a good master, and go to work—at the very rudiments. Just bone down to it——"

He stopped, the same thought going on silently, she knew by his shut lips and knitted forehead.

"Your brother——" she hesitated. "Could he do nothing?"

A curious change flashed over Nolt's face—a sudden expression of anger and shame, and as

quick a glance at her, as if to know whether she had any deeper meaning than her words implied.

"Dunn knows of my wish," he said, in a restrained voice, "but not of its extent. I have tried to conceal it from him. Dunn's a good brother, and there is nothing he would not do to gratify me. *Nothing*," he muttered to himself, with the same angry flush. "He's weak—poor Dunn!" recovering himself, and stooping to adjust the paint-tubes on the table.

Barbara was silent; there was an idea came to her, from his words, that she put back with a frightened shock of feeling. He *was* weak, poor Dunn! Who so likely to be "driven into crime by a passion he could not resist?" Did Richard Nolt know of any such passion—such temptation? She did put the fancy away; laughed at it to herself; long afterward she remembered it.

Nolt stooped over the table, fingering the tubes purposely, glancing askance at the girl on her low seat, at the bent head and thoughtful face, and the hand playing unconsciously with a loose lock of her hair.

"Barbara!" he said, in a sharp, unnatural tone, that startled himself. She looked up, quickly, but something in his face made her turn her head as quickly away. "It was not money I wished to speak to you about to-day;" he broke down here. How slow the shadows were creeping over the floor; how heavy the silence! Poor Nolt's heart was heavy with a weak nausea, a despising of himself, that he never had felt before. But this was his first throw for happiness; his life had been dull and sordid enough always; with this new hope, this new effort, came new emotions. He had not known how much he cared for the woman, until now that he was going to speak to her. A sudden atmosphere of purity and beauty seemed to surround her, warning him off. He had thought for years how natural and comfortable, and happy a thing it would be to make this girl his wife; now the hope started up with an unattainable splendor. What was he to gain, this fresh, beautiful life, and absorb it in his own? The old, old glamor was in Nolt's eyes, blinding them to the failings in the meaning of the face at which he looked, as well as to the ill-fitting gown, and broken shoe. He found words, at last, though hardly conscious of their meaning, stammering them out.

"We have been talking of my future, Barbara—but yours? Will you let me look at it?"

"There is nothing in it to see," she said, without turning her head. "A woman has no hopes, nor plans. Only to live on from day to day. That is all. There is no career for us, but——"

"But love," with a sudden courage, coming toward her.

"If I had been a man," rising suddenly, her eye lighting, "it would have been different with me from other men," glancing down at her wrists, as if to test their strength, "I would have made my own luck and chances in the world."

He laughed, and caught her wrists, looking for a moment at her hands. They were long, and moulded delicately without waste, like her uncle's. "See, child! your fingers are suited better for caresses than work. Would you be satisfied with that? Would it be 'career' enough for you to be the wife of a man who loves you, whom you could help on to fame and fortune? *I* love you, Barbara."

The defiant look melted from her face, her nerves seemed to weaken; her head sank on her breast, but she said nothing.

"I know," said poor Nolt, distracted and confused, as most men are in his condition, "I ought not to have said this, Barbara. I have no home to offer you; not an atom of either fame or fortune, that I talked of just now. But they'll come—they'll come. And—well, Barbara," putting his hand to his throat, as if he were choking, "I could not help it. God knows a man needs something more to help him live than money."

He looked eagerly in her face, but no answer came by word or glance. Her eyebrows were knitted, the blush faded from her face; the woman and man had changed places; it was she who was cool, who meant to go over this ground sure-footed.

"Have you heard me?" he whispered. "I love you, Barbara, with a passion more than you think my slow Scotch blood is capable of feeling. Will you help me to live? Will you give me the hope to keep in my heart, through my struggle, that when I can open a home for you, you will come to it, and let me be your protector—let me hold you in my love, safe and happy, forever? For you're not a happy woman now," in a lower tone.

She put her hand to her head, nervously smoothing her hair. "No, I'm not," she muttered. "I have been thinking, Mr. Richard," looking him full in the face, after a moment's pause, (Barbara had straightforward, honest eyes,) "I never thought of this from you. I don't want to deceive you, and say I love you, when it is only respect."

The young man drew back, biting his lip, his face suddenly vacant of its eager look.

"I cannot say, surely, I don't know myself," she hastened to add. "Don't be hurt with me, Mr. Richard," putting her hand gently on his arm. "But I have always thought that the man I married must be unlike myself—in some sort a hero," with a shaky laugh.

His face grew crimson. "I understand you," he said, coldly.

"No, you do not," vehemently. "It is not the fame or fortune you talked of that I mean. I do not care for genius in the man I love. Only—only—— Oh, Richard! I am so tired of this life of ours," with a sudden outbreak, the tears coming, her face working. She was not near so pretty as she had been half an hour ago, Nolt thought. "We drag along so from day to day, every one for himself. If one could but hear a real heroic word, now and then. If any man who lived a different life from this, pure and unselfish, would say to me, 'I love you,' I would be his slave, I think. But I must get out of this. And you are forced to live as we do. It is a sordid life, scraping bread together from day to day at our house. Talk of debt driving us on, there must be something better beyond——"

Surely, Nolt thought, never was a proposal received in this fashion. The girl's head was turned with romances. But he loved her more passionately, somehow, for this bit of weakness, the childish unreason of her talk.

"There is better outside," he said, gravely, "I told you that. And I mean to reach it," his eye going beyond her with an outlook of firm resolve, "with you, or without you, Barbara. I mean to give myself an education in my art. I mean to reach the highest summit possible to my strength. Will that satisfy you?"

One would have thought, from the shrewd look of scrutiny on her face, that he had misunderstood her whole meaning; but she was silent. If his resolve was not the ideal heroism she waited for, it may have been because her meaning was vague, to herself even. Nolt came and stood beside her at the window. Noon was long since past, and the cool shadows, broadening out of the east, began to draw from the flat and bare landscape the one look of beauty it was capable of wearing, an expression of utter quiet and repose. Nature began to say good-night now; the broad sweeps of reddening clover grew into a dull russet hue; the black outlines of the woods and still ponds between were sharply defined. When the fresh evening air stirred out of its gray hush, it brought breaths of hay-fields; of cows going home to pasture; even a heavy, tropical fragrance from Dunn's green-houses; the hum of bees finding their hives; the whir of a bird's wings on its way to the nest; scents and sounds waiting to make themselves known once more before they slept for the night. The breath of the evening was tender, tremulous with fragrance; it may have been that which softened Barbara's face, as she listened to the low pleading whisper at her side; and it may have made that whisper different from all the words that had gone before. There was no mention of money or his art now, it was the heart of the man (however large or small that may have been,) that was uttering itself now.

So Barbara listened, with her head bent, and a subdued but feverish throb in her veins; and when the voice was silent at last, the ebbing flow of the river below the fields, the cool evening itself took up the story and told it, she thought. She roused herself with a sigh and a smile, drew her fingers from the hand that held them.

"Do not ask me to reply now," she said. "Give me time to think."

Richard Nolt's blood had grown warm and fresher while he talked; he was going, in some way, back to his earlier youth. His future life, he fancied, was prefigured in this glow and charm of the hour. Over the western horizon a pale rose color, of an exquisite tinge, had crept, its hue was reflected from the peach-blossoms down in the orchard; it was the color of a new life and love, he thought. Turning, he saw its blush in the rounded cheek beside him. Perhaps that was one of the best moments of Nolt's life. He was living, for the instant, in the beauty of God's world, and in the love God had given him, without a thought of Richard Nolt, or of Richard Nolt's future.

Barbara roused him by drawing away from the window, and listening to the sound of her father's and uncle's voices up stairs. "I will not disturb them," she said. "Father will follow me," and she went to the door. "Good-by, Mr. Bichard."

He turned and went with her down the walk leading to the gate.

Before they left the door, Dunn's long, slow figure emerged from a side path. "Don't forget the basket, Dick," he said. He looked sharply from Richard's flushed face to Barbara's pale one; stooped to straighten a bunch of blue convolvulus. Something in the homely, lonely face touched Barbara with pity.

"I thought you would come with it, Mr. Joyce," she said, kindly.

"I? No; Richard will go. He is younger,

and more supple than I. I'm growing old, and Dick is your own age, Miss Barbara," looking at her with a curiously wistful expression. "I mean," with a laugh, "to go up and join the two other old people up stairs."

But he stooped again, twisting the branches of a creeper that had fallen straight.

When they reached the gate, Barbara turned, and, disregarding the words Dick was pouring out, nodded cheerfully to the gardener. Even at that distance, she could see his face suddenly brighten, as he waved his old hat, and turned in-doors to go up the stairs.

"Dunn is right," said Richard, looking after him. "He is more at home with quaint and aged natures than with yours, my darling! I can fancy him even as a baby, old-fashioned and grave."

Barbara did not reply, and they walked in silence over the field that separated the two houses.

When Richard Nolt had said good-night, and came back, it was with a curious lightness of his step, and in the throbbing of his pulse.

"It is clear enough," he thought, stopping with the door-knob in his hand before entering. "I can 'make my own fate and chances,' as she said. One effort, and I have a wife of my own choosing, and what fame I will. I'll not forget old Dunn, when good fortune comes to me."

Yet at the name, the same change that the girl had noted came into his look. It passed away, however, as he went into his studio. "When good fortune comes, by-gones will be by-gones between Dunn and me," he said, half aloud, and sat down to his easel.

Barbara was neither so cheerful, nor so calm. Did she love this man? God knew her heart, and knew if this was the right sort of wifely feeling. *She* did not. Meanwhile, what had she done? What had she done? She went into her own chamber with a turbid, angry face. If it was the first time in her life she had looked fairly down into her own heart, what she saw there did not please her.

Dunn, standing by old Nicholas Waugh's window, listened to the low plash of the river. What a tired sound it had! As if the thing were alone in God's world, and knew itself alone. Pish! Was old Dunn Joyce turning sentimental, like a school-girl? He knew Dick's wishes now in life, it was his business to see that they were fulfilled. What had he to care for but Dick? (TO BE CONTINUED.)

PARTING.

BY CLARA MORETON.

My craven heart belied my words. I said,
"I would not have you elsewhere in this hour
Of need. God speed my boy!" while gushing up
Came words, I scarce could stifle back, entreating
That he would stay. The kiss of parting almost cleft
My heart in twain; for God alone could know
If it were not the last! If such the grief
Of parting with my boy—mine only that
I love him so—also, that when she died,
Who loved him as a mother only can,
I promised before God to fill her place
So far as in me lay. If such my grief,
What must the anguish be of those who send
The boys they bear to danger's front, to fight
The battles of our righteous cause? God save
And pity such! but may He ever blast
And wither all the ties of life to those
Accursed ones who brought this on our land!
Yet what am I who pray for vengeance, when
Our Christ hath taught forgiveness to our foes?
Father, forgive! and give us grace to wait
Thy time of vengeance, which, though slow, is sure.

I AM SITTING BY THE RIVER SIDE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I am sitting by the river side,
  Where we were wont to stray,
In the halcyon days of long ago,
  Alas! now passed away;
And I'm thinking how we used to sit,
  With hand clasped within hand,
And dreamed of fairies bright, and caught
  A glimpse of spirit land!

I see before me now the trees,
  Clothed in their Spring array;
And yet no pleasure do I feel,
  For thou art far away.
But, ah, alas! like roses fair,
  Which boast of brightest bloom,
Thy love, which was my star of life,
  Found an untimely doom.

ONLY A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

BY N. P. DARLING.

Mr. Waukeechock took a segar from the case, bit off the end, placed it in his mouth, lit it, and began to pace up and down the room with his hands behind him, and his long fingers working nervously. At last he came and stood before the fire, near where I was seated.

"Hum! then it seems you want a furlough, Mr. Grimpe?" he said, puffing furiously at his segar, and fixing his eyes upon the tip end of his very red nose.

"Yes, sir. I should like to be off for a few weeks," I replied, modestly, for I was young then, and stood very much in awe of Mr. Waukeechock.

"How long, Mr. Grimpe?"

"A few weeks—three or four."

My employer turned on his heel, and began to pace the room again, and I began to fear that I should not be granted leave of absence; but while I was giving way to my fears, he spoke again.

"Mr. Grimpe, how long have you been with me?"

"A year, sir, last month."

"And you've never been home in that time?"

"No, sir."

"I think you've been very faithful, Mr. Grimpe. I have been very well pleased with you—yes, very well pleased; but now, if I let you go, I shall expect you back just three weeks from to-day. Will you be here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go then. But hold! Mr. Grimpe, I believe you smoke—take a segar. It's a very bad habit for a young man to get into, though, Mr. Grimpe, and I advise you to leave it off;" and Mr. Waukeechock smiled and bowed me out of the office.

It is a glorious thing for a fellow that has been shut up, for a whole year in a city office, to get out for a month in the country. The only trouble is, that at first it seems as if the country was not large enough to hold him.

It was in the early part of May, and I had written home to mother that I was coming, if I could get leave. Now I was already to start. Bill Stevens, who worked in the office with me, went down to the depot to see me off. I was sorry that he could not go with me, and I think he was, too; more particularly as he had been at home with me when I had made my last visit, and I had thought Bill had taken quite a fancy to my sister Jane. I couldn't blame him, though, for that, for Jane was quite pretty; and if she'd been some other fellow's sister, I don't know what I should have done.

"Just tell 'em I'm well," says Bill, just before the cars started. "Say that I expect to be down there to see 'em before long."

I promised that I would, for I knew what Bill meant pretty well; and besides all this, I knew that Jane liked him; and I like to have the people around me as happy as I conveniently can; and I thought that it would make Jane happy if I should tell her how well Bill was doing, for he was a pretty steady young fellow, that meant to make something in the world.

Jane was standing at the gate waiting for me when I got home, and we walked up toward the house together, where I met mother standing in the door.

"Where is your friend?" asked mother, as I walked into the house, and sat down in the little, low rocking-chair by the stove.

"Mr. Stevens couldn't come; but he hopes to be down in the course of a month or two. I shall not be here, then, and he and Jane will find it all the more pleasant—they can be alone together, you know, mother," and Jane blushed and looked very simple; and I could not help thinking what a lucky fellow Stevens would be, when I heard some one coming up the garden walk, and a sweet, little face peeped in at the window, and then a young lady came in. She was somewhat surprised to find a stranger there, but sister Jane made us acquainted; and I do not think I ever got along better with a new acquaintance in my life. To be sure, I was not much used to society; I was much more at home with my ledger in the office with Bill Stevens.

However, Miss Dean, Jane and I, made quite a pleasant party that evening; and when Miss Dean went away, I went out with her; and we walked along in the moonlight; and I know I felt very happy, and did not care to speak very loud; and I remember that we were a very great while in walking up the hill to Mr. Brown's, where Miss Dean was visiting with her mother.

We stood at the gate a great while talking, till I thought that mother and Jane would think it very strange; and so I bid her good-night and went back, thinking all the time, to myself, about what she had said, and how sweet she had looked when I left her standing in the moonlight, with her white dress gleaming like silver, and her face so fair and tender-looking.

"And who is Miss Dean?" I asked Jane, when I had got back to the house. "I like her very much."

"Do you? I am glad of it. She is Mrs. Brown's niece. She and her mother visit here every spring. I believe they reside in New York. Sarah's father—or her mother's husband, rather, for her own father is dead—is in business there. I believe he is quite wealthy."

"And I am very poor."

"Well, what of that?" asked Jane, looking up at me in surprise.

"Nothing, nothing, only——"

"Oh! I think I understand you. But your poverty never will make any difference to Sarah."

"Perhaps not; but I think it will. But good-night, sis," and I went up to my room, the same that I had always occupied while at home. A bouquet of early flowers was upon the table, and several of my favorite books; but I was not inclined to read, my fancies were too sweet—perhaps the more so for being so real.

I did not see Miss Dean for several days after. Meantime her mother had gone home, leaving her still with her aunt.

It was a calm, soft evening, and Jane and I had started out for a walk; and without intention, I do believe, we took the road up the hill, and found ourselves at Mrs. Brown's door before we were hardly aware of it.

Of course, we went in. I will not say that Sarah's face expressed any pleasure at seeing me, but I think it did. She played for me, and afterward I took a seat beside her in the window; and I don't think I could have been more happy than I was, till Jane signified her intention of going home.

"You will come again, won't you, Mr. Grimpe?" said Sarah, I thought quite tenderly, though I tried not to flatter myself too much. And I did call again. Yes, I called every day, until the time came for me to return to business. That time came too soon. It did not seem that I had been at home a week; but I knew what had made the time pass so swiftly—I think it always does with lovers. But Sarah did not seem to think the time had been so short.

"I think I have known you a year, Mr. Grimpe," she said, the evening before my departure.

"And I presume you will forget me very soon, for all that," said I, as I took a seat on the sofa beside her.

"Why, no; I may remember you a long time, Mr. Grimpe," she replied, with a queer smile.

"It will be as well if you do not. We, perhaps, shall never meet again."

"Should you care?" she asked, rising from her seat.

"You know I should, Miss Dean. Forgive me if I make too bold—but I love you, Sarah."

She did not reply. Her head was turned away, though I held her hand clasped in both of mine.

"I am poor, I know," I began again; but she had withdrawn her hand, and, without a word, had left the room.

I waited for some time expecting her return; but she did not come. I began to see a hole in the fence. "Sam Grimpe," said I, "you are a most confounded fool!" and, as there was no one there to deny the charge, I took my hat and went home.

The next day I was once more in Mr. Waukeechock's office. That gentleman saw that I was there as I had said I would be; but he only bowed when he passed my desk. I knew that it was all right, though, for he was a man of few words. It never took him a great while to find out what a young man was worth to him. He seemed to see everything with one glance of his eye.

"Mr. Waukeechock was asking where your mother lived the other day," said Bill, coming up to my desk.

"Did he inquire of you?"

"Yes. He had a letter in his hand at the time, that he had just opened, that I noticed was mailed at your place. I wonder if the letter had anything to do with you?"

"I think not," I replied; "but I tell you, Bill, I don't want to hear a word about home again for six months;" and my friend went back to his desk, thinking that the country air had had a very bad effect upon me.

I tried to forget Sarah as much as I could, though sometimes I could not help thinking how badly I had been treated. It was the best for me, however, for my pride kept me up.

I had been back to my work, in the office, nearly a month, when one morning Mr. Waukeechock sent word that he would like to see me in his private room. I had not an idea what he wanted to say to me, only I rather expected—though I tried not to—that I should

be promoted. When I entered the little room, Mr. Waukeechock was sitting at a little desk, with his back toward the door. He looked up as I entered.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?"

"Yes; take a chair. It is only a little business transaction," he replied, going on with his writing. At last he put down his pen, turned around in his chair, so as to face me where I sat.

"Yes, Mr. Grimpe, I've a little business with you this morning——" but here he stopped, and began to pace the room. It seemed that he was in no great hurry to commence.

"You are a very industrious young man, Mr. Grimpe. Very prompt, too, and I like you. Do you hear that, Mr. Grimpe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I called you in here upon a little matter of business, that's all. You know I'm a business man, Mr. Grimpe. I like to do everything straightforward. You're a business man, too, Mr. Grimpe, and that's why I like you. But you are poor. Well, so was I, once. It's nothing to be ashamed of, Mr. Grimpe—do you think it is?"

"No, sir."

"And now, Mr. Grimpe, I hope you'll excuse me, but I advise you to marry an heiress!"

"That is quicker said than done," I replied, with a smile.

"Well, Mr. Grimpe, you will take dinner with me to-day. Now don't try to excuse yourself; but wait—here is a letter."

I took it and left the private office. I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Waukeechock's conversation that morning; but I thought that the letter might explain it partly.

Imagine my surprise and joy to find that it was from Sarah. But I cannot tell you what was in it. It made me very happy, however, and I was glad to go home with Mr. Waukeechock to dinner.

"Well," said Bill, when I told him the story that evening, "who'd have thought of your courting old Waukeechock's step-daughter!"

"And the best of it was, I didn't know it."

"Just so."

And I did marry an heiress a short time after that; and as Mr. Waukeechock observed, "It was a very pleasant matter of business."

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVES.

BY E. A. DARBY.

An eagle sat on the mountain top,
  Watching the doves in the valley below;
The valley was sweet with bursting flowers,
  The mountain was cold with frozen snow.
The doves were gathering twigs and moss
  For their nest that was under the cottage eaves;
The thatch overhanging excluded the sun,
  And the ivy was thick with clustering leaves.
The male kept cooing and wooing his mate,
  She gathering mosses, patient and meek,
And happy to feel his soft caress.
  The eagle was whetting his hungry beak.
Ere long their labor of joy was done,
  And they sat on the roof and cooed their love.
How sweet was the bloom in the valley below;
  How cold was the mountain top above;
The humming-bird glittered among the flowers,
  Rollicking zephyrus wantoned by,
And the air was all alive with joy,
  Till it shivered and thrilled with a dreadful cry.
And there was a sound of rushing wings,
  And, swooping down from the mountain's crest,
The eagle seized the innocent doves,
  And with talons deep in each bloody breast,
He bore them back to the mountain's crest.

LAST TOKENS

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

The last, low tone before the harp is broken;
  The soul's adieu, the Summer's parting sighs;
The look, the smile, that gives its final token
  To thrill the heart, then slowly melts and dies.
The rose, that fading, leaves its fragrance scattered;
  The swan, that dying, sings his sweetest strain;
The hope, the joy, that now forever shattered,
  Has still some solace left to ease our pain.

The flowers that died while yet in Summer's glory;
  The dreams that vanished with the morning dawn;
The spell, whose charms but lately drifted o'er thee,
  That now is spent, and all enchantment gone;
The hand that clasped thine own in friendly pressure;
  The tender glance, the sweetest and the last;
The voice that gave us once a world of pleasure,
  That now must number with the treasures past.

These things can never die! They linger ever,
  Like scent of roses, round the shattered vase;
Each tie may break, and all but Life may sever,
  But Memory gives them still a hallowed place.

MY ONE FLIRTATION.

BY EMMA B. RIPLEY.

Kitty and I were in agonies of industry over our crocheting; Christmas so close upon us—only next week, and so much to do! Of course, nothing could be accomplished unless we were together to compare, advise, and admire; so every afternoon we met and wrought in concert, our fingers flying, and our tongues, meanwhile, by no means idle. On this particular occasion, Kitty had been giving me the details of a projected match, to which I listened with all the interest of a young girl in the important subject.

"Well," said I, decidedly, "it may suit Marian Graves; but it would never suit me! Who could possibly make a hero out of Frederick Remsen?"

"I don't know," answered Kitty, doubtfully; "he's very good-looking, I think."

"Perhaps he may be; rosy cheeks and blue eyes. He'd make a pretty enough girl."

"And then he has such an amiable expression."

"Amiable!" I repeated, with the intensest scorn of seventeen. "I dare say he may be."

"You are the oddest girl!" exclaimed Kitty. "What do you want in a husband? You wouldn't desire to have him unamiable, would you?"

"About that," I replied, with lofty calm, "I should trouble myself very little. The man whom *I* could care for must be so superior that no petty question of temper could ever arise concerning him."

A sound in the direction of the fire-place made me turn my head—was it a smothered laugh? It sounded like it. But no. Cousin John was absorbed in his magazine, and utterly unconscious of our presence.

"I should like to see your hero, Julia," Kitty presently remarked. "You are so dreadfully particular; nobody ever seems to suit you. I'm afraid you'll grow old without meeting him."

These words struck a chord that vibrated painfully; I had dreaded the same thing myself. Here I was, seventeen last August; youth passing from me; and in all these years I had seen no one that corresponded in the least with my ideal. What if there were no such being in existence, or if I were fated never to encounter him?

"I can wait," I said, aloud. "If he doesn't come, I shall do without anybody."

"You don't mean you would be an old maid?" cried Kity, horrified.

"Yes, Katharine, I do." And the announcement was made with all the solemnity befiting so desperate a decision. It took my little friend some minutes to recover from the effect.

"He must be very handsome, I suppose?" she resumed, in a subdued tone.

"I don't know. There must be that in his bearing which will announce the nobility, the distinction of his character. He will be handsome, so far; as to a nose, more or less straight, and trifles of that kind, I am quite indifferent."

"Tall or short?"

"Tall, of course," I replied, with disdain. "The idea of loving a short man!"

"Why, your father is quite short," said the matter-of-fact Kitty; "and so is your brother George."

"Have I ever denied it? Natural ties are settled for us, but to love of our own free will is a very different matter. Tall and dark; so much is positive; less I could not. But his mind, Kity; there will be the charm!"

"So very talented, eh?"

"Talent! I despise the word! Don't name it to me! Talent is a plodder, a delver in earth, or mere utilitarian. I must have genius; genius that can lift itself and me away from these dim scenes into regions of ineffable light and beauty."

"Shall you take your crocheting along?" asked cousin John, laying down his pamphlet.

I reddened, shade on shade, up to the darkest peony. Who could have thought that he was listening all the time?

"I've just been reading a paper on exchanges," John continued. "I should like to ask how you propose to indemnify your hero. When this tall, dark form—this lofty genius, distinct from all his kind—makes his appearance, what do *you* expect to bestow, in return, for his peerless affections?"

"Bestow?"

"Yes. You won't want to be shabby."

"Why," I answered, recovering myself, "he will have *me*, of course."

"You!" said John, surveying me coolly. "You are a very nice little maid, and can turn off a net or a pair of slippers with the next girl; but," shaking his head, "I'm afraid such a very hifalutin' individual will hardly consider it an even thing."

"Candid, at any rate," I thought. But, of course, I wasn't going to show any symptoms of mortified vanity.

"John," said I, "I detest slang in any shape. And you stayed home from the office, you know, because you had symptoms of bronchitis. Aren't you afraid you'll aggravate it by talking so much?"

"Not a bit. Such wisdom as I've been listening to these last five minutes would allay a much worse irritation than I experienced. Indeed, it has so toned me up, that I believe I will be off down street, and relieve you of my presence."

I was thankful for so much; but Kitty, I fancied, watched his retiring figure with regret.

"Now we shall have a nice time all to ourselves!" I exclaimed. "I do hate a stupid, satirical man around, annoying one with his little attempts at wit—don't you, Kitty?"

"But Mr. Leigh isn't stupid," she replied. "I thought it was pleasanter to have him here than not."

"Oh, well!" I said, "he'll be back to tea, and you shall have him to yourself the whole evening, if you like."

And, upon my word, I thought she availed herself of the permission. I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but it really did seem as if she were a great deal more interested in John's remarks, than in anything I had to say about our work. Not that she neglected it; she was deft-fingered, and did her full share; but she found time to steal a great many glances at John, and to listen with deep attention to all his speeches. I didn't notice it so much that night, but the next evening it was very perceptible. I grew almost vexed watching them, and was not in the least sorry when it was time to say good-by.

"What a lovely little creature your friend is!" John remarked, as he stood by the mantlepiece, on his return from escorting her home.

I suppose we women never *will* understand the enthusiasm with which men look at others of our sex. "Lovely," indeed! Why, he couldn't have said much more of one of Raphael's Madonnas.

"Kitty is a rather pretty girl," I answered, coolly. "She has a fine complexion, and nice hair, which she arranges with considerable taste."

"I should think she had—all of that! And why don't you speak of the dear, little white hand, the mischievous dimples, and the teeth like grains of pearl? She's the most consummate little blonde, that's what she is! *Belle et blanche!* But I suppose you don't admire that style, being so dark yourself."

This was rather too much. I took up my candle and bade him the curtest of good-nights. Arrived in my own room, I locked the door, drew down the curtains, and proceeded to take a long survey of myself in the glass. Was I really "*so* dark?" I never had supposed so. My eyes and hair were black, I knew, and I had no dazzling tints of red and white; but I had imagined myself the owner of a respectable complexion. Maybe I was mistaken, though; perhaps I struck every one who saw me as a swarthy, gipsyish-looking person. But, black or white, I should have thought, if I had ever thought anything about the matter, that I was, at least, as pretty as Kitty Warner, and should have felt sure that John agreed with me. His admiration was simply a matter of course; so much so, that I never thought of questioning it, nor setting any special value on it. It was not at all likely that he would turn about, at this late time of day, and elevate some one else above me. Then, very apropos, I happened to remember, "She walks in beauty"—and fell asleep repeating,

> "All that's best of dark and bright,
> Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

I was rather ashamed to find, next day, that my zeal for going over to Mrs. Warner's had essentially declined. Christmas was all the time coming nearer, our worsted-work getting more and more important; but I felt none of the accustomed eagerness to fly to Kitty for advice and sympathy. I was not so blind as to ignore the reason. "Julia Vesey," I remarked, "are you not ashamed of yourself? Must *you* always be the first object wherever you are? How could I possibly have suspected that you were such a selfish, conceited little thing?" At this point the absurdity of calling myself little came home to me; I was so tall, so fully developed every way. John could hardly mention Kitty's name, last night, without that adjective; and what a caressing sound it had! Well, it's all right," I said; "she *is* little." And I went over immediately after dinner, heroically determined to be neither paltry nor absurd.

I must do my friend the justice to say that she was exactly the same as ever; quite as much concerned about the comparative merits of Cheroy or Mazarine twist, and the superiority

of cut beads over steel. I tried to be, too, but somehow my mind would revert to John's enthusiasm, and I kept studying my companion to see how far she justified it. I had to admit that she was, perhaps, prettier than I had imagined. Her throat was so soft and white; not even the standing linen collar could make disfavoring contrast; and her hands, how small and fair! My own showed to very poor advantage beside them. Her hair, too, had gleams of gold lurking in its brown waves—and she did it up most beautifully. I had always known that Kitty could put in her rats with more science than any of us girls, and her waterfall was smooth as spun glass. Her features were nothing much; but the soft complexion certainly gave them delicacy. "Her eyes, though," I thought, consoled, "are blue as a china doll's, and have about the same expression." Here I recollected that I was getting spiteful and had better stop.

John came in about half-past eight, and the scenes of the previous evening were re-enacted. I was determined not to be silly, yet, spite of this resolute wisdom, I couldn't help feeling hurt. There seemed to be something wonderfully attractive about Kitty's work-basket—mine was left in peace. If I needed my scissors or emery, they were at hand; but hers were played with, and if she wanted them, she had to ask for them. Then they were yielded up with that air of deference which men pay to a pretty girl; and every remark made to her was tinged with the same gallantry. Everything that was said to me, meanwhile, was as matter-of-fact as if he had been addressing the coal-man. Indeed, I began to wonder if he would even take me home when the time came; whether, as the distance was a trifle, he would not leave me to the mercies of one of the Warner boys. But things had not quite come to that. We walked along in silence, till he said,

"Aren't you well, Julia? You seemed rather dull this evening."

And Kitty had been so bright, no doubt. If that was the kind of brilliancy he admired, let him have it by all means. But I said nothing, except to disclaim the idea of illness.

Alone I thought it all over, and tears filled my eyes. "John always cared so much for me, and now he turns me off as if I were nothing to him. Cousins and sisters, and all home-ties, must stand aside, I suppose, when a man is once in love; but I never thought, before, that it was so hard." And then the idea of Kitty being his fate! His, John's, who had such wonderful ideas of women, and had given me so many lectures, little heeded, about a lofty standard of character. Oh, it was impossible! There was no need to be uneasy; it was nothing but a passing fancy. Very comfortable reasoning this, and would have been quite conclusive if the next day's experience had not upset it all.

Time seems long, always, if much is happening in it, and the week preceding that Christmas was an age to me. Restless and dissatisfied as I knew myself to be, I still would not admit that I could be unhappy. What was there to make me so? I dressed for the Christmas Eve party in an odd state of mind. I had been looking forward to it for weeks, and my new silk and berthe had been greatly on my mind; but now that the time had come, they looked, somehow, very unimportant. I was generally a good deal excited about a party, and had a feeling which, as I am owning to so much folly, I may as well confess. I always thought that, perhaps, *this* was to be the occasion when the great unknown would appear, when the tall form and the dark eyes would dawn upon me. But to-night I didn't feel the customary anticipations; indeed, I almost thought I should not care to go out at all, if it were not for seeing how John and Kitty would behave. Girls will be girls, though, and I was only seventeen. As the toilet proceeded, I began to take a little interest in it, and when everything was done, the last flower disposed, the last pin in its place, my spirits had risen considerably. The new things were becoming, it was evident, and I ran down stairs to exhibit the effect to the family before it was obscured by Sontag and wrappings.

John had a way, at such times, of making me turn around, of asking questions and criticising, with an air that showed him, as I imagined, fully alive to the favorable influence of evening dress on my appearance. But to-night he kept on reading his paper with the most utter indifference. Papa and mother looked and praised, and the younger branches were loud in their applause; but he did not lift his eyes. I should never have asked for his opinion, but mamma, who was ignorant of any pique on my part, had no scruples on the subject.

"How absorbed you are to-night," she said. "Can't you lay down your paper a minute and look at poor Julia's dress? Isn't it pretty?"

"Yes, I should think so," he replied, just glancing at it, "but I have no great taste in such matters. Have you read this article on the state of our foreign relations, Mr. Vesey? Good, sound views, I should say"—and the dress was extinguished under my cloak without further notice.

We were rather late, and the rooms were well filled. I soon singled out Kitty in white muslin and blue ribbons, very girlish and becoming. She came to me at once. "I've great news for you," she said. "Your hero is here."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He is a relation of Mrs. Haight, and his name is Lorimer. I recognized him as your property the moment we were introduced. I shall watch the progress of affairs with a great deal of interest."

Mr. Lorimer's appearance did certainly correspond with my ideal; a few weeks before the sight of him would surely have fluttered my heart. Tall, slight, with a pale face and star-bright eyes, he gave just that impression of intellectual force and physical delicacy that my foolish dreams had pictured. I saw Kitty and my cousin across the room; they glanced toward us; I felt sure of the subject of their conversation. How little they understood me—how little guessed that my hero, now he had arrived, had no power to waken the slightest interest.

I stole a look at John; there was certainly nothing romantic in his appearance. Nobody called him ugly or handsome; he passed with fifty others. And his mind? A girl of seventeen is no very competent judge. He was a great deal older than I, and people, whose opinion was worth something, thought highly of him. He wasn't in the least what I had dreamed of; my style of "intellectual;" all poetry, and soul, and scorn of the world. But I thought, with sudden terror, what it would be to exchange him for the fullest reality of all those silly visions. How desolate, how wretched the house would be that had not John in it every day! Oh, dear! Why had I found this out only now; now, when it was too late?

Of course, the first impulse, like that of all girls so circumstanced, was to guard myself from all suspicion. Mr. Lorimer was ready to be interested. He was agreeable, or rather, I felt through my wretchedness a perception that I should have found him so had my mind been at ease. I was left to him for entertainment so far as John was concerned. It was his habit to be a good deal with me at parties; he did not interfere with other attentions, but he was always at hand. I could summon him at any time by a glance; nor had I ever hesitated to do so. But now he did not come near me. I thought this unkind; he need not have been so absorbed as to forget me utterly. I felt myself neglected, ill-used; and Mr. Lorimer was near, graceful, handsome, attentive. I could be attractive to somebody, it seemed, uninteresting as John considered me. I grew reckless. Putting aside, as well as might be, all thought of the truth, I devoted myself to my companion. I tried my best to be charming, with no little self-contempt as I did so. I liked attention as well as most girls; but it was the first time I had deliberately set myself to interest any man. So I looked up archly at Mr. Lorimer, looked down timidly, played with my bouquet, was saucily smiling, or feignedly earnest; in short, went through the whole artillery practice, till somehow the dreary evening was over, and I found myself at home again.

Shouts of "Merry Christmas" awoke me early the next morning. It was a great family festival with us, and the children stamping through the house with delighted exclamations over their gifts, effectually forbade all further slumber. I rose and went down to examine my own presents. The little tribe stood around, full of eager interest; various papers were unfolded, gifts from papa, mother, aunt, and cousins—and each was hailed with acclamation by the night-gowned spectators. Nothing from John. The omission was strange, indeed; he had never forgotten me before. I gathered up the several articles, and was about to carry them to my own room, when I saw a couple of books on the piano. "What are these?" I asked.

"Oh! that's cousin John's present," said little Ned, with his mouth full of raisins. "He brought them just before you came down."

I took them up—Tennyson's Poems, an English edition, exquisitely bound—just what I would have wished for.

"You're sure they are for me?" I asked, doubtingly. "There is no name in them."

"Sure—of course I am—didn't he tell me? I know there isn't any name, 'cause I looked for it; and when I told cousin John, he just said it was no consequence."

"No consequence." Probably not. But the manner of the gift destroyed all the pleasure I might have had in it. Perhaps, when he procured the books, he felt some interest in gratifying me—but that was done with. I wished he had kept them; given them to Kitty, since it was for her he cared. The next question was, how to bestow my own offering of watch-case and slippers. I had been so careful with those things, taken so much pains to have them pretty. No matter.

"William," I asked, when our little ebony came in to mend the fire, "do you know where Mr. John is?"

"Up in his room, Miss Juley; heerd him walking about this half-hour."

"Take these things to him, please," I said, handing over the poor little presents.

"What shall I say?"

"You needn't say anything."

He was gone and back in an instant.

"Did you give Mr. John the slippers?" I asked.

"Well, no, Miss Juley. I didn't jess ezackly *give* 'em to him, but I opened the door on the crack, and I see him a standin' by the windy—so I jess shied in one of 'em, and he turned round—and then I tucked the watch-pocket in the toe of tother one, and sent that in after. You know you told me I wasn't to say nothin'." And the small imp showed his teeth and the whites of his eyes in the most approved darkey fashion.

I was a little mortified by the manner of the presentation; however, the gift had been delivered, and I had not been obliged to offer it in person, so the main point was gained.

I chanced to be alone with John a moment that morning.

"It is to you I am indebted for my slippers and watch-case, I presume?" he observed.

"Yes," was my reply.

"I am very much obliged," he said.

"And I equally so for the books," was my response. So that was done with.

What a dreary holiday it was—all the more that I felt the necessity of being cheerful as usual. The children expected sympathy in their delights, and to have their new story-books read aloud; and I could not disappoint them And I must shew pleasure in my own presents, too, which were numerous and pretty. We had company to dinner, dancing in the evening, and all those doings which are supposed to make a merry Christmas. When it was over, I asked myself, in utter discouragement, if life henceforth were to be like this?—if I were always to spend it in trying to seem interested in things I did not care for? What was there left to care for? I wondered if I should have to go on in this way till I was near sixty, seventy years old, perhaps. How should I ever bear it?

The holidays were unusually brilliant, and I mixed in all their gayeties. At home, I tried to behave just as usual to John, but was conscious that I did not quite succeed, while on his part there was a growing formality. Mother noticed it. "Why are you and John so exceedingly polite to each other?" she asked.

I made some evasive answer.

"Don't have any foolish misunderstanding with your cousin," she said. "A coolness among the members of a family is so disagreeable."

Oh! I thought, if she only knew!

If my home-life were difficult, my part in society was yet more so. Mr. Lorimer was with me everywhere, and I had given him such encouragement at our very first interview that it was impossible, without rudeness, to avoid his attentions. Sometimes, half frightened, I tried to withdraw, but he, thinking it artifice, perhaps, or a girl's timidity, still persisted. And again, when some new circumstance brought John's defection more fully home to me I led him on; partly to show that I was not quite neglected and forlorn, partly for the occupation, the excitement. I knew it was wrong, inexcusable; I had no plan; I hardly thought what I was doing, or whither going. So it went till New-Year Eve.

Early in the winter a sleigh-ride had been talked of for this occasion, and there had been a half understanding between John and myself that he should attend me. Now, of course, he would not wish it, and not for the world would I have seemed to expect it. So I gladly accepted Mr. Lorimer's escort, wondering if John would remember anything about our tacit engagement.

"Shall you go out to-night?" he asked, the morning of the important day.

"Certainly—I wouldn't miss it on any account."

"I take the liberty of asking," he said, with elaborate explanation, "because you may remember that we thought of going together; and I wish you to understand that you can rely upon me if there is no companion whom you prefer."

So he had recollected it, after all. "Thank you," I replied; "but the engagement was so very vague that I did not consider you bound by it; I only understood it to mean, as you say, that you would take me had I no other invitation. I am going with Mr. Lorimer. And now," I continued, with an attempt at gayety, "since you have discharged your conscience of cousinly duty, you will be at liberty to consult your inclinations."

"I shall ask Miss Warner," was the answer to this sally.

What did I expect—that he would say he had already consulted inclination in inviting me? I don't know. The response checked any further attempt at plesantry, at any rate.

It was a lovely evening, with a bright moon and a bland atmosphere that threatened to be fatal to future sleighing, but was delightful for the present. We were a large party, and there was all the customary music of chiming bells and youthful laughter, as we sped over the white

wastes to W——, eight miles distant. Supper and the unfailing dancing were here in order, and it was nearly midnight when we re-entered the sleighs. Mr. Lorimer's manner all the evening had been marked; had my heart been interested, I should have seen it with delight; as it was, I met it, sometimes graciously, sometimes with pretended blindness. As we were going home, he alluded to his approaching departure, to the happiness of the last two weeks, in terms of unmistakable tenderness. I ought to have checked him, but I hardly knew how to do it without a humiliating explanation; and, after all, might it not be the best thing I could do to marry him, and go far, far away from the scene of all my troubles? If he did not absolutely say he loved me, his meaning was plain enough. I kept a guilty, certainly not a forbidding silence. His last words were a request that he might call on the morrow to bid me farewell. I ought to have denied it, to have so taken leave of him, then and there, that he could not have misunderstood me. But I was wretched, undecided—and told him he might come.

Sleep fled from me that night, and I rose early. To what had I pledged myself? I was bound, at least, to give this man a hearing; was bound, in honor and truthfulness, to accept him. I could not deny it; he had received encouragement not to be defended on any other grounds. But to leave father, mother, friends—John—how could I? It was impossible. Impossible, too, to deceive him with the pretended gift of a heart no longer in my own possession. What should I do? With no shadow of sincerity could I plead an ignorance of his meaning; nor could I confess the truth. It only remained for me to pass, in his eyes, as a selfish coquette, who had lured him on merely to gratify her vanity. Such conduct was, in my opinion, simply base—yet did I much deserve a better estimate?

As I wandered restlessly through the parlors, John came in with a bouquet of hot-house flowers. New-Year presents were not in order in our family, our exercies of that kind being limited to birthdays and Christmas; but he had often given me some trifle; a ribbon, a box of bonbons, perhaps. Of course, I expected nothing now, but seeing me, he came forward and held out the flowers. I admired their beauty and perfume, but did not venture to take them from his hand.

"So you refuse my gift?" he asked.

"By no means, if it is meant for me," I said, a little surprised; "but I thought——" and here came a pause. It was not pleasant to say that I had supposed them intended for Kitty; I wanted no allusion to that theme, no discussion of it.

"You thought," he said, sharply and suddenly, as if the words escaped him in spite of himself, "that your friends were as neglectful of you as you have chosen to be of them."

A singular accusation from him! "I don't think that is quite just, John," I said, with a trembling voice. He was silent. Looking up timidly, I saw that his eyes were fixed on me with an earnest gaze, and, coloring deeply, lowered my own.

"Don't give yourself the trouble, I beg," he said, sarcastically. "Such tones and glances are quite too valuable to be wasted on one of the family—and you are in very good practice without."

"I don't know what you mean," was my surprised exclamation.

"You do," he rejoined, sternly. "Cannot you be satisfied with the tribute your vanity has had already? Do you wish me to say in so many words——" But just then one of the boys came, and there was no room for another syllable. What had he been about to say? He referred, doubtless, to my behavior with Mr. Lorimer; he wished to tell me that I had shown a lack of delicacy, a thirst for admiration, that surprised and angered him. Well, I deserved it—and he could not, must not, know my motive. After his cold indifference of late, there was some comfort in finding that he cared enough for me to be displeased.

Breakfast over, I looked anxiously for my guest. Of course, he would come early, before the hour for regular calls, and I longed to go through with the interview, and have it to dread no more. He should be spared, if possible, the chagrin of an open declaration; but were it not to be avoided, I would own that I had done wrong, and beg him to pardon and forget me. My heart shrank at thought of the pain I must inflict; I felt how cruel, how unjustifiable, had been my conduct; but to this strait had folly brought me, and the consequences could not be escaped.

Nine, ten o'clock, and no Mr. Lorimer appeared. Was he ill, or what could detain him? Callers began to arrive, and my surprise increased when, about noon, he came in with a young man of our own place. Elaborately dressed, graceful, animated, he had never appeared to better advantage. Doubtless something had hindered his call, and his stay would now be prolonged. But no! he was to leave, it

seemed, in the evening train, and he talked of our future meeting as a distant, uncertain thing. He was anticipating a year in Europe; what changes might there not be ere his return? He hardly dared to hope to find again, in the same place, all the friends he left—and, much more, in the same vein. I could scarcely believe my senses. Was this Mr. Lorimer, whose feelings I had been studying how to spare, over whose anguish I had wasted so much pity; this easy, assured individual, from whose manner every trace of peculiar meaning had vanished? A few more minutes passed in amiable nothings; there was a friendly leave-taking; he was gone —it was over!

I ran up to my own room and sat there, trying to make it out. What did it mean—what could it mean—unless, and my cheeks flamed at the thought, that he had just been amusing himself a week or two? Oh! what a righteous judgment on me! and yet how mortifying! But the relief was so much greater than the chagrin, that I went back to the parlor with a lightened heart. Now, whenever John took me to task, I would own my fault, and assure him that I had seen enough of the folly and wrong of coquetting. But my reason, I remembered sadly, he must never know.

Twilight came on at last; mamma had gone out to attend to some domestic matter; the children were dispersed here and there; John and I found ourselves alone together.

"Julia," he asked, "will you forgive some unwarrantable words of mine this morning?"

"I don't know how much there was to forgive; you did not finish your sentence."

"Let it remain unfinished forever then," he said, "and let us be friends once more." He held out his hand, and I placed mine in it.

"And now tell me, Julia, how soon I am to congratulate you?"

The uncomfortable sense of being duped returned. Well, I might as well own it first as last. "Never, that I know of," was my answer.

"You cannot, surely, be ignorant of my meaning. Mr. Lorimer——"

"I was ignorant of *his*, it seems," I said. "He had no such design as you impute to him."

"What!" exclaimed John. "He has gone without an explanation!"

"Without one word."

"Scoundrel!" cried John, in wrath. "But he shall pay for this!"

"No, no," I said, half laughing, spite of my embarrassment. "For, John, I was so glad to have him go."

"You were?" he asked, perplexed.

"Yes," I said, owning the truth with a great effort—"glad to find that he had only been flirting with me—as I had with him!"

"Is this so, Julia?" he asked again.

"Yes, John," I replied. And then—I don't know what he saw or fancied—but he held my hand closer and drew me to him.

"Dear," he whispered, "could you possibly like a short man, after all?" Some token of assent must have followed, for he went on; "and a man without intellect, or genius, or any of your hero-qualities?"

"No, no," I said. "Yes, I mean." It was a rather confused sentence, but he seemed to make out its purport.

It is hardly to be supposed that other people will feel the interest that we did in the explanation that ensued. How John had loved me so long, but believed that I cared for him only as a cousin. How my foolish talk that day with Kitty cut him to the heart, as showing so utter an indifference to him in any other way; how he had endeavored to stifle his affection, and succeeded only in making himself miserable; how Kitty had divined what was passing, and tried to comfort him by insisting that I did not really care for Mr. Lorimer. Dear, good little Kitty! and I had almost hated her these last two weeks.

A brief, happy silence followed this explanation.

"John," said I, suddenly breaking it—"do you think I am really so very dark?"

"Dark," he answered, "to be sure you are; dark as the clearest night when every star is shining. Do you suppose I would have you otherwise? If there is anything I dislike it is this white-and-rosy insipidity!"

And this is the story of my ONE FLIRTATION.

VERSES.

BY L. S. L.

DISMAL and cold is the world without;
Dreary, so dreary the home within;
Where, in the wide, wide world, shall I find
A rest from toil, a refuge from sin?

Like the desolate page of my aimless life,
Is the sameness of all this waste of snow;
Will never the sun drive this coldness away?
Will never the beautiful Spring flowers grow?

OLIVE WAYNE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The long suite of rooms looked beautifully lighted for evening—no upholsterer's taste visible—the influence of one refined mind, with perfect tastes and wonderful knowledge of color and effect, everywhere apparent.

Olive Wayne passed slowly through the great saloons, but thinking her own odd thoughts, and not disturbed by any of the fears which so often distract feminine natures on similar occasions.

She went through into the little boudoir, lighted only by a lamp hidden in an alabaster vase, and seated herself, not conscious nor caring that she made a charming picture as she sat there, in her dead white silk dress, with her aquamarine necklace and ornaments flashing with every movement of her head or arms, as if there were something living and struggling in the hearts of the strange, Sybillic-looking gems.

Not a beautiful woman, I think. In repose the features were somewhat too full of strength and determination, a little too grave and sad; but, after all, the face was varied in its expressions; the great hazel eyes lit it up, at times, into such absolute glory, that it was almost impossible to decide whether Olive Wayne was beautiful or not.

She had a singularly lithe, graceful figure—every attitude was a study, every movement a poem; and she had that point of beauty which I hold absolutely indispensable in a woman—faultless hands.

Not merely pretty hands, simply delicate and well modeled and white, but hands that possessed character; which revealed an active, sensitive, nervous organization; which even in the lightest touch gave you a magnetic thrill, when the pretty, plump hand of an ordinary mortal could not affect you any more by its pressure, than if there had been no soul at all under the carefully moulded clay.

Sitting there and thinking of so many things, profitless maybe; dreaming, perhaps, but not as we dreamed at sixteen, when the future was fairy-land, and life to be a miracle of splendor and achievement. Thinking, thinking as men do at thirty, and women at twenty-five, of the blight which fell so noiselessly upon our choicest hopes; the mildew that rusted out our brightest aspirations; the broken, incomplete story that life has become and must remain, until it reaches forward to its continuation in another cycle of existence.

Olive Wayne was twenty-five—girlhood was past—the romance, the caprices, the unreal sadness, the gorgeous dreams, had all worn off. There she was, a woman, with a soul that had grown far toward its real stature, whose faults were not petty, narrow, deep-seated festers, that would leave obnoxious scars, but only the imperfections like those which disappear gradually under the sculptor's chisel, as the beautiful statue draws nearer perfection.

Olive Wayne did not remember her mother—and her father died when she was only sixteen. He was a dreamy, unpractical man, who, even at the age she then was, leaned much on Olive's judgment; and when he found that he must leave his darling, his only thought was to leave her as much unfettered as possible during the years which must elapse before her majority.

He appointed his widowed sister her guardian—one of those sweet, gentle creatures, born to be ruled by the strongest will at hand, who looked upon Olive as a miracle of loveliness, and had been fondled and domineered by her ever since the girl had been a solemn-faced baby. The extensive property Mr. Wayne left was so invested that it could be little care to anybody; and he had shown wisdom in his choice of coadjutor with aunt Mabel; and he always understood that Mr. Hawkins never interfered where Olive was personally concerned.

So Olive had grown up entire mistress of herself, and of everybody about her, with unlimited means at her disposal, and a world of fancies which would have distorted many characters out of all possibility of being straightened.

Olive was thoroughly educated, because she loved—not study, but all that study brought. She had traveled far and wide; and patient aunt Mabel never dreamed of murmuring, and was uniformly pleased, whether she was mildly astonished at finding herself watching the miracle of the midnight sun in Sweden, or ruminating of the possibility of destruction among the fierce waves that guard the Blue Grotto at Capri.

I cannot tell you all the dreams with which Olive brightened her girlhood. I cannot tell if

they were uncommon—more so than I could wish, I fear; for all things that I lament over is a commonplace boy or girl, born to live and die, without ever having been monarch of a visionary world.

To achieve a wonderful destiny had been Olive's dream, though the shape it took changed frequently as the colors in a kaleidoscope.

When the spell of her youthful imagination was strong upon her, she believed that she was to be a modern Corinne; then only devotion to art would satisfy her; again, only the triumphs of the stage could give her soul release; but as there was no one to oppose, that last perilous experiment remained untried, except among her circle of immediate friends.

But sometimes only in great sacrifice could she find content, and she debated seriously the possibility of being able to endow hospitals with her fortune, while she and aunt Mabel wove willow baskets for a living in some out-of-the-way nook. Then it seemed to her, if she could only find love, and the perfect happiness it ought to bring; but dreamer though she was, she was no girlish sentimentalist; her intuitive knowledge of character would keep her from adoring any poetical-looking monstrosity; and so the dreams came and went, and tore her heart, sometimes with a fierce fever, until lo! girlhood was gone—and there she stood a woman.

The wild visions were calmed, the darkness and discouragement which succeeded had given way; she had learned to understand life better, and that is much.

But all her studies, her cultivation of her poetic talents, her patient worship of art, had ended by making her a wonderfully cultivated creature, with a dangerous power of winning friendship and love, and a thousand fascinations which it is difficult to explain.

She was admired and courted on both sides the Atlantic, and owned, as such a woman can, a sway which, on to middle-age, at least, is more powerful than any other heritage or gift in the whole list at fate's bestowal.

She had come back to New York that autumn from a European trip; and she and aunt Mabel had settled down in the house which she had arranged and beautified after her own gorgeous fancies.

It was of all those things she was thinking, as she sat there, smiling a little at the recollection of her girlish visions; sighing a little to think how incomplete her life must remain, and wondering what would fill up the void; for there was one, and there must be one, in spite of wealth and fame, and duties well performed, and maybe in the world beyond we shall learn why—but not here.

She had never succeeded in loving to the fullness of content, even in her most enthusiastic days. Year after year she had grown more clear-sighted and particular, and began to think it was not her destiny after all.

While she sat there, aunt Mabel came through the rooms in her quiet evening dress, gentle and calm as usual, with such a world of love in her face when she came opposite Olive, sitting there in her queenly repose, that one needed to have been very little of a conjurer to understand how every joy of her later life had settled about that stately woman.

Olive looked up and smiled pleasantly, forcing herself out of her dreams, and coming down to the platform upon which she was accustomed to meet aunt Mabel, that safer ground of every day anticipations and affairs. Yet, in a faint way, the dear aunt had some perception of all the aspirations and visions which had crowned her youth; and even where she failed to comprehend, admired and marveled at her darling more than ever, holding the most renowned heroine of history in faint esteem compared with her idol.

"So you are ready at last," said Olive. "Oh! you vain aunty—when will you give up pomps and vanities? Really, I expected half the world would get here before you had done beautifying!"

"Now, Olive," returned the old lady, "you know I was quite ready before you came down stairs."

"Oh! don't try to wheedle me into overlooking your terrible faults," said Olive, laughing, quite aware that her aunt was horrified at being accused, even in jest, of the slightest approach to negligent or dilatory habits, having been a painful model of orderly and punctual ways ever since she was a decorous baby in long-clothes. But before she could defend herself, the roll of carriages and ringing of the bell gave warning of the first incursion of pleasure-seekers; and the pair moved away to the fulfillment of the onerous duties of the next hour.

Before the hour was over, the rooms were thronged with the brilliant crowd, and people either enjoyed themselves, or made believe, as the children say, according to their characters or experience, and in either case the outward result was the same.

A larger assembly than accorded with Olive's principles. She liked her house to be famous for little reunions, cozy suppers, a place where fine music, brilliant conversation, anything

which lifted life somewhat out of the commonplace; but on this occasion she had it at heart to gratify numbers of the young girls who adored her, and she did it in her usual complete manner.

As the music struck up for a quadrille, from which Olive had managed to escape, she saw her old guardian, Mr. Hawkins, approach with a stranger; and before the half-formed wonder in her mind could more than make itself felt, she remembered his having begged permission to bring a friend just returned home after many years of wandering.

So they came up, and Olive bowed civilly, and began to say something in her princess manner, when Mr. Gregory was presented; but somehow something in his manner struck her so, that she accorded him more real attention than she often gave people now-a-days.

Thirty at least, perhaps more than that—you shall decide according to your own age and feelings whether that be young—with much in his face and voice which won Olive to regard him closely, not from the perfection of the one, or the melody of the other, but because she caught a look which she knew was often in her own face; a tone which she heard sometimes in her own voice, and whose meaning she could readily comprehend.

Something lost or unfound, without which life could never round into completeness; not the repining of a weak nature; not the vague remorse of a bad one—of that Olive felt certain; and she trusted greatly to her intuitive perceptions upon such subjects, not wise, perhaps, but very natural to a mind like hers.

So she stood there and conversed with him until her somewhat wearisome duties called her away; and several times after, before the midnight was gone, she found herself talking with him, and listening with that keen pleasure we feel when encountering some one who strikes exactly the chord which is the key-note to our deepest feelings.

Have you not once or twice in your life felt this? I am not talking about love at first sight, nor anything of the sort; but have you never found yourself talking to a stranger upon subjects in a way you could not have done to the friends about your daily life, and have been unable to force aside the knowledge that this new-found acquaintance will not be allowed to drop away as so many others have done, that each is to possess some influence upon the life of the other?

Somewhat metaphysical; perhaps you will say foolish. I do not think it so; therefore it shall stand as I have written. This was Olive Wayne's feeling, and it deepened when the crowd was dispersing, and Mr. Gregory found time, as he made his adieus, to say,

"I have talked so much that is out of place at a ball, that I hope you will let me come again to prove my claims to sanity. Do you think it could have been watching the German that set me off in such a strain of German mysticism?"

Olive laughed at the whimsical idea, and gave him the invitation now and then accorded to a new acquaintance,

"You will sometimes find me visible of a morning."

He only bowed his thanks, and said good-night, holding out his hand as he spoke. It was such an odd thing for a stranger to do—a worldly, practiced man like him—and the action was so evidently the result of some deeper thought, that Olive felt her dainty finger tips quiver as they touched his.

There was quiet in the house at last; the old aunt was safe in her nest, and Olive took her way to her own apartments.

"Why, Margaret Heath!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door of her dressing-room. "How came you out of bed at this hour?"

The girl rose from the lounge where she had been lying, and said confusedly,

"The music kept me awake, so I stayed in here to help you when you came up. I think I went to sleep."

"Please to go to bed," said Olive; "I shall scold you to-morrow."

The young woman—younger than Olive—pretty, too, in spite of ill-health, was to be led away and seen properly in bed before Olive could rest.

"Oh! Miss Wayne, you are too, too good to me," she repeated, sadly, as she had so often done.

"Wait till to-morrow before you decide on that," returned Olive. "If I hear you cough, you will get a lecture which may make you change your mind."

Margaret Heath was a living expiation to the proud, petted woman. Years before she had been employed in Olive's house and greatly spoiled; some quarrel rose between them, and, for almost the only time in her life, Olive was unjust, and Margaret was sent away, impetuous and passionate as her mistress.

Olive was just starting for Europe; the thought of Margaret Heath was a terrible reproach to her during all the time of her absence. On her return, she had searched her out and found her apparently dying of consumption.

For two years past she had been an inmate of Olive's house, nominally engaged as seamstress, that she might not feel dependent and a burthen; and though she managed to go about and even make herself useful, everybody knew that Margaret could not linger long—it was only the entire repose of her life, and Olive's constant watchfulness which preserved her still.

Olive could have felt almost vexed with her for wearying herself by this long vigil; but she saw how worn and excited she looked, and understood too thoroughly the restless, invalid nervousness which had made it impossible for her to be quiet.

The next day, Olive wheedled aunt Mabel into the belief that it would only rest her to go out and look at a collection of pictures that were on exhibition; and the old lady was too easily led, to be obstinate against conviction.

After all, those people born without any determination must have a comfortable life of it; they are never obliged to form opinions for themselves, and know nothing of the trouble you and I endure carrying these diabolical wills about, which are certain to take the contrary side in spite of all our efforts to be amiable; and, not satisfied with that, make us waste a great deal of valuable time in forcing every unfortunate within our reach to give up and be content to look through our spectacles.

It was still early in the day, and the gallery was nearly deserted; only a stray artist here and there, or some unhappy-looking wretch, whose pencil and note-book showed that he was doomed to write criticisms—so Olive wandered about in tolerable freedom.

She was standing before one of Gifford's happiest efforts, sunning her soul in the golden haze, and marveling as one never tires of doing over the delicious atmospheric effects, when some one paused near her, and, looking up, she saw Mr. Gregory.

'I was not going to be cruel enough to disturb you," he said, after the necessary words of salutation had been duly gone through. "If you would rather I left you, pray say so."

"No," replied Olive, quietly; "there are people endurable in a picture gallery; I fancy you are one of the number."

The words were not over civil; but Olive had a way of saying those things which was arch and pretty beyond description; and her new acquaintance seemed in no manner dissatisfied with his reception.

So a long, pleasant, dreamy morning they spent there; while aunt Mabel left them to their own devices, not from any of the fiendish designs which constantly haunt the heads of born chaperones, but because it was in her blessed nature to be quiet and leave others so too—a species of womankind I should be pleased to see more extensively cultivated.

When Olive stepped into her carriage and drove away, the light was in her face still which that long conversation had brought; and she would have started with surprise had any one broken her revery with the reminder of how brief her acquaintance with this man had been.

You know how it all went on; the pleasant morning visits; the evenings at the opera, when the music found a charm it had not possessed for years; the quiet parties to the French theatre; the balls which gained a new interest from the fact that there was some one person to expect; the grand necessity after one has become familiar with society, and the secret of half the flirtations at which we lift our eyebrows when they are other people's flirtations; all the hours and days which glide so goldenly into our hope, and dream that they become henceforth so inseparable, that in no season of retrospection are we able to tell whether the sunshine made the vision so beautiful, or the dream lit the hours with that untold glory.

Perhaps had there been any person to remind Olive, she might have roused herself; but in her wayward, independent life, there was no one to speak, indeed, no one to observe, for aunt Mabel was the most unsuspicious of mortals; and when in the presence of the outer world, it was too common to excite remark to see a new admirer among the crowd that surrounded Miss Wayne.

A record only of days and weeks, and then, in spite of all her pride and worldly wisdom, my dainty Olive woke to a realization of the truth.

How it came about she could never clearly have told; some chance rumor startled him into speech, fearful that some longer known worshiper was about to bear away, before his eyes, the treasure which made his earthly heaven.

He was going to be absent for a few days, he had come to bid her farewell; and when the separation, which might prove so fatal to him, was only kept aloof by a few brief moments, his heart forced to his lips the words which had been struggling there during all those dazzling weeks.

He had taken her hand to say adieu, and she was looking aside, not well able to meet the misty shining of those eyes, when he cried out suddenly,

"I cannot leave you so—I cannot! I love you, Olive Wayne, with all the strength of my

manhood, all the power of my soul, I love you."

He had snatched both her hands in his own, pale and shaken with that strong emotion, and Olive Wayne did not speak, did not move; only the frail hands, trembling in his, showed how this sudden outbreak had moved her, forcing the haze from before her soul, and dizzying her with the flood of daylight, the true comprehension of the golden beauty which had hung about her like a living presence during the past weeks.

The words were spoken, the words he had no mind nor thought to utter; and now he could not pause.

"I have no right to speak," he said; "I know that I should have waited till I had earned it; only forgive me that I could not! I must go on now—I must tell you all that you have been to me since that first moment we met."

And Olive never tried to check him—never once tried to release her hands or raise her eyes; she, always so full of womanly dignity and pride, dizzy, almost faint, leaning back in her chair, only feeling that those hands clasped her very soul, that all thought, the whole world, was resolved into that moment, that one face beaming down upon her.

"I love you, Olive—not as the very young love—not the romantic vows that boys offer dreaming girls; but I come to you with a question from my soul to yours, finding in you the womanly nature for which my heart has yearned. Are you angry, Olive? Won't you even look at me?"

He saw the white lids tremble over the hazel eyes; the eloquent mouth that quivered into a smile. Many a time before he had understood her without a word; but, ah! he had hardly dared to hope that ever should he read such sweet meaning in her silence as entranced him now.

"I have not deceived myself; you will let me hope, Olive?"

She was coming out of her bewilderment; her mind was beginning to steady itself again; her old ideas and theories began to make themselves felt, but it was only with an understanding of their utter futility, now that the moment of real feeling had flooded her soul.

He was pleading earnestly with her; begging for a word or look to take with him in his banishment.

"Do not punish me too harshly, Olive; you must care for me a little; God could not have been cruel enough to send this great love only to be a new blight on my life!"

"Hush!" Olive said; "hush! I cannot tell now—I cannot think even——"

"I have spoken too suddenly; but you are not angry—not angry, Olive?"

Never from mortal lips had her name possessed such sweetness; some way the clear, honest voice steadied her soul, and gave her more strength.

"Not angry," she repeated; "only confused and bewildered. You shall go away now, and come to me when you return from this journey."

With an unselfishness rare in men, he had compassion upon the confusion and bewilderment this new phase of life had brought upon her, and did not force her to seek for words to confirm that which his heart could read in her eyes.

He was gone at length, and Olive Wayne sat there alone, conscious of a reality more blissful than the brightest fancy of her girlhood had been.

It was the day after Gregory's departure that Mr. Hawkins called, and began talking to her of his friend with the enthusiasm which his half century of life had left him, fresher than in the mind of many a young man.

And Olive allowed him to talk, guarding her secret with womanly care; so artfully leading him on that the old gentleman could never have supposed she had asked a single question, or betrayed more interest in the subject than arose from her long friendship for him.

"The noblest, best fellow, Olive; many of his ideas remind me of you; I want you to know him well, you will be certain to like him."

He told her things concerning him which proved his goodness, his manly truth and honor, till Olive's soul cried proudly in secret,

"I do love this man—I am right to love him!"

From the moment she made this avowal to herself she began to grow calm. She put aside all scruples, all fear of having compromised her dignity by giving her heart to one so short time known, and gave herself leave to be happy, undisturbed by any of the doubts and fancies which were wont to make her restless.

Once or twice before, among her admirers, there had come a man whose earnestness and truth made themselves so felt that, for a few moments, she had tried almost to be convinced that such great love might bring her peace and happiness, but she was always checked by the voice within,

"You do not love him; you can love—only wait."

She had believed this experience would never come to her, and had felt sad and grieved that it must be so; but it was all changed now, she

had centered into the brightest and holiest possession of her womanly kingdom.

The days slipped by, and Meredith returned, but someway his presence brought back Olive's shyness and reserve. It was all so new and strange to her. She could listen to his tender speeches; but when he begged for a single word, she shrank back with a hesitation for which she could not account. It seemed impossible for her to give him a deeper glance into that proud heart which had flung down its solitary sovereignty with such reckless prodigality.

"You have scarcely spoken to me," he said, suddenly; "I have been opening my whole soul to you, and you give me hardly a look."

She shook her head, laughing a little.

"I have not had time to get my breath yet," she said. "I will sing to you; I have found that old song you asked for."

She went to the piano, and while she sat there, and he bent over her, the door opened softly, and Margaret Heath entered the apartment.

She gave a nervous start, evidently frightened at finding the room occupied; but as she was retreating, Meredith turned his head so that she could see his features more distinctly.

She put up her hands in terror or strong pain, leaned panting and white against the doorway for an instant, and then retreated, unobserved by the pair at the piano.

Very soon an old man servant looked in with his apologetic knock and bow. Some one to see Miss Olive on business—something about the hospital—that couldn't wait at all, if she pleased, ma'am.

"Must I go away?" Meredith asked, as she rose from the piano.

"Not if you have patience to wait," she replied; "I shall not be long; you may stay, if you like."

She went out and left him there alone, sitting in the seat she had occupied, his hand touching the handkerchief she had left, the light of a poetically sensuous revery upon his face.

Margaret Heath had seated herself in the adjoining room from sheer inability to move, so completely unnerved that her breath came in frightened gasps; and the hectic, which any excitement brought, burned on her cheeks, bright, fatal blossoms of death.

She heard Olive go out; sat a few instants longer; then some sudden resolution nerved her. She rose quickly, flung open the door, and stood looking in upon Meredith.

He turned at the sound, saw her standing there, and the look of wonder gave way to an expression which it was difficult to translate.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed; "Margaret Heath!"

She put up her hand as if afraid even to hear him pronounce the name; and, closing the door behind her, tottered slowly toward the place where he stood.

"I must speak to you," she gasped; "I didn't know till just now it was you. Don't be hard on me—oh! don't be hard on me; see how weak and sick I am!"

"Poor, poor Margaret!" he muttered.

"Yes, I thought you would be sorry for me—I thought you would! I can't stop—I wanted to say something to you. I——"

She paused suddenly, and clutched at a chair for support. He hurried toward her and made her sit down, uttering broken words of pity.

"I haven't touched your hand in so long," she said, her voice sharp from nervous excitement; "so long."

She looked so faint that he was alarmed; but she held fast to his hand, and went on talking. Again the door opened, and a listener stood there, transfixed by the sight and the words which met her ear.

"I don't want to try your patience," she said. "When I found it was you, I felt I must see you once more. I was afraid you might hear my name suddenly; Miss Olive, dear, good Miss Olive, has never known my story. I wouldn't deceive her; but she only said I was to come to her; she seemed to blame herself; but it was no one's fault; I only don't want her to know the whole, because it would trouble her."

"Oh, poor Margaret!" he cried; "is there nothing I can do? Nothing to prove——"

"Nothing," she interrupted. "I am going where only God's angels can help me. I did want to see you once more; I wanted you to feel there was no bitterness in my heart toward any one; I have borne my sin and my shame——"

She broke down again; Meredith's face was hidden in his hands.

"I want you to remember these words—let them ease any pain you have felt——"

The door closed noiselessly—Olive Wayne was gone.

In her own room, pacing to and fro, mad with this destiny she had brought upon herself, the proud woman struggled with her heart which had so blinded her.

She understood everything clearly; she had never questioned Margaret Heath, for she shrunk from being made aware how much her passion and severity might have to do in bringing that evil fate upon her; she had taken her

to her home and cared for her as a sort of expiation—but it was all clear now.

This was the man who had wrecked Margaret's life; and put her beyond the pale of help and uprising, and this knowledge was to complete her own work of expiation, only the punishment seemed harder than she could bear.

That night Meredith received a brief note as he sat in his solitary chambers.

"I send you the answer now which I have not given to your question; it leaves us strangers forever. You best know what act in your life makes my conduct righteous retribution. If there be any such, you best know what atonement may still be in your power; but not any power could change my resolve."

It was all that Olive wrote, and no sacrifice of his pride produced any other result. His messages did not even reach her, so strict had been the commands with which she barred her doors against such attempts.

Meredith was gone, nor did his absence create the least surprise; even aunt Mabel had not suspected her secret, and, crushed and maddened as she was, Olive's stern pride could still hold itself erect, and the black waters would close unheeded over her misery and her dead.

Not the least outward change did she make in her life. This trouble might freeze the last of her youth out, leave her hard and stern; but no mortal should suspect the cause.

The spring came and went; and amid the glory of the late summer, Margaret Heath's soul was going forth upon its distant journey, bearing with it the sure pass-words of hope and resignation above the stars.

"If I have never thanked you, Olive," she said, "it was because I knew God could do it better than I; you have been a guardian angel to one of his erring children."

"If I have done anything to clear my own soul a little," Olive said; "I am content."

"I was afraid you thought so; I can't have it! When I was first with you, I was a passionate, willful girl; you couldn't have saved me. I knew and loved that man even then; he found me—but in any case, I believe the end would have been the same."

"And you have kept his secret; you have—"

"Oh, Olive! he was young and reckless as I; it was not a deliberate sin; judge us alike—judge neither harshly."

"If he had atoned for it, Margaret!"

"But he could not; his friends—the world—every hope of his life stood in the way."

"But within the last year? Oh, Margaret! I know more than you think. I heard you talking with Meredith in my house; you cannot shield that man."

Margaret started up with a cry.

"And you thought it was he! Oh! I must tell you—the best man, one of God's own angels surely! Oh, Olive! it was his cousin that I loved; it was with him I fled! For a few months I was so sinfully happy; then his family found us out; it was only by giving me up that he could retain any hope for the future—and I left him. He was married soon after. In my misery, George Meredith did not forsake me; you were gone then; there was nobody to care for me. Oh, Olive! if he had not raised me up, I should have sunk down, down!"

She lay silent, covering her face with her hands; and in the gloom Olive sat dumbly staring at the gulf she had dug between herself and happiness. This pride that she had worshiped all her life, this Moloch, under which she had crushed youth, rose up before her in all its hideous deformity.

Rigid in her self-righteousness, deaf and blind in her belief in her own intuitions, she had flung her best hopes from her.

Margaret was speaking again.

"I saw him at your house; I had not met him all those years; I wanted no word spoken, and he promised; not that I was afraid, Olive, but I could not have you pained."

More she told, in her broken words, of his attempts to force his cousin's family to see that justice was done her; of his care during her illness; his finding her that quiet home, when she was recovered, whose light duties relieved her from any feeling of dependence; never forgetting her during his long absence, till she wrote him that she was safe, for this life, with a kind lady who had known her for many years.

It was all told, and this woman who had said that her pride should be her shield; that with the one best loved she would never stoop to question or hint; would trust to the purity of her own perceptions, sat there in her remorse and beheld the wreck she had made of her life.

The gifts of which she had been so proud; the talents in whose cultivation she had felt such exultance; truly, the use she had made of all was before her then. More than either, the wrecking of a human existence lay on her soul; she, who had become renowned for her charities, endowed hospitals, calling lavishly on her wealth, had not hesitated to cast that more precious offering than all aside, and the retribution she had thought to work had recoiled upon her.

Along with the fading blossoms Margaret Heath lay down to rest; and often Olive shud-

dered to think how the spirit that bound her so on earth must pity and marvel at her hard nature as she looked down upon her now.

The years came and went; Olive's youth was passing from her, and the last blow fell which left her utterly desolate; and Mabel followed Margaret Heath out upon the glorious pilgrimage, whose path is so bright from the footsteps of saints gone on before.

It had been needed, this final stroke. Crushed and self-condemned though she was, Olive Wayne had never been able to humble herself sufficiently to send any token to the man she had wronged. Broken and dispirited, but the old pride tottered still on its ruins; she could not run the risk of being repulsed; she would sit alone among the shadows until death took her.

Life had grown such a tissue of errors; endeavor had been such utter failure; her choicest projects had proved unpracticable; her highest schemes had been only half fulfilled, calling down upon her condemnation, and a belief that her philanthrophy was only a selfish desire for fame and praise.

But aunt Mabel was dead, and in the utter prostration of every faculty which followed, Olive learned that neither wealth nor good deeds could suffice, while one act yet in human power to expiate remained unatoned for.

The June days watched her forth upon her distant journey to the spot where this man was abiding. She had no hesitation now, nor had she any hope either. She wanted to see him, to hear, if possible, words of forgiveness, and essay life again, solitary as ever, but not oppressed by that consciousness of wrong unanswered for.

Some accident detained her upon the shores of a beautiful lake, which she remembered in her early girlhood. She recollected walking along the sands in the moonlight, revolving her future, laying golden projects; fearless, expectant, proud of the results the next ten years should bring forth.

The ten years were passed—almost five others added to them—and now she walked again upon those sands in the moonlight, and the phantoms of her life walked beside her.

Oh! the shattered efforts, the broken statues, the ruins everywhere. If only in the life beyond they give us power to fulfill the half-formed efforts, hew into perfection the forsaken statues, build up patiently the ruins into new beauty; but we cannot tell, only it is forever—the life, the growth; and we feel that every soul coming from God must somewhere in eternity work its way toward the purity of its source.

Olive was trying to console herself with that vague thought; she paused and looked about her in the moonlight. She was not alone any longer—the meeting she had sought was close at hand. She knew him at once, in spite of every change, knew him; and when he reached her side, she called out,

"I have followed you to ask your pardon; only give me that, and I can go back in peace, patiently gather up the fragments of my broken life, and try to dispose them in God's service—only forgive me!"

"Olive! Olive!"

The cry was like the cry of a pilgrim, whose Mecca is reached at last. She felt herself gathered to him, heard his words of thankfulness, and knew that in this moment of self-abnegation and humility, when there seemed no light left, and she was ready to bear her penance patiently in the darkness, the real morning had broken in eastern splendor.

"Olive!—my Olive!"

And she crept closer into the shelter of his arms, and wept away the last bitterness of regret upon his bosom.

SELF-EXILED.

BY M. EDESSA WYNNE.

Ten years of walking to and fro;
 Ten years down Time's abysses thrown;
Though clay be clay, its death is slow—
 Decay is only monotone.

I see no shadow on my face;
 I own no gain, bewail no loss;
But that I threw my life away,
 And bore about a needless cross.

I only know life's harvest time
 Has long passed by, unseized by me,
Transferred unto a better clime
 Its rich sheaves—for Eternity.

My faith lags on behind my hope;
 My life has gone beyond my care;
I, in the darkness, shrink and grope,
 Though light is shining everywhere.

Though from myself I fain would flee;
 For this in vain my spirit cries;
For, everywhere, that wretched "me,"
 Looks upward with reproachful eyes.

I know I am not what I was,
 A sacrifice to circumstance
I made myself. Alas! alas!
 I shrink from every honest glance!

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 302.

CHAPTER VI.

The gorse was in bloom; all the far-stretching heath, and the battle-field of Barnet closed with its golden blossoms. Blood gives a baptism of horrible richness to the wild flowers that spring out of the soil it has drenched. When the ravages of evil deeds and evil passions are to be covered, nature puts forth all her beautiful strength and softly spreads more thrifty herbage and brighter flowers over the devastated earth, wooing aid from sunshine and dew till her task is complete. So it was on the battle-field of Barnet. Now and then you saw a broken shield, or the bleached skeleton of a horse, thrusting themselves out of the tall grass; but there was no horror in that; from a little distance the white bones only glistened in the sun, like the fragments of a snow-drift that would not melt; and the shield had grown so green and mottled with rust, that it only produced a pleasant harmony with the ferns that embedded it. Many an April shower and gusty thunder-storm had swept the heath, driving away all the horrors of war, and leaving only the sweetness of pure nature behind.

Maud Chichester had watched these beautiful changes from her chamber window, in the farm-house, with that strange unreasoning hopefulness which springs out of the supreme love of a lifetime. She had seen little of the world, and what knowledge she possessed had been gathered from a close association with honorable men—men to whom truth was familiar as the breath they drew. Such men are generally chivalrous with women; and in all her life the young heiress of the towers had only known the respect due to her rank, and that almost paternal kindness which great minds bestow on the helplessness of young womanhood.

Thus, with a heart which knew no guile, Maud put faith in the promise of that young hero who had said to her so impressively, "I will come back when the gorse is in bloom." She saw the yellow buds swell to the sunshine, day by day, with growing cheerfulness, which brought a flush of roses to her cheeks, and softened the gloom of sorrow that, for a time, had saddened her eyes. This secret hope, and the company of that strange child, whose heart, brim full of affection, almost atoned for an intellect all astray, kept Maud from despairing, and rendered her life in the farm-house almost pleasant, lonely as it was.

By what instinct the idiot lad guessed the hidden thoughts of that young creature no one can tell; but one morning he rushed into her chamber, clamorous with delight, dancing at every step, and brandishing a branch of gorse all feathered with thorns and golden bloom over his head,

"See, see how it burns! Don't—don't touch it! the thorns prick and bring blood!" he cried, dancing away from her. "Now you will laugh! Now you will sing, and go search for birds'-nests. I found one down yonder, where the smoke rolled and the horses thundered. The big black-birds are all gone, and pretty yellow and brown pipers sing there all the morning. They build nests in the white bones, and fly in and out of their hollows!"

"You have been upon the heath, my poor lad," said Maud, blushing red as she touched the gorse, which wounded her finger. "Saw you many like these?"

"Plenty! They close over the heath like bonfires."

Maud looked sad. Was the gorse in perfect bloom, and he not there?

The idiot boy had fallen into thought, playing with the thorns on the gorse-branch. All at once he started, ran to the door, and listened.

"Come!" he said, seizing Maud's hand, "come, see where the birds build their nests among the hollow bones, down yonder. There is a brook which laughs at them all the day long!"

Maud allowed the gentle boy to draw her away toward the battle-field. Up to this time she had shrunk from that portion of the landscape. It was too closely connected with her father's death, and all the horrors of that awful night, for her to seek it of her own free

will. But the idiot led her on, through orchard and along to the broken ground, till she came in sight of the little ravine where she had first seen her dying father side by side with the great earl. Here she found the brook singing with soft, sleepy murmurs through the long reeds that fringed it, broken up here and there with clumps of violets and plume-like ferns. The trees bent greenly over this hollow, veiling it with shadows, through which the morning sun flickered pleasantly, as if death and sorrow had never been there.

As Maud came slowly toward this lovely spot, the muffled stamp of a horse arrested her attention, and through the intervening foliage she saw a war-charger tied to one of the larch trees, impatiently straining at the embossed bridle which held him from the rich grass he longed to crop. The idiot laughed, and dropped his hands when he saw the start of surprise which Maud gave at the sight of this war-charger.

"Come on, beauty—come on; the nests are down here in this hollow," he cried.

Maud held back. Some quick intuition told her that the owner of the horse must be near, and she felt the blood rush with burning force to her cheeks. But it was too late for retreat. As she paused, the whole ravine lay before her, and upon the very slope where her father fell sat the strange young man whose name was, as yet, unknown to her, but who had promised to come when the gorse was in bloom. He sat leaning forward with one elbow resting on his knee, gazing thoughtfully down on the brook which dimpled in the sunshine, or crept through the shadows at his feet. The serene loveliness of the hour and place seemed to possess him entirely, for a grave sadness lay upon his features, while his position was wrapt and thoughtful.

The idiot put two fingers to his lips and gave a peculiar whistle, which brought the young man to his feet with a face so bright and changed that he seemed another person.

"At last," he said, coming toward Maud, who began to blush and tremble like a guilty thing, "at last the cloud of war has rolled away, and we meet in peace, even here."

The young girl looked around, and the painful memory of her father's death came sharply upon her. Tears filled her eyes, and she looked upon the stranger's face with a yearning desire for sympathy, which touched even the old heart in his young bosom.

"It is so solitary!" she said, with tears in her low voice.

"Therefore peaceful," was the sympathetic answer; "and where peace is, love may safely nestle."

"Forgive me," said Maud, hushing back her grief. "I have not been here since that terrible night."

As the victorious day was mentioned, the young man's eyes flashed under their long lashes, and his lips parted with a smile. He thought only of the glory—she of the grief wrought on that momentous battle-field. The youth did not speak any of the burning thoughts that filled his brain, and the bright look passed away almost instantaneously.

"Go," he said, addressing the witling, "your mistress has had no flowers to-day. Bring her a cap full of violets from that green bank overhanging the brook yonder. See how blue they are; remember now, only bring the largest, and take plenty of time in culling them."

The witling went away dancing over the grass, and tossing his cap in the air.

The young officer took Maud's hand respectfully, as if she had been an empress, and led her to a fragment of rock that shot out from the bank, fringed all around with ferns and rich grass. This was a little way up the brook, and shut out from a sight of the larch trees; a stretch of the heath lay in the distance bright with gorse thickets.

"They are but just in flower," he said, pointing toward the heath; "yet you find me here, sweet maiden. Say only that I have been thought of and waited for."

Maud looked at him through a mist of sudden tears.

"You were so gentle, so kind to us all. How could I choose but think of you?"

"And you waited for me?"

"Yes," she answered, in her sweet, natural innocence. "That day swept everything else from my path, and left nothing but your kindness behind."

"Ah! if I could, indeed, replace all you have lost," he said, in that earnest, low voice, which seemed to thrill every pulse of the heart.

A faint shiver swept Maud from head to foot, and she drew a deep breath which died away in smiles on her lip.

The young man laid one hand lightly on her arm, touching the wrist with his delicate fingers with seeming carelessness, but still he could feel each beat of her pulse.

"And you have loved me all these weeks?" he said, so gently that she forgot the audacity of his words in their sweet significance.

The pulse under his touch gave a quick leap, and began to flutter like a bird frightened on

its nest. He lifted his eyes to her face, and saw that it was one glow of blushes.

"Loved you—loved you?" she faltered. "I do not know; such words are new and strange—very strange. I wish Albert would come back, methinks he tarries long."

"But they are not strange words to me, sweet one. I have thought of nothing else since we met here in this place by the rude torch-light of victorious soldiers. Nay, you must feel how truly I loved you from the first."

"Nay, nay, we were strangers," she faltered.

"Hearts that love each other are never strange," he pleaded.

"But I am young—so young, and quite alone. It is wrong to be sitting here and listening to language so, so——"

"So true, and not unwelcome. Nay, confess so much, sweet child, if you would make me happy."

"If my father were alive. If I had any one to tell me how wrong this may be."

"Let your own heart speak; I will brook no more worldly counsellor," he rejoined, taking both her hands in his. "Maud Chichester, I love you dearly—better than life—better than glory! You have not left my mind one moment since we parted. Say that you love me equally, for I will brook no feeble affection; my heart yearns for a full requital. Lift those eyes and let them look into mine, I shall read the truth there."

He clasped her hands tightly, and bent to receive the glance he pleaded for; but the long eyelashes quivered over her burning cheeks, and he could only see a gleam of the happiness that swelled her heart sparkling through them.

"Nay, look at me," urged the young man, "for I will have an answer."

For an instant Maud lifted her eyes, and encountered his deep, ardent, almost passionate gaze. Then the white lids drooped lower than ever, and the scarlet of her cheek grew vivid with maidenly shame. He gazed upon her steadily, and with a smile of calm triumph. What need was there of questioning that young heart if it loved him? He was of a self-conceited, calculating nature; but even with such, love will find the mastery; and spite of his selfishness, his craft, and indomitable ambition, the young man's heart beat fast, and his cheek burned red as he gazed on that drooping face.

"Still, I am a stranger," he said, smiling.

She drew a quick breath, and looked up, startled by this outspoken truth.

"A stranger!" she repeated. "Oh, no! I cannot realize that. And yet. and yet——"

"My name even is unknown to you."

"Alas! I take shame to say, it is even so!"

"What is worse than all, I battle in behalf of the White Rose; your father died for the Red."

"I cannot help it—I cannot help it," cried Maud, wringing her hands. "These cruel, cruel wars have swept everything away from me—father, home, friends, all but——"

She paused, caught a quick breath, and looked the words her tongue refused to speak.

"All but the man who loves you, and will, spite of a thousand civil wars," responded the youth, lifting her hand to his lips.

"I—I saw you with King Edward—belong you to his court?" Maud questioned. "Alas! alas! if your rank is so high as that, all this can be but mockery."

"Wherefore, pretty one, is my rank in King Edward's court to intervene where I love best? Nay, nay, the king himself wedded according to his own fancy—and, 'fore George—so will I."

"But he was a monarch, and all powerful."

"And I, a heart-bound vassel, compelled to fight the king's enemies, and love by the king's permission. Is that your meaning, sweet Bonibel?"

"They tell me that Edward is a tyrant, even with his own kin; that the Woodvilles alone control him, or his favors."

"Indeed; but this is some Lancastrian slander. No king was ever so loved; no general so cheerfully obeyed."

"You love him, then?"

"Ay, passing well, considering that he is my king and master."

"You are sometimes near his person?"

"Sometimes!"

"Captain of his guard, perhaps?"

The youth smiled.

"Ay; at times I have ranked even high as that in Edward's favor."

"I remember, now, the king's soldiers doffed their caps as you passed."

"That was because I commanded the royal escort."

"And the handsome king, himself, leaned on your shoulder."

"Did he? That was his usual condescension—or, perhaps, because I was the shorter, and my shoulder of convenient height; Edward is so steadfast on his throne that he can afford to caress those who fight for him."

"Then you are not a gentleman of the chamber?"

"Me! why no; that honor has never been offered, as yet, for a requital for my poor services in the field."

"Still, though you may be neither courtier, nor great general, men respect and love you well, I am sure of that."

"Some do; for all human beings are loved to some degree."

"But you will not tell me who——"

The youth interrupted her rather impatient question with a light laugh.

"Ay; but I will, since you deign to ask in plain words. "My father was a fast adherent of the Duke of York, and fell with him at the battle of Wakefield. No one can dispute that I am of gentle birth, and hold some favor with the king; as for my name——"

Maud looked up, eager and expectant.

"My name," repeated the youth, "must be made illustrious by brave acts before I proclaim it with pride."

Maud's countenance clouded.

"Still a stranger, still an enemy to our cause," she murmured.

"To the Lancastran cause, ay; but not to the warrior earl who led it; for from him I took my first lesson in arms."

"From the great earl?"

"Even so. He was ever generous of his own skill to those he thought brave."

"Yet you fought against him?"

"When he turned traitor and rebel I did. But question me no more on this theme, sweet one. In these evil times men must, perforce, have secrets which are unsafe to reveal, though nothing of dishonor is attached to them. Look in my face and say if the heart underneath is to be trusted."

Maud lifted her eyes, dark, deep, full of intelligence, and searched that calm face as far as she could for shame. What she read there was indefinite even to herself; but one thing was certain, the quiet power of that young face overawed her, and she shrunk from questioning him farther. Yet the very mystery of his presence, seizing upon an imagination unusually vivid and fostered in solitude, deepened the influence he had gained over her, and she loved him all the better for the mastery his intellect had gained over her own guileless nature.

"Maud!"

The young girl started, and a delicious shiver passed over her, for the word was uttered in a voice so clear and thrillingly tender, that it vibrated through every nerve in her body.

"Maud, what have you read in my face?"

She answered in a hushed breath, "power!"

"The power of love," he whispered; "of a love so great that it will not be denied."

Maud was frightened, and shrunk away from the arm with which he would have encircled her waist.

"What, is this fear? Has my face spoken so falsely? Maud—sweet Maud! I would make you my wife!"

Somehow his arm had circled her waist unresisted, and her head lay upon the young man's bosom, while his kisses fell softly on her forehead.

"Shall it be so, sweet one?"

She lifted her head, and shook back the hair from her forehead, still rosy with his kisses.

"When you call me Maud, I have nothing to answer by," she said, with a heavenly smile. "Men, without names, do not wed with well-born maidens."

"Call me Richard, then—Richard Raby."

"Richard Raby!" murmured Maud. "It is a sweet-sounding name."

"And are you content to wear it?"

"Am I content?" she said. "Am I content? Oh, yes! though it prove but a humble name, and carries little save gentle blood with it. My father was wont to say that a brave man carves out his own nobility. I know that you are valiant, and feel that time will bring all the rest."

"Then you can trust me unquestioningly?"

"Yes!"

He drew her face to his, and sealed this strange troth-plight on her lips.

That moment Albert came up from the hollow with his cap overflowing with great, blue violets, which he had gathered from the brook-side. He paused a few paces from the larch-trees, and looked upon the young couple with strange bewilderment. They did not heed him, and, seized by some strange impulse, he hesitated to approach them, but sunk slowly to the ground, and, covering his face, began to cry. After awhile he looked up, and through the tears that still swelled in his eyes, saw the young couple sitting together in blissful silence. Then he arose, took his cap from the earth, stole softly along the grass, and poured his treasure of blossoms at their feet while they were quite unconscious of his presence.

"It is a libation!" exclaimsd the young man, gathering a handful of the flowers, and presenting them to Maud. "This poor witling comes like a blessed spirit to crown our happiness. Now, farewell! It shall not be long before we meet again."

Maud looked at him with a wistful question in her glance, to which he replied, as if she had spoken.

"In three days from this be ready, and meet me here. Prepare the people at the farm-house

for a sudden departure. They must know nothing of this."

Maud turned white, and began to tremble; but she answered, with some firmness, that she would be ready. The youth fell into thought a moment, then spoke again.

"There is no relative here who has a right to question your movements?" he asked.

"None. I am, alas! quite alone."

"Nor in London?"

Maud remembered the uncle who was acting that daring part near Edward's court, and hesitated in her answer.

"Nor in London?" repeated the youth, with more emphasis.

"There is a woman who was with me that morning at the tower, one Mistress Shore."

The youth started, and bit his lip.

"What, Mistress Shore a kinswoman?"

"No, no!" cried Maud, eager to remove the annoyance that he seemed to feel. "She is this poor witling's sister. Their mother was my foster nurse; and she is the wife of a thriving tradesman in the city. She and her husband were the only persons who had the power or will to offer me shelter, when the storm of battle swept over my home."

"Poor, kind-hearted fool! her home will soon be dark enough, or I mistake the signs!" muttered the youth, inly; but his face cleared, and after a few more words, full of warmth and generous affection, he untied his horse, and, mounting him, rode away.

Maud Chichester watched him with all her soul, in that farewell gaze, till he disappeared in the distance, while Albert stood by, with his eyes fixed on her changing countenance with the faithful intelligence of a Newfoundland dog. When her lover was gone, when the last faint tramp of his horse died away on the turf, Maud sat down on the spot where that strange declaration of love had been made, and gave herself up to a heaven of such sweet tears as a woman can know but once in a lifetime. She loved, and was beloved; this one thought filled her whole being with an ecstacy of delight. She forgot the mystery, the risk, the possible shame that might follow a marriage which her lover evidently intended to be private. In her youth and inexperience these things took but little importance. She felt that he loved her purely and truly—and that was enough. Had it been otherwise, had there been a dishonorable thought in that young man's heart, with her quick sympathies and almost marvelous intuition, she would have felt it, and doubt might have rendered her prudent. But she had perfect faith in his love, and, therefore, in his integrity. So her reverie there by the brook was one dream of happiness, not the less sweet that it was vague, and rose clouded. She gathered up the violets which he had given her, and inhaled their fragrance with signs of exquisite enjoyment. She bathed her lips with their dew, and held them tenderly between her folded hands, as if a movement might crush them and wound her own heart.

The witling, seeing the soul in her gaze, gathered the violets which had been scattered at her feet, and formed them into a pretty bouquet, with spears of pointed grass shooting out from the center, and green leaves nesting in their blueness; but she put the offering gently aside, as if he disturbed her, and fell to kissing the blossoms in her hand, inhaling their sweetness with long-drawn, delicious sighs, that seemed to waft the perfume through her whole being. Albert, sad and disappointed, sat down at her feet, and watched the changes on her beautiful face with sad and wondering eyes. Once he lifted his hand toward hers, timidly challenging her notice; but she drew back, and bade him be quiet, in a voice that troubled him. At last she grew conscious of his presence, and, bending down to his fair, vacant face, kissed it, murmuring, "The gorse burst into blossom to-day, and low he is here; art thou not glad, Albert—art thou not glad?"

Then the witling leaped to his feet, and flinging his bouquet in the air, began to caper and dance among the long grass, clapping his hands gleefully, thus giving expression to the exuberant joy which her notice had given him.

Even a first-love dream cannot last forever. The wild delight into which her notice had thrown the lad, brought Maud from her vision of paradise, and reminded her that the sun was far past noon, and the old people at the farm-house would be waiting for their dinner. So, taking Albert by the hand, she led him homeward, across the battle-field, and through the orchard, full of wonder in her own heart that the earth had become so beautiful since the morning.

Meantime the youth turned across the broken ground, on leaving the battle-field, and rode eastward. To him the earth had taken gleams of paradise since the morning; for when love masters a strong nature, like a great fire, it burns brighter from the mass of materials it consumes. This young man was possessed of one monster passion, that, sooner or later, would devour all others in its unappeasable greed.

But ambition is seldom so concentrated in

youth that the first great want of human life, love, will not, for a time, hold it in abeyance; and in every young man, the passion that gains supremacy, carries all the strength of an ardent nature with it. Still, in the case of this strange youth, it was impossible to blind or silence an intellect clear as crystal, and sharp as steel. If the ruling passion demanded a sacrifice, he understood it well, and was capable of estimating the full value of all he assumed or gave up with mathematical clearness. A rash man, in his situation, might have been less honorable, or less selfish; for, with him, that which seemed pure honor in the eyes of a generous young girl, was, in fact, the most selfish calculation. The first grand passion of his life demanded its object, and both his intellectual and epicurean tastes exacted that which a fine sense of right would have dictated. This young philosopher was the last man in the world to dash the bloom from the grapes he intended to eat.

With all his superiority of intellect and taste, the young man was in love, far more deeply than a less gifted person would have been. He surrounded the object of his choice with nothing but respectful and loving thoughts. With the example of the king before his eyes, he felt that the love of a man in high position was enough to ennoble its object, and experienced a degree of pride in the power which could lift even the weak and insignificant to its own level.

This young man was terribly ambitious, but it had never occurred to him to pursue aims of aggrandizement by a barter of the heart on the battle-field, or in an encounter of wit among men who was ready to cut a path to the highest position within an Englishman's reach; but it was too early in life, and the temptation was not yet sufficient to influence him into a soul-barter with the world.

In after years, when all other passions had merged themselves into a greedy thirst for dominion, love would have been swept, like thistle-down, from his path—but that period had not yet arrived.

After riding about an hour, the young man came in sight of the gray walls and pointed windows of a monastery, which has since perished like many others in the reformation. Up to this time a faint smile had hovered on his lips, and the sweetest of visions haunted his brain; but now his face grew serious, even anxious, and, like one in haste to resolve some doubt, he dashed spurs into his horse, and rode on at a quick pace till the monastery gate was reached. The porter evidently recognized him, for he flung the portal wide open, and stood back with unusual humility as the youth passed in.

"Where is the father superior?" he said, scarcely recognizing the hand extended in blessing. "In his cell, or walking in the garden?"

The porter answered in a low, measured voice, that the holy father had passed through the cloisters to the garden, not ten minutes ago; and to that point Richard bent his steps.

"Holy mother! how his spurs ring against the stones!" muttered the monk, crossing himself; "what a worldly atmosphere comes with him. I never see his deep, gray eyes, and that heavy, white forehead, without thinking of battle-fields and smoke. Well, he is out of sight, and I breathe again."

Quite unconscious, and altogether careless of this comment, the young man hastened into the garden, which was rich in fresh grass, and shaded with noble trees; while a few native roses brightened the thick ivy which mounted the walls. Sitting upon a bench, under one of the tallest trees, sat the man he sought, clad in gray, and with the cowl drawn over his face to protect it from the sun, as he read one of those ponderous manuscript books which were the pride of religious houses in that age. As Richard approached, the recluse looked up, and seeing who it was, closed the book with a somewhat hurried movement.

"What wouldst thou, my son? The day is blessed that brings thee beneath this humble roof."

Richard smiled in acknowledgment of this greeting, and fell upon his knees, bowing his proud head for a blessing.

The superior not only gave the expected benediction, but passed his hand caressingly over the glossy hair that shadowed the young man's forehead as he knelt.

"Rise, my son, rise, and tell me of the world from which thou comest. How is it with the fair rose of Raby, thy august mother? It is long since thou hast brought us tidings of her welfare."

"My mother is well, and has not yet lost all claim to the title you give her, holy father. Sorely widowed, as she has been, her cheek retains something of its old bloom, and her voice is sweet as ever."

A movement of the brown serge robe betrayed the sigh which, all unconsciously, rose from that holy bosom.

"Thou canst hardly judge of the change, my son. When I remember her, the fair rose of Raby was perilously beautiful; more than one

heart, failing to move hers, has turned itself heavenward, so that her coldness and her beauty were ever doing holy work."

"I think that you loved my mother once," said the young man, gently; "and it is to her I am indebted for the kindness that has taught me so much."

The superior smiled, but shook his cowled head reprovingly.

"We think not of such matters here, my son. Let it suffice that thou art ever welcome to these walls."

The youth was quick in speech, as he was courageous in war.

"Father," he said, "I want something more than a blessing, or a welcome at your hands. As you once worshiped my mother, I love a maiden, and wish to wed her; but for certain reasons it must be in secret."

"Nay, son, I mislike that."

"Still it must be so. Neither my lady mother nor the king shall be informed till I am ready to proclaim it to them, and the whole world."

"My son, this impetuosity is unnatural. Why not go to the king, and my lady, and as thou well canst with those eyes and that voice, which wins even unloving men to thy purpose, claim their consent?"

"Father, it is not the time. Edward is not safe upon his throne so long as King Henry and the tigress of Anjou lives. In his dealings with foreign powers, this poor head is a precious bait with which he lures Margaret's friends from her. I cannot, therefore, openly wed a subject without taking strength from the royal cause. Remember all the evils to our realm that has sprung out of Edward's too early avowal of his marriage with the widow of Woodville."

"Nay, out of the marriage itself," said the superior. "It was an ill-advised union."

"Yet, rather than give it up, Edward periled crown and kingdom. So would I were those glorious prizes within my grasp. But the king has got a brave son to inherit his dominion; not a gleam of his greatness will ever fall on my path, so, with ambition cut off, let me at least secure love."

"Restless boy, will that satisfy an aspiring spirit like thine?" said the father.

"It must. What else is left me? Besides, it is in the spirit of our house to defy fortune. I, for one, will give my heart its lead, and hew out the way it chooses with my good right-hand, if need be."

"Is it this errand that brings thee hither, my son?" questioned the recluse.

"That and no other, save a desire to see my old preceptor and friend. Three nights from this, I shall bring the maiden, secretly, to the chapel erected to our Lady, just beyond these walls, hoping that my mother's firm friend will not withhold the marriage blessing on her son."

"But there is peril in this. What if the king disapprove?"

"Peril, holy father! Has this monastic life quite blotted out the time when you were found in the van of every battle?"

"Peril! Did I say peril? Nay, it is not that; a servant of God should fear nothing but to encourage wrong. But hast thou thought over this matter well?"

"Ay, truly, or I had not been here."

"And the lady? Is she of gentle blood?"

"She is a soldier's daughter, and of better descent than Elizabeth Woodville. Her father was Sir Hugh Chichester, of the towers."

"Sir Hugh Chichester, of the towers! In my worldly days I knew him well—a brave gentleman of right noble stock."

"His daughter is good and beautiful as her father was valiant," said Richard.

"And thou lovest her?"

"With all my heart—with all my life."

"But what if I refuse to wed thee with her?"

"Then some other priest more friendly must be found."

"So thou art determined?"

"Father, did I ever relinquish a project once formed?"

"Marry, no; thou wert ever stubborn of purpose; and if I refuse to perform this secret work, will, I doubt not, put thyself in the power of some unscrupulous priest, who would sell thy secret after. So, if the marriage is fixed upon without remedy, I will, perforce, save thee from the peril of another affliction. When said you this rash project is to be carried out?"

"On the third night from this, after vespers," answered the youth, kneeling, to take his leave, and, hurrying away, fearful that the kind-hearted old man might take back a promise so reluctantly made.

"The blessing of our Lady go with thee, lad," muttered the superior. "Thou hast thy mother's eyes, and her silvery tones, which no human heart could resist. He said right, I have not so far forgotten my knightly days as to fear the peril attending any act."

With these words, the abbot moved slowly through the garden, and entering his cell, where he prepared a double penance for himself, without in the least wavering in his promise.

Three nights after this interview, a small stone chapel, just without the walls of the

monastery, so overrun with ivy that it was scarcely discernible from the masses of foliage that hung over it, was an object of grave curiosity to the country people who chanced to pass near it. Gleams of light broke through the tall, pointed windows, taking a gorgeous richness from the painted glass, and illuminating the thick clusters of ivy, that clung around the stone-work, with a singularly weird effect. A hind, going up from the forest, saw this singular illumination, and stopped to gaze upon it, lost in profound awe, for to him it was a miracle of the Virgin. Falling upon his knees, he began to pray; but was startled by the tramp of horses passing so near him, that the folds of a lady's garment swept his face, blinding him for the time. When his sight cleared again, he saw a monk standing on the steps of the chapel, and a stream of light paving the turf outside with flickering gold. Then the door closed almost, but not quite, and an arrow of radiance shot out upon the night. The hind crept on his hands and knees to the crevice through which this light fell, and saw an altar brilliant with flowers, and lighted up with a crowd of tapers. Before it knelt two people, a youth and a maiden, whose loveliness seemed unearthly, and over them bent a priest, whose face was in deep shadow; but the light trembled over his sacred vestments like sunshine on the wings of an angel.

A movement in the chapel frightened the hind, and he fled away. When he ventured at last to look back, the chapel was dark as midnight, and he heard the muffled tramp of horses dying away in a neighboring forest-path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE, BY T. EMBLEY OSMAN.

To France there traveled two grenadiers,
From a Muscovite prison returning,
And when they reached the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads in mourning.

There heard they both the sorrowful tale,
That France, by misfortune, was shaken;
Defeats, ay, and routs, her sons did bewail,
And the Emperor, the Emperor taken.

Then wept together those worn grenadiers,
Long over the heart-rending story;
"Woe's me!" said the one, and fast fell his tears,
"Better dead with France and her glory!"

The other said, "My race is run;
Would, comrade, I now were dying;
But I've, at home, a wife and a son
Alone on me relying."

"Who cares for wife, who cares for kin!
Nobler thoughts my soul awaken;
Let them beg, let them beg, when from hunger thin—
My Emperor, my Emperor taken!"

"Oh! grant me, comrade, one only prayer;
When soon in death I'm sleeping,
Take you my corse to France, and there
Consign it to her keeping.

"This cross of honor, with crimson band,
Lay near my heart upon me;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And girt my sabre 'round me.

"So will I lie and listen still,
My watch like a sentry keeping,
Until I hear the bugle shrill,
And the neighing steed on sweeping.

"Then rideth my Emperor, fast over my grave,
Brave sabres glitter and rattle;
Then I'll arise, all armed from the grave—
For the Emperor, the Emperor, to battle!"

NELLY LEE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

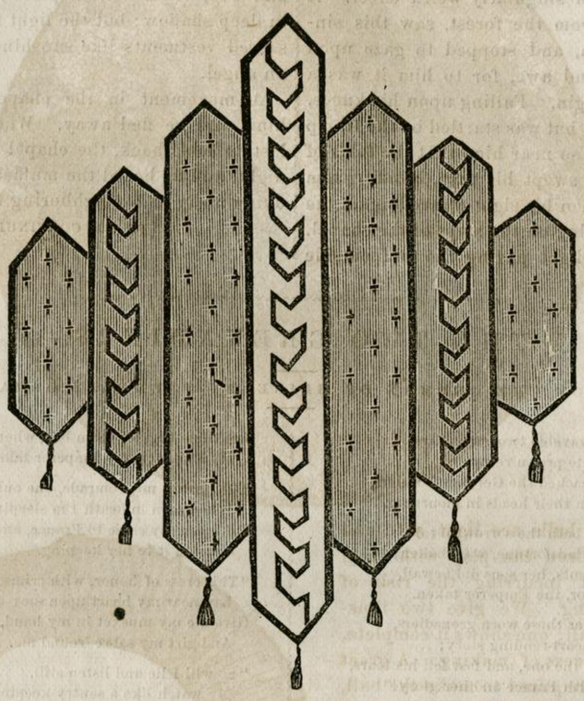
WHAT time the daisies star'd the grass,
And robins sung on every tree;
On blithesome wings the hours did pass—
The golden hours to Nell and me.
Oh! Nelly Lee! my love for thee
There's no more Spring nor Summer's blooming;
'Tis darkness all, cold as the pall,
'Neath which thy beauty is consuming.

Oh! mine had been a lonely lot;
Love ne'er had shed its brightness o'er me.
We met, my sorrows were forgot—
'Twas Heaven's own glory to adore thee.
Oh! Nelly Lee! too quickly flee
The sunny hours, the sad ones linger;
And every joy, still to destroy,
Will memory lift her warning finger.

I tread the old familiar spot,
Where you and I have sat together;
And blessed thoughts of days are not,
Like angel troops, come thronging thither.
Oh! Nelly Lee! where shall I be,
When Autumn her dun wing is lifting?
Perhaps at rest! O'er my still breast
Shall the wet leaves, like snows, be drifting.

TIDY IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



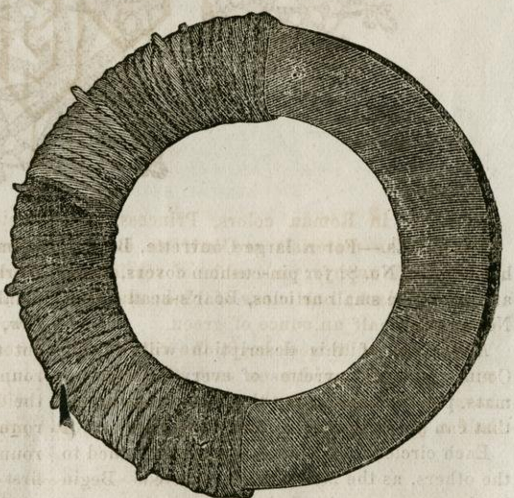
This is in Roman colors, Princess Royal Stitch. The materials are half an ounce of white single zephyr; one ounce of scarlet; one ounce of black; one ounce of blue; one ounce of yellow; half an ounce of green.

With the white wool begin the center stripe with one stitch, widen on each side until you have ten stitches upon the needle, work a piece half a yard in length, and then narrow to a point. Work two blue stripes in the same way observing to decrease in length in the proportion seen in the design, two scarlet stripes and two green ones ditto. Work one row in single crochet all round each stripe, using the yellow wool, or floss, if preferred. Work the pattern in cross-stitch with the black wool, and finish with tassels of the wool mixed. It will make a pretty Christmas gift!

NAMES FOR MARKING.

WOOLEN BALL FOR THE NURSERY

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

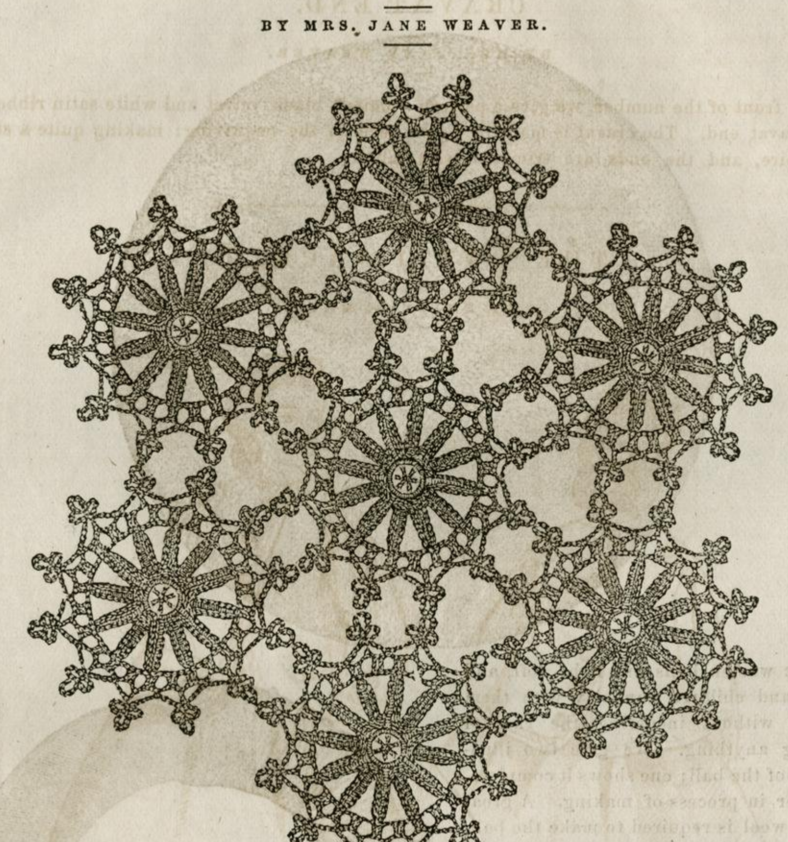


THESE woolen balls are light, soft, and pretty, and children can play with them in-doors without incurring the risk of breaking anything. We give two illustrations of the ball; one shows it complete, the other in process of making. A great deal of wool is required to make the ball, but as odd ends of all colors can be used, the expense is insignificant. Our pattern measures nine inches round. Begin by cutting two thin cardboard rings nine inches round, and cut out the center part of each round (see illustration.) This illustration shows both the cardboard rings placed one over the other, and partly covered with wool. The ring of double cardboard should be wound with wool until the opening in the middle is *quite filled up;* the wool should be used double, the ends always placed on the outside edge of the ring, and the colors, light and dark, arranged to taste. When the opening is quite filled up, the wool should be cut, in layers, round the edges of the cardboard. When all is cut, divide the two rings of cardboard a little and place a piece of string between them; fasten this string tightly two or three times round the ball, then cut the ends of it, and cut the rings of cardboard in different places so as to be able to take them out; the wool should cover the string entirely. Then trim the ends of wool all over the ball, to make the surface even and the ball perfectly round, smooth, and of a good shape.

We copy this ball from an English magazine. In this country, the India-rubber ball is generally a favorite; but in places where that ball cannot be conveniently had, this would be a good substitute. Many mothers, however, would prefer, under any circumstances, the woolen ball.

DAISY PATTERN FOR A CROCHET COUVRETTE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—For a large Couvrette, Boar's-head cotton No. 8; for pin-cushion covers, mats, and such like small articles, Boar's-head cotton No. 16 or 20.

A pattern of this description will do for Counterpanes, Couvrettes of every description, mats, pin-cushions, and a thousand other things that can all be arranged from our design.

Each circle is made separately, and joined to the others, as the last row is crocheted. Begin in the center; make 8 chain, insert the needle in the first, and make * a long treble stitch, then make 3 chain, repeat 4 times from *, always inserting the needle in the first chain stitch, join the last chain to the 5th of the first 8 chain to close the round. 2nd round: Work 1 double crochet, * 9 chain, turn, work a slip stitch in each of the 9 chain; work round the stem thus made in close crochet, working 3 stitches in 1 to turn at the point; miss 1 stitch of preceding row, work 2 double crochet, and repeat from * 5 times more, making 6 petals in all. 3rd round: Work at the back of the last row, behind the petals; make 1 petal between each petal in last row, 1 double crochet at the back of each, and cut the cotton at the end of the round. 4th round: 2 double crochet at the point of each of the 12 petals, 5 chain between each petal. 5th round: 2 treble, 5 chain, repeat. 6th and last round: 1 double crochet in the center of the first 5 chain, * 5 chain, 1 treble in the center of the next 5 chain, 5 chain, 1 slip stitch in the top of the treble stitch, 6 chain, 1 slip stitch in the same place, 5 chain, a third slip stitch in the same place, 5 chain, 1 double crochet in the center of the next 5 chain, repeat from * to the end of the round. There should be 12 trefoil patterns in the round.

For the Couvrette join the circles together, as shown in illustration, in working the last round. As many circles can be added as may be required for the Couvrette.

CRAVAT END.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a pattern for a cravat end. The cravat is made of light blue moire, and the ends are trimmed with plaited black velvet and white satin ribbon, as seen in the engraving: making quite a stylish affair.

THE PATTI JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

The newest thing in Paris, this spring, is the Patti Jacket, so called after the famous opera-singer, Adelina Patti. It is an exceedingly useful garment, very suitable for out-of-door wear in warm weather, and a capital in-door jacket in the colder months of the year. It can be made in velvet, in cloth, and in cashmere, and should be trimmed at the epaulets and cuffs with gimp ornaments, and with a girdle cord worked with jet beads round the edge.

The pattern consists of four pieces.

No. 1. The Front.

No. 2. The Back.

No. 3. The Sleeve.

No. 4. The Pocket.

The place where the pockets are to be sewn, may be judged from the engraving. The seam of the sleeve must be placed at the notch in the front.

This jacket opens at the back, and is fastened its entire length with large jet buttons. The side-seams are to be joined as far as the notch in the paper. It should be observed, that one side of the back folds over the other side. The button-holes are made on the side which folds over, and the buttons are sewn on the other. If fastening down the back be found inconvenient, it would be easy to make this jacket to open in the front, with a *simulated* fastening behind, as the newest jackets, paletots, etc., in Paris are all buttoned down the back.

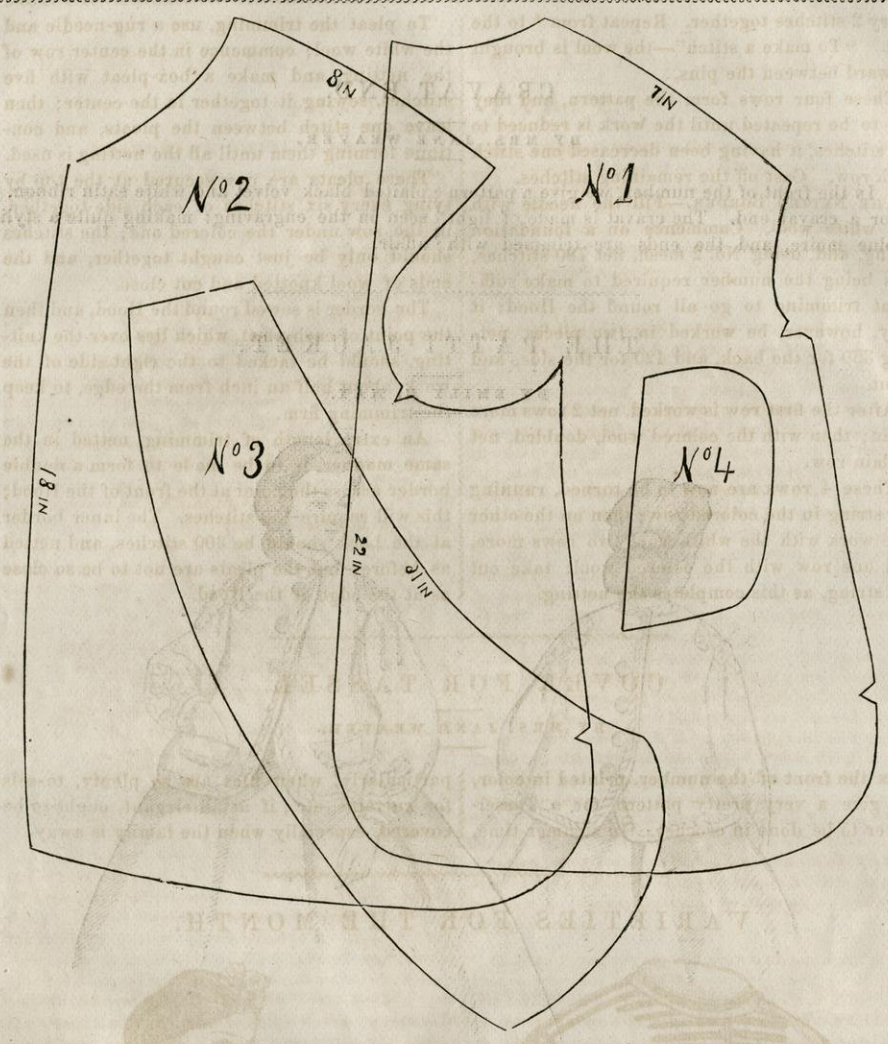


DIAGRAM FOR THE PATTI JACKET.

OPERA HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in color, we give a pattern for a very pretty opera hood.

The materials are 2 skeins of white and 1 of blue elder yarn. For the Hood, a pair of knitting pins, No. 11 Bell gauge, and one pin, No. 19. For the border, a steel netting needle, and a mesh No. 2.

Knitted Hood.—Commence with the white wool. Cast on 141 stitches rather loosely, using one of the large pins. The small pin is only used in every fourth row of the pattern.

1st row—Knit the 2 first stitches together, and the rest of the row quite plain.

2nd row—The same as the first row.

3rd row—Pearl the 2 first stitches together, then pearl the rest of the row.

4th row—With the small pin knit the 2 first stitches together, *, then make a stitch and knit

every 2 stitches together. Repeat from * to the end. "To make a stitch"—the wool is brought forward between the pins.

These four rows form the pattern, and they are to be repeated until the work is reduced to six stitches, it having been decreased one stitch each row. Cast off the remaining stitches.

THE NETTED BORDER.—Fill the needle with the white wool. Commence on a foundation string, and, using No. 2 mesh, net 780 stitches, this being the number required to make sufficient trimming to go all round the Hood; it may, however, be worked in two pieces, netting 360 for the back, and 420 for the sides and front.

After the first row is worked, net 2 rows more plain; then with the colored wool, doubled, net a plain row.

These 4 rows are now to be turned, running the string in the colored row; then on the other side work with the white wool two rows more, and one row with the colored wool; take out the string, as this completes the netting.

To pleat the trimming, use a rug-needle and the white wool; commence in the center row of the netting, and make a box-pleat with five stitches, sewing it together in the center; then leave one stitch between the pleats, and continue forming them until all the netting is used.

These pleats are now secured at the top by tying every six stitches of each side together, in the row under the colored one; the stitches should only be just caught together, and the ends of wool knotted and cut close.

The border is sewed round the Hood, and then the point of each pleat, which lies over the knitting, should be tacked to the right side of the work, about half an inch from the edge, to keep the trimming firm.

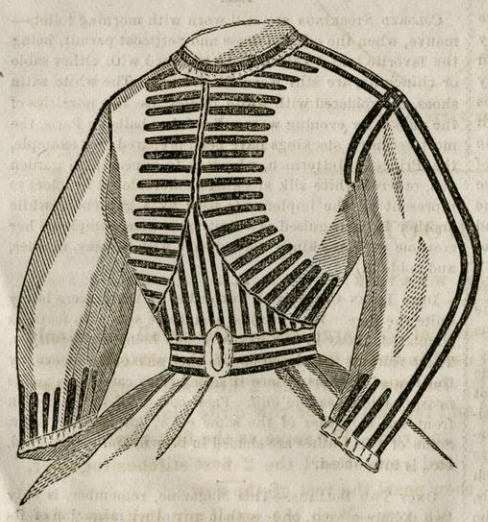
An extra length of trimming, netted in the same manner, is to be made to form a double border across the point at the front of the Hood; this will require 150 stitches. The inner border at the back should be 300 stitches, and netted as before; but the pleats are not to be so close as at the edge of the Hood.

COVER FOR TASSEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, printed in color, we give a very pretty pattern for a Tassel-Cover to be done in crochet. In summer-time, particularly, when flies are so plenty, tassels for curtains, etc., if at all elegant, ought to be covered, especially when the family is away.

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



JACKET AND WAIST.

CAPE AND DRESS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Points of Etiquette.—We are often asked questions, by correspondents, in relation to points of etiquette. In all such cases, good sense is a capital guide, for etiquette is merely good sense applied to the common intercourse of life. Of course, in small details, customs often vary. It is, for example, civil to greet a friend, whom you have not met for some time, with more than ordinary emphasis. In this country, men do it by shaking hands; but in some parts of Europe it is done by kissing. It is etiquette, in the United States, for soup to be served before fish; but in Germany, soup is frequently served in the middle of a dinner. It is not against etiquette, here, for a young, unmarried woman to accept an invitation from a gentleman to drive out alone with him; but in France it would be regarded as exceedingly improper. A Turk eats with his fingers, yet a high-caste Turk is a thorough gentleman. Here only boorish people eat with their fingers.

Real politeness is a matter of the heart principally. It is the applying, to the daily intercourse of life, the Bible maxim, "Do unto others as you would be done unto." If you see a person slip on the ice, the natural impulse is to laugh; but as nobody likes to be laughed at, kind-hearted people do not do it, nor well-bred ones either, whether kind-hearted or not. A shy, awkward lad, or a plain-looking girl, are often the butt of their companions; but they never are of persons who are amiable, or who are even polite. In your general demeanor to others, you can never go far wrong, if you ask yourself what would I wish to have done to me in similar circumstances. There are many persons who are intensely selfish, and yet are well-bred. In such cases, they affect a good feeling they really do not entertain, and pretend to be pleased with people whom they secretly dislike. They spare the self-love of others in doing this, and to that extent deserve credit. We know men who never meet a lady in the street, without taking off their hats, and remaining uncovered all the time they talk to her; and yet some of these men, conventionally polite as they are, are not good-hearted in the least.

So much for general rules. The details of etiquette are only to be learned by observation, for, as we have said, they vary in different places. Generally, every locality, even the smallest village, has a little circle that is popularly called "the best society;" and it is this circle which gives social laws to the neighborhood. Generally, also, though not always, this circle is the most educated, often the richest, in the vicinity; its members are in the habit of occasionally visiting large cities, and sometimes they have even traveled abroad; hence they know more or less of the social habits of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Paris and London; and it is, therefore, a not unwise conclusion to adopt them for guides. It is safer, at least, to accept such persons as standards, than to follow the lead of others having fewer advantages. If you wish to know what the usages at Newport or Saratoga are, ask somebody who has been there, and not a person who never heard of either.

Many customs, however, which are appropriate in one place, are not so in another. It is in adopting, or not adopting such usages, that people show good sense. Cultivated persons do not import such customs; mere purse-proud pretenders do. In Paris, ladies wear long trains to evening and carriage dresses, but they never walk in such dresses; and hence nobody ever sees, on the Boulevards, the absurdity of a costly moire antique sweeping up the mud from the pavement. It is equally ridiculous, in a walk in the country, to wear the thin shoes that would be worn in a ball-room. Women of real culture, or even with a fine natural sagacity, never introduce usages that would be out of place. This faculty is a very important one for a leader of fashion. Without it, a lady, who sets up such pretensions, is very apt to get laughed at, whether she aspires to lay down the mode in a great city, or in a country village.

Evening Head-Dresses, for the present, partake much of the character of those worn by the Etruscan, Greek, and Roman ladies of old. The Renaissance style also finds favor; it is formed with two plaits, which commence very close to the forehead and rejoin the hair at the back, which is a mass of ringlets. In the center of the forehead, between the two plaits, a cameo, set in pearls, is fastened; strings of pearls are also rolled round the plaits. The hair, during the day, is not worn so low at the back as last year; without being drawn to the top of the head, the neck is left visible. The hair is either arranged at the back, in a coil of plaits, or else with two loops, and small ringlets in the center; it is turned back in front very close to the temples. Nets are by no means abandoned, but they are smaller than formerly, and are always trimmed at the back, underneath the hair, with a bow and *very long* ends.

Stars, which are so fashionable upon bonnets, are now used for the center of the bows, which are placed upon the side of the crown, and likewise they are added upon the *torsade* of tulle or *crepe* which crowns the forehead. Stars, in fact, are in such high favor, that they are now embroidered in either crystal, gold, or steel beads upon the ends of strings, which are always rounded and edged with bead fringes to correspond. Bonnet strings are also trimmed at the edges with both feather and chenille fringes. Tulle strings, for full dress bonnets, are almost invariably embroidered with beads, and trimmed with either white or colored feather fringes. Sarsenet strings are also edged all round with fringes; these add to their effect, and prove very becoming.

Colored Stockings are still worn with morning toilets—mauve, when the color of dress and petticoat permit, being the favorite hue. Velvet boots, trimmed with either sable or chinchilla, are still worn for driving. The white satin shoes, embroidered with white bugles, are the novelties of the season for evening wear. For fancy balls, in Paris, the most eccentric stockings have been prepared; for example, the Princess Metternich, who was to appear as a garden girl, ordered white silk stockings, embroidered in colors to represent all the implements used by a gardener; while another lady, disguised as a waiting woman, completed her costume with stockings worked over with scissors, needles, and bobbins.

Deep Linen Cuffs, with butterflies on them, were lately quite the rage. We have just seen some sets with feathers simulated, those in the gayest colors being the prettiest. These feathers are placed one on each side of the sleeve, by the row of buttons, where it seems to lie carelessly, and is nearly as long as the cuff. Each corner of the collar, in front, has a feather of the same color, but much smaller. Some of the feathes are shaded in brown, and in some red, etc., is introduced.

Only Two Dollars.—This Magazine, remember, is only two dollars a year, or less than any other magazine of its kind. It has never raised its price.

How to Fall Asleep.—The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is to escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought, which in most cases of wakefulness has possession of the mind. The author of "The Anatomy of Sleep" says:—"I always effect this by the following simple process: I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or upward or downward, as far as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until—I fall asleep, which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five at the most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other of which I ever heard to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause just here and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of a 'penny for his thoughts,' for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields."

A New Head-Dress.—A piece of velvet four yards in length, and an inch and a half in breadth, is procured. This is studded over, at regular distances, with small pink rose-buds. A bow is then formed and placed in the center of the forehead, among the bandeaux; the ribbon is carried round the sides of the head, and tied as though it fastened the plaits at the back, and the ends float to the waist; a filagree gold butterfly is placed in the center of the bow in front. It is not elaborate, but it has a very pleasing effect with a white tulle or tarlatane dress, and it has another recommendation—it is easily made.

Feathers are Covered with showers of gold, silver, and steel, and these feathers are employed both for trimming dresses and head-dresses. Pearl and beads of all descriptions are seen upon head-dresses, which are made with either ribbon or piece velvet.

Wild Flowers.—Our principal embellishment, this month, is after a picture by Merle, one of the most famous of the modern school of French artists. It is an illustration of unusual beauty.

The Children, who have been to see the jugglers, and who are imitating their tricks, come in for an illustration this month. Even the doll seems to have been trying to balance an umbrella on her chin.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Vanity Fair. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the author. 3 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the most elegant specimens of book-work, in its way, which America has produced. It is quite as choice, for a duodecimo, as the illustrated edition of Prescott's Life (which reflected so much credit on Ticknor & Fields, its publishers) was for a quarto. It is superior to the Life of Irving, the household edition of Waverley, the works of Dickens, and other books for which the Riverside and Uuiversity presses, at Cambridge, have become so famous. It supplies, also, a want, which has been long felt, for there has been no really handsome edition of Thackeray heretofore; and Thackeray, of all others, is the author whom people of taste and culture, who like elegant editions, most affect. The binding is not less choice than the paper, the engravings, and the type. To read "Vanity Fair," in such an edition, is a positive luxury. Of the novel itself it is, of course, needless to speak, for it has now taken its place among the classics of the language; and though other fictions may be written, and even satirical ones, which may take a first rank, there will never be a second "Vanity Fair." Who that has ever read the book will forget Beckey, or George Osborne, or the Marquis of Steyne, or Joe Sedley, or Dobbin, or others of the characters? We believe that these three volumes are to be followed in a similar style by "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," etc., etc. Such an edition of Thackeray, when completed, will be indispensable.

George Geith of Fen Court. By F. G. Trafford. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—This is a novel of much more than ordinary merit. The heroine, Beryl Malazone, is full of character; she is so natural she must have been drawn from life: and no one can help loving her. We should have liked the story better if it had ended more happily; but in that case it would have been less powerful and affecting. Mr. Trafford is the author of an earlier novel, "Too Much Alone;" but this is by far his best work; indeed, few novels, written lately, contain passages of greater force, or delneate character more vividly. The volume is very handsomely printed.

The Refugee. By Herman Melville. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This novel appeared originally in "Putnam's Magazine," under the name of "Israel Potter." It is the story of an American, who was made a prisoner of war by the British, in the Revolution, and carried to England, where he escaped, joined Paul Jones, and underwent a variety of striking adventures. The tale exhibits the remarkable genius of the author of "Typee," though, in no sense, is it like that fiction, except in its air of reality, and in reminding us of De Foe. The volume is an octavo, handsomely printed, and bound in gilt cloth.

Science for the School and Family. Part III. Mineralogy and Geology. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. Illustrated by nearly two hundred engravings. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this very meritorious work is Professor Hooker, of Yale College, favorably known already for his "Human Physiology," "Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," etc., etc. The book is designed to meet the wants of beginners in the study of geology, "especially youug beginners," as Professor Hooker says, pointedly, in his preface.

Method of Philological Study of the English Language. By Francis A. Marsh. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This little book, by Professor Marsh, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., is destined as an introduction to philological studies, and appears to us to be, not, indeed, a Max Muller, which it does not pretend to be, but a most excellent treatise of its kind. It is arranged with questions for classes, and is very appropriate, therefore, for schools.

Woodward's Country Homes. By G. E. & F. W. Woodward. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. E. & F. W. Woodward.—The authors of this little work are architects, and they have sought, in the volume before us, to give appropriate designs for country houses, which shall not be too expensive. In this aim, we think, they have succeeded, and we, therefore, cordially recommend the book. Numerous engravings illustrate the text.

Tony Butler. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This novel, originally published in "Blackwood," is racy and rollicking, with capital pictures of Irish life. A cheap edition.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Two Elegant Editions of Enoch Arden, have been published in Boston, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton, to the "Artists' Edition." Superbly illustrated by Mr. Hammatt Billings on nearly every page; the price of which is $4.50. And the "Cambridge Edition," also illustrated with vignettes, including "Aylme's Dreams," "Sea Dreams," and all of Tennyson's late poems. Price $1.50. Both will, probably, be found at all the principal bookstores.

Our Mezzotints.—We are frequently asked the price of our premium mezzotints—"Bunyan Parting from his Blind Child," "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release," and "Washington Parting from his Generals." They are each $2.00, or $5.00 for the three.

How to Cultivate Flowers.—A splendid illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and ornamental plants, in all situations—the Green-house, Parlor, and Garden, called "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," has been published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. It is the most perfect and elegant volume on this subject in the English language. Price $3.00.

Back Volumes of "Peterson" are the same price as those for the current year, viz., $2.00 for a single copy, or $5.00 for three copies. But where the person wishing the copy is, or was, a member of a club, it will be sent at the club price.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

If Your Clothes Take Fire.—How to act, when the clothes take fire, is what everybody ought to know. Three persons out of four rush up to the victim, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. This is wrong. It is also useless to tell the sufferer to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is generally best to say not a word, but to seize a blanket from a bed, or a cloak, or any woolen fabric; if none is at hand, take any woolen material, and hold the corners as far apart as you can; stretch them out higher than your head, and, running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire, and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant, immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Next, get some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with an inch thickness of flour, if possible; put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until a physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is that, like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain, by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Spanish whiting and cold water, of a mushy consistency, are preferred by some. Dredge on the flour until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting.

HINTS ON KNITTING.

Knitting Shawls.—A fair correspondent asks us for some stitches for knitting shawls. She does not say whether she wishes to make her small shawl stout and warm, or thin and lacey, a square or a half square; but she will find the following comfortable for wearing under a cloak or shawl, as it fits nicely round the throat:

Moss-Stitch Handkerchief.—With two knitting-pins No. 6, and fine fleecy. Cast on two stitches; knit backward and forward, increasing (without making holes) 1 stitch in the middle of each row, until there are 30 stitches on the pin; knit 1 row. Knit 1 row, picking up a loop in the center and knitting it. Knit 15 stitches for the border, pass the wool forward to make a stitch, knit 1 stitch, pass the wool forward to make a stitch again, and knit the remaining 15 stitches for the other border. Increase thus with a hole, 2 stitches in every row, (*i.e.*, 1 stitch within each border,) and knit between the borders in moss-stitch. When there are 100 stitches on the needle, knit to within 4 stitches of the middle of the row, and return; continue the increase and moss-stitch as hitherto, and turn back 2 stitches farther from the middle of the row each turn, until you end by knitting only 2 stitches. Knit to the other end of the needle, and knit that side to correspond. Knit 1 row, and cast off. Moss-stitch is done by alternately knitting one stitch and purling 1, taking care that the knitted stitches always come over the purled stitches, and *vice versa*. An open stitch can be used instead of the moss-stitch, if preferred.

Tortoise-Stitch.—This is one of the prettiest and most lacey stitches we have for thin knitting, such as Shetland shawls, and all shawls approaching them in delicacy of texture. Allow 6 stitches for each repetition of the pattern, and 1 stitch over to make the sides of the knitting agree.

1st row—Knit 1 stitch, knit 2 together, bring the wool forward, knit 1, bring the wool forward, knit 2 stitches together. Repeat to the end of the row, and end the row by knitting the last stitch.

2nd row—Purl the back row.

3rd row—Knit 2 together, bring the wool forward, knit 3, bring the wool forward, knit 2 together, slip this stitch on to the left-hand needle, and pull the next stitch over it; pass it back again to the right-hand needle. This stitch takes the place of the first stitch in the row, and after it you are to proceed and bring the wool forward, knit 3, etc.

4th row—Purl the row.

5th row—Knit 1 stitch, bring the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 1 stitch, knit 2 together, and bring the wool forward.

6th row—Purl the row.

7th row—Knit 2, bring the wool forward, knit 2 together, slip the stitch on to the left-hand needle, and pass the next stitch over it, pass the stitch back, bring the wool forward, knit 3. Repeat the last 6 stitches.

8th row—Purl.

A shawl is very pretty with this stitch for the center, with a wide border of feather pattern—that beautiful stitch which is so well known that we need not give it here; we would do so with pleasure if "Winifred" and other knitters found themselves at a loss for it.

The following are four pretty little stitches which can easily be adapted for shawls, or any other purpose:

A Neat Spot Stitch.—Cast on any number of stitches which will divide into threes.

1st row—Bring the wool forward, slip 1 stitch, knit 2, and draw the slipped stitch over the two knitted ones. Repeat the same to the end of the row.

2nd row—Purl the back row.

3rd row—Knit 1 stitch (this is not to be repeated.) Bring the wool forward, slip 1 stitch, knit 2 stitches, and draw the slipped stitch over the 2 knitted ones. Repeat these 3 stitches to the end of the row.

4th row—Purl the row.

A Stripe.—Cast on a number of stitches which will divide into fours. Knit 1 stitch, bring the wool forward, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, and pull the slipped stitch over, purl 1 stitch. Repeat to the end of row.

Back row—Knit 1 stitch, purl 3. Repeat to the end of the row.

An Open Stitch.—1st row—Slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pass the slipped stitch over the knitted ones. Repeat the same to the end of the row.

2nd row—Bring the wool forward every stitch. This is a very pretty stitch, but if it is used for stoutish knitting, it should have a border, as it is rather apt to draw on one side.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS.

Lobster Soup.—First prepare a veal stock with the following ingredients. A knuckle of veal, weighing from four to five pounds, and one pound of lean ham, cut into pieces, and freed from all the skin and fat upon it. Put these into an extremely clean saucepan, and to every pound of meat add one pint and a half of water. Let these boil, and remove all the scum which rises to the surface, and continue to do so until the soup is quite clear; then add some salt, two onions, a head of celery, three carrots, white pepper, and a blade of mace. Let all simmer very gently together until the meat leaves the bones, which it should do in about five hours, when take the soup off the fire, strain it, and put it into a cool place until it jellies. Procure two fine hen lobsters, boil them, and, when cold, pick the meat out of them, an break it into small, square pieces. Take out the spawn, pound it so as to separate it, pass it through a coarse strainer, and then pound it again with a quarter of a pound of butter, which must be first melted before the fire. Break up the shells of the lobsters, and stew them with a quart of the veal stock, to which must be added a little ground allspice, beaten mace, and a small portion of scraped horseradish. Simmer these until the strength of the ingredients has been extracted, then strain off the liquor. Pour it into a clean saucepan with another quart of veal broth, the meat of the lobster, the spawn, a dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a half-pint of cream; let it simmer, but not boil, or else the color will be lost. Serve hot to table. Forcemeat balls are sometimes made with bread-crumbs, the meat out of the head of the lobster, and Cayenne pepper, mixed with two yelks of eggs; these are made up into small balls, fried, and added to the soup when it is going to table. N. B. Should the soup not be of the desired consistency, add a little flour and butter.

To Make Pea Soup.—Take about four pounds of a shin of beef, two bones of the rump of beef, after the meat has been cut off, let the latter be chopped into portions of a convenient size for boiling. Take, also, two pounds of a knuckle of ham which has been already boiled, put the whole into a large stewpan; fill the latter up with cold water, adding a little salt, to cause the scum to rise. Take off the scum as it rises, and let your meat simmer for two hours. Have a quart of split peas, which have been soaked in cold water for four hours, and put them into the saucepan with one root of blanched celery, and two large carrots, scraped and cut into pieces of an inch long. Let the whole boil gently for two hours, keeping it constantly stirred round with a wooden spoon, until you shall find the peas to be thoroughly incorporated with the liquor, when the meat can be put into a dish, and the soup poured into a tureen. A plate of dried mint, powdered, should be served up to table.

A Good and Inexpensive Soup.—The following is a good soup for a family dinner-table, and one which does not cost much: Three pounds of the neck of beef, one cow-heel, two carrots, two turnips, half a head of celery, one bunch of tied-up sweet herbs, four onions, browned, one pint of peas, all put together into three quarts of water, and, after boiling some hours, well strained. The best part of the cow-heel may be cut in square pieces, and served up in the soup.

An Excellent Soup Without Meat.—Peal and slice six large onions, six potatoes, six carrots, and four turnips; fry them in half a pound of butter, and pour on four quarts of boiling water. Toast a crust of bread as brown and hard as possible, but do not burn it, and put it in, with some celery, sweet herbs, white pepper, and salt. Stew it all gently for four hours, and then strain it through a coarse cloth. Have ready, thinly-sliced carrot, celery, and a little turnip. Add them to your liking, and stew them tender in the soup. If approved of, an anchovy, and a spoonful of ketchup may be added.

MEATS.

Stewed Beef-Steak.—Choose a good, tender rump-steak, not too fat; see that it is cut of a proper thickness (about three-quarters of an inch,) trim it, if necessary, and beat it flat with the rolling-pin. Peel and chop onions in proportion to the quantity of your meat, and according to your taste; mash up two pickled walnuts with a dessertspoonful of the ketchup, and place at the bottom of your stewpan; then add a teacupful of mushroom ketchup, and a teaspoonful of Cayenne vinegar. Flour your steak lightly on both sides, and lay it on the onions; cover your pan, and let it stew for at least an hour and a half—say an hour and a half from the time it seems warm through; turn the steak every half-hour. If you wish a more tasty dish than usual, throw in half a score of oysters—such as you buy for sauce—a quarter of an hour before serving up; add, of course, the liquor of the oysters, first straining it through a fine sieve. If the onions are very strong, they should be boiled half tender before they are put in the stew, hash, or mince, as the case may be.

To Cook a Veal Cutlet.—Take about one and a half pound of cutlets from a fillet of veal; cut it into moderate sized collops; have ready the inside of a stale French roll, well crumbled; add to the latter a small bunch of parsley, chopped fine, half a nutmeg, grated, a very small quantity of Cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Place in a frying-pan half a pound of fresh butter, and place it over a gentle fire until the butter is scalded; dip the collops into the yelks of two fresh eggs, beaten up well, and dab the meat into the crumbs, parsley, etc., taking care to fry the collops cautiously until they assume a rich brown, crusty appearance on both sides; when so, take them up into a separate hot dish, and add to the butter in the pan a quarter of a pint of strong veal gravy, in which the rind of a green lemon has been partially seethed; work up all well together with a spoon, and when scalding, pour the contents over the collops. Serve up with mushroom sauce and mashed potatoes, in a covered dish; garnish with six halves of hard-boiled eggs.

Swiss Mode of Stewing a Leg of Lamb.—Take a joint of the above meat,and dredge it well with flour. Lay it in a clean stewpan, with half a pound of the best fresh butter. covering it down close, and let it simmer for one whole hour over a very slow fire. Then introduce into the pan with the meat two large lettuces, cut up fine, with two fresh cucumbers, sliced, with the rinds left on. Let these simmer for another hour over a similar fire, with pepper and salt and a little mace. Before taking your joint up, place in your stwewpan a scorched onion, "entire," to impart to it a flavor of that vegetable. When done, remove the meat into a deep dish, pouring the liquor over it.

Mutton Stew.—Take two pounds of fresh mutton chops, cut from the neck; trim off the greater part of the fat from them, dredge a small portion of flour over them, and take care to fry them thoroughly brown in butter, with two eschalots cut up into slices. Remove them, when they are brown, into a shallow stewpan, containing half a pint of strong mutton gravy, into which cut up two carrots, and add one tablespoonful of rice, two chillies, chopped fine, two or three blades of mace, a little allspice, and a small portion of ketchup. Let all stew gently for an hour; thicken with flour and port-wine, and dish them up.

Meat Pickle.—Moist sugar, two pounds; bay or common salt, four pounds; saltpetre, half a pound; fresh-ground allspice, two ounces; water, six to eight quarts; dissolve. Used to pickle meat, to which it imparts a fine red color, and a superior flavor.

VEGETABLES.

To Mash Turnips to Perfection.—A boiled neck of tender, well-fed mutton, served with mashed turnips and caper sauce, is certainly a delicate and wholesome, though not very imposing, dish; but the turnips are frequently spoiled by being sent to table half drained and nearly cold, by reason of the time which has elapsed since they were taken from the fire. Choose your turnips clear and sound, and not stringy; pare well, and wash in clean, cold water; let them soak a little, and if very large, divide into two or more parts. Boil them till quite tender with the mutton; take up and drain by pressing them between two plates till not a drop of moisture can be exuded; turn them into a large basin, and beat quite fine; have ready a hot saucepan (this is easily managed by filling a saucepan with water, and letting it boil till wanted, then emptying it, and drying it for a moment or two at the fire;) put in your mashed turnips, with a pinch of salt, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and as much cream as will amalgamate with the turnips without making them too moist. Stir well together till they are quite hot; have in readiness a thoroughly heated vegetable-dish; pour them in, and serve immediately. But do not have the turnips dished before the mutton is taken up; boiled meat may be kept warm by placing a dish over the pot in which it has been cooked, and covering it closely on the hob, and partly over the fire. It should always be borne in mind that the most sumptuous dinner is spoiled if brought to table half cold, or if it be served with slovenly inattention to those so-called trifles, upon which the comfort as well as the aspect of the table depends.

Potato Cake.—Boil twelve or fourteen good sized potatoes, peel them, and crush them thoroughly. Put them into a saucepan, with salt and a little lemon-peel; put it on the fire, and stir all well whilst you add a piece of fresh butter, and a little cream and sugar, the exact proportions of which must be determined by the cook's own judgment. When quite hot, take the saucepan from the fire, let the mixture cool a little, and then add a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, four whole eggs, and the yelks of four more. Mix all well together, and put into a mould, the interior of which has previously had a slight coating of butter and bread-crumbs. Bake it, and bring it hot to table.

Batter for Frying Vegetables or Fritters.—Moisten a little flour with water, and add to it a small quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of olive oil, and a spoonful and a half of French brandy. Beat up the mixture thoroughly, and when you are ready to use it, beat into it the white of an egg previously beaten to a strong froth. This batter may be used for frying sweet *entremets*, in which case sugar must be put instead of salt.

Potatoes Escolloped.—Mash potatoes in the usual way then butter your scollop-saucepan and pans, or saucers; put in your potatoes; make them smooth at the top; cross a knife over them; strew a few fine bread-crumbs on them; sprinkle them with a few drops of melted butter, and set them in a Dutch oven. When nicely browned on the top, take them carefully out of the shells, and brown on the other side. Cold potatoes may be warmed up this way.

Asparagus Omelet.—Boil two pounds of tender, fresh cut asparagus in very little water, with a small portion of salt, or, what is better still, steam the asparagus without water until it is tender, chop it very fine, mix it with the yelks of five and whites of three well beaten eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, fry and serve quite hot.

Salad Sauce for Eating with Raw or Cooked Artichokes, Asparagus, etc.—Rub down the yelks of three hard-boiled eggs, and moisten them with a tablespoonful of vinegar, add salt, pepper, and fine herbs, minced very small. Beat in three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Puree of Apples.—Peel and core about a dozen good-sized apples, stew them with clarified sugar and a small piece of lemon-peel, and when soft, stir them well with a wooden spoon, and put in a spoonful of apricot jam; stir it at times until the jam is mixed and the apples thicken, then pass the whole through a sieve. This *puree* is useful for mixing with other dishes, as, for instance, the following:

Apples a la Turque.—Pare and take out the cores of eight or ten apples, make a thin syrup of clarified sugar, put the apples into it, cover them closely, and let them simmer gently, turning them over so that both sides may be done. When thoroughly cooked, lay them in a dish with wet paper over them. Place a crust round the dish they are to be served in, then put in a layer of the *puree*, upon which place the apples, filling the places from which the cores were taken with jam—either apricot, strawberry, or pine-apple—or with dried cherries, then cover it with the *puree*. Beat to a froth the whites of six eggs, add powdered sugar till they look quite smooth. Having made the apples warm, place the white of egg over them, smoothing it neatly, and sifting powdered sugar over it; then color it in a gentle oven.

Pine-Apple Fritters.—Take quarter of a pound of fine flour, one and a half-pint of new milk, the yelks of four fresh eggs, and make the same into a light batter, adding the whites of two eggs (first beaten into a light froth.) Bruise half a dozen slices of a sound, ripe pine-apple into a pulp, and stir it well up with the batter, adding, at the same time, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, grated fine. Introduce a clean pan over a brisk, clear fire, and ladle out the batter into the pan as you require it, according to the size of your fritters. Fry them in fresh butter, turning them only once, when they will assume a brown, crisp complexion. When quite done, remove them into a dish, sprinkling over them a dessertspoonful of sugar. Apple and currant fritters can be prepared after a like manner. The cinnamon can be dispensed with, if objected to.

Orange Cream.—Pare the rind of an orange (Seville, if possible,) very thin, and squeeze the juice of four oranges, and put it, with the peel, into a saucepan with one pint of water, eight ounces of sugar, and the whites of five eggs, well beaten. Mix all together, place it over a slow fire, stir it in one direction until it looks thick and white, strain it through a gauze sieve, and stir it till cold. Beat the yelks of the five eggs very thoroughly, and add them to the contents of the saucepan, with some cream. Stir all together over the fire till ready to boil, pour it into a basin, and again stir it till quite cold before putting it into glasses.

Portuguese Rice Pudding.—Boil half a pound of rice in water until it begins to open, then strain it from the water, and boil it slowly with a quart of boiled milk, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and the peel of a lemon. When the rice is sufficiently boiled, remove it from the fire, and take out all the lemon-peel. Stir it until it becomes cool, when add the yelks of eight eggs that have been well beaten, (stirring it all the while) and a wineglassful of orange-flower water. When these ingredients have been properly mixed, pour the whole into a flat dish, and when cold, cover it with cinnamon powder.

Bakewell Pudding.—Line a flat dish with rich puff-paste, put over it some nice preserves, and cut candied citron, and lemon-peel; then fill it three parts full with the following mixture:—Quarter of a pound of clarified butter; dissolve in it a quarter of a pound of sifted lump-sugar, add four yelks and one white of egg, well beaten, one lemon rind, grated, and the juice. To be well baked in a moderately heated oven, and grate over fine lump-sugar.

A Dish of Snow.—Pare and core a dozen large apples; put them into cold water, and stew them till soft, then pulp through a sieve, and sweeten it to the taste with loaf-sugar. Lay it on the dish on which it is to be served to table. Then beat the whites of twelve eggs to a strong froth, with half a pound of sifted loaf-sugar, and a flavoring of vanilla or orange-flower. Strew this over the apple pulp very high, and it will present all the appearance of a veritable dish of snow.

Arrow-Root Pudding.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of arrow-root with a little cold milk, stir it till quite smooth, and about the consistency of thin mustard; then pour over, stirring as you pour, a quart of boiling milk; beat well the yelks of four eggs, and three whites; add a quarter of a pound of sugar, one spoonful of rose-water, and a little nutmeg. Have ready a dish lined with puff-paste, whereon pour the mixture, and bake in a moderately quick oven.

CAKES.

Buns.—Work into half a pound of flour three ounces of butter until it is quite in crumbs; mix thoroughly with them four ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, an ounce, or rather more, of candied orange or lemon rind, shred extremely small, and a little grated nutmeg. To these pour, boiling, a small teaspoonful of cream, or of milk, when this cannot be had. Mix them a little, and add immediately two eggs, leaving out the white of one, and when the whole is well mingled, dust over, and beat well into it, less than half a teaspoonful of good carbonate of soda, perfectly free from lumps. Rub an oven tin with butter, drop the buns upon it with a spoon, and send them to table hot.

A Plain, Cheap, and Good Cake.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into one pound of fine flour; add four ounces of moist sugar, half a pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, two ounces of candied peel, shred fine, a pinch of nutmeg and salt. Mix well one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a pint of cold milk; pour these on to the other ingredients, and beat them into a paste. Butter a tin, and line the sides and bottom with buttered writing-paper; drop in the dough without allowing it to rise, and bake for one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Bachelor's Cake.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter or lard, four wineglasses of milk, half a pound of Sultana raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, the same of candied peel, a quarter of a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, one of cinnamon, and one of carbonate of soda. These ingredients being all well mixed together, and slowly baked for an hour and a half, will, we trust, form a palatable cake, and be duly appreciated by the bachelors.

"*Slim Cake.*"—Take as much flour as required. Instead of moistening it with water, warm a good sized piece of butter in as much milk as will make the flour into a nice paste, not forgetting to add a little salt. Roll it out to the thickness of about half an inch, and cut it out to fancy—either in squares, round, or triangular. Bake on rather a smart griddle. This should eat short, like "Short bread." If a rich cake is required, use more butter, and add one or more eggs, according to the quantity of flour.

Ginger Cookies.—One cup of sugar, one of butter, one of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and two teaspoonfuls of salaratus, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Bake quickly.

Treacle Parkin.—Four pounds of fine oat-meal, sifted, four pounds of molasses, half a pound of nice beef dripping, half a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of powdered ginger. Bake in a slow oven, and cut into pieces while hot.

PARLOR GAMES.

PROVERBS.—One of the company having left the room, the rest select some proverb in his absence. On his readmittance, he must ask random questions of all the party in turn, who, in their replies, must bring in the words of the proverb in succession. The first person that is addressed will introduce the first word of the proverb in the answer; the second person, the second word, and so on until the proverb is exhausted. For instance, "Honesty is the best policy," is the one selected, and suppose the first question to be,

"Have you been out to-day?" the party questioned might say,

"Yes, I have, and very nearly lost my purse; but it was picked up by a boy who ran after me with it, and whose 'honesty' I was very glad to reward."

He then passes on to the next, and says, "Were you in the country last summer?"

"Yes, in a most lovely place, where it 'is' very mountainous."

To the next one he asks, "Are you fond of reading?"

"Oh, yes! it is one of 'the' sweetest pleasures."

To another, "Which do you prefer, summer or winter?"

"Both are so delightful, that I do not know which I like 'best.'"

To the last, "Can you tell me if there are any more words in this proverb?"

"I will give you the last word, but I would show greater 'policy' if I refused to answer you."

The person must then guess it or forfeit, and the one whose answer first gave him the idea must take his turn of being the guesser. If any are unable to bring in their word, they must likewise pay a forfeit. It is an extremely amusing game, from the laughable way in which some of the words are necessarily introduced.

The proverb selected should be a familiar one, and care should be taken to speak the word of the proverb as distinctly as the others, but not to emphasize it.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Prevent Rust.—A composition may be made for this purpose, consisting of fat, oil, and varnish, mixed with four-fifths of highly rectified spirits of turpentine. If the metal be covered with this varnish, put on with a sponge, it will never become rusty. It is very useful for copper also, and will likewise preserve philosophical instruments, and prevent their being tarnished from contact with water.

Cramp in the Leg.—A garter applied tightly round the limb affected will, in most cases, speedily remove the complaint. When it is more obstinate, a brick should be heated, wrapped in a flannel bag, and placed at the foot of the bed, against which the person troubled may place his feet. No remedy, however, is equal to that of diligent and long-continued friction.

Glazed Whitewash.—Take two gallons of water, one pound and a half of rice, and one pound of moist sugar. Let the mixture boil until the rice is quite dissolved, and then thicken it to the consistence of whitewash with finely powdered lime. This whitewash has a pretty satiny look, and does nicely for the insides of bird-cages, as well as for commoner purposes.

To Clean and Restore the Elasticity of Cane Chair Bottoms, Couches, etc.—Turn up the chair bottom, etc., and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane-work well, so that it may be well soaked; should it be dirty, you must add soap; let it dry in the air, and you will find it as tight and firm as when new, providing the cane is not broken.

To Remove Mildew from Linen.—This can be done by mixing with soft-soap, a little powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon, and applying it to the mildew stain with a paint-brush on both sides of the linen. The stained article should then be left out on the grass day and night until the spot be removed.

To Extract Grease from Silk.—Scrape French chalk, put it on the grease-spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate filled with boiling water. The grease will melt and the French chalk absorb it. Brush or rub it off; repeat, if necessary.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Fig. i.—Carriage Dress of Mauve-Colored Silk, with a loose paletot of the same material. Both dress and paletot are trimmed with bands of silk a shade darker than the dress. White crape bonnet, trimmed with purple campanulas.

Fig. ii.—Dinner Dress of White India Muslin, trimmed with lace, and pink ribbon run through insertion. Over the low body dress can be worn a low paletot of the same material, trimmed in the same way.

Fig. iii.—House Dress of Blue Silk, trimmed at the sides with bands of black velvet, and black velvet buttons.

Fig. iv.—Evening Dress of White Silk, trimmed around the bottom with narrow pink ribbon. The upper skirt is of tulle, looped up with pink ribbons, depending from the waist.

Fig. v.—Carriage Dress of Gray Silk, trimmed with a band and loops of blue silk and frogs.

Fig. vi.—Walking Dress and Tight Basque of Fawn-Colored Summer Poplin, and ornamented with black velvet.

Fig. vii.—Opera Cloak of White Cashmere, trimmed with a feather fringe and scarlet velvet embroidered in gold stars.

General Remarks.—Silk goods, as well as all other imported articles, continue ridiculously high, and many ladies now content themselves with one dress, when two or three used to be thought insufficient. Summer poplins, alpacas, mohairs, and all the varieties of silk-and-wool goods are in great demand. Even India and French foulards, which formerly were so cheap, are now enormously high. There are fewer piques in the market than heretofore; but the French chintzes, lawns, and organdies are plenty, and very beautiful.

Dress Skirts, for summer, will be very much trimmed, and for this purpose a mixture of colors will be fashionable. On house dresses, a combination of three or four colors are popular. For instance, on the skirt of dresses, a row of blue velvet, a row of black, then a row of red, then one of green, one above the other; these are repeated till they amount to twelve rows. This style should be only adopted by those who have a good eye for color, for unless properly mingled it will have a vulgar look. It was fashionable under the first empire, fifty years ago.

Evening Dresses have the same varieties of colors, composed of flowers of different colors, as roses, jassamine, pinks, blue hyacinths, narcissus, lilacs, fuchsias, etc., with foliage.

Braces are again seen; they are worn at balls, as well as on plain dresses. For the latter, the braces form a small square berthe in front, fringed with chenille and piped with either white taffetas or velvet. The braces are continued down the back with two wide, square ends, which are slashed together with bars made of the same material. Braces are also crossed in front, and form the berthe at the back; they fall with long ends behind, and in these cases the ends are rounded. This style of braces is an excellent contrivance for trimming up an old dress. For instance, upon a gray silk, or even poplin dress, it is easy to arrange either blue or maroon velvet braces embroidered with small jet or silver beads, and edged with black lace. These braces cross in front, nearly meet again at the back, and then enlarge in two long, wide coat-tails; with this addition, the dress has an entirely new aspect. For young girls' taffetas, ribbons are used for braces in preferenee to velvet cut bias.

Except in Braces, there is nothing new in the make of dresses. The round waist with plain waistbelt, is, of course, still fashionable; but bodies of this style are so very plain in appearance, that for most ladies they require a good deal of trimming.

The short *Senorita*, or Spanish Jacket, will be a great favorite, as it is suited to be worn either with a pointed waist, or with the plain belt and buckle.

The skirts of dresses are rather short in front, and not very full at this part; the fullness is placed at the back and sides, and all the back breadths are usually gored, so that the skirt may take the train form.

Gimp is still fashionable for spring dresses, mantles, etc., but it will be found too heavy for light summer materials.

The Circular Mantle, which, if well cut, is one of the most graceful out-of-door wraps worn, is still fashionable, though less so, perhaps, than the short sacques and nearly tight-fitting basques. Both sacques and basques, or paletots, have epaulets, which are usually becoming, as they give length to the shoulder.

Many Basques, etc., open to the waist with revers. In Paris, the newest style is to have the paletots, etc., open down the back, or to appear to do so.

Bonnets are very small, and have no crowns. They are close to the face at the sides, so much so that they admit no cap, only a bit of lace put on with a slight fullness. The top fits rather close to the head, and is profusely ornamented with tulle and flowers.

Hats will still be worn, but are very fast declining in popularity. We regret this, as they are generally very becoming; but with the present style of dressing the hair, it is almost impossible to wear one, whereas the bonnets are made to fit the head.

The Dog Collar Necklace is still very popular, for it is so very becoming. The present fashion is to take a narrow band of black velvet and stud it with large pearl, gold, or steel beads, tie it close around the throat, having a small bow and long ends at the back. Pink rose-buds are sometimes used in place of the beads; if it is for evening dress, with a white toilet, this is very becoming. A head-dress made in the same way, lying in a simple band around the head, with the rose-buds attached to the long ends at the back, is also very beautiful.

The Newest Crinolines, for evening wear, are cut with a more decided train than before, and so pointed is this train that it is called in Paris "Magpie." The white petticoats, which are worn over these crinolines, are gored, so as to fit closely below the waist, and, in fact, they are as much sloped as the skirts which are worn over them.

Short Gloves are going out of fashion for evening wear, those with five buttons are now worn with short-sleeved dresses; the bracelets are necessarily fastened at the top of the kid.

In Dressing Hair there is no precise fashion or rule, and each lady arranges her hair as best suits her face, always bearing one point in mind; and that is, that whether she has been favored or not by nature, she must always contrive, by means of frizzing and pads, to make her hair look as though its growth was superabundant. The newest styles adopted, in Paris, are the small curls arranged round the back hair, and the thick plaited coronet in front, as will be seen in our wood-cuts. It will also be noticed that the hair is worn very much higher at the back, and that the old-fashioned "French twist" is again becoming popular.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

General Remarks.—We have nothing new to chronicle for children this month. Little girls dress so much like their mothers, that the fashion for one suits the other. Bonnets, or rather a kind of three-cornered piece, made of a pretty colored silk, are gradually taking the place of hats.