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Philadelphia: Louis A. Godey, February, 1870

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C. A. Green IV

VOL. LXXX.
No. 476.

**FEBRUARY.
FORTIETH YEAR.**

 See our Terms and Club Rates on the Second Page of Cover.




**GODEY'S
LADY'S
BOOK.**

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
L. A. GODEY.
1870.



LOUIS A. GODEY
PHILADELPHIA.

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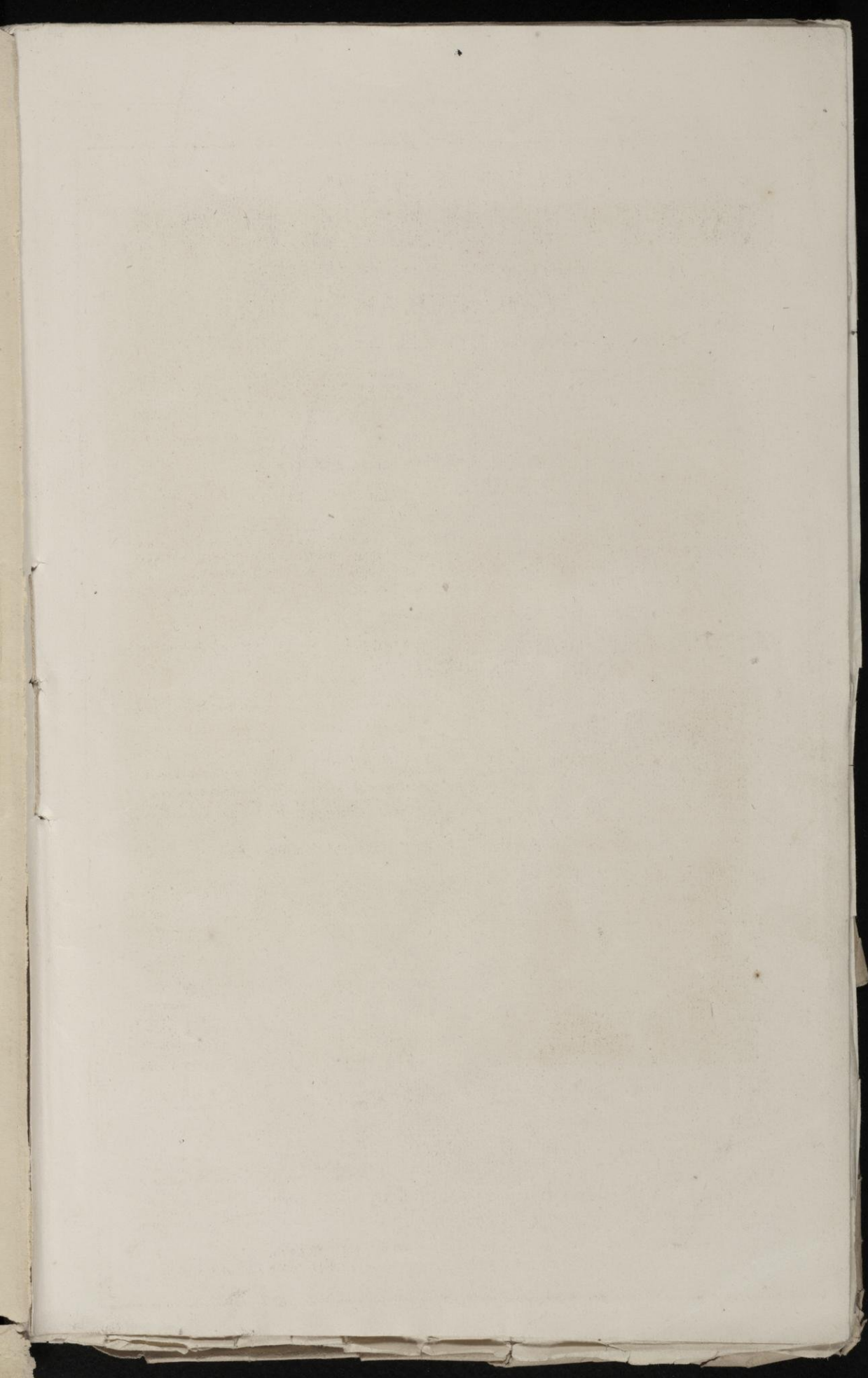
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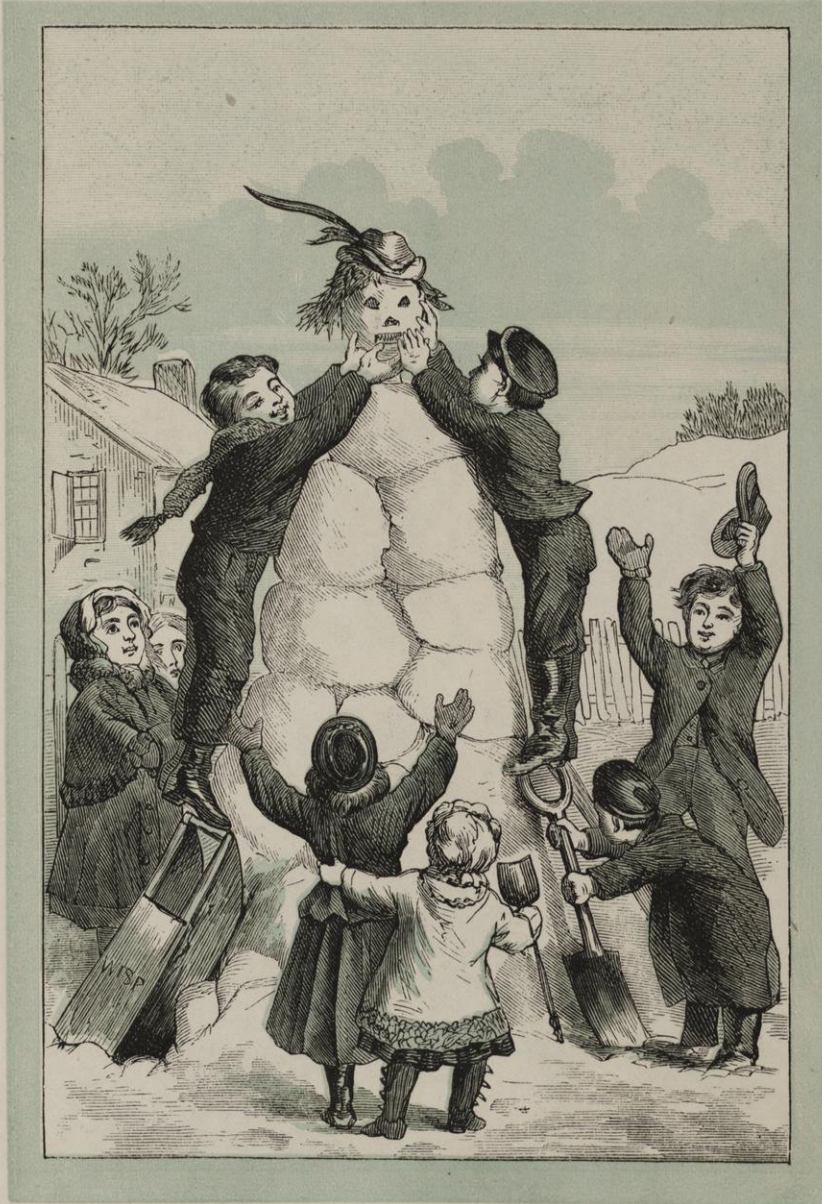
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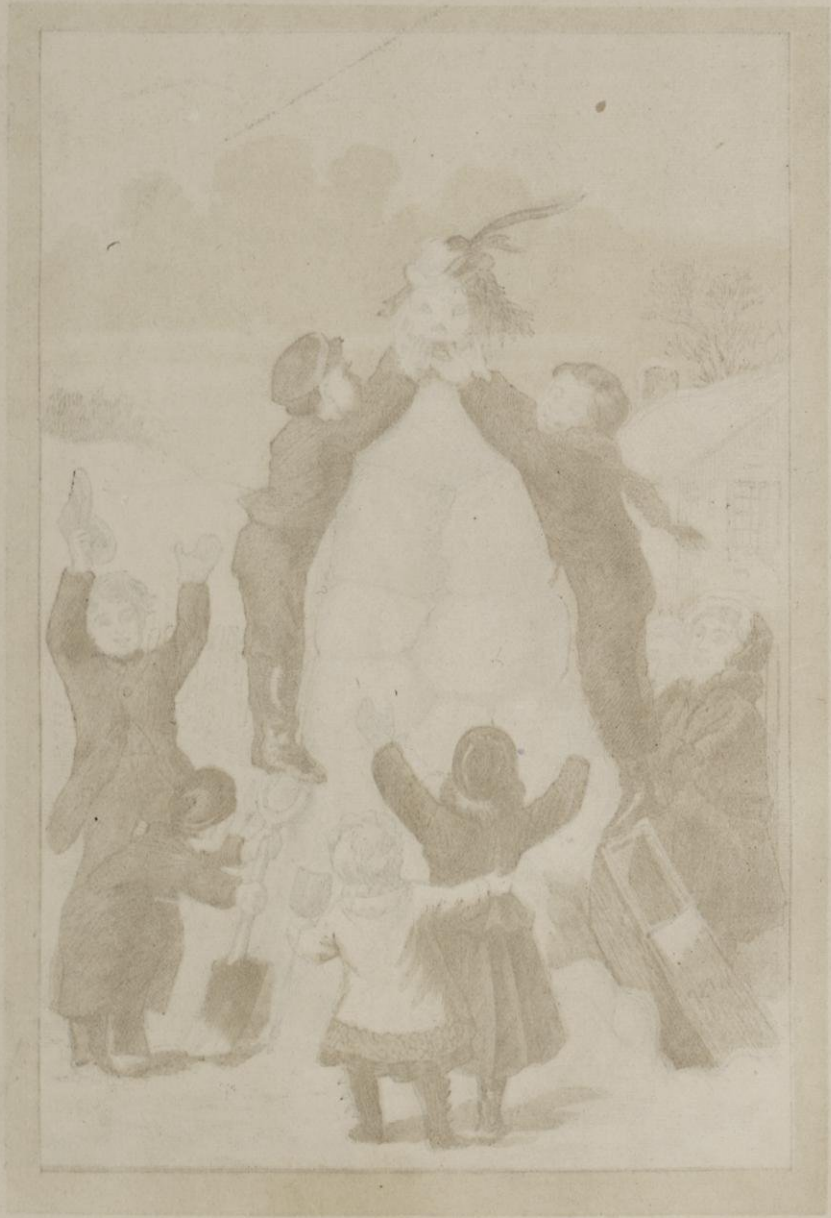




FEELING THE PATIENT'S PULSE.



THE SNOW MAN.

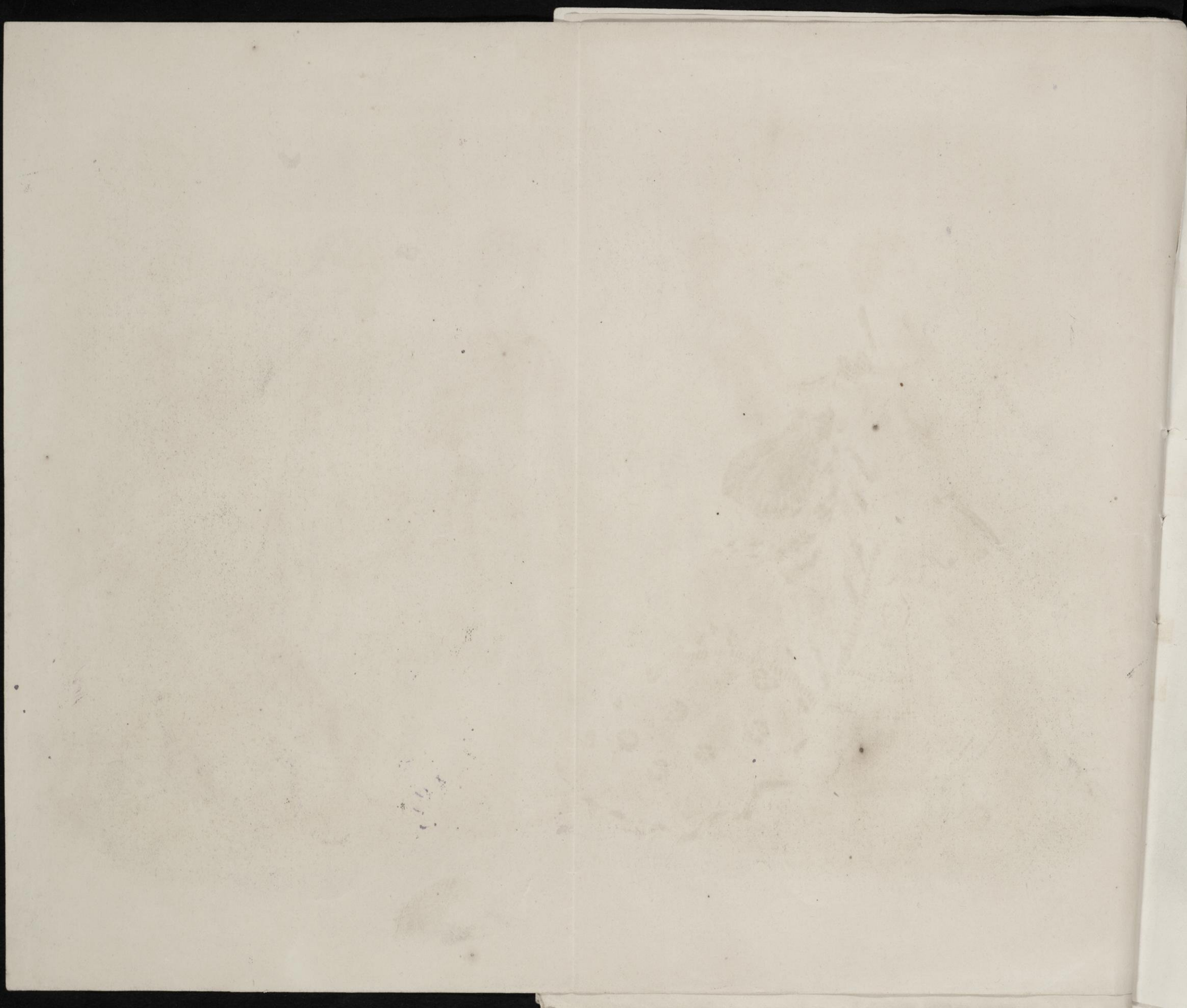


THE SNOW MAN.

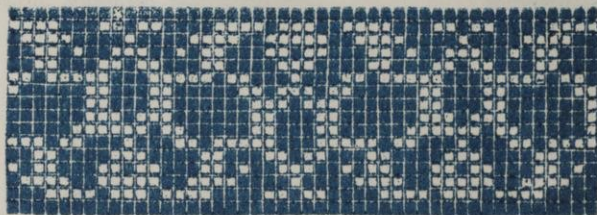


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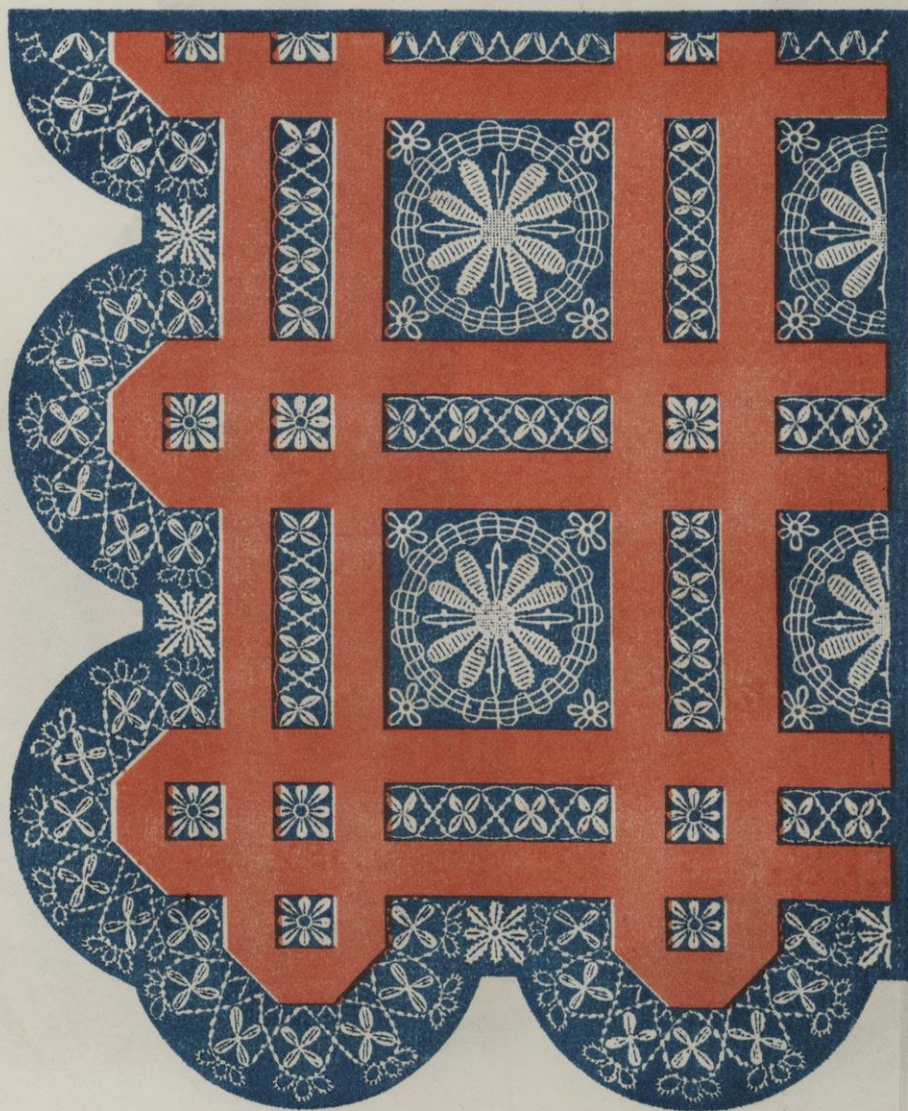
CROCHET PATTERN.



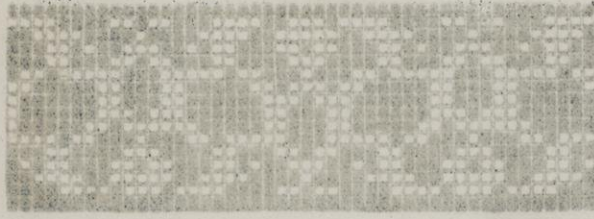
Crochet Antimacassar.

CLUNY LACE PATTERN.

(See Description, Work Department).

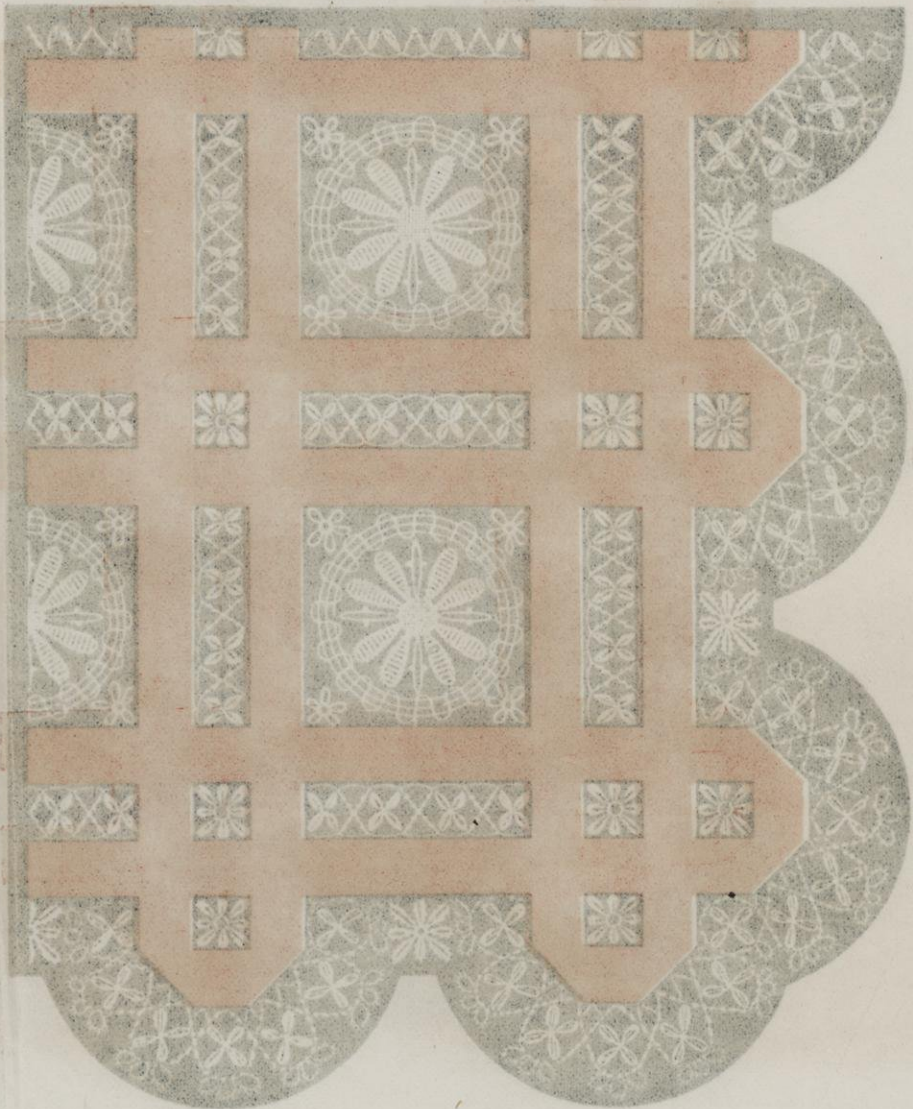


CROCHET PATTERN.



Crochet Antimacassar.

CLINY LACE PATTERN.
(See Direction, Work Department).



FASHIONABLE COSTUMES.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



FIG. 1



Fig. 6.

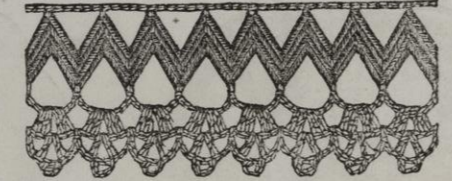


Fig. 11.



FIG. 2.



Fig. 7.

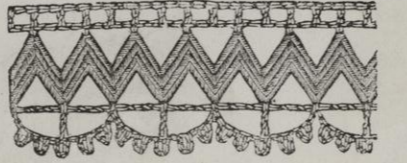


Fig. 12.



FIG. 3.

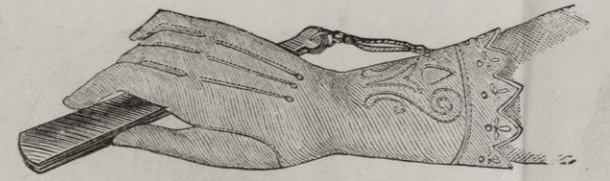


Fig. 8.



FIG. 4.

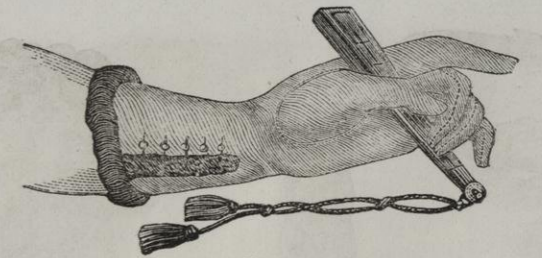


Fig. 9.



FIG. 5.



Fig. 10.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 8.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 5.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 9.

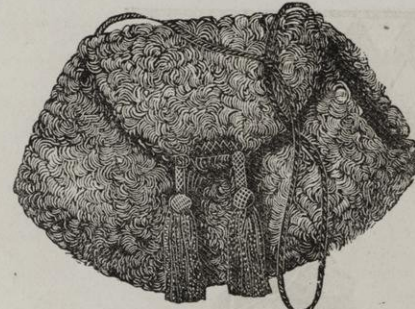


Fig. 11.

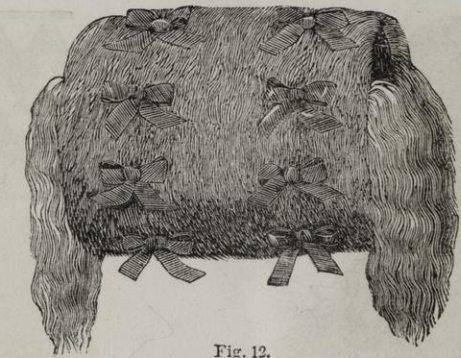


Fig. 12.



Fig. 13.

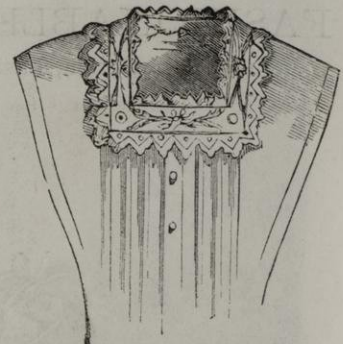


Fig. 20.

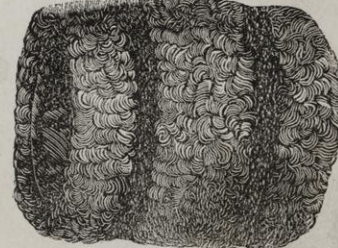


Fig. 14.



Fig. 15.



Fig. 17.

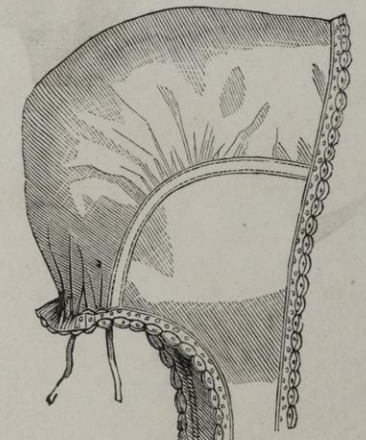


Fig. 18.



Fig. 21.

For Description of Engravings on this Sheet see Fashion Department.



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 6.



Fig. 10.

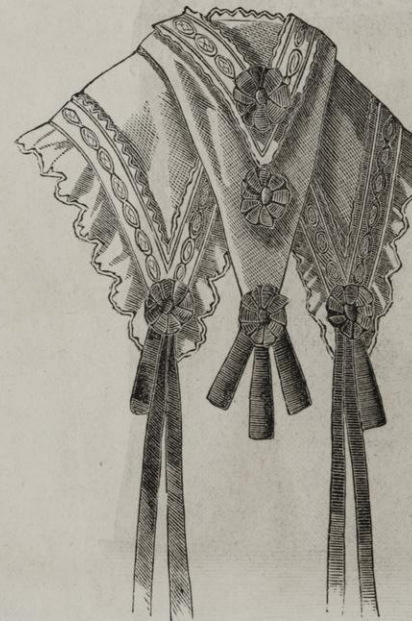


Fig. 16.



Fig. 19.



Fig. 22.

HATS, BONNETS, ETC.
(See Description, Fashion Department.)



VELOCIPÈDE GALOP CAPRICE.

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

BY LOUIS H. FRELIGH.

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PRELUDE.

PIANO. *Veloce.*

8va.

Sempre cres. al Fine.

f *mp* *f*

1MO. 2DO.

Fine.

VELOCIPEDO GALOP CAPRICE.

The first system of music features a treble and bass clef. The treble staff contains a series of eighth-note chords, with a 'Ped.' marking below the first measure and three asterisks marking subsequent measures. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. An '8va.' marking is placed above the final measure of the treble staff.

The second system continues the piece with similar eighth-note chords in the treble and a steady bass accompaniment. It includes 'Ped.' markings and three asterisks, and an '8va.' marking above the final measure.

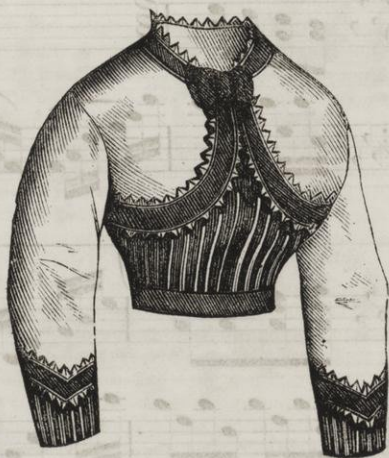
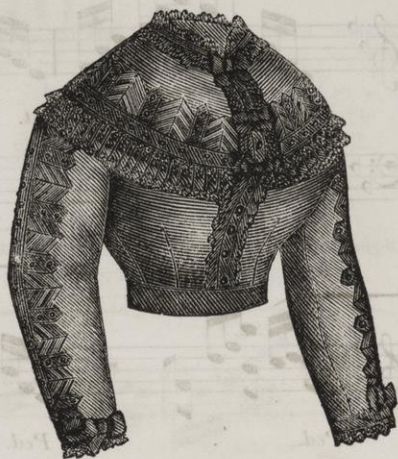
The third system introduces a change in dynamics and tempo. It features 'Ped.' markings and three asterisks. A 'Con Furia.' marking is placed above the treble staff, and a forte 'f' dynamic marking is placed below the bass staff. An '8va.' marking is above the first measure.

The fourth system continues with a driving eighth-note accompaniment in both hands. An '8va.' marking is placed above the final measure of the treble staff.

The fifth system concludes the piece with two endings. The first ending is marked '1MO. Con rabbia.' and the second ending is marked '2DO. Dal Segno. 8:'. The notation includes repeat signs and a final double bar line.

JACKETS.

(See Description, Fashion Department.)



GODEY'S Lady's Book and Magazine.

VOLUME LXXX.—NO. 476.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1870.

THE VANES.

BY MARION HARLAND.

PART I.

OUR mother was a Vane. There is no better family in Virginia than hers. It has come to be the fashion in these fast days to laugh at the pretensions of the old cavalier houses and their pride of ancestry. It does seem, at the first careless glance, a queer graft to set upon a Republican stock. But to my apprehension and taste it was, in its time, a worthier, more dignified emotion than the pride of money felt by those who have scraped it together and the respect paid to it by poorer people; less observed and pitiful than the worship of golden calves—sometimes donkeys—one sees going on about him now. I have never been called haughty. I am too painfully conscious of my drawbacks—mental and spiritual—to set myself up as a model for any one. But I am glad I had a grandfather and a great-grandfather; and—I may as well be frank now I am upon the subject—glad that we can trace our lineage back for ten generations and more, to a noble English house, the head of which displayed a coronet upon his panels. Other people who are far better in every way than I cannot do this, and would not care a fig for it if they could, so you may call it one of my weaknesses if you like.

My father was comparatively a new man, his father having removed from Pennsylvania to our State when a boy. But he was intelligent, energetic, and well-bred, and by the time his children grew up they were admitted to a place in the best society the country afforded. That is saying much, for the community in which we lived was made up of gentlemen planters and their families, and had a reputation for refinement and exclusiveness enjoyed by few other sections of the country. I have heard it whispered that a coterie of antiquated spinsters, who were walking genealogical tables, looked askance at Doctor Ernest Wilbur when he

began to pay open court to the elder and fairer of the two Misses Vane of Brierly, and inquired, smelling-bottle at nose and red lavender within reach, if anybody could give them any *reliable* information concerning his pedigree. They were among the most complaisant of the wedding-guests, however, and loud in their praises of the handsome couple and prophecies of their happy future. My father *was* a handsome man, but those who knew him intimately rated his physical attractions as the least of his recommendations to their favor. My mother I remember as a slight, beautiful woman with a singularly sweet, yet pensive expression of countenance. There was something mournful even in her smile, and I do not remember that she was ever merry or active. She was dependent, when she took exercise in the open air, upon her carriage and horses, and generally walked from room to room with the aid of my father's arm. Her health was always delicate, and but for her husband's care and skill, she would probably have died before she was twenty-five years of age. As it was, she lived to be thirty, and left two children, my sister Adelaide and myself. Our two brothers had preceded their mother to the grave.

I was five, Addie two, when we were thus thrown entirely upon our father for protection and guidance. The change was not so great or trying as it would have been in many households. Our father's supervision of us had always been peculiarly close and tender. We understood, in early babyhood, that we were never in his way, no matter how busy or tired he might be. Our childish ailments, with all our joys and troubles, were attended to promptly and kindly, as if he felt his ministry to be a privilege no less than a duty. He was our playfellow and guardian—in all things, our strong, unflinching friend. When we lost our other parent, we were drawn nearer to his heart; his loving smile was none the less ready because it was compassionate. In all other

respects he was the same that he had always been. He never married again. We had a governess when he adjudged us old enough to learn from books, but he visited the school-room several times each day, examined us himself every night, and assumed the direction of our English and Latin studies as we advanced in years and knowledge. French and music-lessons were given us, at a heavy expense, by professors from a "Young Ladies' Seminary," several miles distant. We never entered the institution as pupils. Our father did not approve of girls' boarding-schools. In the matter of physical education he was methodical to strictness. We were trained to walk for hours through the woods and over the hills, botanizing and collecting insects for microscopic examination, and rode on horseback ten or twelve miles a day whenever the weather permitted, in company with him, a faithful groom, or one of our cousins from Brierly. This was the next plantation to ours, and belonged to our mother's only brother, Richard Vane. He had married Sophie Wilbur, our father's eldest sister, and the dearly-beloved aunt of his motherless babes. It was she who looked after our clothing and other matters in which men are usually most helpless from their ignorance of feminine mysteries. She had but one daughter of her own, and three manly sons who adored her. Two were older than Addie and I, one younger; and, as was right and fit, they were our constant playfellows—"the next best thing to very own brothers," Addie used to say. "Double cousins, don't you see? and so convenient! We couldn't live without them."

They were more and more useful as we neared womanhood. The departure of Rick and Will, the elder sons, for college, was bewailed by us as a personal affliction, and vacation was one long, glorious holiday. It was, therefore, joyful news to us when Rick announced his intention of reading medicine for a year with his uncle. He was our favorite of all our boy relatives. In appearance, his resemblance to my father was remarkable. He was a genuine Wilbur, too, in temperament—sanguine and energetic, and with all his sweetness and geniality of disposition, very firm of purpose when he had once made up his mind to do, or to obtain.

"If my boys had lived, perhaps my partiality for him would not be so decided," said my father, with a half sigh, one morning, near the close of the twelvemonth of Richard's pupilage with him. "He ought to go to Philadelphia, or, better still, as I did, to Paris, next session, but I am foolish in my unwillingness to part with him. You will miss him, too, girls. Now that you have been accustomed to expect his escort everywhere, as a matter of course, do you think you can content yourselves with sober, diffident Will and little Ernie?"

"Nobody can take Rick's place," I began,

when Addie astonished us by rising hastily from the table and flying out of the room.

"Eh! what ails the child?" said my father, alarmed. "Go after her, daughter, and see if she is sick."

Women's perceptions are keener in certain matters than are those of the wisest men. Up to this instant I had never suspected that Addie's love for Rick differed in kind from mine. They had a way of pairing off together in our walks, rides, and sports. They liked the same songs and the same books, and never quarrelled. If there were a battle to be fought in defence of what he conceived to be her right, he went into it with a will, as a simple duty he had neither the desire nor ability to evade. "Rick and Addie," was a received phrase in both families. The names went as naturally together as hand and glove. And why not? Were they not almost as near akin as children of the same mother? And what was there strange in her grief at the approaching separation? She was scarcely more than a child—just eighteen—and very much addicted to having her own way. A very pretty way it was, for her heart was in the right place, whatever freaks her judgment might play. She did not like the idea of Rick's going North—was totally averse to the Paris scheme. She thought his absence unnecessary; maintained stoutly that her father was competent to instruct him in all the branches of his profession, and she was not pleased that we did not sustain her opinion. This was what I said to myself as I went to look for the runaway, and was vexed at the unreasonable tremor that shook my limbs under me.

Addie was lying upon the bed, her face hidden by the pillows, crying. But when I spoke, she sprang up and put both arms about my neck.

"O Amy! I am so happy, and yet so miserable!" she said, kissing me while she laughed and cried alternately.

"You little goose!" answered I, trying to jest, my heart dropping down, down, like a stone, until it seemed as if I should never find it again. "What nonsense you are talking! What has got into you this morning? First, you rush off like a whirlwind from your untasted breakfast, and when I run after you, expecting to find you half dead, or fainting at the least, you cry to prove that you are happy, and laugh to assure me of your unspeakable misery. This is terrifying to a sedate elder sister."

And all the time I was dreading to hear the explanation I pretended to seek, and was a more contemptible craven than ever when she clasped my neck still tighter, and, whispering in my ear, "Can't you guess it? Rick loves me, dear!" laid her burning cheek to mine, her head upon my shoulder.

I only kissed her in reply. I had no words for her. I foresaw trouble for them, and she had never known a care or a grief that the

next hour could not cure. My pretty, tender blossom! the pet and the pride of our home! Could I, could the father who idolized her, bear to see her droop, maybe fade? For the girl heart was warm and deep, and her loves were not summer fancies, but a part of her being.

"Won't you say you are glad, Amy, and ask Our Heavenly Father to bless us?" she queried, looking up, amazed and pained at my silence. "He made us for, and gave us to one another, you know."

"God bless you, my precious child!" uttered I, earnestly.

No need of effort to say that. It was a prayer too often upon heart and lip.

"And Rick?" she persisted, in gentle reproach. "Why, Amy, I thought—we believed you would be delighted to have him for your real brother."

"I do love him, dearly and truly. But this is all so sudden, pet, and so strange—unnatural, I was about to say—that I do not quite know how to take it. I have always looked upon Rick and Will as too near of kin to be regarded in the light of lovers, and I imagined"—

"That I did, too!" she laughed, mischievously. "Rick and I haven't called one another 'cousin' this great while, but we never said a word of the difference in our feelings until we were riding home last night from the picnic. He was talking about going away, and—and—never mind what else."

"Yes—never mind," I said, seriously. "But, Addie, sweet, you *are* cousins for all that. Have you thought what papa will think of this turn of affairs? He does not approve of such inter-marriages, you know." There! it was said, and my heart began to beat again, when she smiled fearlessly. Perhaps I had been scared out of my wits by a bugbear of my own creation.

"I know he says so. The sagest and best of men have their favorite prejudices. But he cannot refuse me anything—certainly not that which will make me happy for life. Wait until Rick comes to-day. He can do anything with his uncle. You'll see!"

I had not to wait. Addie did not want any more breakfast. I was to excuse her to my father as best I could, but I must go back to the dining-room, and finish the meal with him. She had an imperious, but winning style of managing everybody in the establishment, and down I went with my story but half made up. I lost the thread altogether when I met my father's anxious eyes.

"I was about to come up to you," he said. "Is Addie sick?"

"No, papa, not at all. We got to talking and—I am sorry I stayed so long. Let me give you a cup of hot coffee; yours is cold."

"It will do very well. What is the matter? Has anything happened to trouble your sister?"

I could not help smiling, perturbed though I

was, at the recollection of her "so happy and so miserable." "Not exactly, sir," for his eyes were reading me through and through. "She is grieved at the prospect of Rick's leaving us. You will know all about it by and by."

There was not a tinge of color in his cheeks. "You do not mean—it cannot be! Tell me, now, child. I cannot endure suspense."

"She and Rick are very fond of one another, papa," I could do nothing but get on with the story as fast as possible. "He told her last night of his wish to marry her."

"Heaven help me! Have I been a blind idiot not to foresee and prevent this?" He got up with a look of misery that bowed him into an old man, and walked unsteadily across the floor. "Heaven help me!" he repeated, "I would sooner bury her alive."

"Papa!" I ejaculated, shocked, "Rick is worthy of her, if any man can be. You said this morning you loved him as a son."

"But never as a son-in-law. You are old and sensible enough to understand this. You told her—did you not?—that I would never give my consent?"

"I said that I feared as much."

"Tell her, now, that you *know* it." With that he left me.

I described the scene and repeated the message faithfully; but Addie's love for her betrothed, her confidence in his powers of persuasion, and, should these fail, in her own, were proof against discouragement.

"Wait until Rick comes. All will be right, then," was her re-assurance, and she laughed in my woe-begone countenance. "We anticipated a bit of a skirmish, for papa's notions on this subject were known to us, but we shall come out victorious. Dear, blessed papa! Does he imagine for a second that he can withstand us both?"

"He is very resolute when principle is involved," I reminded her.

"Yes, dear, but this is a professional crotchet unworthy of him. It will go down before the united forces of love and reason."

Our sewing-room adjoined my father's office, and I was in my accustomed place at my work-table that forenoon, when my father came in equipped for his day's ride, and handed me his glove to mend. He was silent and so grave that I did not speak as I performed the little task, he standing behind my chair. As I was setting the last stitch, I saw through the window Richard Vane dismount at our gate. My father drew back—a wince of pain that showed he had observed him also. Rick came up the walk with his free, easy stride, swinging his riding-whip, and Addie met him upon the front steps, putting her hand in his as a sister might. Have I told you what a fine-looking man he had grown to be? He bared his head at his cousin's approach, and the fresh wind played with his chestnut hair,

which had the very shade and curl of hers. His full hazel eyes, ever ready to dance into a smile; his pure Greek profile, and the mouth bent into firm, but never unkindly lines, had their softened reflection in her lineaments. He listened attentively to her few hurried sentences, said something in rejoinder that brought a more vivid blush to her face and deeper light to her eyes, glanced at my window with a smiling nod I mistook for a salutation to myself, and returned. My father moved away into his office as I bowed.

"He is coming to see you," I said, rising to withdraw.

"Stay where you are!" he ordered, peremptorily, but, as I remembered afterwards, in an absent-minded way.

I sat down again just as a knock upon the door of the outer room was answered by my father's "Come in."

There was neither bravado nor shyness in Rick's demeanor, and his smile was hardly less sunny than usual. "Good-morning, uncle!" he said, walking up to him with outstretched hand. "Are you very angry with me?"

My father stood in the middle of the floor and had not stirred to meet him. His gaze was stern, his brows knit. I feared he would refuse the proffered hand or break into angry denunciation. But, at the clear tones, the sight of the frank innocence in the boy's face and bearing, his features relaxed. "Not angry, Rick, but grieved—more distressed than you can conceive, or I describe. Sit down." He drew him to his side upon the lounge and put his arm affectionately over his shoulder. "This thing must not be, my boy. I blame myself for not foreseeing the possibility of such a calamity as your mutual attachment, and I do censure you—if you will let me say it—I do blame you for not bearing steadily in mind what would be the folly and the wrong of a marriage with either of your cousins."

A red tint crept up to Rick's temples; but he had marvellous self-control for one so youthful. Addie had prepared him to expect opposition and rebuke, and he had brought to the ordeal the determination not to damage his suit by an intemperate word or act. "My feelings must alter materially before I can regard my love for your daughter as foolish or wrong," he said, with gentle dignity. "If you imply that I am not worthy of her affection, I grant it."

"We will not fence at arm's length, Rick. My only objection—mark it, for this shows that I consider the object insuperable—my sole objection to your marriage with my child is the closeness of your blood-relationship. You are but one remove from brother and sister—nearer than first cousins, and, were you that, I should still have serious scruples to the expediency of your union. We have studied physiology and the laws governing the well-

being of the human race together long enough to understand one another on this head."

"I was not wholly unprepared to hear this, sir, for, as you say, I was acquainted with your theory respecting intermarriage. But let me be plain, too. Does it seem just or rational to destroy the happiness of two whom you love, and who love each other, for a mere professional scruple, one which is not shared by the majority of the best medical men in the land? I have looked into this subject of consanguineous marriages within the past year. I am forced to the conclusion," smiling again, "that it is a hereditary habit. I find, upon inspection of the 'Family Record' in my father's possession, that the first Vanes who emigrated to America were two brothers, John and Richard, who built Brierly and Longridge. John's eldest son married Richard's second daughter. In the next generation there was a marriage of second cousins; in the third, still in the direct line of my ancestry, one between Richard's great-grandson and John's great-granddaughter; and in the fifth my father's parents were also first cousins. It is a family trait, you see, sir. I will not say a failing. And, having showed your appreciation of the excellence of the stock by espousing a daughter of our house, you will allow me to say that we have cause to be proud of our name and our forefathers. They were upright and thoroughbred gentlemen, honored in church and state, who kept their record clean, and transmitted to us as a priceless inheritance the memory of their virtues and worthy deeds. This is not gasconade, uncle, but simple truth, so well-known I am ashamed to repeat it. Where do you discern any proof in our family history of the deleterious effects of intermarriages, even when continued, as these have been, for a long succession of generations?"

"In the insane asylum." My father's voice was low and discordant. His arm had fallen from the young man's shoulder, his eyes were fastened upon the ground, his visage was gloomy. "You have looked into this matter during the past year, you say. It has been my study for twenty years. You have perused the bald statistics of such a 'Family Register' as men are willing their children and neighbors should read. I have a record of such facts as people—fathers, husbands, and sons—keep out of writing, out of sight—when they can—out of mind. Insane people are not remarkable for longevity. There are certain affections of the brain that terminate in death as surely as in mental decadence. Do you know how many of your kindred are at present in the State lunatic asylums?"

"I have heard of but three, and their lunacy was ascribed to accidental causes." Rick, startled for a moment by his uncle's abrupt enunciation, had regained his air of hopeful composure.

"Accidental causes which developed, not implanted germs of madness. Fifteen unhappy beings whose veins are full of the pure—Heaven save the mark!—Vane blood are enrolled among the patients under treatment for insanity in the two principal asylums of Virginia. Six I have accompanied to these retreats since my connection with the family. Shall I tell you what the physician-in-chief of the larger of the two said to me when I took your cousin, Thornton Vane, to him two years ago? 'From ——— County,' he remarked, reading the certificate of lunacy I presented. 'Humph! Give my respects to the citizens of that aristocratic section, and tell them, instead of crowding our institution with their crazy people, to build a wall around the county itself.' Coarse trifling, you may think, with a subject so sad and sacred, but the truth it enforces cannot be misinterpreted. 'Accidental circumstances' will hardly explain the decimation of a family by the various forms of lunacy. Nor is this the only baneful fruit of the system of intermarriage by which your noble house has kept up its dignity. There are upon my register the names of six half-witted children—three of them in one family; three deaf and dumb, and two who were utterly idiotic from their birth."

"Impossible!" burst forth Rick, impetuously. "You have been grossly imposed upon by your informants. I have never heard a breath of these horrible tales, yet they should have reached me as readily as you. Do not believe them, sir! Ask some intelligent, truthful person, whose opportunities of inquiry and knowledge have equalled yours. Ask my father if these are not gross slanders. Why, your record would make us to be a race of mental monstrosities."

"I have not said so. But it would be hard to find another person whose facilities for gaining information upon a theme so delicate surpass mine. I have been the confidential physician of the Vane connection for twenty-five years. The race is prolific. Large families of children have been born to the heads of the various branches. It is a numerous tribe now; but—and look at this, my boy! two-thirds of them have died in infancy and childhood! The mother of the three half-witted boys buried them all before they reached the age of fifteen, and two scrofulous daughters at eighteen. There were four other children who still live, and fill respectable positions in society. One of them is a member of Congress, another an eminent clergyman. All of them rank decidedly above the medium grade of intellectual ability. Death has been very merciful to the Vanes in covering up some of the traces of the violence they have ignorantly or presumptuously done to Nature. But there are enough left to sicken one's soul. A family trait! Call it unreasoning infatuation unworthy the age in which we live, or,

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indeed, of any civilized era! Yet the men who practise it are renowned for their blooded horses, their fine stock of cows and pigs. The least intelligent of them can discourse by the hour upon the manifest evils of 'breeding-in-and-in!' I shock you, I see, Richard, but this is not the hour for prudish reserve. It is time the spread of this plague was stopped. I, for one, will war against it while I can speak or write. This is my decision, and it is unalterable." He arose, and Rick with him.

How alike they were as they confounded one another, with the steady resolution that betokened the same spirit in both. The idea crossed my mind then and there, as a comforting gleam, that the Wilbur blood was rich in its freshness. Might it not be an element of strength in the effete Vane organism? Had my father thought of this? Would not the suggestion temper his opposition?

Richard took different ground. "I cannot accept it, uncle! I respect your sincerity and the learning that had combined with patient research to form your views. But I do not adopt them. On the contrary, I should be disposed, were you any other man, to regard the acceptance and defence of them as an idiosyncrasy, the hobby of one whose attention had been given too long and closely to one branch of his professional studies. You told me, only yesterday, that every third person in the community was a monomaniac. I do you the justice to believe that this decision has cost you real and great pain. It grieves me to reflect that our union may be a sorrow to you, instead of the abiding joy we would make it, if we could. But your disappointment will be as nothing compared with ours, should you adhere to your purpose of dividing our lives. There is more at stake on our part than the establishment of the truth or falsity of physiological theory. You know Addie—that she does not give her love lightly; that in disallowing it you may crush her heart, blight her existence with it. She has ever been a dutiful and fond child. Would she cross your wishes now save for a matter of vital interest to her and to him whom she has chosen as her life-long mate? As for me, I have loved her, her alone, and with a full heart, fervently, since I was a boy who could just lift her over the puddles and climb trees to throw down fruit and nuts into her apron. Loved her, Uncle Ernest"—with a rapid change from the argument he tried to keep unimpassioned to pleading that brought the tears in thick, hot clouds to my eyes—"as you loved sweet Any Vane when she was called 'the rose of the country-side.' She—my mother has told me with prideful affection—would not listen to the objections of her ultrapatrician relatives who demanded investigation of your claims to aristocracy, declaring that any woman would be ennobled by your preference, and that if she did not marry you

she would go down to her grave unwed. Will you deny the child the happiness the mother knew as the wife of him her heart—not expediency—elected as her husband? Can you show her displeasure because she is likewise faithful in love—stanch in purpose?"

"Displeasure! My poor stricken girl! Richard, you do not understand what you are doing. Would I not cut off my right hand to insure her happiness? Could I refuse her what she asks were I not morally certain that consent would work her misery?"

"I question even the probability of that, sir! I have said that I respected your scruples, but I do not recognize their relevancy to our case. There is no suspicion of insanity in our immediate family connection. If there were"—

My father had turned away from him, but I had a glimpse of his features, convulsed and dark.

"If there were," resumed Rick, who had paused, in the belief that the other was about to speak, "there would be force in your objection. I should perhaps bow to your decree."

"You acknowledge this, do you?" The voice was constrained, and, with the singular attitude of the speaker, who stood still with his back to his nephew, his arms folded and head depressed, evidently affected Richard unpleasantly, if not excited his uneasiness. He hesitated before replying.

"I cannot deny it. However we may differ respecting the lawfulness and prudence of marriage between blood-relatives, there can be no doubt in the mind of the candid student of our profession that insanity in certain forms, and under certain conditions of mind and body, is hereditary. Like consumption and scrofula, it is a transmissible taint."

"Such as you would avert from your children by every possible precaution?" questioned my father, with a keen, sudden glance.

Rick colored high. "Precaution in such a case would be but common humanity," he confessed.

"You are right," the uncle went on, rapidly. "Common humanity, then—putting paternal regard out of the question—long ago led me to compute my grandchildren's chances of life and reason. To insure their well-being so far as mortal can, I made up my mind that my children's marriage with any one of their own blood would be an evil, if not a crime. Such it is my duty, according to your own showing, to hinder by every means in my power."

And here my argument came to Richard's lips.

"But I am not a full-blooded Vane. I do not recollect that I was ever glad of it before. I am young and strong, and never had a sick day in my life. So much for the deteriorating effects of repeated intermarriage upon my father's offspring. As to mental calibre"—laughingly—"since modesty will not allow me

to speak, I must refer to my college reports and the more valuable testimony of my present preceptor. My spirits are uniformly good—match my digestion, in fact. Addie—I say it without flattery to either, is your counterpart—sound in mind and body. She has inherited the constitution of the Wilburs, and their energy." Then, archly—"Their will, also, it would seem."

I could just hear the response. "She is, nevertheless, her mother's child."

"You, of all men, would be the last to object to that, sir," retorted Rick, lightly, yet with the unvarying respect that had marked his manner throughout the trying interview.

"I, of all men living, know what it signifies."

With a mighty effort, my father mastered his voice and resumed something like his accustomed manner—only so solemn and mournful I trembled before he laid both hands upon his nephew's shoulders and looked him in the eyes.

"My boy, I will confide to you the one fearful sorrow of my life—a grief so terrible I have not been brave enough to name it to another mortal in sixteen years. Addie's mother never knew a really sane moment from the hour her youngest child was born. She had had a fright before the baby came. My horse broke his bridle, one night when I was visiting a patient three miles from home, and galloped to his stable riderless. She thought he had thrown me. The nervous disorder—that was what I, with everybody else, chose to call it—induced by her agitation did not wax to its height until her confinement. When her mind went utterly astray, we gave out—her sister and I—that she was suffering from a low fever, and so secluded her from observation. It was four months before she could receive her friends. She was apparently rational, but so wan and dejected as to excite universal pity. Nobody wondered when I left the six-month old infant with her Aunt Elsie and took my Amy abroad. She was a prey to a grave type of hysteria, said Rumor, and what so beneficial in that malady as foreign travel in cheerful company? I countenanced the report, for it diverted people's minds from the truth; explained her strict seclusion and my close attendance upon her. Elsie Vane, who lived with us after her parents' death and our removal to Longridge was my only confidante, and she alone ever relieved my watch. For watch Amy we did, continually, when the paroxysms were upon her. I had been visited for five years by occasional presentiments of the coming horror—fits of nightmare that were more frequent and prolonged as I gained in knowledge of the symptoms and causes of mania. I had practiced enough of this kind among my wife's kindred. When my boys—true Vanes, both of them—died, I thanked God. Day by day—after awhile hour by hour, I could see that the shadow was creeping on apace. The accident I

have alluded to accelerated its progress, but it must have overtaken her all the same. It was but a question of time."

He traversed the room several times, poured out a glass of water, and drank it before he resumed the story. "You have said truly that I loved her, and referred to her attachment for me. There was never a moment after our marriage when I would not have opened my veins, and let out every drop of my blood, if, by so doing, I could have averted sorrow and calamity from her. Man never had a truer and more devoted wife than she was to me in her lucid moments. Yet the time came when, as I dropped the opiate which was to purchase sleep for the wasted frame and temporary stupor for the tortured brain, I had to fight with the temptation to make the draught so powerful that she would never awake again in this world. Two years! two centuries of untold agony to her and to us were passed in this way. I said that I took her abroad, but it was to a noted foreign lunatic asylum, where I might have advice and assistance in my work from those who would not gossip about her 'misfortune' in the neighborhood over which she had queened it as belle and beauty. I screened her from prying eyes and tattling tongues to the last. She was dying of consumption when I brought her back, and her mind was calmer, although at its best feeble almost to imbecility. Your parents could not but notice this, still we hid the worst from them. Her mother's last days had been marked by similar symptoms. They were not uncommon, said her relatives, frankly, without guessing the significance of the admission. 'Softening of the brain,' they denominated the state into which she at length sank. Elsie Vane sickened and died suddenly a month before her sister's decease. But the latter had grown so weak I could manage her alone. The devil, that at certain periods had possession of the beautiful body, could no longer nerve her arm to attempt my life. You know *all*, now!"

He sank again upon the lounge, and hid his face in his hands. In the midst of my amazement and anguish, I did not lose sight of Rick's deathly face—felt, in some imperfect sort, that he needed pity even from me, to whom the story I had heard revealed and portended so much. Was I not the maniac's daughter, the bearer of her name, and, as I had often been told—but, as I now recollected, never by my father—the child who most resembled her in person? Addie was her father's image. If this tale meant danger to her, it was something frightfully akin to doom for me. The time for the full comprehension of my share in the heritage of woe came to me afterward. I do not trust myself to write or think of that hour of sacrifice. I have never regretted my action. I have often returned thanks to Him from whom I received the strength to stand fast in my

determination not to ruin another's life. But this has nothing to do with my story.

How still the office was. I could hear the ticking of the clock and the lazy hum of a great bee singing in the heart of an October rose outside the window. After a minute—it seemed much longer—there was a heavy breath drawn fitfully, as if broken by stabs of pain, and Rick moved a step nearer the bowed form that had not sighed nor stirred. "Uncle, what you did for the mother, I am ready to do for the daughter should need arise, which God forbid. But I cannot give her up."

"I will not take your answer now. I did not hope to convince you at once. Think of what I have said until to-morrow. It may be that, for her sake, your resolution will change. Do not see her again to-day. She must never hear what I have told you. It would drive her mad."

My father said this wearily, and Rick obeyed his look toward the door as a signal of dismissal. But upon the threshold he halted, glanced wistfully back, and returned. "Believe that my warmest sympathy is yours, uncle. Forgive me for having caused you this unhappiness, and let me serve you in some way. Ask anything of me short of resigning Addie, and I will do it. For Addie herself can hardly love you better than I do, doubt it as you may."

"I do not doubt it, my son. And it is I who have been most in fault. In all my dealings with her and with you—poor children! I shall never forget this." He wrung the youth's hand, and they parted without more words.

Left to himself, my father leaned back in his seat with a groan of wretchedness that brought me to his side. "Amy, Amy, forgive me!"

But when, believing his appeal was to me, I hastened to him, clung weepingly to his knees, and besought him to be comforted, he recoiled with horror in his face and tone. Then I saw that he had designed to keep back the truth from me too, that he had forgotten until I spoke that I was within hearing.

THE pith of conversation does not consist in exhibiting your own superior knowledge on matters of small importance, but in enlarging, improving, and correcting the information you possess by the authority of others.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

THERE is something in the pleasures of the country that reaches much beyond the gratification of the eye—a something that invigorates the mind, that erects its hopes, that allays its perturbations, that mellows its affections; and it will generally be found that our happiest schemes and wisest resolutions are formed under the mild influence of a country scene and the soft obscurities of rural retirement.—*Roberts*.

MY NEPHEW JOHN.

BY ANNIE L. M'GREGOR.

YOUNG folks is not as they used to be in my time, when a shillin' print was considered good enough for anybody. I have a black silk I bought years ago; and though it has been turned three times, it is just as good as when it was cut from the piece. I was a-goin' up from our place near Portland, all the way to Boston, with my nephew John. (That is me and my sister Melia.) Melia is not given to assertin' herself, and then I, bein' the owner of the place in which we live, through the will of my late husband, Timothy Starr, naturally, as head of the family, am more called upon.

John, my nephew, is in business in Boston, a very likely young man. But every spring, and sometimes in the fall, too, he comes to make me a visit. I intend to make John my heir when I die; and John is cute enough to know that, and behaves well accordingly. "John," says I to him that very mornin', "you'll keep all proper when I'm gone, and tend to sister Melia; and show her all the love and duty as lies in your power." For you see Melia was younger nor me, and I always like to remind young folks of the vanity of earthly things, it makes them thoughtful. "Yes," says he to me, "aunt, rely on me for a carryin' out all of your wishes." This was but dutiful and respectful, and as John should have said it. It showed a proper spirit, and John is all right in the main; though I can't approve of his wearin' them kid gloves of his not only on the Sabbath, but on week days as well. If his late departed father, my own Timothy's brother Joel, could be content with less, and his dear departed mother, my own Cousin Mary Ann, why couldn't he be?

I've seen my brother-in-law, Joel Starr, always on week days without any gloves at all. And very glad Sabbaths if he had a pair of woollen or thread. And here's John spurnin' woollen or anything sensible, and wearin' them kids of his at all times. It stands to reason such goings on can't last, and it is a caution the things we do see; but maybe it is because I am growin' old, and the world is passin' away from me; for John is a good boy in the main, as I have said before.

Melia wore her old brown merino she'd had five years, and I wore a green one I'd had over seven, for we'd no idea of wastin' our best clothes on the dirty cars. We'd both bought good black dresses, and, with the black silk I'd spoken of before, I expected to be very respectable.

"Aunt," says John, to me, "they won't check them boxes of yours, they'll have to go in the baggage-car and run their chance." Now, John and I had had a contest about those trunks before. John wanted me to buy new ones, but says I to him, "What is good enough

for my father, and grandfather before him, is good enough for me. And I reckon the old trunks will serve sister Melia and me, or else we'll stay at home. For I won't pay thirty or even twenty dollars for them new-fangled things with queer locks. If you don't like our trunks, we'll stay just where we are, as it is rather late in life for us to fall in with your views."

John tried to look pleasant, though I could see he didn't like it, as he had been put out about Melia's bag before; and if I had not spoken so decided, I might have changed my mind, as I knew Melia had no notion of changin' hers, and I do like to humor the boy occasionally. He is all we've got, and he is my own husband's brother's son. Now, these trunks of my grandfather, which had been left one to me and one to sister Melia, were tolerably worn. The hide—for they were hair trunks—had been scratched off and showed the wood underneath in a great many places; and then the hinges were not as good as they make them now, so I had to have them well corded up with strong rope, which I know John did not like neither. I never had seen him so put out; and we had had some words; so, naturally, when he spoke of the trunks again I was vexed.

"John," says I to him, "I don't know what you mean by checkin'; but they're quite strong as it is, and I won't have nothin' more done. If you've no respect for your grandfather, and do not appreciate his kindness in leavin' sister Melia and me the trunks, when he had so many more grandchildren who might have benefited by them—all I can say is I am sorry for you, and hope you may never want;" and so John didn't say anything more about them.

Now, every one who lives in New England knows the comfort of a soapstone, or if they don't, I pity them if they are at all troubled with cold feet as I am. Sister Melia and I always had strong green baize bags to carry our soapstones in. But the Christmas before this last, my niece, Patience Hardy, sent us each beautiful bags made of her own worsted work. Sister Melia had a rose worked on hers, and I had the same. For Patience Hardy is a thoughtful girl, and did not wish to make contention, and sister Melia has at times her contrary fits like other folks, though no one would believe it to look at her. We determined, sister and I, to start with our new bags, so as to let the folks in Portland see them. And then we thought we would use the green ones when we were in the cars, so as to keep them fresh for Boston.

"John," says I to him, "you put them soapstones on the stove, for they are stone cold;" and I was a-wrapping up the new bags, for we were in the cars, and they were just on the eve of startin', and Melia and I was busy makin' ourselves comfortable. I'd put the umbrellas,

and shawls, and bags on the seat in front, where John was to set, and I was real glad to find it vacant to have him near us.

"Aunt," says he to me, "I can't set there. These places are reserved for the ladies and children, as bein' near the fire." It was very considerate, and I was just admirin' the thoughtfulness of the company, when a gentleman sat down right in front of us. "Sir," says I to him, "are you one of the company?" "No, ma'am. Why so?" he says. "You're sittin' in the reserved seats," says I. "They are reserved for the women and children, my nephew John told me," and I pointed to the end of the car, as John chanced to look up from his paper at that minute. "Is that so?" he says, and laughed in a way I didn't like. But seein' the soapstones were warmin', he helped me to put them in the bags, so I thought better of him, though I had many uncomfortable thoughts of John. Could it be that he did not want to set near us, and did not think us grand enough? But he was my own husband's brother's son, so I tried to check such thoughts, as I motioned him to me, and gave him a parcel of gingernuts sister Melia had put in my bag.

Though Melia is very aggravating at times, and tries my temper more nor I can well bear, John needn't have bin so set against her havin' her bag, and maybe she wouldn't have wanted it. As I have always found opposin' Melia was sure to make her more set on havin' her own way; and John should have been more considerate, particularly when it was me and not him that suffered by her perverseness. It was a very heavy bag, as it was full of bottles; but still John needn't a-minded as it was Melia, and she did it in the goodness of her heart, not knowin' what mightn't happen.

But to go on. I had beckoned John to me, and Melia was deep in her bag a-huntin' a ginger horse for a little girl opposite. For Melia is always thoughtful and fond of children, and then she was set against their cryin'. Well, she had her specs on, and was a-lookin', and huntin' (as Melia's sight is not as good as mine, though I am the elder). She was a-lookin' and huntin', when the car gave a jolt, and off went her specs, which, in tryin' to pick up, she a-most lost her seat; and then not havin' a good holt of her bag, over it went on top of me, and what didn't go over me went mostly on the floor; as the bag was chuck full, and couldn't have held any more, no how. There was a large bottle of hartshorne, which ran down the front of my dress, takin' the color clean out. It was so powerful strong, that most of the people was sneezin' like mad. I know I was wet to the skin with that and her peppermint drops, and haven't got the smell out of my gown yet, not to mention the stained breadth which I had to have turned back. You would have been surprised if you had seen all she managed to put in that bag, let alone the bottles, and there was a

dozen, I'm sure. She had a pair of easy shoes, in case her feet troubled her; and she had actually brought some stockings to mend, which I was real glad she forgot, on John's account, as Melia is very set in her way when she takes a thing in her head, and young people are so proud nowadays. She had ginger horses and dogs, such as children loves, with cloves for their eyes. And, though it weren't Easter, she had colored as many as a dozen eggs. There certainly was a pound of 'lection cake, and I couldn't pretend to count the apples; they spun in all directions, and every child in the cars had some, as she found the bag was burst so bad she had to take all of them out and put them in mine.

Two of the bottles was broken, and I had all the hartshorne and peppermint drops on my dress, so there was not that to take heed of, though there was a deal more than I cared to have in my bag, as it made it a-most as full as hers had bin. John wanted to put the bag and bottles out of the window, but Melia would not agree to any such waste, and I quite sided with her. The bag was done for, anyway; though Melia was quite set on mendin' it in spite of all John could say to the contrary. He was set on gettin' rid of it, as I could see, and Melia was as firmly set the other way; so between them they had quite a time. I was real glad when they ended their contentions, and Melia kept the bag, as I had most a mind to take a ticket and go right back, I was that put out with their wrangling. After Melia was settled, and grew more reasonable, we were quite interested, and enjoyed the ride to Boston amazingly.

It was a long day's ride, and we didn't have John with us, as he was too much taken up with his papers at the other end of the car. Sister Melia is not much company at any time, but this day she talked in a way to astonish me, as she is a poor body at the best of times, and full of her notions. But she is that good in her heart, I never saw any one like her, and then she is my own mother's child, and was left to my special care by her.

"Sarah," says she to me, when she was on her dying bed, "Sarah, always be a true sister to Melia, and do your duty well by her, and God will reward you." So I always shall. I forgot to say my nephew John lived with his father's half-sister, a Mrs. Smith. She was a widow lady, having no child of her own, so she set great store by the boy, and could see no wrong in him. It was there we were going to make our visit.

We arrived all safe; and Mrs. Smith and I soon took to each other, and I soon learned to call her Jane, which was her name. City ways is so different from our ways, as I soon found out. I knew nothing at all of what was fittin' in a business man, if my nephew John was a sample. He laid in bed every morning

till ten o'clock, and was out at all hours of the night, doin' I can't say what, for it certainly couldn't a-bin business. Sister Jane said it was the way with all city young men, and John was more steady than the general run. Sister Jane must know better nor me, as she was bred and brought up in the city, though I couldn't help thinkin' Jane favored him too much.

John, however, was very kind and attentive to me, helpin' me no end with my bundles, and always findin' little boys delighted to carry them home. It was wonderful how accommodatin' those little boys was, and it was wonderful too what great bargains one can make in some of those back streets in the city. I bought a whole dozen of flatirons for—well, I can't remember, but it was just a mere song. And then a whole piece of tickin' for next to nothin'. John says to me, "Aunt, where's the use of all them irons, and how 'll you get them home?" "John," says I to him, "I always takes a bargain when I see it. Young people never takes heed of anything sensible, and as to gettin' them home, leave that to me." Then I looked sort of cute at him, and says I: "John, don't you never intend to set up for yourself?" So John didn't say anythin' more.

It was one evenin' about a week before we purposed goin' home, we was settin' round the tea-table, and John, meanin' to be agreeable, was tryin' to get Melia and me to consent to going to see a French baly troop, as he called it. Findin' we were set agin encouragin' foreigners, he owned they were Americans, but gave themselves French names to please the people. City folks are that foolish; they can't stand a plain Elizabeth or Jane, but must have somethin' finer, and have even to call Maria Marry, and dear knows what else. Well, I saw sister Jane a frownin' at John, and I think Melia saw too, for she had been considerin', and at once said she would go, as Melia seldom knows her own mind unless she is opposed. I had no purpose of goin', as I am principaled against goin' out of nights, and then I didn't like the way John had asked us; it sounded more as if it were done out of wishing to please us, than out of any wish to have us with him. I could see Melia was set on goin', so I didn't say nothin', for fear of makin' her more set still, and I was sorry to see sister Jane so flurried.

Well, Melia and John had gone; and sister Jane and I had fixed ourselves comfortable for the evenin', as we intended to wait up for them, and we knew it would be late. We had just fixed ourselves comfortable, and it was not near nine o'clock, when we heard the front door open, and Melia and John came in. I knew in a moment by Melia's voice in the entry that all was not as it should be, and then I knew that it was too early to look for them, so I was quite prepared for what followed. Melia was

abusin' John in a way that I wondered he stood so well, and she talked that fast I really couldn't make out where the trouble lay. All I knew was she had seen somethin' dreadful, and was that mad—well, I never have seen anythin' madder than sister Melia is when she gets at her maddest—John didn't stay with us very long, you may be sure, and after he left Melia rather quieted down, and could give some account of herself.

She said John and she had gone to the place, and she was right pleased at seein' so many nice people, and was sorry I had not gone too. She said she noticed the people were readin' little papers, but, not havin' her specs on, she never thought of askin' John for one, as she knew she couldn't have read it even if she had of had it. It appeared an old gentleman in front of her happened to leave his seat; she just picked up the one he had been readin', wishin' to be informed on what they were all so interested in. She didn't have no specs, but the letters was so large on the top of the page, she could read the word theatre quite plain, though she almost doubted her eyes. She said she got up off of her seat a-wishin' to go home, when John appeared distressed, and made it quite plain to her that they had nothin' to do with the house, and had got in by mistake. So she was quite easy, though she said she told John that she never would have forgiven herself if by any chance she had gottin' in to such a den of iniquity.

Well, the music commenced playin', and she was feelin' more comfortable, when the painted picture she had bin lookin' at rolled up in a way that was really surprisin'. After that Melia was that excited I couldn't make out anythin' more. It appeared a lot of women came out with next to nothin' on, and jumped around. Well, Melia said she never saw anything like it. First she said she covered up her head, she was that ashamed, and then, findin' that did no good, she begged John to take her home. She was a-gettin' up out of her seat, and chanced to look towards the place where the picture had been, when she saw a woman nakeder than the first holdin' herself up in the midst of a heap of others just as bad. She just gave one screech, and it was all she could do to keep from faintin', but luckily had her hartshorne. They managed to get home somehow, Melia didn't really know how, but no doubt John had a deal of trouble with her. All sister Jane and I could say, Melia was set on leavin' for home next day. Though after awhile she quieted down, and seein' sister Jane so troubled grew more reasonable, though she hasn't got over the theatre yet, and one need only mention dancing to set her goin'. If it had have been any one but Melia, I would have been more angry with John. No doubt John was served right in takin' her, so I didn't say no-

thin' to him, as I knew he had had a time. And no one knows better nor me how tryin' Melia is at the best of times.

It was two evenings after this, just before ten o'clock, sister Melia and I purposed to go home the next day—I was just finishin' the roundin' of the heel of my stockin', and had put in the needles firm (sister Melia was puttin' away the work too), when we heard some one stumblin' along the hall, and my nephew John opened the door. He never came home so early, and he was flushed and heated, and I saw in a moment somethin' was wrong, as he stood staring stoopidly at us. "Aunt," says he to me, and he blurted out the words, "does you know your"—and he mentioned some heathenish woman's name, and smiled foolish like. "John! John! My husband's brother's son!" And I was so overcome I sobbed right out. "Aunt," says he to me, "do you know your"—and he mentioned the same horrid name again. At last I could stand no more, and fairly burst out cryin'.

Sister Melia and I left Boston next day as we had purposed. Somehow I can't think the same of my nephew John, though sister Jane did all she could to ease my mind. If them is city ways, the less we have to do with them the better for us. I am not sorry I went to Boston, as I learnt for myself, though I don't doubt but what John is sorry for it. All sister Jane said can't make me think John is a true son of my dear departed brother-in-law, Joel Starr.

Anyway, I have altered my purposes. Sister Melia shall have all tied up tight, till it pleases the good Lord to call her home. And she shall have the option of doin' about John as she chooses, for young folks are not as they were in my day. One thing, John shan't have that tickin', for I never saw any like it at the price. Patience Hardy, my niece, is a steady girl, and it's but right she should have the tickin'. I am sorry for John, as he is my own husband's brother's son. But I am not sorry I went to Boston, though it made me alter my mind.

EURYDICE.

BY CHARLOTTE ELEANOR NELSON.

I SAW her lift it from the sward, poor little withered flower!
It had been sadly trampled on, in an untimely hour;
Gently she kissed its faded leaves, its broken petals pressed,
And with a yearning tender touch, its withered form caressed.

Sweet was the fragrance that it shed, 'though it would bloom no more,
And sweet, methinks, the memories it brought from out their store;
Or was it only pity that had such a wondrous power
To make the tears unbidden fall upon the little flower!

Perchance she knew the fable told in olden times gone by,
That still there dwelt within the flowers the spirits of the sky;
Perchance she wept for pity with the weeping spirit race,
Because some hapless lonely one had lost its dwelling place.

Alas! it might be sympathy that linked unto her fate
The little flower that told her it was cherished but too late;
Or haply some bright memory was hidden in her heart,
Deep hidden till the little flower had made the tears-drops start.

Was hers a heart whose memories lie buried till they rise
Unto the sound of music or the sight of summer skies?
And did the perfume of the flower an old, old story tell,
Just as the sea is echoed in the murmur of its shell?
Perhaps she felt the yearning that broke Orpheus' heart of love,
When crying out "Eurydice," through Rhodope's dark grove:
I wonder did the longed-for one a whispering answer send,
Or did she cry "Eurydice" unanswered to the end?

LINES.

(On hearing a lady say she was married at Lee Church, where my mother is buried.)

A WORD may waken bitter thought,
The past comes o'er me as a spell;
That ivied church to memory brought
Brings visions loved too well.

How could a marriage bell be pealed!
No, not in that sepulchral gloom,
Where earthly joy and hope are sealed
And all is death-like as the tomb?

Still like a dirge those tones must sound,
E'en echo could not waft the swell;
Those darkling yews, those shades around
Would change the triumph to a knell.

My mother, was thy grave then trod
By thoughtless foot profane?
Would that my tears could green the sod,
Alas, the wish! how vain!

And does the wild Atlantic part
That hallowed turf from me?
Yet shrined and garnered in my heart,
Remembrance dwells on thee.

On earth our ashes may not meet,
Yet when this mortal coil is o'er,
Then may our freed spirits greet
And meet to part no more.

Spotless as thee, may I be found,
Blest mother, when that hour is given!
In God my trust, in peace around,
Joining thee, beloved, in Heaven.

THE more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.—*Lavater*.

VÆ VICTIS.

BY SIDNEY HYDE.

WERE you ever at St. Bart's, St. Bart's on the Bay, as it is known in the provinces? It was christened St. Bartholomew, but the name being long for daily use degenerated to the more familiar appellation, and there being another town of the title in the dominion, the sobriquet became a necessity, and there is not a fisherman on the coast that would know what you meant unless you asked for "St. Bart's o' the Bay."

The town lies out on the point of a peninsula, with the bay making up on both sides, so that it is a fine show from the water with its towers and roofs, and gives the people who go by in the steamboat the idea that it is a flourishing city, whereas, when you wander up its broad streets, you find them solitary and grass-grown; while sleepy shopkeepers sit behind, or on their counters, and stare at you lazily as you pass; and the very dogs have a solemn and preoccupied air, emulated by the loafers who lounge about on the wharves, with their feet hanging over the water, idly watching the boats that come and go, and volunteering useless information to their pilots. In fact, St. Bart's is what the people of the States know of only by hearsay—a finished town.

If you had ever been under the necessity of waiting there three hours, which is not an uncommon occurrence on days when the boat has quantities of freight to discharge, you will have wondered, as you strolled through the painfully quiet highways, how human beings can ever content themselves with vegetating in such dull monotony of existence, and you will have found yourself indulging in profound speculation upon the peculiar characteristics of the provincial mind which render such towns as St. Bart's a not uncommon possibility of the United Dominion. Thence you have wandered to political economy, and have propounded to yourself problems of solemn moment upon the effects of annexation upon the Blue Nose, and his probable development from the oyster stage of his mental and national growth into the active intelligence of the native-born Yankee; and it has proved an interesting and prolific study, which you have been able to pursue upon the most philosophical hypothesis, since there are no facts nor precedents to hamper the free gauge of investigation.

But the workings of the enlightened American mind are no indication of the state into which Mrs. Rothsay was thrown when she found that the captain, her mild and inefficient husband, was ordered from his agreeable station at Plymouth, England, to lend his formidable aid to the protection of Her Majesty's dominions in the distant and almost unheard-of Province of New Brunswick.

"I have searched the map in vain for St.

Bartholomew," said Mrs. Rothsay to her friend, the major's wife; "but, if you will believe me, it is impossible to find it, and I very much doubt it is only a block-house in the woods, and that Laura and I shall be a prey to the panthers and bears, which roam at large over the whole of North America. But, then, it is in New Brunswick somewhere, and that must be near Boston, because it is adjacent to New England, and that is the capital, you know. I once knew an excellent woman from Boston—really very well received, my dear; the best received American I ever knew, except a gentleman who was thought a great lion for having broken the head of a gentlemanly politician, or else the politician had broken his; I don't very well remember the exact circumstances, but I know he was very well received. I met him myself at the French minister's."

It will be perceived that Mrs. Rothsay's ideas of the geography and history of the American domains of Her Majesty, not to mention the adjoining republic, were in that pleasingly misty state that is the peculiarity of the well-bred Englishwoman, to an even greater extent than of her lord and master, and Mrs. Rothsay was a lady born.

Her father was a baron, of recent creation, to be sure, but then he had been elevated to the peerage long enough for his daughter to have appeared in society as the Honorable Miss Ponsonby, and to have made what she considered an eligible match with the youngest son of a Scotch earl with ten older children. The Hon. Miss Ponsonby had been a fine looking girl, and Mrs. Rothsay was still a remarkably handsome woman, who had seen much of the world, and loved it devotedly; and had brought up her daughter Laura in the nurture and admonition of the goddess Fashion and of the deity Wealth.

She would willingly have left Laura behind her when she set forth upon her Western trip; but, unfortunately, the Ponsonbys in London were not particularly pressing in their invitations, and Laura had no special wish to spend her days in the Highlands of Scotland, where her father's relations dwelt. So it was found that a sea-voyage was of great importance for Miss Rothsay's health, and at the appointed time the captain and family set sail for Halifax in one of the Cunard steamships.

On her way "over the bay," as the New Brunswickers call the journey from St. Johns to Halifax, Mrs. Rothsay found a map upon which St. Bart's was set down, and she was rather favorably impressed with the sight which met her eye as the little steamer rounded the sandy island, which hid the town from view, and its spires and towers broke upon her astonished vision. Her illusions were speedily dispelled on landing, when the towers proved to be only the square cupolas of the court-house and market; and, in view of the commonplace

and sleepy borough, she almost regretted the excitements of panthers and Indians, of which she had had time to disabuse her mind.

"I think it will be awfully dull, mamma," said Miss Rothsay, whose ideas of life were limited to ball-room experiences, and whose resources were not numerous.

"My poor girl," said her mother, sympathetically, "it is sad to think that you should have to waste your youth in such a place as this. But we can tell better what we have to endure when we are fairly established."

After some weeks of discomfort at the small tavern, as far removed as possible from the comforts of an English village inn, the captain succeeded in renting a respectable house, in which he installed his family. Mrs. Rothsay then took observations. Her situation was commonplace, but not uncomfortable. They had been able to furnish their new home quite luxuriously, and had given it an air of elegance, which Mrs. Rothsay possessed the art of shedding around her wherever she might be placed. The next thing was to find who could constitute anything worthy to be called society.

St. Bart's had been a gay town in its day, when it had been the emporium of the quarter, and the centre of trade and fashion. It was still the county-seat, and old barristers would relate tales of the grand manners of the Heronshaws, of the stately dinners of the Blatherswaites; and mention with a sigh the names of Wyncliff's beautiful daughters, who had all married with the best people in the provinces, and had gone—one to Toronto, another to Montreal, a third to Quebec, while one, the youngest and loveliest, had wedded an English peer. But the grand dinners were over, and the Heronshaws had died out, and the Wyncliff descendants were scattered, and only here and there an ancient spinster represented the dignity of a once mighty family. There was the rector. He, of course, was a gentleman, and had been educated at Oxford; but he was prosy and old, and had a stout wife and two awkward daughters. There was a meek little curate, and a sprinkling of lawyers when the court was in session, and there was the doctor, whom people called very clever, but who cared very little for company, and devoted himself to his profession. Besides all these there were a few young officers belonging to the garrison, all very undesirable "parties" for Laura, and a few gentlemen "in trade," whom Mrs. Rothsay scorned in her inmost heart, and felt called upon to treat with distant politeness, being determined they should never darken her doors.

The rector's wife gave stupid little parties, where the older people yawned, and the young officers danced with the badly-dressed girls, and turned their innocent heads with hackneyed compliments. The first time that Miss Rothsay appeared at one of these entertainments, she made a great sensation. The six

young officers fell madly in love with her at once, and she became a belle.

Laura was not averse to the position. She had never been noticed much in London, and had thought herself very fortunate if she could get three or four partners an evening at the routs and balls at which she had been conscientiously exhibited by her mamma. So that she was not at all indifferent to the honor of being thought the most stylish girl in St. Bart's; and she wore coquettish little costumes, and donned the latest London fashions, of which they had not even heard in the provinces, till the dawdies copied her, and the young men smirked and ogled when she passed. All this was well enough. Mrs. Rothsay smiled a superior smile; but she felt, and Laura felt, that this did not mean business, and business both in the mother's and daughter's eyes meant to achieve an establishment.

Miss Rothsay went to daily service at the Established Church, and was an excellent churchwoman in her own eyes. They had a pretty little chapel at St. Bart's built of native woods, oiled and varnished, which made a very charming effect, though the materials were only simple pine, and cherry, and walnut. But the graceful arches of golden brown, the dark fretted roof inlaid with designs in a more delicate-colored wood, the softly-shaded walls, and the bright-tinted windows made of this village temple a lovely place of worship.

So thought Laura Rothsay as she rose from her knees one Sunday morning, and saw the sun streaming in at the open door. Her next thought was of a less exalted east, and referred to her bonnet ribbons, which she arranged complacently with a coquettish toss for the benefit of a strange gentleman who was leaning against one of the pillars near the door, and looking at her.

That is, she thought he was looking at her, and so did he too, but his eyes were really resting on the face of a tall, grave, dark-eyed girl in the pew behind Mrs. Rothsay's. The gentleman was a new-comer in St. Bart's; but, having heard beforehand of the belle of the town, was making up his own mind as to which was Miss Rothsay, but had lighted upon Miss Peters, the music teacher, by mistake.

He had been weaving quite a little romance about the deep, sad eyes of the supposed heroine, and was considerably taken aback when his friend, the doctor, presented him at the church door to a round-faced young lady, very much dressed, with commonplace features, and a self-possessed air, whom he addressed by the name which the stranger's fancy had already fastened upon the other.

"Miss Rothsay, may I have the honor of introducing Mr. Leamington, from Boston?"

The belle smiled blandly, and presented the gentleman to her mother, who approached at

the moment, and welcomed him with gracious cordiality.

"So that is Miss Rothsay?" said the American, as he walked away. "Who, then, is the other?"

"What other?" asked the doctor.

"The handsome girl with black hair and eyes. See, there she goes! How wonderfully she carries her height."

"*Incessu patuit dea*," said the doctor, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. "She is only a music teacher, a countrywoman of yours. Her name is Elizabeth Peters. Not one of the quality here, but one of their paid subordinates."

"Oh!" remarked Mr. Leamington, with disappointment. But he turned and looked after the stately figure that was sweeping up the sidewalk with a wave of garments and fall of drapery that only very tall and very graceful people can achieve, before he followed Miss Rothsay's course.

That young lady was standing on the doorstep chatting gayly with the officer who had escorted her home from church, when the two gentlemen passed. She gave them a self-conscious little bow.

"Who is Mr. Leamington?" she asked of her attendant.

"Oh! he is a nob from the States, awfully jolly, and tremendously rich," answered the young man, with that pleasing forcibility of expression which the young Englishman considered a mark of a "swell."

"But what is he doing down here?" pursued the fair inquirer. "What is there to bring all America to St. Bart's?"

"He comes to paint," replied the gentleman; "he is an amateur artist, and a clever one to boot; and he thought the views up and down the bay worth coming for; so he brought his mother last year for the salt air, and here he is again! and I suppose he likes it."

"Fancy!" said the English girl, with amazement.

"He will have a better reason for staying this year," said the youth, with an engaging smile, meant to convey a world of admiration to Miss Rothsay's comprehension; but the belle was impenetrable.

"You mean the fine sunsets, of course; everybody tells me they were never so beautiful. You will not come in to lunch, lieutenant? Mamma will be sorry. Tell Captain Dyke, for me, not to be so stern in his regulations on Sundays. Good-morning! No, I am not going to the afternoon service."

Miss Rothsay communicated the information she had just received to her mother, who at once laid her plans accordingly.

"I shall call on Mrs. Leamington this week," announced that priestess of society. "She must be lonely enough in this quiet place; and, Laura, love, I think you might have these few

friends to tea on Thursday, of whom you were speaking yesterday. Perhaps we could persuade Mr. and Mrs. Leamington to join them." To this the dutiful daughter calmly assented.

Mrs. Rothsay called on the stranger punctually.

Mrs. Leamington proved a very lady-like person, and even numbered among her acquaintances that well-received American of whom Mrs. Rothsay knew in England.

To be sure, the acquaintance of the Boston lady with the senator amounted to nothing more than having shaken hands with him at a public reception, but it was sufficient to establish her claims to good society in the eyes of Mrs. Rothsay; so that the intimacy progressed rapidly.

Mrs. Leamington was a gentle, yielding little woman, who adored her son, and thought him the personification of all that was noble and grand in manhood.

The fact is, that George Leamington was a commonplace young fellow enough, tall and good-looking, with excellent impulses, and a frank, warm heart; but with a strong vein of romance in him, and an eminently unpractical mind. He took people at their own valuation, and was consequently frequently imposed upon, particularly by women; for men were apt to regard his want of the sterner qualities of character with a compassionate eye, while women got the better of his soft-heartedness, and ruled over him mercilessly. Mrs. Leamington did not tyrannize; but then, dear soul, she never ruled any one, and fell naturally under the dominion of any mind which came in contact with her, and had will or force enough to assert itself; and George fancied himself very strong-minded and resolute, because he always prevailed with his mother.

The Leamingtons attended the small party at the Rothsays, and Laura was very polite to George, and they had a little dancing after tea, and she waltzed with the young American; and heard people whisper audibly, "What a handsome couple!" for the people at St. Bart's thought Laura a beauty, though she was rather too rounded in her proportions—not to say stout, for American ideas. She had pretty brown hair, and blue eyes, round and inexpressive, with features which were unnoticeable for any peculiarity; but her cheeks were red, and her teeth were white; and she smiled a great deal; and, as she passed for a model of loveliness, it answered just as well as if she had been cast in the pure classic mould.

Mr. Leamington thought her very pleasant, and he talked and flirted with her, and asked her to give him "just one more round," in the most approved fashion. He was not responsible if his artist eye would sometimes wander to the figure so patiently playing quadrilles at the piano; and rest with a stolen satisfaction on the graceful head and lovely turn of the neck,

of the unconscious Miss Peters, who, being asked to help entertain the company, played on conscientiously, and scarcely lifted her long lashes from her great dark, dreamy eyes. In the very midst of a most charming *deux-temps*, Mr. Leamington found himself wondering what that look in them meant, and what signification there was in their mysterious depths.

He approached the piano when the waltz was over, and made some simple remark about her being tired, but Mrs. Rothsay swept between them, with her gracious sweetness, and, somehow, poor George did not even get a chance to look again at Miss Peters, who was talked to by a good many people, not patronizingly, for those grave, self-possessed manners repelled patronage, but still in a very different manner from that in which Miss Rothsay was addressed; for the genus snob is still extant in the remote provincial districts, though we all know that it is extinct in the metropolis of the British Empire.

The next day Mr. Leamington went sketching, and drew little heads on the corners of his studies, with low brows and sweeping lashes; but in the evening he took a walk with Miss Rothsay, and the next day a horseback ride, and finally, it seemed to be quite an understood thing that Mr. Leamington was to be Laura's escort on any little excursion that was planned by the indefatigable Mrs. Rothsay for the entertainment of the good people of St. Bart's.

In the mean time his sketching progressed, for the young artist really had a good deal of cleverness, and the bay was full of superb opportunities.

George was making a really faithful study of Ravenshead, a noble bluff, wooded with pines and beeches to its granite top; and, in spite of Miss Rothsay's attractions, managed to spend a part of every fine day at his business.

One day he was rowing home in the cool afternoon, from the point whither he went daily to study the various phases of the rugged peak; and pulling hard down stream against a strong tide, exercising his powerful muscles in the very centre of the current, for the mere sport of the thing; when he caught a glimpse of a figure in a cove along the shore waving a white handkerchief, apparently in some agitation.

Ascertaining that the signal must be for him, since there was no other boat in sight, George pulled leisurely towards the point where the flutter of garments indicated the presence of an unfortunate lady perched on a red granite cliff, which was isolated from the shore by the rapidly rising tide. A few strokes of the oar brought Mr. Leamington near enough to discover that the distressed damsel was Miss Peters.

The young man was charmed with the prospect of such a romantic adventure. He fancied himself a second Perseus, and approached his Andromeda with no small satisfaction,

and some self-congratulation, which probably showed itself in his manners, for Miss Peters, after a very civil greeting, hastened to assure him that she had mistaken him for some one else. "It was very stupid in me, Mr. Leamington," she said, as he helped her down the jagged sides of the rock into the boat. "But I was so much absorbed that I forgot the tide completely, or rather lost my reckoning, until I found myself cut off from the main land by the breakers. There is no danger, of course, but then I had no particular fancy for perching here three hours longer, until the ebb would allow me to go home, so I determined to signal the first boat I saw, and expected to find a rescuer in one of the fishermen that are always busy hereabouts."

"I think I have reason to sympathize with you in your absorption," said the young artist, with a pleasant little recognition of the sketch-book which Miss Peters had endeavored ineffectually to conceal under her shawl, but whose corners would obtrude themselves most provokingly. "I have often been caught myself in the same way; one loses all account of time when drawing. Would it be too great a liberty to ask permission to see your sketches?"

The young girl colored with the natural modesty of a tyro in the presence of a draughtsman. "They are not worth your while," she answered; "I never had any instruction in drawing from nature, and my studies are at best but scrawls. But I love these rugged hills, and am always tempted to try my hand at their bold outlines."

Mr. Leamington, like all true artists, was an enthusiast, and his frank delight in the scenery, and his unaffected desire to be of use to her, persuaded Miss Peters to trust her precious little book in his hands. They sat down on a thwart together, while the boat swung idly on the waves, and looked over its pages; George, with pencil in hand, explaining, correcting, telling how to produce effects which had puzzled the inexperienced girl, praising here, blaming there, not too complimentary; but showing the rarest merit in a critic, the quality of discrimination. A half hour hour passed most agreeably.

"I wish you would let me give you a few lessons, Miss Peters," said the young man, eagerly; "you have a quick eye and an excellent touch; some of these outlines are wonderfully graphic, and you have the spirit of composition. But there are some mechanical defects, and I could give you a few hints that might be of use to you."

"I am really grateful to you," said the young lady, frankly; "I should be very thankful for anything you would tell me. I feel that I know so little."

"It is up-hill work," said George, as he took up his oars, and impelled the boat once more into the current, "but it repays for all the time

and attention that one may give it. It is a continual delight." And here the young fellow warmed with his subject, and became eloquent, and Miss Peters listened with interest, and her eyes lighted up, and ceased to be sorrowful; and George thought he had never seen any glance at once so trusting and so self-contained.

Yes, they were inscrutable, those eyes; he was no nearer reading their mystery when he reached the landing at St. Bart's than he was before, and he was determined to find another opportunity for trying again very shortly.

Miss Peters' occupation kept her busy, and it was some days before Mr. Leamington had a chance of performing his promise. After that, occasions did not seem to present themselves with the readiness which he had fondly hoped to find. The young lady was very inaccessible, and then Miss Rothsay was rather exacting, and her good mother was certainly very attentive. Poor George began to be a little bored. Miss Peters was very cordial and pleasant when he met her, but three weeks later found him as far from the secret of her eyes as ever.

"I think I shall run up to the lakes, mother," said George, one evening. "Would you mind being left here for a few weeks, while I go?"

"Not in the least, my dear," said his obliging parent. "The Rothsays will take very good care of me. Dear Laura is such a sweet girl. Do you not think so, George?" she pursued, as her son left her last remark without an answer.

"Oh, she's well enough," said the young man, wearily. "Mother, do you know whether Miss Peters is related to the Malden family of that name?" he added, rather irrelevantly.

"I think, my dear, your mind runs a good deal in that direction," said his mother, anxiously. "She is a nice girl, I know, but you shouldn't be quite so attentive to her, it may raise expectations in her mind which"—

"My dear mother," broke in the young man, impetuously, "you do not know in the least what you are talking about. I beg your pardon," he said, kissing her wondering face raised to his; "but I must go and look after my traps. Take good care of yourself while I am gone."

Mrs. Leamington mused a while after her son had retired, and wiped a tear from the corner of her eye. If the truth must be told, Mrs. Rothsay was rather hard upon the poor little woman. She had discussed with her pretty freely the state of "dear Laura's mind," and had showed her confidence in Mr. Leamington's intentions with an openness that had appalled poor Mrs. Leamington, unused to the frank scheming of the British matron.

To the direct queries that she had been plied with by the "sweet girl's" mother, she had fortunately been able to give no very positive answer. George was not prone to discuss his love affairs with his mother, and it was more by her penetration than his confessions that

she had discovered the not unfrequent penchants of his former life. But flirtations on the American side of the line are mild symptoms of the disorder. Love, which judicious treatment is frequently able to keep from running into the serious fever of matrimony; and young people, when left to themselves, are apt to pass the crisis in safety; so that Mrs. Leamington had not begun to dread the evil day which should metamorphose her into a mother-in-law, until she found that Mrs. Rothsay had magnified poor George's "airy nothings" into a local habitation, and a name for the sweet creature whom she was so anxious to settle in life.

Mr. Leamington's mother found that Miss Rothsay's mamma meant business, and her timid little heart misgave her; so that she was not sorry that George should take his lake trip at this time, fondly hoping that the crisis might be averted by the arrival of some new and more eligible aspirant to the young lady's favor.

The poor lady would have been still more uneasy had she known that George had been taking a walk with Laura that very evening by moonlight, where the romance of the situation, combined with his natural soft-heartedness had led the unfortunate young man into certain unguarded remarks of a sentimental character, which he had been horrified to find accepted by that adroit young woman in a literal sense.

The shock of the discovery had brought him to his senses, and shortened the walk; and had also assisted his determination to get away as soon as possible; hoping, like his mother, that it might all blow over.

But Mr. Leamington's experience of the British matron had been small; and he, in the innocent security of his American habits, was ignorant of the wiles of the sagacious eluder of that redoubtable enemy to a young man's peace. He had only said things to Miss Rothsay that he would have said to any pretty girl under the same circumstances. He had uttered the same commonplaces forty times before, and no one had thought they meant anything; but then an American maiden, and Miss Rothsay, backed by her subtle and accomplished mother, were different matters entirely. The affair was assuming frightful proportions, as poor Mrs. Leamington discovered in about a week.

Mrs. Rothsay began with mysterious allusions to "strange conduct." These were followed up by melancholy tales of dear Laura's depression of spirits and want of appetite, her tender heart, etc. etc., until Mrs. Leamington determined to write to George not to come back at all; but to join her in Boston.

Unfortunately, in her weakness and fear, she let fall a hint to Mrs. Rothsay, which was enough for that prompt Machiavelli.

She at once attacked the poor little woman, and, having discovered that Mr. Leamington

would probably not return to St. Bart's, she assumed an air of profoundly outraged feeling, and said with a pathos which quite overcame her adversary:—

"This is all very well; but what am I to do with Laura?"

Here was a question for an American mother! Sure enough, what should Mrs. Rothsay do with that pining angel? Mrs. Leamington stammered hopelessly; and then followed so pathetic a picture of the young thing's woes, that she was completely conquered, and promised to write for George that very day.

Mr. Leamington uttered a very emphatic ejaculation over his mother's letter, and made a dozen different resolves in the next half-hour, all of them terminating in the stern resolution never to be trapped into marrying Miss Rothsay. He would confront Mrs. Rothsay, and tell her he never meant anything—no, that would not do; he could never bear that look of elegant disdain. He would talk to Laura herself, but there were drawbacks to the smoothness of that interview. Suppose she should faint. He hated scenes. He would explain to the captain; but men and fathers see things so differently. Captain Rothsay was a Briton and an officer, and, though mild enough in ordinary relations, might prove the very devil when roused. Duelling was against Mr. Leamington's principles; the outraged father might call him out.

None of the measures which his active mind suggested seemed satisfactory; so that, at length, he determined that discretion was the better part of valor, and that he would return to St. Bart's for his mother, and leave town without seeing the Rothsays at all. Mr. Leamington was a man of impulse. He accordingly packed an impulsive carpet bag, left his easel and canvases to be forwarded by express, and posted back to St. Bart's, strong in his resolution to avoid the Scylla and Charybdis which threatened to wreck and swallow up his frail bark.

His mother embraced him almost with tears, and George felt very strong and encouraging as he told her his plan. Mrs. Leamington, more timid, shook her head doubtfully.

"My dear boy, there is a note for you on your writing-table; I think it is from Mrs. Rothsay," she said, softly.

George's heart sank within him, though why that dainty little missive on scented paper with a crest should so affect him, he could not have said. He broke the seal, having first carefully examined the armorial bearings of the Rothsays with great deliberation. "*Vinco—I conquer*," was the ominous motto.

"Not if I can help it," was George's inward response, as he opened the envelope, and found a simple invitation to dinner for Thursday, dated some days back.

"It is to-day," said Mrs. Leamington, in alarm.

"I shall not go," said George, positively, and then he hesitated. After all it was only a dinner. It might be a dinner party, and no refusal had been sent. He knew how Mrs. Rothsay hated to have her table disarranged by having a guest disappoint her. Perhaps it would be better to go and say good-by.

"You look tired, dear," said Mrs. Leamington, with anxious, motherly care. "Do take a glass of sherry."

Baleful suggestion! fatal to mother and son! George drank. His drooping courage rose; warmed by the generous wine, he felt that he could face anybody. "I have concluded to go to the dinner-party," he said, when he set down the glass, after slowly sipping its contents.

"O George!" said his mother, in dismay.

"I think it will be the wisest course," pursued the young man, with calm superiority. "You need not fear on my account," and Mrs. Leamington submitted.

A brief note of acceptance was dispatched by a messenger to Mrs. Rothsay. It was three o'clock, and the dinner was to be at seven. George lounged about for an hour, during which he began to repent having sent the note; then he went out to soothe his excited mind by a brisk walk along the shore.

The tide was down, and he paced along with rapid steps in and out of the rocky coves that edged the bay for a long distance. As he rounded a sharp promontory, he came out underneath a sheet of rock high above his head, the very one whence he had rescued Miss Peters. Something fluttered in the breeze. It was a brown shawl that he knew well. In a moment he had scaled the rock, and found the young lady herself making a sketch of Ravenshead.

She saluted him good-naturedly, without surprise. She had seen him coming along the shore, she said.

Mr. Leamington threw himself down beside her with delight. He mended her pencils, and corrected a false line or two in her drawing, and then began talking. He forgot about the dinner; he forgot the Rothsays, mother and daughter; he only knew that he was looking again into those eyes he longed to fathom. So near, and yet so far off. What made her so unapproachable?

Miss Peters was quite at her ease. She questioned Mr. Leamington about his expedition, expressed surprise and regret that he intended leaving St. Bart's so soon, but no profound emotion clouded her glance, or brought the color to her cheek.

George talked at intervals, and then stretched his lazy length on the rock, and watched the white fingers busy with the pencils. What a steady, firm touch she had. The round, massive top of Ravenshead loomed purple against

the hazy afternoon sky; a faint ripple only disturbed the placid surface of the bay; a fishing boat was anchored at some distance from the shore, and the men were reeling in their lines. It was so still that they could hear the splashing of the water and the rubbing of the cords against the boat's side. The pine tree above their heads gave out a faint, aromatic perfume in the warm summer air; a crow was cawing noisily in the upper branches. Now and then a sand-peep looked at them with its bright black eyes, as it twinkled along the shore on its little slender legs, and away off in the distance a loon was uttering its melancholy note.

"What a plaintive sound," said Miss Peters. "It is like the wail of a suffering soul," said Mr. Leamington, pathetically. "But you don't know much about such things," he added.

The girl flashed a look at him. "Not much, I confess," she replied.

"Yet your face is not a happy one; when it is in repose, your expression is sorrowful."

"Possibly you mistake gravity for sadness," said the girl, seriously. "I have much to make life seem earnest to me, but I am very happy, nevertheless." The eyelashes drooped again over the sketch-book, but there was a faint little flush on her cheek, and a shadow of a smile playing round the steady mouth.

"And I am miserable," said the artist, dejectedly.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Peters, with ready sympathy.

"The grief of the child who cries for the moon."

"The moon would not make the child any happier," said Miss Peters. "He cries for it because he has no real sorrow."

"Do you think it is not real sorrow to long for the unattainable, when one knows all its worth and beauty?"

"Mr. Leamington," said Miss Peters, rising and closing her book, "I think it is time for us to go home. The other side of that point will be the unattainable for us, if we wait much longer."

"You mock me," said Mr. Leamington, with some bitterness. "But I am in earnest, and you ought to understand me."

"I do not think you know your own mind very well," said Miss Peters, gently. "I suppose you have something that troubles you. Is it about Miss Rothsay?"

"Hang Miss Rothsay!" burst forth the impetuous young man. "It is *you* I want."

Miss Peters dropped her sketch-book in sheer amazement. "Me? I am to be married in December. Everybody here knows that I am engaged to the doctor; I thought you knew it, of course."

"I am a confounded ass!" ejaculated Mr. Leamington. "One comfort is that I leave St. Bart's to-morrow for ever. Miss Peters, I will bid you good-afternoon." He strode

rapidly away. There was just time to dress for dinner.

He arrived in full dress punctually at seven. Mrs. Rothsay received him with open arms.

"My dear George," she cried, "Laura will be delighted." There was nobody in the parlor.

"I fear I am early, since no one has come," said the victim.

"My dear boy," said the charming hostess, "it is not a dinner-party. Do you think I could receive you any way but *en famille* after this absence? But I shall let Laura scold you. There, go to her in the library; she is waiting for you."

Poor George! He went in a free man; he came out a bondman. Mrs. Rothsay's wiles, Miss Laura's blushes and smiles did the business. He married her and was miserable.

THE CHIMES.

BY NINA MEREDITH.

Now the matin bell is calling—
All our souls from sin's entralling—

"Save him, Lord, this day from falling!"

And I pray this, o'er and o'er;

Church, and tower, and street are glowing

In the morning's rosy flowing;

But no joy on me bestowing—

For my darling comes no more!

Now the vesper chimes are ringing,

And the homeward birds are singing:

Fragrant honeysuckle swinging

Golden censers, brimming o'er;

Over gray St. Peter's spire,

Sunset glances flash like fire;

In my heart the old desire—

But, alas! he comes no more!

Now the midnight bell is tolling,

Waves of tear-fraught music rolling;

Sad these tones, once my consoling—

All that happiness is o'er.

In the air the moon-rays shimmer,

And the "three stars" faintly glimmer—

Like my life, my star grows dimmer,

For my love will come no more!

WILL I EVER FORGET THEE?

(Inscribed to MISS CALLIE, of Walnut Hill.)

BY N. B.

WILL I ever forget thee? Can I ever forget
That dark flashing eye, with its lashes of jet?
Or the bright raven tresses, that gracefully flow
Down thy gleaming white neck, over shoulders of
snow.

That heart-winning smile; that mien of rare grace,
Or the varying charms of that bright angel face?
No! though seas roll between us—years intervene,
yet

Thy magical beauty I ne'er can forget.

Can I ever forget, to the day that I die,
The soul-thrilling power of that tender black eye?
Which, deeper than fate, and darker than night,
Is bright as the stars in its own liquid light?

Ah! never, I'm certain, did eye of gazelle

In softness or sweetness that bright orb excel;

Though all else be forgotten, I'll never forget

That soul-speaking eye, with its lashes of jet.

CONFIDERS AND CONFIDENCES.

THERE are some people to whom there would be little pleasure in life if it had no secrets. Of course we do not refer to those great mysteries into which philosophic persons and theologians are constantly endeavoring to look, but to those smaller matters of concealment and confidence which happen in the everyday existence of most people.

The saying about the skeleton in the cupboard of every man and woman has fulfilments in many lives more painful and terrible than the majority of the outer world can guess at. Sometimes the skeleton is a very little one, and keeps its place alone; but now and then it happens that a whole collection, distinctly labelled, would be found did we know where lies the key of the room in which they keep their grim watch. Such secrets as are connected with the closet skeletons are not, however, those in which our friends the confiders delight; these secrets have too much real importance, and the confidence which imparts them—if ever they are imparted—is so weighty as to act like a seal on the lips of all who have heard them. Not that there is often much chance of the great skeletons of a man's life getting exposed to public view. Times may occur now and then, when, at dead of night, he shuts himself in with them, and one by one takes them down, removes the dust from them, and restores them, indestructible, to their places; but spectators of such a process are neither desired nor desirable.

Confiders are the people to whom the little necessary secrets of life are a joy—so great a joy, indeed, that the good folk have a tendency to make secrets where none exist, and so, as happens now and then, greatly to irritate that section of society which has no undue proclivities towards concealment. We have found confiders of this class of both sexes; indeed, the most perverse specimen we ever encountered was a man. He would tell you that his little boy was making wonderful progress at school, as if he were confiding a state secret; or he would ask you how you enjoyed the last Monday Popular Concert, as if the prosperity of the whole undertaking depended on your hearing the question and conveying your answer with a mysterious air appropriate to the occasion. He had a way, too, of lowering his voice in saying the most trivial things, which obliged his listeners to give their utmost attention to catch his words; so that to observers the pair seemed to be talking of affairs which needed the greatest secrecy, when, probably, the subject of conversation was nothing more important than the value of co-operative stores to persons with large families and small incomes.

Closely allied to the persons to whom a mysterious tone is essential in conversation, are the people who recount to you the events that have happened to them since you met them

last, and then beg you not to repeat what they have said to anybody. In such cases as these the unfortunate object of the confidence is put in great perplexity. It is difficult to see why you are not to say that So-and-so went from ——— to ———, or that he or she went or did not go to ———. But you are entreated to say nothing about it, and you keep the confidence, at the risk of feeling excessively foolish when you discover (as you most likely do, from the next mutual friend you meet with) that there was not the faintest reason for secrecy, and, in fact, that everybody concerned knew all about it.

Then there are the people who give you half-confidences, and render your life a burden by asking your advice as to what they are to do under circumstances which are not entirely known to you. Angelina does not know how she is to treat Edwin the next time she meets him, because she thinks he was last night too attentive to Miss Smith. You advise Angelina to let Edwin go his own way if you think she does not care much about him, or to call him to account in some fashion if you think she does. But here you reckon without your host, or rather your confider; for Angelina at once proceeds to show cause why she should not do as you have advised, and you begin to perceive that you have been made a victim of half-confidences. These semi-confiders are very annoying to straightforward people, who not unfrequently in the end rebel, and refuse to receive from such half-trusting folk any confidences at all.

Then there are the confiders who tell you more than you want to know, and, indeed, more than you ought to know; so that suddenly one day you find yourself in possession of some family secret, the knowledge of which renders you very uncomfortable and impedes your free action. But these people trench on the class of those whose family skeletons are too much for them, and who let in sun and wind into houses of the dead. Let us leave them.

It would, however, be somewhat of a hard and unlovely world were there no confiders and confidences, notwithstanding the drawbacks that there are, and in spite of the eccentricities of some confiders. It would be a sad alternative either to bear all one's little joys and sorrows alone, or to make all the world sharers of them. Many good schemes would come to nothing were they blazoned abroad too soon, just as they would wither away if no sunshine of sympathy were accorded to them. So long as the world lasts, there will always, we take it, be confiders and confidences. There are few people who are able constantly to stand alone, and those few are not the most agreeable of their species. All that we ask of the confiders is, that they do not make mysteries out of nothing, and that they be frank and full in their confidences when they make them.

MORGAN'S VALENTINE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"It is a perfect nuisance!"

Miss Arabella Lecompton uttered this sentence with all the emphasis which could be put into the words.

"As if two daughters were not as much as any mother cares to take into society at one time!" said Miss Clara Lecompton, her face reflecting the disgust depicted upon that of her sister.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Lecompton, "as far as I am concerned, I am sure three girls won't be any more trouble than two. Besides, I think you will like Minnie. We found her a very pleasant little girl, when your father and I visited her at school."

"But, mother, that is a very different affair!" said Arabella. "It is all very well to visit a pretty little school-girl, and take her a few presents, but to take a young lady without a penny in the world right into the family is perfectly preposterous! Why don't father send her out as a governess, or let her learn a trade?"

"Why, my dear, he promised her father to care for her as if she was his own child. He would have had her here long ago, but her father wished her to remain at the school where she was when he died, until she was eighteen."

"Eighteen! Bread and butter misses are my aversion."

"Why, Clara, you are only twenty yourself, and I but twenty-two."

"We are not just emancipated from a boarding-school, however," said Clara. "When does our new sister, as father said we were to consider her, arrive?"

"This afternoon at five. Your father is going to the depot to meet her. And, indeed, my dears, he will be very much displeased if you are rude. He was very much attached to poor Minnie's father."

"Rude, mamma! I am sure I have no intention of hurting the girl's feelings, but I really do think it is too bad!"

"I suppose you will introduce her on Thursday evening, at my party," said Clara. "We must make the best of it! There is a carriage at the door now. It surely is not five o'clock!"

But it proved to be nearly six, and the trio of ladies looked towards the door, expecting the new arrival, Miss Minnie Irving. Three handsome, well-dressed ladies they were; the mother still youthful looking, and the daughters very much like her, and like each other. All were blondes, and all attractive, the girls extremely pretty, the mother fair and well preserved. All drew up their figures a little, and unconsciously, perhaps, settled their features to an expression of polite welcome, so that they were quite prepared for smiles when the door opened, and a portly old gentleman, the personification

of benevolence and good temper, entered. Upon his arm leaned a young girl, whose appearance quite reconciled Arabella and Clara to her arrival. There was no danger of rivalry there. Minnie Irving was not even pretty. Her features were commonplace, her hair an everyday sort of brown; her eyes, gray and expressive, were certainly a redeeming feature; but her complexion was pale, and not to be compared to the creamy beauty of that possessed by the sisters. She was tall and slender, but moved with a lithe, graceful action, and seemed perfectly at ease, in her embarrassing situation.

Mrs. Lecompton welcomed her first, and did it cordially, then the girls spoke a sentence or two expressive of pleasure at her arrival.

She spoke only a few words, but her eyes shone with a grateful emotion. She had drawn over her heart a mantle of pride to meet rudeness or contempt, but this welcome tore away all reserve, and she frankly showed her appreciation of its kindness.

Clara offered to accompany Minnie to her room, and, before the travelling dress was exchanged for one more suited to the house, Clara's dislike to a new sister had all melted away. She was by no means a bad-hearted girl, and Minnie's lonely position, orphaned and poor, appealed to the best part of her nature. Perhaps, had the stranger been very beautiful, or seemed in any way likely to throw her own charms into the shade, she would not have been so ready to be won to like her, but, as it was, she was her hearty friend in fifteen minutes.

Arabella was rather more distant, but by no means cold or in any way demonstrating any dislike to the young girl. Mr. and Mrs. Lecompton were unaffectedly cordial and kind.

The days wore away pleasantly until Thursday, much time being passed in preparations for a large party which was to celebrate Clara Lecompton's twentieth birthday. The sisters had ascertained that Minnie had a dress, which, although extremely simple, was perfectly appropriate for the occasion—a dotted muslin, which the young guest observed "would do to wear in the summer."

It was known in the family circle that Minnie had absolutely refused to accept the same allowance as Mr. Lecompton gave his own daughters, taking only what with strict economy would clothe her so that she would not shame them by shabbiness, and insisting upon undertaking a large share of the family sewing in return.

"Please let me," she said, when Mrs. Lecompton would have deprived her of an enormous pile of needlework she found in her room; "I cannot bear the thought of accepting so much and giving nothing. I like to sew, indeed I do, and I hope after a time you will trust me with the dressmaking. I make all my own clothes."

So in their own minds the three ladies concluded that Minnie's sole ambition was to be a domestic drudge, and would prove a useful if not ornamental addition to the family.

Thursday evening came. Mrs. Lecompton and her daughters, dressed with exquisite taste and richness, were assembled in the drawing-room when Minnie came in.

"She looks very nice."

That was the mental verdict of all three. The white muslin, with its tiny blue dots, was prettily made, and ruffles of the same formed an appropriate trimming for such inexpensive material. The soft brown hair was dressed with a few blue flowers, and the gloves, handkerchief, fan, slippers, and laces were all in good order.

Three hours later Arabella and Clara found themselves wondering "what ailed everybody."

The plain, simply-dressed school-girl was making a sensation. There was no doubt about it. Some magnetic power must lurk in the soft eyes, or in the musical voice. Three powers she wielded upon which they had not counted, rare conversational gifts, graceful dancing, and music. She had not sung before, but was persuaded to do so now, once. Her selection was a wierd German legend set to music as wild as the story it told. The voice fairly leaped over the notes, now high, now low, wailing here, jubilant there; whispering tones one instant, ringing triumphant notes the next. The most wonderful compass and flexibility were requisite to sing the strange composition with any effect, and Minnie gave it all the expression it could require. There had been the usual amount of ballad singing, varied by selections from favorite operas, but after this German song, no one asked for more music for a long time.

Her dancing was as peculiar as her music. Every movement of the lithe, willowy form was full of the harmony of motion, modest as a nun, but as graceful as an houri. And when the admirers of music and dancing drew back, there were some master minds among the guests who looked with amazement upon this plain young girl, whose grasp of intellect could cope with such high subjects, who knew when to listen and when to speak, could be grave, pungent, witty, sarcastic, and pathetic, giving to the most commonplace subjects a turn of original thought, and frankly asking for information when the discussion rose above her knowledge.

Minnie's own utter unconsciousness of the sensation she was making, added greatly to its effect. She had humbly compared her own personal charms with those of Arabella and Clara, and placed them even lower in the scale than they merited. Further than that she did not go, and would have been unaffectedly amazed if she had known the admiration she was exciting. There was not art in any word or movement, and it would have grieved her to

the heart could she have known that even kind Mrs. Lecompton agreed in the girls' verdict that the young orphan was "artful."

She enjoyed her first evening in society intensely, for hers was a nature that entered keenly into every sensation, feeling joy, grief, pain, to their full capacity, and, of course, suffering much and enjoying much. There were many of the guests who would become her friends, she hoped, in the future, and some with whom hours would have flown like minutes. So, the next day, when the party was discussed in the sitting-room, where the four ladies of the family plied busy needles, Minnie was frank in her expression of opinion of the many guests.

"Who, of all you met, did you like the best?" questioned Clara.

"Mr. Ilsley," Minnie replied, promptly.

"Why?"

"Oh, I cannot tell you that. Likes and dislikes cannot be defined so closely. I should think he was a gentleman in the full acceptance of the word."

Arabella's face darkened, and she turned it from the speaker's, and stared gloomily from the window, listening intently, however, to every word.

"What do you mean by a gentleman?"

"One whose birth and education fit him for the highest positions in this republican country."

Clara laughed heartily. "Mr. Ilsley is a parvenue, Minnie. He is wealthy now by inheritance from an old gentleman whose life he saved, and who adopted him fifteen years ago, taking him, a lad, from the forge of a blacksmith shop, where he was apprenticed to learn to make horseshoes."

"Then he is one of Nature's noblemen."

"Do you think him handsome?"

"Not at all. His face is made up of irregularities; but his mind is shown on the broad white forehead, and his soul looks out of the great dark eyes. His smile is rare, but it is like music."

"You are enthusiastic. Guard your heart."

"You are unfair. You ask for an opinion, and then laugh at me for giving one."

"Did you admire Miss Henderson? She is one of our belles this winter!" and the conversation, critical and admiring, flowed on, Arabella still gazing moodily from the window, her dainty piece of needlework lying untouched upon her lap. Something in this wise her thoughts ran:—

"How dare she talk so of Morgan Ilsley? He is mine! All winter he has been attentive to me more than to any other, and shall I let this homely little chit fascinate him, as she seemed last night to fascinate all others? Never! There are others to admire her, others for her to select from, but he, the prince, the king among men, he is mine!"

And, meanwhile, the subject of the conversa-

tion and reflection sat in his private room at the Hotel, thinking—ah! well-a-day, will the story ever be finished?—how miserable was the life of a bachelor, were he ever so rich or popular. "Thirty-two in a few weeks!" he said to himself, watching the smoke rise from a fragrant cigar, "and for what am I living? I try to do some little good as I travel on this life's highways, but it is in an irregular, eccentric fashion. My business affairs are not so engrossing that I can find time for nothing else, as many complain. Now, if I had a home and a wife. I think I should not care to marry a great beauty, she would want too much admiration abroad. No, I should not marry for beauty, and certainly not for money. What is the word to describe my wife? I have it! The good old Scotch word *bonnie*! And what a bonnie lass Miss Irving is, so unaffected and simple, and yet so refined and intelligent. Will she ever guess her own powers? It is clear she does not appreciate them now. What a voice she has! I must hear her sing again."

And so on for about an hour, puffing away, consuming cigar after cigar, seeing through the smoke the soft eyes and sweet smile that were Minnie's only beauties of face. Yet this was no idle dreamer, no man to sit weaving romances or building air castles, but an energetic, active worker, a close student, a Christian gentleman. It was true, as Clara had stated, that he was country born, the child of poverty, orphaned when a mere boy, and at seventeen working at a blacksmith's forge, and looking for nothing higher. One act of bravery, that was a nine days' wonder, turned Fortune's wheel in his favor. He saved the life of a man who was old, childless, and wealthy, and who took him at once from the forge to make him his body-servant. Little guessed either of the undeveloped intellect and strength of mind in the brain of the blacksmith's apprentice, who could read and write, and knew the first four rules of arithmetic.

It was not long before Israel Carton, the boy's new master, discovered that he possessed a diamond erusted over with the shell of ignorance, and proceeded to open the shell and pour in the light of education upon the gem. Forth flashed the fire where the rays fell. Time, patience, and soon an absorbing love of knowledge for its own sake, polished the stone, and it was set in the fine gold of a gentlemanly deportment and that true courtesy that springs from a pure, kind heart. Fifteen years of intercourse with his benefactor placed the young blacksmith upon the highest pedestal of refinement and intellectual development. Together they travelled, together studied, together visited as a son and most loving father, and, when death came to separate them, Morgan Ilsley felt that the control of his friend's ample fortune was but poor compensation for the loss of his society and affection. It had been one of

his warmest desires to see his young protegee married, but, as yet, the heart lay dormant, the mind reaching ever to new efforts, and the busy brain seeking for stronger food.

Arabella Lecompton fancied Morgan Ilsley had fallen a victim to her charms. He had been introduced to her by a mutual friend, and carelessly spoke some words of admiration for her really beautiful face and pleasing manners. These words were repeated, losing nothing of their emphasis in the repetition. Many such phrases had Arabella heard before, but none that sounded so sweet to her. There was a charm about this rather grave man that she had failed to find in any of the gay butterflies of society, a fascination in his smile, and a music in the tones of his deep, rich voice that were irresistible to her. She wooed him as woman can woo, all unsuspected, because half-unconsciously, and when he was won often to her side, and accepted gracefully her unsuspected advances, she flattered herself he sought her of his own free will, and was her suitor by choice. Self-deception never springs to such monstrous errors as when Cupid touches the wires, and Arabella dreamed her dream, while Morgan saw nothing beyond the courtesies of society in their friendship.

Minnie Irving was the first woman who had ever touched his heart. He was not in love with her at first sight, for it was not his disposition to be impulsive or hasty about anything, but each time that he saw her he found some new development of sweet womanly character, some opening bud of intellect, or some graceful accomplishment that drew forth all the deeper interests of his nature.

They met very often, for wherever the Lecomptons were invited, Minnie was included in the invitation, and Mr. Ilsley, to use the conventional phrase, "moved in the same circle of society." Now at a *soirée*, now at a *sociable*, in a concert room one evening, at a ball another, often in the home circle, Morgan found himself beside the young girl, who was so surely and unconsciously winning his whole heart, loving her with that force and devotion that come when the heart remains untouched until the spring of youth is over.

Clara had called her father's protegee a "bread and butter" miss before she had seen her, but mentally she soon revoked the unjust sentence. Minnie was not a monster, a paragon, possessing all the "*savoir faire*" of society by instinct, but she was as far removed from awkward bashfulness as Clara herself. She possessed that grace, ease, and self-possession that spring from utter unselfishness. She never thought of the impression she was making, never studied upon the effect her words would produce, never sought to win admiration, and so attained the sweetest of all manners by a perfectly natural, unaffected simplicity of address and movement.

The sensation Minnie created was not a transient one. She became popular in society, and the ladies wondered where her charm was, without beauty or the aid of an expensive style of dress, and yet admitted that there was a charm even for her own sex. Wherever she was invited, she was soon the object of polite attentions from the gentlemen present, yet from the first she learned to look for one face and listen for one voice above all others. Was Morgan Ilsley near her, no other had power to win her whole attention, even if he were not actually conversing with her. She had never questioned her own heart, yielding itself to the charm of this wooer, and so she did not imagine she was rivalling another, who loved already where she was learning to love. Could she have seen the tigerish jealousy growing daily in Arabella's heart, her surprise would have been sincere and great. Little heeded she that she was living beside a volcano, whose fires smouldered with hot, fierce heat, wanting but opportunity to spring forth and wither her.

The winter had been a gay one, and there was popular a certain weekly meeting, called sociable, where a small pleasant circle of intimate friends congregated together to spend evenings in conversation, music, dancing, or whatever amusement seemed at the time most congenial to all assembled. It was at one of these meetings that the subject of Valentines came under discussion, the saint's day being very near. Morgan Ilsley gave it as his opinion that:—

"While St. Valentine's Day was kept really sacred to true love and the exchange of pleasant words and tokens, it was a beautiful custom; but that, since it had been made the occasion for insult and low jokes, he thought it had better be passed by unnoticed, save by the vulgar minds who had thus degraded it. Even a pretty Valentine now-a-days is almost an insult to a refined mind," he said, in conclusion. "True love can find other avenues for expression." Did he glance at Minnie with a half smile as he uttered the last phrase, or was it only Arabella's fancy?

Certain it is, however, that something that evening told him how very dear Minnie had become to him, and made him resolve to risk his fortune at once. Win or lose, he must try his fate. It was Tuesday evening, and Thursday was St. Valentine's. Perhaps, if he was very happy on that day, he might revoke his harsh sentence, and by flowers, or some such sweet token, express his joy, for, without recalling one word or look of Minnie's that could be called unmaidenly, he was very hopeful. She was so frank, so guileless, and true-hearted, that he could not associate the idea of coquetry with her, and he truly believed the heart he coveted he had gradually won for his own. The next day he sent a missive upon which his fate hung. It was a cordial, frank

letter, respectful but not cringing, loving and winsome in tone, but far removed from sickening flatteries. Morgan Ilsley was not the man to crawl at a woman's feet and whine for her favor, but, erect and manly, he extended his hand to her, promising, if she would share his fortunes, to protect and cherish her as far as in his power lay from every ill. He concluded by requesting her, if she regarded his suit favorably, to grant him an early interview. Then he waited as patiently as he could for an answer.

It was the morning of St. Valentine's Day, and he was in his own room, when the waiter handed him a delicate white envelope directed by Minnie Irving's hand. He knew the handwriting well. Two or three dainty little notes, acknowledging some trifling courtesy, the loan of a book, a gift of music, or other matters of gentlemanly attention, were in his possession, and he recognized the clear, delicate letters at once. For a moment he held the missive unopened; the happiness of his life his heart told him hung upon that little note. But his was not the nature to hesitate long, and he soon opened his note. The coarse grain of the paper inclosed struck him at once, but no words can describe his feeling of pain and disgust when he unfolded the sheet. Upon it was a coarsely-printed, wretchedly-colored caricature of a blacksmith at his forge; the head exaggerated, and the arms several sizes too large for the shrunken body. Some miserable doggerel verses, bidding him return to his forge, and not dare court a lady, were printed under this choice artistic production.

In an instant the conversation of Tuesday evening came to his memory. So she loved him not, and drove him away by direct insult. All her sweet manner was but the feigned simplicity of a finished coquette. He had believed her so refined, so sensitive, and here was the proof of an under-bred, innate vulgarity that would have disgraced a huckster.

The revulsion of feeling was tremendous. Many men would have gone abroad to cover their disappointment; others would have written, driving the insult home again; some would have doubted and asked an explanation; Morgan Ilsley took the picture and the envelope, placed both carefully in an open drawer, closed and locked it, and then opened the morning paper and sat down to peruse it. Indifferent? No, suffering like a woman. Wounded desperately, but fighting back the agony, and forcing the bleeding heart to bear the blow quietly. An iron will lay over all like a hand of steel, and only the white set lips showed the inward struggle. One hour later he met Minnie Irving in the street. A bow, chilling as the courtesy of a gentleman permitted, and he passed her, not seeing that she turned white as death, and reeled as if she would have fallen.

She never knew how she reached home. Once there she shut herself in her own room,

and tried to think. Was it indeed Morgan Ilsley who had just passed her on the street with that cold, distant bow, that seemed to build a wall of ice between them? She opened her desk and took out his letter, the letter that had flooded her whole life with exquisite happiness only the day before. Then she tried to recall her answer. No difficult task, for it was only a few lines appointing the evening of that very day for the desired interview, but surely that was all he asked. He had not desired a written consent to his suit, but the interview was asked only if that suit was favorably received. And yet how cold and stern his face was as he passed her with the chilling, formal bow. But for that inclination of the head, she would have tried to think he did not see or recognize her, but there was no mistaking the meaning of that. Would he come at the hour she had appointed and explain his strange conduct? Scarcely hoping, yet clinging desperately to this one chance, Minnie changed her dress towards evening for one Morgan had often admired, an inexpensive woollen of dark wine color that was made pretty by its exquisite fit and finish in making. Even the rich, warm color, however, failed to throw any reflection of its crimson tint upon the young girl's white cheeks. Meeting her on the stairs, as the teabell summoned them, Arabella fairly started at the ghastly face.

"Is your headache so bad?" she said, for this had been Minnie's excuse for non appearance at dinner.

"Very bad," she said now, trying to smile, and failing deplorably.

All the evening, white and patient, Minnie hoped against hope for the well-known ring and step, but they did not sound for her. Wearily she went to her own room, to kneel and pray for strength to bear her affliction. Not once did the idea of confiding her grief to another, or seeking an explanation, present itself. With all her gentle sweetness, she was proud to her heart's core. If her lover had repented of his haste in seeking her for his wife, she would not lift a finger to woo him back again; no, not if her heart broke in her silent sorrow.

I am fully aware the proper thing for my heroine to do was to have an instant attack of brain fever, or rush frantically from the kind guardianship of her father's old friend, and become "independent" by way of soothing her poor sore heart, which would not break, only lie heavy and cold, often aching sorely. But Minnie was not calculated to indulge in heroics of any sort. She thought there must be some terrible misunderstanding at the root of her apparent slight, and patiently hoped time would clear it away. Those around her, had they observed closely, might have noticed that the piano was seldom touched by the delicate fingers that were wont to press its keys so lovingly, that the full, glorious voice of the young

songstress rose no more to fill the house with melody, and that the cheerful smile and bright eyes were replaced by pale cheeks and a sad, wistful expression. But as there was no moan made over the suffering, it passed all unheeded, only Mrs. Lecompton thought:—

"Minnie had spent too gay a winter for a *debütante*, and must gather roses for her cheeks when they went into the country for the summer."

But the tangled skein which held these two tender loving hearts in its web was destined to be unwound, and by rude hands, and an uncultivated mind made shrewd by affection.

Rose O'Neil was Mrs. Lecompton's parlor maid, and a part of her daily duty was to wait upon the young ladies in any service they required. She was young, pretty, and in love, and she worshipped Minnie. She had one little sister about six years old, and Minnie had entirely won her warm Irish heart by making this child a suit of pretty, comfortable clothing out of a half-worn dress and skirt, adding thereto a little hat of black velvet with a few flowers, which gave the child hours of perfect delight. It cost Minnie a day or two of steady sewing to fit the child out thus with the Sunday school suit her sister coveted for her, and Rose set no bounds to her gratitude.

With the quick eye of affection, she soon noted the change in Minnie, missed the bird-like voice, watched the paling cheek and listless step, and, above all, at once noticed Morgan Ilsley's discontinued visits. Her quick Irish wit was at work at once, and she possessed a key to the riddle that none suspected.

A month had passed away before she ventured to speak, and then she was quickened to action by hearing sobs in Minnie's room after bed-time, when she was passing the door on her way to her own room.

"Grieving the heart out of her," she said, "and I am sure it's for Mr. Ilsley. I'll just speer round a bit and see if I can't make two hearts, that's breaking for love of one another, aisy."

The next day she spoke.

"Miss Minnie, don't you be angry wid me, now, if I ax you a question?"

Minnie winced a little. Who could tell what wound the question might press upon?

"You mind the little note you put on the table in the hall St. Valentine's Eve, that Miss Clara took up and said was a Valentine?"

Minnie nodded.

"Now, Miss Minnie, don't you be angered at me, but wasn't that note for Mr. Ilsley?"

"Rose!"

"Now you are angry! Please, now, Miss Minnie, don't think I'm a meddling in the business of my betters. If you will only tell me."

The girl's earnestness was irresistible, and Minnie, wondering, answered:—

"Yes, Rose, it was for Mr. Ilsley; why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow," and without waiting for further questioning, Rose discovered that she was being called, and whipped out of the room like a flash.

"I'll do it if I lose my place for it," she said, as she went down stairs. "Now to get permission to get out this afternoon."

This was easily obtained, and Morgan Ilsley was astonished by a visit from Mrs. Lecompton's parlor maid. Without wasting time on ceremony, Rose proceeded to inform him that she had a secret to tell him, that would cost her her place if he betrayed her, but which she was certain nearly affected his happiness and that of Miss Irving. At that name his face grew stern and rigid as iron, yet he told her to tell her errand, and be sure he would not betray her visit.

"I must go back, sir, to the day before St. Valentine's Day. Miss Minnie, bless her heart, had been like a bird all day, singing little snatches of song, and her face like a summer day with the brightness of it. It was in the afternoon that she came down stairs with a little note that she put on the hall table for John to take to the post-office. The little note, sir, was for you. We were going to have visitors for tea, and I was in the China closet cleaning the silver, when Miss Arabella came, with Miss Minnie's note in her hand, into the dining-room. She looked round, but the closet door was just ajar, and she did not see me. I saw her though. She opened the little note, sir, and took out the paper that was in it and read it. Her face was as black as a thunder cloud when she saw that same. Well, sir, she put that note in the fire, and in its place she put in a painted picture.

"What?"

"Yes, sir, she did. Are you that blind you don't know she's in love with you?"

"Hush, hush! Let me think."

"Do that same, sir, but first let me tell you that the next day Miss Minnie came in from walking as white as a sheet, and white she's been ever since, a-pining away, sir, and jest fretting the heart out of her. So, sir, I made bold to come tell you if there was anything in the letter that angered you, it was none of Miss Minnie's doings."

"Does she know you have come?"

"Niver a bit, sir."

There was a moment of silence.

"Have I made it all right, sir, or only worse?" asked Rose.

"I cannot tell, my girl. I must see Miss Irving. But she may refuse to see me," he said, half to himself.

"You come, sir, this evening, and I'll not tell her who wants her before she goes to the parlor. The others will all be at a concert, but she is not going; she's got the headache the

day, and do have it all the time, now, more by token it's the heartache, I'm thinking."

"I will come then. You have done me a service I will never forget, Rose." He took her hand a moment, and closed it fast over a folded note, and put her gently from the room.

"It's a made woman I am," said Rose to herself, as she sped along homeward. "A twenty dollar note, and they're sure to take me to live along of them when the wedding is over."

It was hard for Minnie to believe the tale Morgan told that evening, but easy to open her heart again to the love craving admittance. Rose was never betrayed; but Arabella knew her plot to separate the loving hearts was by some means frustrated. She accepted an invitation to join some friends in a European trip, and when she returned Minnie's wedding was an event of the past, and her own hand, if not her heart, was in the possession of a fellow-traveller, who was enthusiastic on the subject of blonde tresses.

Minnie had been a wife a year, when, one morning, she took up a small portmanteau that had lain amongst other bachelor possessions undisturbed since the owner became a Benedict.

"Nothing but papers, pet," her husband said, as she applied to him for the key. "But we will overhaul them, and burn up what are not worth keeping. There!" and he shook out the contents on a table. "There are all my secrets."

"O Morgan! was this"—and her lip curled.

He looked up as she opened a paper with a rudely-painted picture upon it. "Yes, my love," he said, answering the unfinished question, "that artistic work of art was Morgan's Valentine."

DON'T FRET.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

DON'T FRET! All nature is opposed to fretting. The stars are bright above us, and the flowers beautiful beneath us to gladden us with their brightness and beauty. With all the varied appointments of the natural world, and they are manifold, to minister to our joy and comfort, what else than an ingrate to heaven is the person who corrodes his or her life with fretful cares and consuming anxieties? Every flower that blooms, every stream that ripples, every bird that sings enters its protest, and pronounces against the monstrous ingratitude of such a character. And yet thousands, with God's bright, smiling heavens over their heads, pass their days in fretting over the little troubles and annoyances of life. With so many things in the world to yield them enjoyment, and with so little to take away from their happiness, they are nevertheless wretched and miserable from the mere habit of fretting.

Life has its trials and disappointments, it is true; but what are these compared to its mani-

fold blessings? And even these are a positive good to those who have the philosophy to conquer or endure them as the case may be. All true happiness is conditioned on goodness and virtue, and these imply the conquest of the difficulties in the way of our happiness. But the greatest proportion by far of the unhappiness of the race results from imaginary, unreal evils—evils that exist only in the brain and nowhere else. Literally true of thousands are the words of Burns:—

“When na real ills perplex them
They make enou’ themselves to vex them.”

DON'T FRET! All reason, all philosophy is against it. If adversities and disappointments come, they come in the order of a beneficent Providence, and we should bear them. They spring not from the ground, but have a kindly, heaven-sent mission to us. And if we may not conquer them—and what may not be conquered by a brave spirit and noble action?—we can, at least, endure them. Like the oak of the forest or the flower of the field, we can bend before the storm, and be all the stronger and nobler for it. Storms are not the general order of the natural world; they come only ever and anon. So with the real trials of life; they come only now and then, and, when they do come, we should meet them with patience and philosophy. To sit down and fret in the hour of darkness and trial is to reveal a weak and cowardly spirit; to do so is an absolute reproach to any head or heart. Then is the time for action and heroism; then

“It is Godlike to unloose
The spirit, and forget ourselves in thought;
Bending a pinion for a deeper sky,
And, in the very fetters of our flesh,
Mating with the pure essences of heaven.”

DON'T FRET! Nothing is more unprofitable than fretting. All regrets over what cannot be remedied are as unavailing as they are foolish. Who ever removed one difficulty out of the path of life by fretting? Who ever lessened trouble by pining over and hugging it to the bosom? And yet, from the number of fretters in this world, did we not know to the contrary, we might infer there was some remuneration or comfort in it. In action and endurance lies the secret of the true man's or woman's power over all the ills and troubles of life. The very afflictions and sorrows of life are transmuted by a true philosophy into blessings and sources of joy.

There can be no cheer, no sunshine, where there are unreasonable anxiety and care. The light, joyous heart never frets. For it there is too much to enjoy and be thankful for in God's beautiful universe to allow of this. Who, reader, of your friends are the contented and happy? Are they not those who are wont to look on the cheerful side of things, and who make the most of life? Anxious care is the enemy of all enjoyment. When the Book of

books says, “Be careful for nothing,” it says the equivalent of the two words, “*Don't fret!*” There is no real good in life but that fretting mars and destroys. The fretter's lot, however favorable in respect of external possessions, is a sad and unenviable one. In our heart we pity him. Bright, cheerful spirits, with the little of this world's treasures, are infinitely preferred to any supposable condition in life with a fretful, murmuring disposition.

Then, reader, **DON'T FRET!** When things go wrong, as they sometimes will, work and wait in cheerful patience till they go better. Happiness is your life's chief design; resolve, therefore, that nothing shall thwart that design. Study and practise the philosophy which converts trials into blessings, adversities into joys. Whatever turns up in your individual history in the outside world, recollect that you have no right to be unhappy, and determine, with the blessing of Providence, you will not be.

LINES.

SWEET sister, must thou be
A lost delight forevermore,
Like spicy wafts at sea
That never reach the shore;
Or drowned pearl and ivory
That fated vessels bore?
Thy little life had perfect rest
At its faint dying close—
Not softer from her nest
The early robin goes,
Or fades the daylight in the west,
Or folds the evening rose.
A breath—a memory—
Brief love and long regret!
Thy dying look I seem to see
As earth and heaven met;
And thy dear face is still with me
With summer roses set.

WAITING.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS KETCHUM.

WAITING for health and strength;
Counting each flickering pulse, each passing hour,
And sighing when my weary frame at length
Sinks like a drooping flower.
Waiting for rest and peace;
Rest from unravelling life's perplexing woof;
Peace from the doubts that crouch like hidden foes,
And glare at me aloof.
Waiting for absent eyes;
Bright as the sunrise to the lonesome sea,
Lovely as life to youth's expectant gaze,
And dear next Heaven to me.
Thou, who didst watch and pray,
Quicken the pulse, bid doubt and weeping flee;
Or, if these must abide, still let me cry
Bring back the loved to me!

MARRIAGE is the best state for man in general, and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state.—*Dr. Johnson.*

HESTER.

BY MAGGIE H. HAMMOND.

HETTY HOYT tied on her little nun bonnet, one November afternoon, and hastened down to her favorite nook beside the river, her aching head and tired frame demanding a few moments' hush and solitude. She went quite to the brink of the water and sat down upon a log, overgrown with lichens and fungi, which jutted out over the still depths. Far down below the bend of the river the town drowsed in the autumn sunshine; the cliffs behind it, sharply defined in the clear atmosphere, and she could see the smoke of the distant engine, as it coursed along with mad speed, but so far removed that only the faintest rumble reached her ear, and its white trail rose in pendulous wreaths like the snowy banners of some invisible host. The trees surrounding her were nearly stripped of their leaves, which had fluttered down in all the gorgeousness of their flaming beauty, save a few that still clung to the naked boughs, as if loth to tremble down to the earth from which they had drawn their sustenance during their brief life. And, indeed, the air was so balmy, the winds so lulled, the sky so blue, that they must have felt it was all a mistake; and the cruel frost and chilling winds had come upon them too early, and summer, rising from her torpor, had wrested the sceptre from autumn.

But Hetty, being in somewhat of a desponding mood, was fain to drop her eyes upon the panorama before them, and as they fell, her restless fingers plucked nervously at the rough bark of the old log. She was in the mood for complaint rather than admiration.

"I wonder if it would have made any particular difference if I'd never lived?" she said, watching a dead leaf that rustled down and was caught in the eddy current. "There'd be no one to help with the work and tend to the children; but more than that it wouldn't matter much. Father wouldn't miss me long, and mother, after the first fret, would forget me; that is, if I were to die now! And there's Geordie! He might feel shocked at first, and then it would be over. I would be put away from them all, and the world would go on just the same. No one would need me!" She gasped weakly at the thought. It was so hard to think she might pass away, leaving but the faintest ripple where her life-bark went down; her memory treasured in no souls.

"Het! Hetty!" The call floated out clear and shrill, rasping her ear. She started up slowly. She could never be left long to the solitude she coveted. She was at the mercy of other's wills. The monotonous treadmill of life would suffer no tangent from its beaten track.

Not far back from the river stood the house, a square wood-colored building, boasting not the slightest pretensions to beauty. The fence

before it was battered and broken, and in the yard a bevy of children, shock-headed, freckle-faced, were noisily playing. Some of them ran after her, catching hold of her dress as she went up the steps before the door. In the narrow hall a little toddler of a baby was lustily crying, and, as Hetty came in, a tall, wiry woman looked crossly up.

"Well may you be a smart one, Het! Washy crying; supper to be got ready, and you trailing off, goodness knows where!"

"But, mother, you don't *know* how my head hurts, and I thought maybe I could take a half hour. Washy, do be still!" and she lifted the stout little body from the floor. "Jennie, do not hang on my dress so! Help mother set the table, that's a good girl! See here, Washy, 'creep, creep, creep!'" Whereupon Washy's squeals changed without any preliminary modulations into convulsions of laughter.

"Why, mother, you've got on the best dishes!" said Hetty, surprisedly, as she entered the kitchen a while later.

Mrs. Hoyt was standing by the table turning down her sleeves and fastening them at the wrists, a warning that tea was just ready.

"Well, what if I have?" she answered, sharply. "'Tain't every day that Geordie Asher happens in; and I don't know that it need surprise you so to see a decent-looking table once!"

"O mother, is Geordie here?" and Washy's dumpling of a body fairly rolled off Hetty's lap. "You might have told me. Oh, won't somebody take the baby and let me go smooth my hair? and *this* dress, too!" with a shamed look at the faded calico she wore.

"Mercy on us, child, what ails you? I s'posed you knew it. He just brung Kate Marvin home, and stopped in a while. For goodness sake, hush Washy's yells! Folks'll think he's bein' murdered!"

But the aggrieved infant was not to be speedily appeased; evidently the little rascal enjoyed the commotion. And just then, as Hetty was meditating summary escape, the men came in to their supper.

Geordie smiled pleasantly, never seeming to notice the rumpled hair, the faded dress. Only the pleasant face, with its swift blushes and drooping eyes, claimed his glance.

"Little Hetty, your services are invaluable here," he said, cordially shaking her hand. "Washy, you are a cheat," tweaking his red ear. "Can't we possibly take tea together, Hetty?"

"Impossible," she answered. "Washy is a little on the dog-in-the-manger plan. He don't want to eat, and isn't willing I should. So good-by!" and she hastened out, carrying the little nuisance, who was only too happy to be lugged about, and would have fastened himself like a leech to the back of some pedestrian, could he possibly have done so.

Out in the open field, where the ploughs and farming utensils were scattered in thriftless disorder, and the patient oxen, still yoked together, were chewing their cud, Hetty strayed, and Washy, enthroned on a stump, kicked his fat feet and indulged in gurgling ebullitions of pleasure, pouncing up and down, and assailing the meek-eyed oxen with unintelligible roars. By and by Hetty saw the men coming out of doors, heard Geordie's resonant call, "Hetty! Hetty!" Then his quick eye spied them out, and he came towards them in his easy, careless way, little Tab following closely at his heels.

"Here, Hetty," he said, "here's Tab come to take that little torment to his supper, and I want you to wait out here a few moments and talk to me," seating himself on Washy's deserted throne as he spoke. "I'm going up river next week, Hetty!"

"Yes?" and Hetty looked steadily at him, as if the news were nothing to her.

A shade of impatience quivered in his tone. "You take it mighty cool, Hetty!" flippingly a wisp of hay as he spoke.

What malicious sprite stirred up the girl's heart to make the reply her lips formed. "Why should I take it hardly? what possible difference can your absence make to me?"

Geordie's face whitened, his black brows met in an angry frown, his eyes gleamed darkly. "You are a heartless flirt, Hetty Hoyt!"

The cruel fling turned her to adamant. If she died she would make no sign how deeply she was wounded. She drew herself up with a womanly dignity, that became her well. "You know in your heart that saying is false."

Stubbornness would allow Geordie no relenting. The greatest fault of his nature was impetuosity. Therefore he rose quickly. "No mask can blind me, Hetty. No wonder my absence will make no difference to you. Dick Hall's presence will compensate for mine. Only don't counterfeit to him as you have to me. Good-night, and *good-by*, Miss Hoyt!"

Hetty's lips parted in no farewell, she only looked after him in a bewildered way; then sat motionless as if transfixed by some cruel arrow. Geordie's life had so grown to be one with hers, that to feel it was stricken quite out of her future was terrible to bear. They had been playmates in childhood, school companions, and their youthful alliance had suffered no rupture with added years. They were wholly dissimilar in many things. He, dashing, brilliant, impetuous; she, maintaining a steadier equipoise; but both gravitating towards each other as if the one nature were a complement of the other. When Geordie betook himself to his farm, a good two days' drive from there, Hetty felt lost indeed, and it seemed as if all the brightness of her life gathered and concentrated itself into the periods of his flying visits to his old friends.

He had described his home to her, until she felt as familiar with its every detail as himself. The yard bounded by no barriers, but mingling with the sweep of prairie; the building itself, built according to no settled plan, but a room thrown out here and there as the lawless fancy of the owner had directed; the sunny sitting-room, with its bay-window looking out upon the terrace, and the flower-beds, which it had been Geordie's pleasure to cultivate; and Hetty shyly listening to his sparkling descriptions, unwittingly fostered sweet fancies of a removal from her father's turbulent, crowded house, and her step-mother's shiftless rule to such a home, where duty would be ennobled and the most trifling offices gilded by love. But lately she awoke from such dreams, conscious of an unuttered sorrow. It was no longer friendship she cherished for Geordie, but love. Her soul had gone out to him beyond recall; held in solution by his stronger nature. Inasmuch as her nature was deep and true, her affections were the same. Hers was no weak soul to love weakly. And then all the pride of her womanhood asserted itself. It should not be said she wore her "heart on her sleeve for daws to peck at." To give her love unsought was abjectly humiliating. How did she know that to Geordie she was more than a dear friend, with whom he was pleased to hold converse? to whom it was the law of his nature to be tender and loving?

Rumor had been busy, lately, linking his name with Kate Marvin's, a light-haired, pink and white beauty, who counted her lovers by the score. She had been over to the Glen—Geordie's home—on a fortnight's visit to his mother, and it was only to-day he had brought her back. Their parents were old friends; but what of that? Surely Kate scented some quarry worth the powder, else she had not been content to immure herself that long.

By and by the sun, sinking behind gorgeous masses of cloud, sent a quiver of flame full upon Hetty's motionless figure, and then the rich glow faded, and slowly, imperceptibly, the gray mists of twilight clasped the earth in their shadowy embrace. A chill wind rose from the west, struck her with a sense of relief, lifted the hair from her temples, cooled the fever of her blood. She started up and went slowly to the house. The children had retreated within doors. The supper had been cleared away, and her mother was rocking the cradle in which Washy slept peacefully.

"O Het, you are so thoughtless!" said her quavering voice; "you ought to have been here to put the tea things away. Where's Geordie?"

"Gone!"

"Gone, eh? What an idee of his to tramp up river with the loggers. But then Geordie is Geordie, and there's an end on't."

"And so he is really going to the pineries, mother?"

"Of course; didn't I just say so? He says he guesses he ken swing an axe with the rest on 'em, and then he wants to snuff the odor of the pines."

"But, mam," broke in Sammy, a sturdy youth of ten, "do you mind as how Lois Hutchin's husband was killed in a jam on the drive down the river? How the logs squeezed every bone in his body to a jelly; and there was Elbs. They found him under a pine trunk stiff. Wish I was Geordie, though! Must be fun alive to jump on them pesky logs as they come bobbin' down stream. When I'm a man grown I'll be a logger."

"Bein' as how you ain't a boy grown yet, you'll go 'mediately to bed," said his mother, abruptly. "Hetty, see to them."

So the girl took the troop of little ones up stairs, helped them undress, heard their prayers, kissed each sleepy face, and then stole softly down, going past the room where her father sat smoking, and her mother was idly gossiping with a neighbor.

"Nobody'll miss me," she whispered, going slowly out into the silent night, and following her accustomed trail to the river. The lateness and loneliness gave her no fears. All she wanted was to go away by herself and look the future boldly in the face, and feel and know how bare and blank her life would be with Geordie put out of it forever. Stretching on so featureless—holiest aims stricken from it—a love deep and unselfish turned back to feed upon itself. Her heart sickened at the monotonous path before her. Making the children's clothes, tending to their wants. Her ear ever open to her mother's querulous complaints; trying in her silent way to smooth the daily vexations from her father's path. This would henceforth be her simple life. Her heart meanwhile eating itself in torture.

I am aware this is all wrong. That she should have quenched her love with fiery disdain, until it ran naturally in another channel, and Geordie, awakening too late to a knowledge of the true affection he had angrily cast from him, should sadly find the fine gold dimmed, and only a shadowy friendship left from the devoted attachment that had been given him in the past. But Hetty was only a warm-hearted, loving girl, whose life had been none of the pleasantest, whose outreach had been cramped by poverty, whose aims and aspirations had been oftentimes ruthlessly thwarted, and whose love had been a powerful current, bearing her out of self, overmastering her. And now to feel this love was wasted, and her heart widowed indeed, was bitter, bitter.

The moon hung her silver horn low in the west; the stars shone dimly, and the wind sighed mournfully as if a storm were brooding. The unquiet waves washed against the jutting logs, and a night bird, slow rising from the

marshes, sent forth a melancholy plaint. Far off a wreath of flame marked the thundering onward of the night express, until by and by it faded into the blackness, and Hester peered clearly in the gloom, her hands pressed tightly to her throbbing head. It was all so amiss. Life was such a complex riddle; her heart was so mad with its sorrow and pain. How slowly the hours dragged along:—

"The slow, sweet hours, which bring us all things good;

The slow, sad hours, which bring us all things ill,
And all good things from evil."

She rose at last. "I must go home," she said, slowly. She wondered if they had missed her. They would think her safe in some neighbor's, probably.

Her mother was fastening the doors as she came up. "Goodness, child! I thought you were in bed," said she, sententiously. "It don't look well to be gaddin' about so late. Hurry in. Mercy on us, girl!" as the light from her candle streamed full on the white face, "what ails ye?"

"I do not feel very well," with a half sob. "O mother!"

"Well, put on a mustard plaster, soak your feet. I believe there's water bilin' yet on the stove."

"O mother!"

The not to be repressed, appealing cry caused the woman to stare at her in blank dismay. "Hester Hoyt, what on earth ails ye?"

The look and words brought the girl to her senses. She smiled in a ghastly way. "I believe I do act queerly, mother, but my head hurts so. I don't want the mustard and water, I only want rest. Good-night!"

"I believe our Het is goin' to have a fever," said Mrs. Hoyt to her husband, as he turned sleepily on his pillow as she entered the room.

"A fever?" he answered, vaguely. "Mebbe the child is overworked. Oh, dear! if I were rich," and then his vacant eyes closed, his wishes merging unconsciously into dreams.

"The loggers have gone up river," said little Tab, rushing in breathless one day. "I saw 'em start, and there was Geordie—you can't think how nice he looked! and don't you believe Kate Marvin was down there to see 'em off? And she was talking and laughing with Geordie awful. I was standin' by and heard him say: 'Be sure and cheer mother up a little, Kate, and don't let her get too lonely,' and then I run to him, never mindin' Kate's hateful looks, and caught hold of him. 'Hulloa, little Tab,' said he, squeezing my hand hard, and then, never mindin' my dirty face, he kissed me. Why, Hetty, how queer you look, just as if I were a soap bubble, and you lookin' right through me, never seein' me at all!"

Hetty started, gave a queer little laugh, then went on industriously mending Tab's dress.

But it was not the first time her eyes had such a troubled glance, as if her spirit was conscious of no out look, but was turned wistfully within.

"Het had changed so, latterly," her mother said. "She was so quiet and old womanish; steady about her work as could be, and never caring to go out with the young folks—settled down sober like, you might say."

As for Geordie, he had not yet outgrown the fascination of novelty and adventure. The solitude and grandeur of the wilderness, the quaint picturesqueness of this new life, suited his fancy. A slight taint of lawlessness in his blood had full scope, and he roamed through the wilds every inch a king. He was a decided favorite in the logger's camp, and his aptitude for accomplishing many things was made visibly manifest. No one could trill a rollicking stave like Geordie; no one could draw from the old fiddle such lively, heel-inspiring strains, or else such sad melodies that the listeners' hearts thrilled with nameless, undefinable pain; no one could tell such sparkling stories—half real, half romance—as were spoken by his lips. Beyond cavil he was the favorite of the camp.

"He hain't enemies enough to take the curse off him," said Bob Ellis, one day.

"Sure and I don't understand sich sayin's," said Pat Ricks. "Here, Mike, let alone lean in' onto the shoulder of me."

"I don't wonder you don't understand, Pat," replied Bob, "for you can't read. But I've read it, and it says: 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'"

"Thin, sure, I'm all right," said Pat, turning away, "and, sure, I've a dale of enemies."

And so the quiet days slipped along. Days of grace to Geordie, for up there in the solitude his heart went back to old friends and companions, and dwelt most of all with a remorseful tenderness on Hetty.

It was curious, but he could only see her as he had left her that November evening. Her eyes wide and startled, her face white and worked, her hands tightly clasped. He had been so unkind to her then. His quick nature had flashed, and it was all over. He could not recall it if he would. *His* Hetty, surely, he claimed her. What soft flushes of color used to come and go upon her cheek. How her eyes used to fall beneath his flashing look. How proud she was of his honor; how she sought to do him little services in the quietest, shyest way. What a stanch, true soul she had. How truly pure and womanly she was. And he had cast aside and forfeited her love, wounded her heart, like the veriest fool and madman. He lifted his axe fiercely; true to the stalwart arm, which wielded it unerringly, its bright blade clove the air and was buried in the quivering, groaning trunk before him. He looked at the swaying pine as if fascinated, then sprang for safety—too late! In his ear came a rushing as of thunder. There was a

sudden horror and a chill, a bubbling cry, and, then, darkness and silence.

"My God, men!" cried a startled voice, "look here."

The men thus summoned gather around in stupefied astonishment. A fallen tree, a human form crushed beneath it, a pool of fresh blood; these tell the story plainer than words. Exclamations are hushed; each bearded face grows white.

"Lem'me see, here's Bill, and Bob, and Zed, and Jack. Boys, it's Geordie!"

The men say nothing; they are hard at work. They lift, and push, and haul at the sturdy tree until at last they succeed in getting from under it the motionless mass of flesh. Then slowly and carefully they bear it through the dark, dense forest, where the air is burdened with the resinous odor of the pines, and scarcely a ray of sunlight flickers down through the greenness above.

No one pauses to look at the bruised figure, with its head hanging helplessly to one side, the brown hair streaming low over the ghastly face, until the weary path is traversed, and they have borne their burden into the camp and laid it gently down. Bob Ellis, who has dabbled in surgery a little, and is the Esculapius of the settlement, makes an examination of the case, the men standing anxiously by. A shiver passes over them as they see the mutilated form and discolored body. One leg is twisted on itself, the bones protruding.

Bob started back; his face colorless, his lips white under his moustache. "There's life in him, boys, but it's a tough fight he'll have to keep it. Now, men, remember we're up here in the wilderness with a dyin' man on our hands. And, knowin' this, just say in your hearts: 'If my care ken be the means of saving him, he shall be saved.' Now, boys, help me here, two of you; bear a hand gently."

Pat Ricks started back, exclaiming: "He's dying! he's dying! Heaven save his soul!"

Bob looked excitedly up. "Boys, if there's a Christian man among you, let him go down on his knees and pray to the Almighty to hev mercy on this poor creetur. We loved Geordie, boys, but you know, and I know, he ain't fit to die."

There was a sudden stir, a quiver of excitement—Geordie's eyes are slowly opening. Poor, vacant eyes; no recognition, no brightness in them, only a strange, dull stare.

"Geordie, my boy," cries Bob, but the words might as well be breathed to the rude bench upon which he lies.

"I've seen them as was dyin'," says Pat, chokingly, "and they niver looked worse nor he."

"For God's sake! stand back," cries another voice. "Let him die quietly."

They shuddered back, those strong-framed, athletic men, some of them weeping like chil-

dren, and Bob, falling on his knees, melts all hearts with his touching prayer for the salvation of this soul, so soon he feared to drift beyond their ken into the awfulness of eternity, away from the light of the world into the rigid fixity of death.

They can scarcely believe their senses as the moments pass on and still Geordie breathes and lives. It seems to their wrought natures a miracle. The wonder is, not that he should die, but that he should live. The dread angel hovered over him so closely that the sweep of his sable plumes darkened the air, chilled every heart. But back from the jaws of the grave he came. Back from the outposts of eternity, into which his soul had drifted; back to the faint consciousness of warm, breathing, precious life, and rough, kindly faces, from whose eyes looked pity, from whose lips issued love.

As Bob predicted, he had a tough fight for his life; but he slowly weathered the sea, lying through long weeks helpless and suffering. It was wonderful to see how much innate kindness was developed in those rough men, to many of whom oaths were more familiar than prayers, and who had never taken thought for life, death, or the judgment after death. Harsh voices were subdued to low whispers, brawny hands smoothed the clustering hair from Geordie's brow with a touch gentle as a mother's, cheery words disclaimed the thought of his being a tax upon any one's time and patience.

A great change had passed over Geordie, so the men said, earnestly. He was as pleasant, as cheerful as ever, bore his sufferings meekly, but all the old "devil-may-care" of his manner was gone, and a sweet seriousness underlay all his words and actions. He had talked plainly with them all. "I've been brought back from the grave, boys," he said. "I've had my poor body maimed, but God has saved my soul, and my life is his henceforth and forever." They received his words in all sincerity.

"Geordie don't play the saint," said Jemmy Doyle. "He's one of us, human nature like us, only, boys, he's got *something* to lean on that we hain't, something higher than we know for. And, boys, 'twould be a good thing if we trusted in Christ, too."

By and by there came a day when Bob Ellis took a horse and went through the wilderness across the wild, wind-swept prairie to the nearest town, from whence he returned with the easiest-going rig he could obtain. In consequence thereof, one morning Geordie was fairly lifted into it and nearly smothered with buffalo robes, the men crowding around to give him the last cordial hand shake and "God bless you," for Geordie was going home.

Mrs. Asher, bustling about her work one Saturday, quavering in her low, sweet voice an old forgotten tune, was suddenly startled by

the appearance of a tall, bronzed man, whilst leaning on his arm was some one, emaciated, crippled. One swift glance, and, with a hysterical sob, she has clasped him in her arms. "O Geordie! my poor boy."

He kissed her fondly, smiling out of pure joy at being home again. "I ain't quite the same Geordie who left you, mother," pointing to the twisted limb, "but, thank God! I'm home. And this is Bob Ellis, mother. You couldn't have taken better care of me than Bob has; he and I are sworn friends for time and eternity."

Mrs. Asher, in her joy, and pity, and strange mixture of feelings, wrung Bob's hands fervently, until, what with her cries, thanks, and kisses of Geordie meanwhile, she became fairly unintelligible. The news of Geordie's return noised abroad, and one day Kate Marvin ran over to the Hoyts with the information. Hetty, who was mixing cake at the kitchen table, looked up as Kate fluttered in, her scarlet cloak gathered coquettishly around her.

"Hard at work, Het?" was her salutation. "Well, you do beat all girls I know to be so constantly busy. By the way, do you know that he is home?"

Hetty visibly started, crushing a brittle shell in her palm: "Geordie back?"

"I believe I didn't mention names," said Kate, maliciously. "However, you've guessed rightly. And so terribly crippled as he is—he was most killed by an accident. Dick Hall told me all about him; he's been over to see him. Ain't it awful? I never could abide deformity of any kind. I'd rather have died, if I was Geordie; so proud as he used to be, too. Good-morning!" and the selfish, shallow little beauty unceremoniously departed.

Hetty sat down and cried softly. "Poor Geordie!" she whispered. It was useless to try to quench the old love. It would not lie quietly down and suffer the sods to be heaped upon it. If Hetty had thought the ghost laid, she found to her sorrow it had never been a ghost at all. If it had for awhile suffered her to imagine it growing more shadowy, it claimed its revenge for so doing. No one had ever imagined her conflict, the battles she had waged with self. If her wearied father and the turbulent children had marked lately how tender was her voice, how gentle her smile, how unwearying her patience, they little recked that through sorrow had her character been thus beautified. That from the bitter she had plucked sweetness, and passing through the valley was able to ascend the mountain top. Deep hidden was her noiseless grief, and no one comprehended that the quiet girl, shrinking from no duty, ever tenderly mindful of the happiness of those about her, had battled with an anguish which crushed her soul in its grasp, until she looked beyond self to the One who pitieth us, even as a father pitieth his children.

Spring came, balmy, bright. The cruel winds abated their rigor, the snow melted from field and hill-top, the winsome violets nestled in shady nooks, the dandelions blossomed goldenly—hardy, generous little adventurers, scattering the brightness of their presence lavishly—and everywhere earth teemed with renewed life and beauty. One bright afternoon in May there was quite a commotion in the Hoyt homestead, for Mrs. Asher and Geordie had made their appearance there.

"'Twas Geordie's doings," said Mrs. Asher, smilingly. "Nothing would suit him but to come over and see how his old friends looked."

Of course, Geordie was the hero of the day, and all were eager for his comfort. Hetty was kind, but very quiet. Geordie sighed for a return of the old familiar friendship; he would never claim more than that now. And yet, beneath all her composure, he wondered if the old, stanch, enthusiastic heart was beating.

Few words passed between them during the day, for household cares claimed the girl's attention; but in the evening, when the children had listened to reason and sleepily went to bed, and the old folks were leisurely chatting, Geordie asked Hetty to help him out on the stoop, where they had sat together many a time when children. It was a still, clear night. The moon cast a mellow radiance over the old earth, enhancing her beauties, veiling her defects. And over all rested a spell, dream like and passion soothing.

The day was done, and peace came with the starry night. The sight of nature's hush and solitude brought calmness to fevered souls. In the holy quiet Geordie told Hetty of his new faith, his undying hopes. Then silence had fallen upon them. But after a while he broke it, saying: "I was hasty and unkind when we parted last, and, Hetty, if you would only overlook it and forgive me, and be my good, true friend again."

Her voice failed her when she would have spoken, and he went on: "I came to you that night meaning to ask you a question that had long been on my lips to ask, meaning to tell you how dearly I loved you. But you know how differently it all happened," with a sad sigh. "I owe it to you to tell you the truth, but I forfeited your esteem, I killed your—Never mind, Hetty, crippled as I am now, you need never fear that I shall ask a sweeter gift than your forgiveness and friendship."

Hetty quivered with undefinable mental pain. She gave Geordie only friendship, when her soul had gone out to him with a force beyond her control, and she longed to be his helpmeet, his friend, his earthly all.

Geordie started as he caught the expression of her face. "It cannot be," he said, eagerly, "that—that you can love me still, and take me, maimed as I am, Hetty?"

She looked in his eyes honestly. "I *do* love you, Geordie."

His face was illumined; he drew her unsuspectingly to him. "Mine in life and death," he whispered.

Years have passed since then. During which Hester has walked nobly as a wife, and in the secret chambers of his soul Geordie reverences and loves the pure, true woman with whom his destiny is linked. Together they tread life bravely, making of it a diadem upon their brows, and their desire is that, when the final summons comes to them, together they may go through the open doors into the presence of that Heavenly love in which their earthly affections are baptized.

THE SIEVES OF SOCIETY.

YOU would not pour precious wine into a sieve; yet that were as wise as to make a confidant of one of those "leaky vessels" of society, that, like water-carts, seem to have been made for the express purpose of letting out what they take in. There is this difference, however, between the perforated puncheon and the leaky brain—the former lays the dust, and the latter is pretty sure to raise one. Beware of oozy-headed people, between whose ears and mouth there is no partition. Before you make a bosom friend of any man, be sure that he is secret-tight. The mischief that the non-retentives do is infinite. In war they often mar the best-laid schemes, and render futile the most profound strategy. In social life they sometimes set whole communities by the ears, frequently break up families, and are the cause of innumerable misfortunes, miseries, and crimes. In business they spoil many a speculation, and involve hundreds in bankruptcy and ruin. Therefore be very careful to whom you intrust information of vital importance to your own interests, or to the interests of those you hold dear. Every man has a natural inclination to communicate what he knows, and if he does not do so it is because his reason and judgment are strong enough to control this inherent propensity. When you find a friend who can exercise absolute power over the communicative instinct—if we may so term it—wear him in your heart, "yea, in your heart of hearts." If you have no such friend, keep your own counsel.

FORTUNE is ever deemed blind by those on whom she bestows no favors.—*Roche foucault.*

WHEN anger rises, think of the consequences.—*Confucius.*

AFFECTATION is a greater enemy to the face than the smallpox.—*St. Evremond.*

TIME'S chariot-wheels make their carriage-road in the fairest face.—*La Roche foucault.*

HANNAH FAUTHORNE'S
FIRST LOVE.

BY A. T.

FIFTY years ago, and I've but to shut my eyes and there comes Willie over the hill, as I used to see him coming, when I sat waiting for him at the farm-house window. Sometimes on horseback, but mostly on foot, for the Hall was not far away. Nowadays you see the boys and men all alike in black, or with a little bit of gray or brown. It wasn't so then. Will wore a blue coat with gilt buttons, and knee buckles, and silk stockings, and buckles in his shoes, and a buff vest; and, on gala days, claret color and white silk. Handsome in any one's eyes, and wonderfully so in mine; for I was half Quakeress, half Methodist, and never had worn anything gay myself.

Tall? Surely he was tall. Never a Haslet under six feet, and broader in the shoulders than any of his age. Straight-featured and rosy, and just twenty-five.

Will's father was rich Squire Haslet, and they lived at the Hall—a grand house we thought it, for we were plain people. Father a Quaker, mother a Methodist, and he kept to the plain dress and language all his life. In those days there never was a Methodist who wore gay colors, or new fashions, and mother took to the poke bonnets and grave dresses naturally.

So we were quiet enough, not a picture nor an ornament in the house. Not a fiddle, though brother Barzillai begged to have one. And at dusk Saturday night, work put away, and the house clean, and not so much as a mouthful cooked the Sabbath through. Everything cold; and mother put the key in her pocket, and took us girls one way to Methodist meeting, and father took the boys to Quaker meeting, for that was the compact, and they never let religion come between them.

It was all so different at the squire's. The curtains and carpets and Mrs. Haslet's caps all aglow with color. And Sunday a feast day, with more work for the servants than any other; and guests down from the city, and the piano—such a wonder to all—and the harp a playing. They went to church if they chose, and sat in the squire's high-backed pew with curtains.

Mother used to say—she was a bit prejudiced—that what with the organ and altar cloths, and fonts and carvings, and painted windows, and gay bonnets, the Episcopal church was all the world like a play-house. Sister Ellis used to say to me, "For all that, I'd like a pink bonnet myself, and to go where there was music in the church." Ellis hadn't a Quaker bone in her body, nor a drop of Methodist blood in her veins. I always wondered Will didn't come a wooing her instead of me.

I was a little bit of a thing with blue eyes,

and skin like wax, without a bit of color in it; and didn't there come an artist, who painted miniatures, to our place, one summer, and tell me my face was "classical," nearer "antique" than anything he ever saw. I was pleased with the first, but the last worried me, for, do what I would, though it sounded like a compliment, I could make no meaning of "antique" but *old*, so I asked Willie, and said he:—

"Come to my house and I'll show you." So mother let me, and I went. There in the drawing-room was a stand, and on it a woman in marble—that is the face and neck of a woman, and down to the waist. A "bust" he called it. Says Willie, "That's antique. It is Psyche, and more like you than any picture could be."

"Never like *me*," said I; and then I blushed and turned away, for not a tucker nor a scarf had she, and I felt ashamed.

It was a splendid house—too grand it seemed to me to live in; and he took me all over it, even to the hot-house, where summer flowers grew in the winter time, and put some in my hair. "White," said he, "you look best in white."

One night I heard father and mother talking by the kitchen fire. Says mother, "It's wrong to stand in the girl's way, though he's Episcopal. And think of her being mistress of the Hall, and riding in her own coach!"

"Thee thinks too much of the world, Eunice," says father.

"But remember, Elias," says mother, "it's a chance that comes to few. And she'd be good to Ellis if we died, and the fear would be off our minds for the children. It's hard to be poor, to pinch and save, and to know a bad year for crops or a spell of sickness would swallow all. He loves her, and he'll be good to her; and she can go to our meeting, and he to his."

"Thee'll have thy way at last," says father. "But I'd rather see her marry some young friend, with but one cow and two or three acres. I misdoubt the way of world's folk."

But his voice was mild, and I knew he had yielded. As for the squire himself—a handsome, burly, red-faced gentleman with a loud voice—he rode over one morning to see father. Mother went into the sitting-room, and I was to stay in the dairy; but how could I, when I knew my fate was in the balance? I crept into the entry and listened. I heard the squire first.

"My boy has set his heart on your girl," he said; "he might find a richer mate, but he could not find a prettier or a better. If you'll say yes, neighbor Fauthorne, I will, and his mother. Sabrina's to be married soon, and we shall want a daughter at the Hall."

Father said not a word for a while. He folded his hands, and sat looking at the floor. At last he said, "Have thy own way, Eunice, she's a girl."

Oh, but it's sweet to have the first love crowned by a parent's blessing! Well, well, with joy comes sorrow. A month after that Willie's mother died. She dropped from her chair at the dinner table, and when the servant had sped across the country and back with the doctor she was dead. I wept as I stood near the grave and saw Willie so sad, dressed for the first time in his mourning, and I had more reason to weep than I knew; for Sabrina Haslet was mistress of the Hall, and all along, in secret, she had set her heart against her brother's match with me.

As soon as she could she began to fill the house with company—young ladies, nearly all; handsome, fashionable, dressed in finery and jewels, and Will must play the part of host and make them welcome. He told me so. "Though I'd rather be with my Quaker beauty by the river side," he said. "But Sabrina wants company to keep her spirits up."

I had a guess that she hoped to wean him from me, but I never told him so. True love, I thought, needs no chain, and for a while he was my own Willie all the same. But there at last came to the Hall the handsomest lady of all—Miss Dorcas Oakley. She stayed a long, long while; and there were dancing in the evenings and riding all day; and she rode beautifully, and always with Willie. I thought to myself over and over again, "Does she know it is my love she rides away with as though he were hers?"

Then the jealousy began to grow in my heart, and I was not the same girl at times. Yet all the while he told me that it was fashion and courtesy, and kept me quiet whilst he was by. He would have had me also at the Hall often, but Sabrina sent no message. She was the mistress of the house, and I would not go there without her invitation. So I pined and grew thin, and mother thought me ill. So I was, but of heart, not of body. And when she talked of my wedding-day, my blood would boil, and I'd say, between my clenched teeth, "No, I'll marry no one who weds me because he's bound to me, and not from love!"

One night I stood by the garden palings and looked at the stars; and as I stood there a woman in a hood came over the fields and stood beside me. It was Miss Sabrina Haslet. I started as if I had been shot; and she took off her hood, for it was warm, and looked hard at me.

"What kind of a girl are you?" said she.

"What kind of one are you?" said I. "Not a civil one, to speak that way."

Said she, "What I want to know is this. Are you the person to hold my brother to a foolish bond, or to let him free when he begins to struggle? You caught him cleverly; and though his heart has slipped through your fingers, you may be mistress of the Hall yet, I suppose. Will you?"

"With his heart gone from me!" I cried.

"Has he told you it is gone?"

"He'd die first," said Miss Sabrina. "His honor would not let him break troth with you. But to see how he loves Miss Dorcas Oakley, and she is a match for him in rank, and wealth, and beauty. People are talking of it, and pitying him."

"They shall pity him no more," I said. "What is that Hall to me? It was my Willie's love I cared for. Tell him he is free."

"You must tell him yourself," she said; "if you care to see him happy, open his cage," and she tied on her hood and sped away.

That night there went a note to Willie:—

MASTER WILLIAM HASLET: I've thought a long, long while that the bond between us was best broke, I feel sure of it now. It will be better that we should not meet again; and in this I send you back your ring. May good fortune and happiness attend you! And with this wish, I sign myself

HANNAH FAUTHORNE.

This I wrote with a heart torn and rent as never flesh could be, and it was sent; and though he came to the farm I would not see him; and all was over between us.

I waited only to hear that he was betrothed to Miss Dorcas Oakley. Instead of that I heard, a week after, that he had left the country. Where he had gone, and why, no one knew. When I felt sure that Miss Dorcas Oakley could be nothing to him, or at least that they were not to be married, my heart smote me a little, and I wondered whether I should not have put my pride down a bit, and have heard him speak for himself.

Miss Sabrina Haslet did not marry. The wedding was put off, first by her mother's death, and then by her father's six months after; and then folk said there was a quarrel. But be it as it may, he who was to have been her husband, married, instead, that same Miss Dorcas Oakley. Other suitors came no doubt, for Miss Sabrina was handsome and rich; but she liked none of them, and lived on in the Hall quite alone but for the servants. By and by she saw no company, and shut up half the house, and seemed more lonely and wretched than many a poor woman. All her beauty left her, too, and she became a sharp, sour spinster, always dressed in black—she who had been both belle and beauty.

I lived on at home. Ellis married, and so did Barzillai. The years did not seem to give a gray hair to my mother, nor a wrinkle to my father; they were too placid to grow old fast. No one wondered I did not marry. They seemed to think that, having been so nearly mistress of the Hall, it was not likely I should be willing to wed for less. The Hall! It was Willie I loved, and not his house or lands.

One winter night—Christmas time was nearly come, and I sat by the fire dressing dolls and

tying up sugar plums in paper horns with bits of ribbon for my nieces' and nephews' stockings—there came a loud rapping at the door. I opened it, and there stood an old man-servant from the Hall.

"I'm sent by Miss Sabrina, miss," said he. "She is very ill, and desires you to come alone; she has something particular to say to you."

"Sabrina Haslet send for me!" I thought, and then my heart beat fast, and I fancied I hardly knew what. "Ill, did you say?" I asked.

"Very ill," said the man; "the doctors gave her over."

I went back to get a shawl and hood, and tell my mother where I was going, and then came out. The night was bleak, and snow was falling and lay deep upon the ground, and there stood a carriage with rugs in it ready for me. I stepped in and was whirled away towards the Hall. It was like a dream; I could scarcely believe myself awake. It was still a dream when we stopped at the Hall, and I only realized that all was true when I stood in Miss Sabrina's room, and saw her lying wan and pale upon the pillow. Oh! what a change had come over her.

"You've come, Hannah Fauthorne," she said; "thank you for that. I thought you'd refuse, perhaps. It's a long while since we spoke together!"

"A long while," I replied.

"Yet you haven't changed much," said she. "You look as you did when you stood by the hedge in the moonlight, and said: 'What is the Hall to me? 'Twas Willie's love I cared for.' I remembered the words, Hannah Fauthorne. They've stung my soul often since. Do you know I lied then?"

"Lied?"

"Yes, lied. It was I who wanted him to wed Dorcas Oakley. Willie's heart never belonged to any one but you. He was true as Heaven. I thought a poor girl like you beneath him. I told him you loved that cousin who came to your home so often, and when your letter came he believed it. I thought he would marry Dorcas then. I never meant to drive him from home and kin; but he went, and the last words he said were: 'Sabrina, my heart is broken.' And all these years he has wandered over the world a lonely, sorrowing man; and I, his sister, the cause. And she—Dorcas—oh! you know my lover jilted me for her; all the place knows that."

I looked at the poor, dying woman. I was trying to forgive her, but I could not help speaking harshly. "I am only a stranger," I said; "what I have suffered is nothing to you. But had you no mercy on your brother? You have had time to repent."

"Time!" she said. "Yes, Hannah Fauthorne, it seems like eternity; but I have sought for him in vain; for years I thought him

dead. Yesterday I learned that he is alive, and not many miles distant. Old before his time, they say, but he lives. Look," she continued, drawing a packet from under her pillow; "in this I have written the truth. It shall be sent to-morrow. It is directed plainly. If I die in the night, it can go all the same. Will and you may meet again and be happy when I am under the turf." Then she began to wail: "Don't leave me! don't leave me to die alone!"

I sat down by her. "Do not fear," I said; "and try to think of other things. Forget earth, and look to Heaven." I never left her. Sitting by her side on the third night, I saw a change come over her face, and bent over her.

"Hannah Fauthorne," she whispered, "have you forgiven me?"

"As I pray God to forgive me," I answered.

"Then fainter still she spoke: "Be kind to Will; he loved you. Oh! to think that I should have lost my soul that you might not be my sister—you who seem so like one now." And with these words there came a look into her eyes I never shall forget; and in the Christmas dawn she lay on my arm—dead.

On Sunday they buried her. The graveyard was full. Every one came to see Squire Haslet's daughter laid in the great vault. I stood near it; but, though the solemn words of the preacher rang in my ear, and the coffin was before my eyes, and I should have thought of nothing else, my mind would wander away to the past, and I saw Will as I used to see him and myself, as in a mirror, young and blithe, leaning on his arm. Then I found myself praying for the dead woman, "God forgive her, for she knew not what she did."

I came back to the present with a start and a thrill; they were closing the vault. And beside the clergyman, speaking to him in a whisper, stood a tall man, with a foreign look about him, and a heavy hat slouched over his eyes; a man all in black, with hair dark as night, but with here and there a silvery thread. Why did my heart beat so as I looked at him? Surely I had never seen *that* man before? I turned away and went homeward. The path lay by the old Hall. I paused a moment to look at it. Every window was shut; from the broad front door, and from the necks of the stone lions on the porch, streamers of crape were floating. Oh! how often had I seen every window ablaze with lights, and heard music, and dancing feet, and laughter from within. And, now, in the winter twilight, for at five this day was nearly done, and the clouds lowered heavy with coming snows—now how dark and cold it was; and yonder in the graveyard lay in their grim vault master and mistress, and she who had been the pride of their hearts, the toast and beauty of the reign—Sabrina Haslet. And Willie, where was *he*?

The gloom, the scene I had just witnessed,

the memories were too much for me. I bowed my head upon the cold stone of the gateway and wept. "Gone, gone, gone," I cried, and the sobbing wind among the branches seemed to resound the words gone, gone, gone.

I had heard no step on the snow, I had seen no shadow, I never guessed any one was near me, until a hand was laid upon my shoulder, a hand large and strong, but trembling like an aspen leaf. I looked up. Beside me stood the tall, dark man I had seen in the graveyard. When I turned, he removed his hat, and I saw the face of *Willie Haslet*. A face altered and aged, bronzed and sad, but still his, with love in it.

"Hannah," he said, "Hannah!"

And I, as though I spoke in a dream, murmured: "He has come back again! He has come back again!"

"Yes, Hannah, back again," said the low, sweet voice that had been in my memory so many years. "Her letter brought me back. She was my sister, and is dead. Hannah, you know all?"

"All," I said.

He looked at me; I felt that, though I dared not look at him. We were silent for a moment, then he spoke: "I have not crossed that threshold; it rests with you whether I shall. I will not be master of the Hall, unless you will be my wife and its mistress."

"The Hall! the Hall!" I cried. "Did the Hall woo me? Did I love the Hall? You speak of it first, as all do. O Will Haslet! if you had been a poor farmer's son, all might have been different. I never thought of anything but your love."

"I forgot," he said, "'tis not young Will Haslet now. My hair is gray; the time for wooing is past."

"And I am old also," I said. "This is not Hannah Fauthorne, I sometimes think, but another woman with her name."

"There is no change in you," he said. "O Hannah! must I go?" He opened his arms.

I took one step forward, and my head was on his breast, as it had been ten years before, and I was his again.

Thirty years ago—but I remember how the bells rang when we were wed, and how the church was crowded with people to see. And who so proud as mother? For her girl was the squire's lady and mistress of the Hall, where she and father sat by the fire many a long day, and died in peace and hope, almost together at last. So may we die, Will and I, for we love each other still, though both our heads are white as snow to-day. But, amidst the changes that have come in all these years, we have never changed to each other, and, as we have lived, so shall we die.

ANXIETY is the poison of human life.—*Blair*.

I COULD NOT TELL THEE ALL.

BY FIDELIA A. JACKSON.

OH! if thou didst not know,
Whilst on my knees I fall,
The sin, the strife, the grief,
Where there is no relief
Within my heart's deep woe,
I could not tell thee all.

No, though thou art my friend;
The dearest, truest, best,
I could not tell thee all the strife,
The woes and sorrows of this life;
Although upon thy faithful breast
I long to weep in peace.

Oh, guard me with thy love!
Protect me with thine arm,
For though my soul glide on,
Till hope and truth seem gone
Within this world's alarm,
I could not tell thee all.

Then, for the sake of Him
Who died for sin, for me,
Guide me to heaven above,
I ask with tears of love,
Although, if 'twere not known to thee,
I could not tell thee all.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY JENNY HAYS.

THEY say thy angel form, mother,
Is hovering all the while
Around thy orphan child, mother,
To guard her steps from guile.
Methinks I hear thy gentle voice,
In accents soft and clear;
Like distant music's dying strains,
It falls upon mine ear.

My heart is very sad, mother—
Oh, could I soar to thee!
The world is cold and dreary now—
It hath no charms for me.
I long to lay my wearied limbs
Beneath the silent mound;
My soul be borne away from earth
To realms of bliss profound.

I never can forget, mother,
Those counsellings of love
You breathed to me in infant years,
When all was bright above;
The little cloud that dimmed my brow,
Your smiles could chase away,
And cast a gleam around my path,
Like some refulgent ray.

You'll come and see me oft, mother,
And whisper low to me;
That I may hear thy angel voice,
Though I no vestige see.
And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
I'll join that happy band,
And soar on airy wings away,
To my home—the spirit land.

AN honest man is respected by all parties. We forgive a hundred rude or offensive things that are uttered from conviction, or in the conscientious discharge of a duty—never one that proceeds from design, or a view to raise the person who says it above us.—*Hazlitt*.

NICODEMUS.

BY A. M. DANA.

WHEN, after his mother's death, George Melville left his father's house and his native village for West Point, his cheeks were smooth, rounded, and stained with the flush of healthy youth. Now, as he returned after four years of war, and two or three more of special service, the most careful observer would have failed to trace in the heavily-bearded, bronzed-faced officer who sat on top of the lumbering old stage-coach, much resemblance to the blushing boy who left his home so many years before.

True, he might have returned sooner had not the knowledge that a young wife reigned in his mother's stead restrained him. It was this thought that made his home-coming more a filial duty than a pleasure, that clouded his brow almost to sternness, and made his answers to the socially-inclined driver so curt and monosyllabic, that the latter finally, offended—Yankee like—blurted out:—

"You needn't be so all uncommon proud of your buttons, if you are an officer! My brother, what was killed at Lookout, wore capting's brasses, too!"

Ah! The right chord was touched at last, and for the next half mile he chatted cordially enough of the brave souls who, carried by patriotism to that mount of transfiguration, were forbidden to descend. That subject failing, however, he relapsed into silence and into gloomy meditations upon the altered home he was nearing.

"It is a chance if I know the old place," he growled—if a man *can* growl with his lips shut. "Ten to one she has had the folding-doors torn down, and the dear old parlor and mother's sitting-room turned into a grand saloon, with French paper on the walls, and a splatterdock carpet all running over with crimson and orange upon the floor. Faugh! Well, I shall pay my respects to the governor, and then if things are too tough, I can finish out my furlough in New York. I'll make a good time of it, somehow!" Even as he thought, the cumbrous old vehicle trundled across the creaky bridge, and they were in the village.

There was the old mill with the pond behind it, where he had fished when a boy; the blacksmith's shop, where the sparks flashed bright on frosty nights; and, a little beyond, the ancient school-house with its red shutters. He wondered whether Dame Kepel still presided over the young ideas there. "Most likely," he thought. Villages that are reached by stage-coaches change very slowly even nowadays.

Then came the more thickly-settled portion of the street. Mr. Gooding's grocery—which was also a dry-goods and variety store; the post-office, the news depot, and then the houses

of the more aristocratic inhabitants. Yonder, where the setting sun flared on the windows of a white mansion, was the residence of the Trevors—a family of romping little girls, with a boy or two, when he went away—young ladies the girls were by this time, of course. Then, turning his head—just opposite—yes, there it was! the wide, old-fashioned brick house and the office adjoining, with his father's simple sign:—

DR. G. MELVILLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

upon the door. Vastly better it was than the be-verandahed, be-gothiced scene of desecration his imagination had pictured.

"Now for it!" he murmured, as, travelling-bag in hand, he sprang lightly to the ground. He was met at the door by an old domestic who had served his mother, and in her startled look and slow recognition he saw more plainly than in any mirror the change in his appearance.

"The land alive!" she exclaimed, after a prolonged gaze, "it is him himself! But my blessed boy, nobody but the woman who nursed ye could tell hide nor hair of you, now! Miss Melville"—opening the parlor door—"if here ain't Master George at last!"

Thus introduced, Captain Melville entered the room where a pleasant-looking lady, attired in a simple home dress of lilac material, with neat collar and cuffs, sat knitting. She rose smiling, and, giving him her hand, cordially said:—

"I am very happy to see you, captain, and your father will, I am sure, be delighted. He has talked of little else since he knew of your coming."

As she placed an easy chair for him near the window—the very old chintz-covered chair he remembered so well—took his hat and handed him a fan—for, though early autumn the evening was intensely warm—George Melville wakened somewhat suddenly to the perception of two facts: First, that his father's second wife was a lady, and second, that ideas formed *a priori* are apt to be mistaken.

The first greeting over, as is customary in such cases, an awkward silence ensued. It was broken, however, by Mrs. Melville saying:—

"You have been away from home a long time, I believe?"

How that little word *home*, coming from her lips, touched his heart! "Yes," he rejoined. "So long that I am ashamed to count up the years. And yet"—looking around the room where each well-remembered piece of furniture sat in its accustomed place—"everything seems so familiar that I can hardly realize that I have been away more than a month or so. You have not made many alterations, I see."

She raised her clear gray eyes a moment to his face. How well with the intuition of a true-hearted woman she comprehended what

his dread had been. "No," she answered, quietly, "I am not fond of change, and the doctor, I think, likes it even less than I do. Besides, I have learned that though one may not positively admire a thing, one can get used to it."

The words were very simple, but what a world of self-sacrifice he recognized in them! Girlish fancies cheerfully given up, and her whole nature set in accord with the graver tastes of him whose companion she had chosen to be. Impulsive Captain Melville was ready to bow in reverence before the young step-mother whom he had almost anathematized less than an hour before.

"Even old Nicodemus is here yet!" he exclaimed, as—after a little pause, and another glance around the room, including even the books and pictures, still where his mother's hands had placed them so many years ago—his gaze fell upon a huge yellow cat lying at the lady's feet, his eyes of liquid malachite lazily following the motions of a stray fly that floated yet more lazily through the heated air around him.

Mrs. Melville laughed. "Oh, yes, Nicodemus is quite a friend of mine," she said. "I have often wondered how he came by such an outlandish name."

"I believe he owes it to me," said the captain, echoing her laugh, and stooping to scratch the cat's head. "You see I was a Sabbath-school boy when Nicodemus was a kitten—dear me, how old that makes me feel!—and as he was much addicted to night rambling, I—rather irreverently, I must own—called him for him who was a ruler of the Jews."

The merriment over Nicodemus and his quaint cognomen subsiding, questions and answers relative to the various inhabitants of the village ensued.

"And the Trevors," he asked, after a pause, "do they still live opposite?"

"Yes, indeed! and they are the merriest as well as the prettiest girls in the village. You need not expect to be heart-whole long in their neighborhood. That is"—slyly—"supposing that some fair southern lady has not subdued that citadel already."

"No, I am open to attack; but I shall trust to you for protection, seeing that I have made such a damaging confession," he answered, smiling, while a blush—that rarest but surest sign of an honest heart when seen on the face of a bearded man—dyed for an instant his brown cheek.

"Don't trust me," she rejoined, merrily. "I promise you all my aid shall be given to the enemy."

These two, who had almost feared open hostility as the character of their intercourse, were fast becoming friends.

"Well, I must say I think that is cruel, considering our close relationship. By the way,"

he continued, after a slight pause, and with a little hesitation, "what may I call you? You see it is rather awkward to be two or three weeks in the house with a person for whom you have no more distinguishing title than madam. Mrs. Melville seems so cold, as though I did not like you, when I find that I am going to like you amazingly. Your Christian name is too familiar, while, as you are so young, mother is, of course, totally out of the question." He spoke with a frank ingenuousness which, while it atoned for any eccentricity in the question, quite won her good-will.

"I should be sorry indeed," she answered, smiling, "were you to push me so far out in the cold as to call me Mrs. Melville, and I shall not be at all hurt or offended if you call me Alice; but," raising her eyes with an expression strangely yearning, "if—if you thought me worthy, I would rather be called mother than anything else."

"So you shall be, if you wish it!" exclaimed the captain, his prejudice completely conquered by her sweet manner, "and I am sure you are just the dearest little mother in the world. I only hesitated fearing I might offend by bestowing the matronly title upon one so young."

"I did not feel too young to marry your father," she answered, with quiet dignity.

"Then, little mother, it is a bargain. You give me a mother's love, and I will render to you a son's reverence and devotion," he said, and, taking her hand in his chivalrous admiration, he had almost made a penitential acknowledgment of his former hostility, when her voice broke forth joyfully:—

"Oh, here is the doctor at last! I will leave you to give him a glad surprise," and pressing her hand softly for a moment upon the curls of her new-found son—the son who was a trifle older than herself—she slipped quietly from the room, her eyes shining with glad sympathy at the happy reunion.

Bright days followed for Captain Melville, filled to the brim with renewed acquaintanceship, home joys, and pleasant excursions. Bright days they were too for Alice. She was only a girl after all, and if she found a girlish enjoyment in walking out with the dashing captain, or, donning the dark blue habit she had not worn during her wifelyhood, in riding by his side over the breezy hills; who could blame her? Certainly not the doctor. He was glad, or at least he told himself that he was glad, to have his darling enjoy herself; and if sometimes—as he saw them start upon their pleasant rambles, or when, having encountered him far beyond the village jogging around among his country patients, and having drawn their horses close up to the old-fashioned chaise for a merry chat, they disappeared again in the distance—an expression of heart hunger crossed his face; there was no sign of reproach, or, if there were, it was unselfish self-reproach for having taken

so bright a creature from her sphere of youth and gayety, for having grafted so fair a blossom upon so gnarled a stem. Still, she was his one ewe lamb; and when one day—having a long country drive in view—he asked her to accompany him, he watched her countenance with an anxiety that was almost agonizing.

But there was no trace of reluctance on the face raised to meet his gaze. "I have promised George to ride with him, but I would rather go with you," she said, simply. "I'll see if he will excuse me."

She found that young gentleman comfortably ensconced on the back porch, cheroot in lips, and an open note in his hand. "George," she said, going up behind him and laying one hand gently upon his shoulder, "the doctor wants me to drive with him. You will not mind, will you?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "Besides, it suits very well. See, I have just received a note from Frank Dale, and I'm going out to Beechwood to pass the night. There are to be three or four other fellows there, and Dale says we are to make a night of it. Don't be alarmed, little mother," he continued, "it's a bachelor's party, but not so very dreadful as I suppose you imagine it to be, for all that," and drawing both her hands down over his shoulders as she stood behind him, he looked up frankly, as no debauchee can look into the face of a pure woman.

"I can trust you," she answered, brightly, dropping a mother's kiss upon his lifted brow.

"God bless her!" ejaculated the captain, as she disappeared within the house. "But what an oddity she is. One moment as merry as a kitten, and the next Methuselah's grandmother could not equal her for gravity."

The long country drive among yellow corn lands and ripened orchards, where the fruit hung golden as that of the Hesperides, was delightful. The light clouds of early September floated dreamily across the sky, but the air was as warm as summer. As yet autumn had shown her presence only by the bright-tinted flowers scattered as she passed. Coming homeward Alice had a great bouquet of these. Royal purple asters and plumes of golden-rod, with two or three splendid tufted thistles skilfully placed in the centre of the bunch. They were crossing a little brook, spanned by a rustic bridge, when her gaze was attracted up the stream, where, among the leafy shadows, formed by elder and hazel,

"A cardinal-flower in her secret bower
Had lighted her crimson lamp."

"Oh! isn't it glorious?" she exclaimed. "I must have it by all means. It will brighten my bouquet grandly."

Throwing the rein of patient Dobbin over the hand rail of the bridge, while he descended to the brook for the coveted treasure, the doctor brought it to her, the scarlet petals glowing

and quivering like lambent flame. Yet such is the nature of these flowers, which cannot be carried far from their native stream, that, almost before her warm little hands could get it satisfactorily arranged, the stately head was drooping, and the gem-like blossoms hanging wilted on the stem.

"They're not worth much after they're gathered," said the doctor, watching his wife's dainty task.

"Like our hopes," she answered, twisting some grasses around the stems.

The words were spoken lightly, carelessly, but, leaning forward, he looked keenly in her face. "Are you speaking from experience, Alice?" he asked. "Have some of your hopes proved but withered flowers?"

"No, I guess not," smiling. Then, a little wonderingly: "Why do you ask?"

"Because, my darling, your happiness is very dear to me, and because I have sometimes doubted whether I sufficiently considered it, when, taking advantage of your youth and inexperience, I asked you to be the wife of a humdrum country doctor. Tell me, Alice, am I right? Have you grown tired of your old husband?"

Alice caught the anxious inflection, and glanced up quickly. "Have you grown tired of me?" she asked. Ah! there was no need of an answer, but, with a woman's fondness for tender words, she waited for them.

"The sun has not grown tired of the placid moon's companionship," he said, "nor the gray old ruin of the 'leaning and upbearing parasite' clinging lovingly around it. Perhaps, when they do, Alice, I may grow weary of you."

"Then, I guess I ain't very tired yet," she whispered, as, with a queer little laugh of supreme content, she nestled her head down upon her husband's shoulder.

She might ride about with the captain, and laugh and gossip with the Trevor girls, but that was only her surface nature. Here was the home of her affections. It was this man, tried in the crucible of years, whom she recognized as her lord and king, and to him alone she paid the homage of her loving heart. The long ride and pleasant tea over, the flowers arranged in vases, and her feathered pets all fed, Alice entered the parlor, where the shades of twilight were fast deepening into night.

"Is that you, Alice?" called the doctor's voice through the darkness.

"Yes. Where are you?"

"Lying on the sofa in the front parlor," he answered. "Come and sit beside me."

Alice needed no second bidding. These twilight conversations were her delight, and pushing a low stool up to the sofa, she sat down prepared to talk or listen as the case might be.

"Do you know, Alice," said the doctor, after a little while, passing his hand gently over her

hair, "you have made me very happy to-day?" Then, musingly: "I wonder if we shall always be as happy as now?"

"God knows I hope so," she answered, with an unwonted seriousness in her voice. "Otherwise I should wish to die."

Prophetic words they were, though forgotten almost as soon as spoken. Little did either dream that before night again veiled the earth, their hearts, now beating in sympathy and confidence, would be thickly sown with the seeds of distrust and suspicion.

"Where did you say George had gone?" the doctor asked, after a silence more eloquent than words.

"Out to Beechwood," she answered. "Frank Dale and some others are to make a night of it, George said. A gay old night it will be, I expect."

"Gayer than any I have passed for a week, I dare say," he rejoined. "I do wish people could understand that a doctor needs a night's rest once in a while. I feel pretty well fagged out."

"Hadn't you better go to bed," suggested Alice; "you would rest better there?"

"Good advice, Alice, and I believe I'll take it," he said, getting up from the sofa. "Are you coming now?"

"No. Rachel is out. I must sit up till she returns."

"You will not mind being alone, will you, pet?"

"The very idea of asking me if I mind being alone, and I a doctor's wife!" she exclaimed, in merry depreciation, taking a seat by the window.

Left by herself, however, her vaunted courage was of little value. The quaint old furniture began to assume uncouth shapes, and she was glad to turn her gaze upon the darkening street for amusement. Across the way at the Trevors' through the open window, whence issued bursts of laughter and melody, she could see bright heads glancing about. Elsie's fair curls, Maud with pink ribbons in her hair, and romping Madge, with half a dozen other young folks of the neighborhood. How dark the room behind her looked by contrast. She shivered as she glanced back into it.

"Why," she thought, "should I sit here glowering like an owl, waiting for Rachel's plodding footsteps, when so much light and mirth are within reach? I'll run over a moment anyhow, and see what the fun is about." She glided out of the parlor, darted past the open door leading into the office—a room she never willingly entered even in day time, knowing that the "skeleton in the closet" was not *there* a figure of speech—and, carefully locking the vestibule door, descended to the pavement. Thence, picking her way across the dark street, she ascended the garden steps, brushed quickly between the huge oleander and orange trees

standing in their great green tubs, ran up another flight of steps, and stood breathless and flushed in the lighted hall of her merry neighbors. Oh, how they crowded around her with joyful welcomes. The Trevors, Annie Burton, Connie Lester, and the rest. And how at home she looked in that "rosebud garden of girls."

She wore a delicate lawn sprigged with blue, pretty and girlish, with Etruscan bracelets upon her rounded wrists. A coquettish cluster of natural curls dripped from her high waterfall, and a soft, wild rose tint glowed on her cheeks; while the glad consciousness that her heart was safely anchored in a good man's love imparted to her face a placid serenity, which, as yet, these young girls had never known.

How they laughed and chatted; all talking together. How their eyes sparkled with youth's electric gaiety. The mirth seemed contagious. Alice grew jubilant as the rest, and, when young Ralph Trevor, seizing her waist, begged for a waltz, she even whirled round two or three times ere she laughingly told him to ask his grandma to dance with him.

"You'll play for us, then, Mrs. Melville, won't you?" cried a chorus of voices. "We're going to get up a set. Play the lancers, there's a dear; you keep such perfect time."

The instrument, a grand piano, was, owing to its peculiar shape, so placed that the face of the person playing was toward the street. I mention this particularly because it has much to do with the story. Taking her seat, Mrs. Melville dashed off little snatches of *schottische* and *mazourka*, dropping finally into the graceful measure of the lancers. The piece was a familiar one, being an every-day melody in the home of her girlhood, and she did not need to follow the notes very closely. She had played but a few bars, when, glancing across the street where her home lay in shadow, she was surprised to see a light flash into the office. The blind was down, but the slats were drawn horizontal, and through the interstices she distinctly saw an arm raised to a shelf, and something poured from a bottle. "The doctor has remembered somebody's medicine, and come down to mix it," she thought. Then some one called her attention into the room behind her, and when she looked back again, the light had disappeared.

Waltz and redowa followed each other in swift succession, until Alice at last sprang up, exclaiming: "O girls! indeed I must go home," though they little guessed how she dreaded returning to the gloomy house. She could not understand it herself. She made them all cross the street with her, kept them chattering at the steps, and, but for shame, would have asked one of the girls to remain to keep her company.

There was no sign yet of Rachel, and she shuddered as she re-entered the dark parlor, less, however, from actual fear than from a

presentiment of coming evil, which weighed upon her like an incubus. Once she started up to get a light, but the thought of crossing the long room was too terrible, and she sank again into her position by the window, resolved to wait bravely the return of the laggard handmaid. How loudly the old clock in the hall uttered its monotonous "tick, tick." Each second seemed an hour, and when, at last, the servant's shuffling footsteps echoed along the sidewalk, their coming was welcomed with joy such as the blithe steps of lover or troubadour never awakened.

"How long you have been, Rachel," she said. "I thought you were never coming. You may lock up the house at once."

The woman glanced at her mistress in surprise. To her, for whom the minutes had not been fear-fraught, the time had seemed very short, and it was indeed yet quite early in the evening.

Going to her room, Alice found the doctor still awake.

"You didn't sit up very late after all?" he said.

"No, it was lonesome down stairs," she answered, slowly unfastening her bracelets.

"What was that fell a while ago?" he asked. "It sounded like glass breaking."

"I don't know," she said, absently. "I suppose it was Rachel fastening the back parlor shutters. They were swollen with the rain, and she had to use a hammer."

The doctor thought that was scarcely the kind of noise he had heard; but he did not reply, his attention being attracted to the appearance of his wife, who was strangely pale, and whose fingers trembled visibly as she unbound her hair. "Why, Alice, child," he asked, "what is the matter with you? You are quivering like a leaf."

"I know. It's nervousness, I reckon; but I never felt so badly in my life."

"I will go and get some valerian for you," he said; "it will quiet your nerves."

"No, no!" she exclaimed, hurriedly. "I won't take it! You know how I detest the vile stuff. I'll be better presently."

"Yet I saw some valerian the other day on your dressing-table," he said, quietly.

Alice laughed. "Yes, I had been dosing Nicodemus," she said. "You know how it acts on cats—making them perfectly wild with excitement and glee! Well, George had been telling me that one of the amusements of his boyhood was administering it to Nicodemus, so, as 'Satan finds some mischief,' etc., I thought I would try it. I assure you there was some grand and lofty tumbling. It quite excelled the circus," and as she turned down the light she laughed again merrily at the recollection.

The next morning, which dawned bright and fair, found Alice restored to her usual spirits.

The terror of the past night was forgotten, and she sat happy and serene at the head of her well-appointed breakfast-table, waiting for the doctor, who was coming from the office.

"What were you doing with the valerian last night, Allie?" he asked, as coming in he took the seat opposite his wife.

"Nothing. Don't you remember? You wanted to get it for me, but I said I would not take it."

"But you must have been getting some before that," he rejoined, "for I find a glass containing a small quantity on the table, and the bottle of elixir of vitriol, which stood on the shelf at the right of the window, is lying shivered to atoms on the floor. That was the noise I heard last night. How did it happen?"

He spoke easily and naturally. She answered in the same tone. "I don't know, I'm sure. I expect you"—

Her suggestion was interrupted by the entrance of George, who burst into the dining-room glowing with his morning ride in from the country. He held an official-looking envelope in his hand, and his merry countenance wore a shade of annoyance. "Here's a pleasant state of things!" he exclaimed. "Old Craiggie, it seems, cannot give a fellow a furlough once in seven years without regretting it afterward. I met the postman at the door, who gave me this," holding up the letter. "It is an order to rejoin my regiment immediately. The old chap says in a private note that the necessity is urgent—that he will be glad to oblige me another time—but I know it's only a whim. However, it's a soldier's fortune. Give me some breakfast, please, little mother, and I'll be in time for the stage yet."

A little hurried packing, a romping endeavor to kiss all the Trevor girls, from which all strangely escaped save Elsie, a tender farewell of the little mother, and Captain Melville was gone; bearing away with his glittering shoulder-straps more sunshine than any one but Elsie Trevor would have believed possible.

The conversation of the morning, though interrupted, was not forgotten. All day long the unpleasantness of the affair lay upon the doctor's mind, and when, upon his return in the evening, he found his wife sewing upon the porch, his first words were:—

"Well, Allie, have you anything more to tell me about that valerian?"

"Why, no," she said, looking up, wonderingly. "I told you I knew nothing about it."

The doctor took a turn or two across the porch, then he continued: "You know, Alice," he said in a tone of gentle reproach, "that were you to break every bottle in my office I would not be angry. And as for the valerian, though I would be very sorry to think that my wife was in the habit of using it, for I consider it little better than opium, still, if you wished to take it, it was there for you. Why, then, will you

not be frank like your usual self, and tell me all about it?" He took her hand caressingly as he spoke, turning the tiny gold thimble round and round on his finger.

"What a fuss to make about a broken bottle!" she exclaimed, pettishly. "I dare say it was set upon the shelf so carelessly that a mouse in running past dislodged it."

He let her hand drop suddenly as he sadly rejoined: "Yes, Alice, that might explain the broken bottle, but the mystery of the valerian still remains. A mouse could hardly have poured that out."

"Well, I know nothing of it," she answered, a trifle coldly. "You know I would not be likely to enter the office at night alone. I have no doubt you did it yourself."

"Unfortunately for that theory," he replied, "I have not been, until this morning, in the office since before tea last evening, and then the last thing I did there was to rinse that very glass. I had been preparing some medicine for old Mr. Adams, and used that two ounce measure. I remember distinctly."

She looked up in amazement. "You certainly do not mean to tell me that you were not in the office between eight and nine!"

"I certainly was not. You know I was in bed then."

"Oh, don't; please don't tell me that!" she exclaimed, her momentary anger giving place to the nameless dread that had possessed her the previous evening; "I saw you there!"

"Alice!"

"Oh, I wish I hadn't, I wish I hadn't!" she moaned, as a cold shudder ran over her. "But I did. I went over to the Trevors a while after you had gone to bed, and it was from their windows that I saw a light in the office, and some one pouring a liquid from a bottle. O George, my husband! what does it mean? If it was not you, who was it? No one else was in the house."

The doctor seemed slightly relieved. "If you were out," he said, "some one may have entered. But why they should meddle with the valerian, I cannot imagine."

"No one entered," she rejoined, sadly. "I locked the door."

"And found it locked on your return?"

"Yes, just as I left it."

Nothing more seemed to remain to be said, and for a while neither spoke.

"Well, Alice, we will drop the subject," said the doctor at length, in a vexed tone. "It seems to be one of those cases in which the truth cannot be reached."

Nor was the matter again alluded to, though the most bitter words had been better than the silence of coldness and suspicion which followed. Try as he might, Doctor Melville could not banish the shadow from his heart. It followed him like a presence along the busy street, in his lonely drives, to the very bedsides of the

dying. He could not, he would not believe his wife guilty of an untruth, and yet—and yet—her pale and startled appearance upon the night of the accident, and her apparent equivocation about the noise he had heard, together with her ingenious excuse for the valerian found upon her table, and the yet more boldly ingenious plan of attributing the affair to his own agency, formed a train of evidence that must have been convincing to any but a loving heart.

With Alice the case was even worse. Shut in by her less eventful life, her fancies became torments. I will not say that she thought of Blue Beard chambers, or of slow poison; but the memory of that unfortunate night, with the certainty that the sight she had seen was a reality and no vision, never crossed her mind without sending a cold shudder to her very heart. But worse than any gloomy remembrance was the fear that she was losing her husband's love. Were this so, life henceforward would be to her but an arid desert, for her life was all in the affections, and, dreading the worst, she mourned like Jonah by his withered gourd.

Time passed on. The flaming watchfires of autumn were quenched by winter snow, and yet she nursed her grief. She was in delicate health now, and physical weakness, added to mental distress, almost crushed her spirits to the earth. Little trace she bore of the merry girl who had filled the house with gladness early in the season.

At last, when the early snowdrops—those hardy pioneers of spring—were beginning to peep through the February snow, came her time of trial, and the one hope that had cheered her proved delusive.

The little light that was to have illumined the silent hearth-stone and reunited the hearts of its parents, flickered fitfully a day or two and went out in darkness.

* "An evanescent guest below,

He came and went without a stain,
Whither and whence? We only know
Out of God's hand and back again!"

With her need all the doctor's old tenderness returned, and he resolved that the haunting phantom which had shadowed both their lives should be forever banished from his heart and home.

But alas! Who can restore lost confidence? Like water spilled, it cannot be gathered again. Vainly did Alice strive to meet her husband's love with the unquestioning confidence of the past. It could not be. The iron had entered her soul, and the wound seemed to be beyond mortal healing. Worse than all, this depression of spirit reacted upon her body, and long after the time when, according to prophetic nurses she should have been quite well again, she lay upon her sofa a weak and nervous invalid, lacking the vital *will*, which, more potent than any elixir of the apothecary, so often

braces an ailing mother for the duties of her household.

What she most needed was a firm, loving friend, and brave as loving, who, unheeding her remonstrances, would have taken her forth into the bright spring sunshine, even though a demonstration of authority and gentle force had been necessary to the undertaking.

This the doctor could not do. What would once, through the agency of trusting love have been easy, had now, in their altered circumstances, become an impossibility. Day by day as the orchards grew white with blossoms and the air musical with song birds, he tried to persuade her to take the old drives again. But there was a point beyond which he would not go, beyond which he felt that *his* persuasion would seem like tyranny, and, despairing of any change for the better, he could only watch in helpless agony, while his sorrowful young wife seemed to be slowly but surely fading away from his view.

A letter written by Alice to her step-son about this time explains so well her state of mind, that I will give it entire:—

MY DEAR GEORGE: In reply to your last kind letter, wherein you chide me for my long delay in writing, I will ask you a question. Has it never occurred to you that that delay may have been caused by a desire to spare you pain—to postpone a sorrow? I trust it has, and that the revelation I am about to make may not find you wholly unprepared. For alas! I feel that the knowledge that brings to my sad heart its only joy, will be to you, who loved the little mother, a message of deepest grief. For, George, my dear boy, I am dying, and oh, I am so glad, so glad! Once, when the earth seemed all sunshine, I expressed the wish that were my happiness ever to grow less I might die, and now, when the brightness has all faded away from my life, the kind All Father is granting me my heart's desire. Oh, I thank Him! I thank Him! And my dearest friend, I want to thank you for all your kindness and gentle courtesy to me who must at one time have seemed to you as an usurper. And because I feel so sure of your affectionate sympathy, I want to make a request. It is that after I am gone you will not speak of me, unless it may be years hence when surrounded by bright young faces, you tell them of a grand-ma whom God in his pity took early home. With your father let me be, if possible, forgotten. It will be better so. I wish for his sake that all recollection of the past three years might be erased from his memory; for alas! I can see now what a mistake my marriage was. It was surely nothing less than the wildest presumption on my part, supposing that my love, great as it was, could atone for my childish petulance and inexperience, and make me a fitting companion for a man like him. The experiment has been made, and it has failed. Perhaps had my baby—your little brother—lived, all things might have been different; but all such speculations are useless now, and all such hopes

"Have passed away,
With my desire of life."

My only hope is that he may soon forget one

whose greatest trouble is that she failed to make him happy. I am *so sorry* to send you bad news, but I thought better that you should hear it from me. Do not let it cloud your happiness. Think rather of my release from a task to which I was unequal, and believe, my dear, that I will remain while life lasts, and perhaps beyond it, Your loving

LITTLE MOTHER.

Closing her morbid little letter in a burst of tears, Alice threw herself back upon the sofa, and, as she watched the sun sinking gloriously in the west, lay picturing to herself the land of rest, which seemed to lie just beyond those golden gates. But alas! the day dreams of the discontented are not the high visions of him who, catching through the smoke wreaths of battle a glimpse of the final victory, only girds his sword tighter, and with increased energy renews his contest in the world's great arena.

Upon Captain Melville the receipt of the sad little missive produced a puzzling sensation. Shocked and grieved as he was, his wonder was more intense. "Bless my soul! what has come over the little mother any how?" he exclaimed, in his amazement. "Trouble at home! Why, I thought everything there was as pleasant as a May morning," and, completely nonplussed, he replaced the letter slowly in its envelope. But as it was a motto of his never to passively accept a misfortune, his next action was prompt and decided.

A request, that was almost a demand, for the remainder of his curtailed furlough, backed as it was by a statement of his mother's illness, was readily granted, and, in as short a time as it was possible for steam to do it, our gallant captain was transported to his father's house. It was a gloomy contrast to his last home coming. The doctor received him kindly, but with evident surprise; and Alice, though certainly glad to see him, remonstrated gently with him for coming.

"It was kind and like you to come," she said, "but you know it will do no good, and it may make it more difficult for you to get leave should they send for you after awhile—when—when I get worse."

But had the captain needed any assurance that his visit was timely, the sight of the pale, sad face of his young step-mother would have furnished it, and he resolved to leave nothing undone which might help to banish the shadow from her life.

At tea-time she exerted herself and took her old seat at the table, even mingling in the conversation with a faint trace of her old gayety, but excused herself and left the room as soon as the meal was over.

"See here, father," exclaimed George, as soon as the door closed behind her, "I want to know what's the matter with the little mother. That's what I came home for."

"God knows, I don't," was the reply. "She has no disease." He spoke in the weary tone

of calm endurance which we come to use when prolonged suffering becomes a part of our very existence, when hope gives place to dumb despair. But to impulsive George it seemed the calmness of indifference, and he broke forth, impetuously:—

"No disease! No, nothing but a broken heart! A common complaint, I fancy, and, because the poor thing is far away from home and friends, she must die of it. But I learned to love that little woman when I was here in the fall, and, though it's a hard thing for a son to say to a father, if you have injured her, you must answer to me for it." He had risen from the table in his excitement, and stood by the mantle, glaring down upon his father the picture of youthful indignation.

But no reproach passed the doctor's lips. Only a low groan escaped them as he bowed his head upon the low moulding above the grate. How many nights he had sat thus by his silent hearth-stone was known only to his Maker.

Upon George, unused in his gay soldier life to witnessing any deep emotion, the sad hopelessness of his father's attitude produced a startling effect. His anger gave place to the keenest remorse, and, in a voice of unfeigned penitence, he exclaimed: "O father! forgive me. I was mad, I was heartless, to speak so to you. I see now how it is. You are crushed with grief, and I have added my disrespect to your misery. Oh, forgive me! Say you forgive me." And, stooping, he laid his hand pleadingly upon his father's arm. Nicodemus, too, came and rubbed sympathetically against his master's feet, as night after night he had sought to express the comforting words he could not speak. Ah! if he could have spoken.

"Say no more, George," said the doctor, at length, raising his head. "Your zeal in the cause of my poor wife forbids my anger. Besides, strange as it may seem, I feel impelled to make you my confidant, and tell you of my trouble, which, as often happens, originated in a very trifling circumstance. You remember the night before you went away last, when you went out to Beechwood?" Thereupon followed a narrative of the events of that unfortunate night.

But judge of Doctor Melville's pained surprise, when, at the close, instead of the commiserating words, or, at least, silent sympathy he had expected, his son burst into uncontrollable laughter. "O Nicodemus!" exclaimed the graceless youth, as, after a while, his mirth subsiding a little, he lifted the great yellow cat, and, standing him upon his hind feet on his knee, he sat regarding him with an expression of serio-comic woe, "O Nicodemus! we're into a pretty scrape now. Why, father," he continued, "this gentleman and I are the guilty parties. The very idea of your never suspecting!" And, overcome with the ludi-

crous side of the affair, he shook again with laughter.

A faint light began to dawn upon the doctor's mind, but the mists were yet clinging around his mental vision, and he begged his son to explain. "I cannot understand it," he said; "I thought you were in the country."

"So I did go out to Beechwood, per programme. But as it was fine moonlight, some of the fellows proposed riding over to Clarksville, taking the cars, and spending the evening in the city at the opera. We were coming down the turnpike just outside the village, when I remembered that my lorgnette was on the back parlor mantle at home, and, telling the others to wait for me at the cross-roads, I rode on to get it. Finding the house dark and the door locked, I supposed you were all out, and was concluding that I had had my labor for my pains, when fortunately, or *unfortunately*, as it seems, I recollected my old latch key—it had been on my key ring unused since my boyhood—and with its aid I effected an easy entrance. I had gotten the glass, and was retracing my steps, when a slight noise in the office attracted my attention, and striking a light to ascertain the cause, I found Nicodemus slowly perambulating along one of the shelves. I suppose my entrance startled the gentleman a little, for just as I reached the door, he lost his balance and fell, bringing down in his descent the bottle of elixir. 'Oh, ho, my boy!' I thought, 'you're at your old tricks, are you?' I know he deserved a thrashing, but, as I expected to have a lively time that night, I concluded that he should have the same, and, hastily pouring out a little valerian, I administered the dose, and taking him out with me, after relocking the door, I put him over the gate into the back yard to enjoy himself there to his heart's content. That, father, is the true history of the matter, and I needn't say how sorry I am for the trouble caused by my foolishness. But it seems the oddest thing that you didn't inquire—however, it was my hasty departure, I suppose, which prevented that, as well as an earlier confession on my part. Well, I'm glad it's over at last," he continued, as his father, who seemed to be slowly realizing the facts, did not reply. "And I guess there's a pretty good chance for the little mother yet, now that this bugbear is lifted from her mind. Shall I explain it to her, or will you?"

"Thank you, I will do so," replied the doctor, and taking the huge cat in his arms, he went up to the room, where his wife sat in her silence and sorrow.

She looked up a little wonderingly as he entered, for he did not often now seek her society when she appeared to desire to be alone, and the change in his tone struck her yet more strangely. It seemed like an echo of the glad old time.

"Allie, Nicodemus has come to make a con-

fession," he said, crossing over to her, and, taking a seat by her side, he related the story.

I need not describe the feelings of Alice when the truth was known. It was as though a mountain had been lifted from her heart, and, though the reconciliation which followed was mingled with remorse on both sides, it filled her with the truest happiness. "And what shall be done to Nicodemus?" she asked, after a while, as, smiling through her tears, she stroked the unconscious cause of all the trouble.

"Give him a dose of valerian," cried George, from the doorway, and entering the room he attempted to congratulate the "little mother." But the oddity of the affair again became too much for his risibles, and he went off into another fit of laughter.

Perhaps this was better than any words would have been, for the others, catching the infection, joined in, and once more the old house, so long overshadowed, rang with peals of merriment. Would that all misunderstandings and family troubles might thus end in a hearty laugh.

TAKING OFFENCE.

THERE is immense wisdom in the old proverb: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty." Hannah More said: "If I wished to punish an enemy, I should make him hate somebody." To punish ourselves for others' faults is superlative folly. The arrow shot from another's bow is practically harmless until our thought barbs it. It is our pride that makes another's criticism rankle, our self-will that makes another's deed offensive, our egotism that is hurt by another's self-assertion. Well may we be offended at faults of our own, but we can hardly afford to be miserable for the faults of others. A courtier told Constantine that the mob had broken the head off his statue with stones. The emperor lifted his hand to his head, saying: "It is very surprising, but I don't feel hurt in the least." We should remember that the world is wide—that there are a thousand millions of different human wills, opinions, ambitions, tastes, and loves; that each person has a different history, constitution, culture, character from all the rest; that human life is the work, the play, the ceaseless action and reaction upon each other of these different living atoms. We should go forth into life with the smallest expectations, but with the largest patience; with a keen relish for, and appreciation of, everything beautiful, great, and good, but with a temper so genial that the friction of the world cannot wear upon our sensibilities, and equanimity so settled that no passing breath or accidental disturbance shall agitate or ruffle it, and with a charity broad enough to cover the whole world's evil, and sweet enough to neutralize what is bitter in it, determined not to be offended when no offence

is meant, not even then unless the offence is worth noticing. Nothing short of malicious injury or flattery should offend us. He who can wilfully injure another is an object of pity rather than of treatment, and it is a question whether there is enough of a flatterer for a whole-souled man to be offended with.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

WHEN the evening twilight
Lingers in the sky,
And the softened zephyrs
Sweetly murmur by;

When the fragrant blossoms
Meekly bend their heads,
And exhale their sweetness
O'er their dewy beds;

Then, my spirit sigheth
For thy presence near,
Which so oft has banished
Sorrow's gathering tear.

Absent, now, I ask thee
Yet to think of me,
Lest with other faces
Thou may'st forgetting be.

For in hours of stillness
Hears my soul a voice,
Causing all within me
Sweetly to rejoice.

Soft this influence cometh
Through the mist afar,
Like the holy radiance
Of a distant star.

Then, I know thy strong heart
Beateth with my own,
And I cannot then feel
Desolate or lone.

But I ask the pure One,
Whose we'd ever be,
To shed his choicest blessings
Abundantly on thee.

MY LAST HOME.

BY S. STOCKTON HORNOR.

HOARSE sound the Abbey bells at e'en,
Hoarse wail the winds, the hours between;
Bleak gleam the stars, and o'er my head
Unthinking strangers coldly tread.
Cold are the clods that round me bind,
And cold the world I leave behind;
Cold damps pervade my resting-place,
And cold the clasp of Death's embrace.
Lone is the couch on which I sleep,
And few the tears the worldly weep;
Cold is the dirge the pine-trees moan,
Empty the mockery of a stone.
Sad sigh these elms that leafless wave,
Oh! cold the slumbers of the grave;
And cold the sun's last glim'ring beam
Shall fade ere Time doth end the dream.

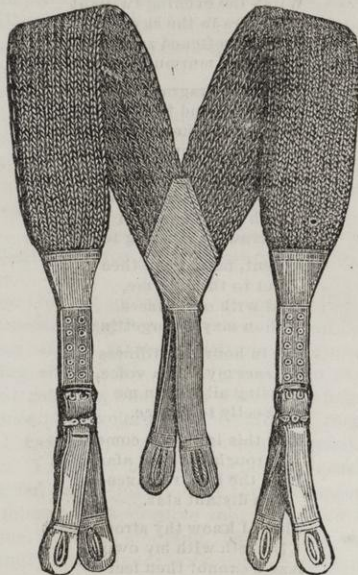
PARIS, 1870.

CHILL penury weighs down the heart itself; and though it be sometimes endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.—Mrs. Jameson.

WORK DEPARTMENT.

GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED BRACES.

THESE braces are very easy to make. They are knitted plain with gray cotton, and joined together at the back with a piece of gray calico, stitched on double. For each brace, cast on 58 stitches on middle-sized steel knitting-needles,



knit the cross way in rows till the brace is long enough. Our pattern is eighteen inches long. The braces are then completed with straps of gray calico, neatly stitched, and fitted up with eyelet-holes and buckles, as seen in illustration. The ends of the straps are finished off with leather; a large buttonhole is worked in the middle of the leather part.

CHILD'S SOCK

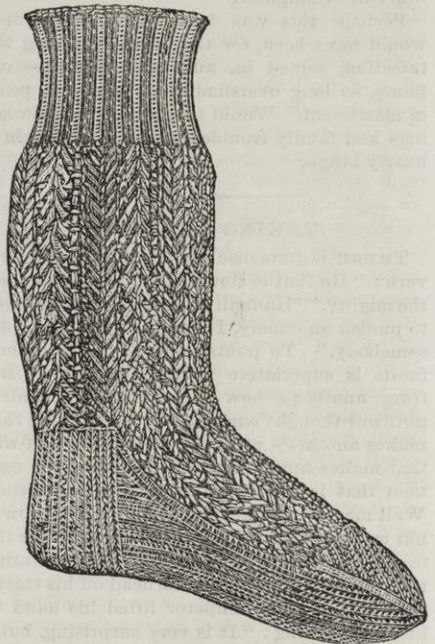
KNITTED IN THE SHELL PATTERN.

Materials.—Four needles No. 15, a size smaller for a loose knitter, one ounce of Andalusian wool.

CAST 72 stitches on one needle; knit them off on three needles—26 on two, 20 on the third. Knit 2, seam 2 alternately for 32 rounds. Next round—Knit 2, seam 2 alternately until you reach the 9th stitch of the needle, which has only 20 stitches on it; knit this 9th and the 10th stitch together. The next stitch is called the centre stitch of the back needle. Each round down the leg commences on it, and it must always be seamed.

* Knit 3 rounds plain (remember to seam the 1st or centre stitch). 4th round. Back needle, seam centre stitch, knit 3, knit 2 together twice, make 1 (by throwing the wool over the needle), and knit 1 twice. You are now at the

end of back needle. Next needle—Make 1 and knit 1 twice, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 four times, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 twice. This completes the needle. Knit the next needle exactly the same. You must have 26 stitches always on each of these needles, and, until you begin to reduce, 19 on the back needle. Work the back needle up to centre stitch as follows: make 1 and knit 1 twice, knit 2 together twice, knit 3. Repeat from * 5 times more.



25th. Seam centre stitch, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit plain rest of round to within 3 of the end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. This is for the reducing. 26th and 27th. Knit plain. 28th. Knitted like the 4th, only after and before the centre stitch you will have only 2 plain stitches to knit instead of three. 29th, 30th, and 31st. Knit plain. 32d. Same as 28th.

Repeat from 25th round twice more, until you have only 13 stitches left on your back needle. Observe after each reducing there will be one less to knit before and after the centre stitch in the pattern rounds. The last time you must knit 2 together immediately after and before the centre stitch. * 49th, 50th, and 51st. Knit plain. 52d. Same as the 4th, only omitting to knit 3 after and before the centre stitch. Repeat from * twice more. If you count the patterns, you will find you ought to have worked 15. 61st. Knit plain. This finishes

your sock to the heel. You will have 13 stitches on back needle, 26 on each of the others.

Prepare for heel by knitting to the end of your back needle, and from 1st side (or next needle) knit off on back needle 10 stitches. Knit the other 16 stitches from 1st side needle on another needle. With a third needle knit 2d side needle to within 10 stitches of the end. These 10 you must pass to the heel or back needle without knitting. You will have 33 stitches on heel, 16 on each side needle. The two front needles are not used again until the heel is completed.

HEEL.—The heel is made by working the back needle backwards and forwards, knitting and seaming alternate rows until it is long enough, which it will be after working 26 rows. Slip the 1st stitch in each row, excepting the first time you knit the first row. Seam or knit the centre stitch as required. *27th row.* Slip 1, knit 20, knit 2 together, * turn your needle, slip 1, seam 10, seam 2 together. Again turn your needle, slip 1, knit 10, knit 2 together; repeat from * until you have only 12 stitches left on needle.

With the needle that has the 12 stitches on take up, and, as you take up, knit 15 stitches from side of heel, knit 3 stitches off front needle on the same. Knit plain all the stitches from the 2 front needles, excepting the last 3 on another needle. These 3 must be knitted on a third needle, with which take up, and, as you take up, knit 15 stitches from other side of heel; knit also 6 stitches from next needle on this. You will have 24 stitches on each side needle, 26 on front needle. The next needle is your 1st side needle; * 1st side needle. Knit plain all till within 5 of the end, when knit 2 together, knit 3. **Front needle.**—Make 1 and knit 1 twice, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 four times, knit 2 together twice, seam 1, knit 2 together twice, make 1 and knit 1 twice. *2d side needle.* Knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit plain to end of needle. Knit plain 3 rounds; repeat from * until you have only 18 stitches on each side needle. This finishes the reducing for the foot.

The 4 rounds between the last asterisks are now to be repeated, only in the pattern rounds do not reduce on the side needles; knit all the stitches plain. These rounds must be repeated until, counting the patterns from the top of socks, you have worked 28, and have the three plain rounds beyond.

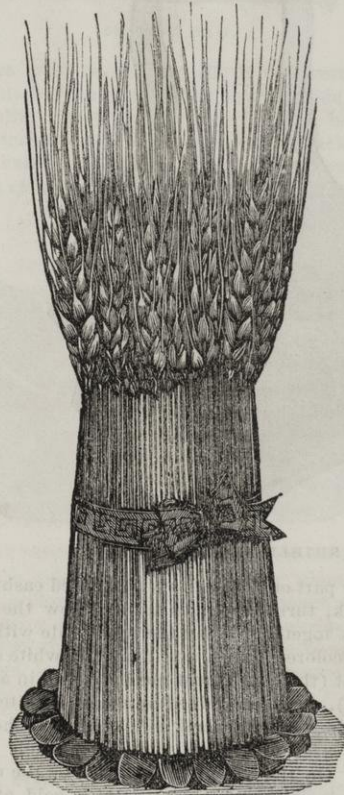
THE TOE.—This is all done in plain knitting. Put as many stitches on your front needle as you have on the other two together, taking them as fairly as you can off each side needle, two off one end, three off the other. You will have 31 on front needle, 15 on one side needle, 16 on the other. Knit 3 rounds plain and up to the front needle.

* **TO REDUCE THE TOE.**—*Front needle.* Knit

1, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one; knit plain to within 3 of end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. *1st back needle.* Knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pull the slipped stitch over the knitted one, knit plain to end of needle. *2d.* Knit plain to within 3 of end, when knit 2 together, knit 1. Knit 2 rounds plain; repeat from * twice more. Repeat from * again, knitting only one round plain between the reducing rounds, until you have 15 stitches on your front needle, 7 on one back needle, 8 on the other. Knit one round plain, knitting on one needle the stitches off the two back needles. Cast off, knitting the stitches on front and back needles together.

PEN-WIPER IN SHAPE OF A SHEAF OF WHEAT.

OUR pattern imitates a sheaf of wheat. The upper part is made of ears of wheat pasted regularly upon a rouleau of card-board, and which appear to be held together by a colored silk ribbon, ornamented with point russe embroidery.



dery. Our pattern is eight inches high; it measures seven inches and one-fifth round at the bottom. The card-board tube, which measures five inches and one-fifth round at the upper end, must only be high enough for the ears of

wheat to come beyond it at the top. The real pen-wiper consists of narrow strips of black cloth, fastened in a card-board tube one inch and three-fifths high; this tube is fastened on a round flat piece of card-board, covered with cloth. The outer edge is ornamented with lappets of colored cloth, as can be seen in illustration. The pen-wiper is inserted within the sheaf of wheat. The case can also be used for matches.

SHIELD NEEDLE BOOK.

Materials.—Red cashmere, red and white cloth, fine white flannel, blue, black, and gold silk cordon, gold braid, narrow satin ribbon, card-board.

TAKE two pieces of card-board, four inches high and three inches broad, and cut out the outer edge as shown in the design. Cover the



SHIELD NEEDLE-BOOK.

under part on both sides with colored cashmere or silk, turn the edges in, and sew the two pieces together; cover the upper side with the same colored lining, and draw the white cloth over it (the latter must not be turned in at the edges). Both are joined by a line of white buttonhole stitch of black silk cordon. The red fields are ornamented with flat-stitch scallops. On the white field is a red, on the other a black cross, embroidered with gold at the edges. Two pieces of scalloped flannel are fastened on each long side of the upper flat part of the needle-book, and joined together at their outer edges. The handle, which is made of blue and white striped satin ribbon, half an

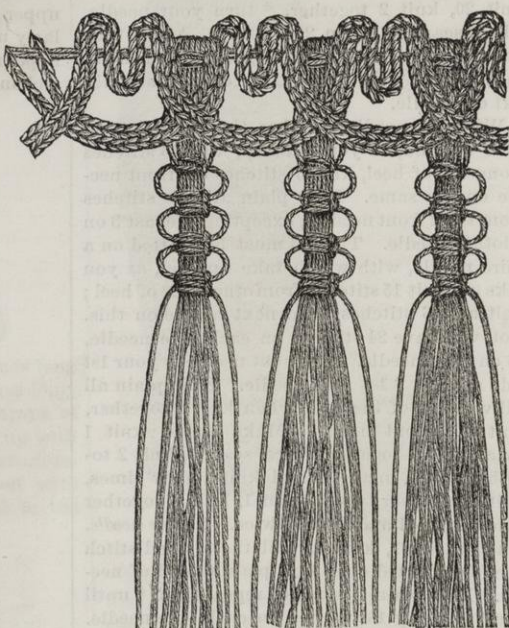
inch broad, is sewn on to the under flat side of the needle-book, which is fastened by a little bow on one side, and a little loop on the other.

FRINGE KNOTTED OR SEWN.

THE choice of material, either black silk or drilled white cotton (crochet cotton) will decide the use for this fringe whether for dresses, cloaks, sashes, etc., or for counterpanes, blinds, and so forth. The easy execution is seen from the illustration.

WATCH-POCKET OF WHITE PIQUE.

THIS pretty little watch-pocket is made of white pique, and ornamented with white embroidery and *soutache*. After having traced the pattern on the pocket, work the embroi-



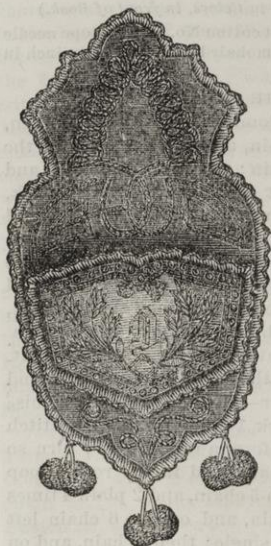
FRINGES KNOTTED OR SEWN.

dery with the knitting cotton, and sew on the *soutache*. Line it with calico, and join the different parts together with buttonhole stitch. Fasten some cotton balls at the bottom, and a circle of buttonhole stitches at the top, by means of which the pocket is hung on the wall.

SPONGE BAG.

Materials.—Gray cloth, yellow *toile cirée*, a piece of white calico eleven inches square, two yards of red woollen braid one inch broad, black beads; red and black woollen cord.

THIS bag is very useful for hanging up in bath-rooms or bedrooms over washhand-stands,

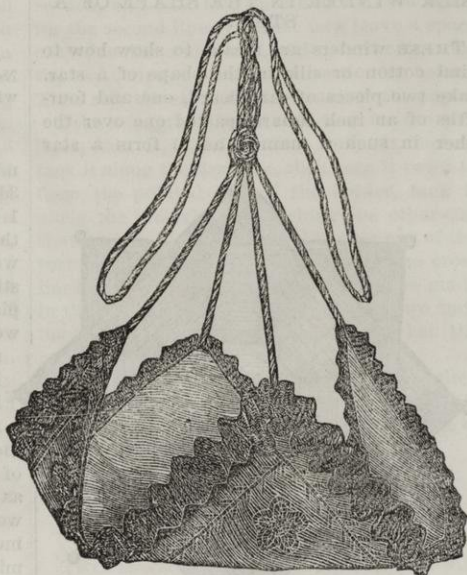


WATCH POCKET IN WHITE PIQUE.

etc. The outer covering is of gray cloth. The border of black beads is about one inch from the outer edge. In the corners is a raised bead flower, and a corresponding one may also be placed in the middle.

Lay a piece of linen between the *toile cirée* and the outer covering, turn the edges over, and backstitch them together, and put a braid *ruche* round the edge.

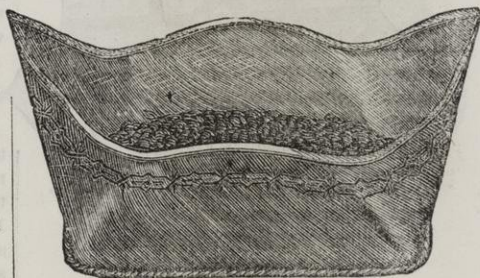
The cords fastened at the corners measures one and a half yard in length, and are fastened in the middle by a looped rosette, and knotted together to form a kind of bag.



SPONGE BAG.

corners must be rounded off; it is covered on the outside with leather, and on the inside with *glacé* silk. On to this bottom fasten a border three inches deep, ornamented with black silk point russe embroidery. This border is curved in the manner seen in Fig. 1, so as to be higher

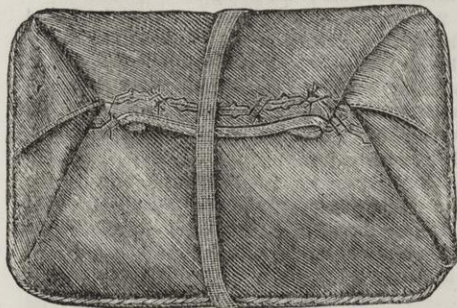
Fig. 2.



TOBACCO POUCH.

OUR pattern is made of brown leather, and

Fig. 1.



lined with brown silk. It consists of a flat card-board bottom, four and two-fifth inches long, three and two-fifth inches wide. The

on both sides than in front and in the back, so that the sides overlap each other when the pouch is closed. Fig. 2 shows the pouch open. In closing it the sides are first overlapped, and then the front and back. The pouch is fastened by means of a piece of brown silk elastic.

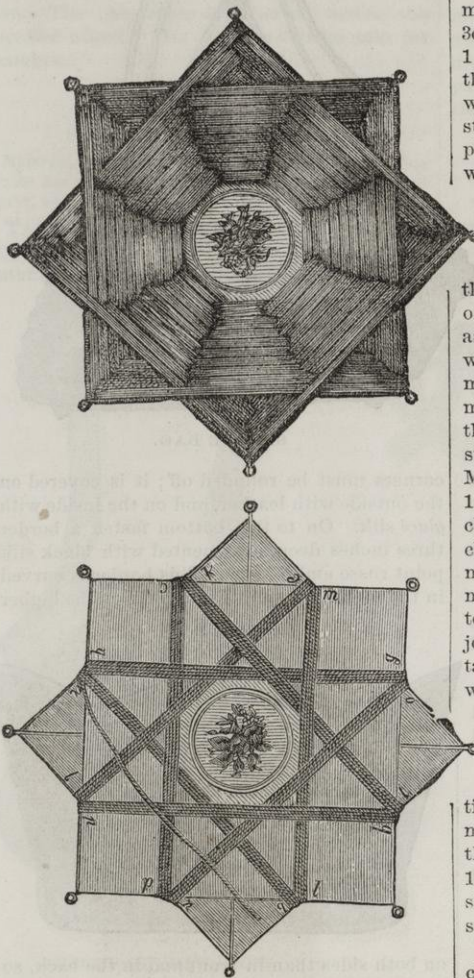
SHAWL OR CLOAK STRAP
TO BE USED IN TRAVELLING.

(See Engraving, Page 186.)

THE bands are made of canvas, worked with zephyr, lined with kid. The buckles are fastened on these.

SILK WINDER IN THE SHAPE OF A STAR.

THESE winders are meant to show how to wind cotton or silk in the shape of a star. Take two pieces of card-board, one and four-fifths of an inch square, pasted one over the other in such a manner as to form a star



pattern with eight branches, as can be seen in Fig. 1. Insert into these eight pins (see Fig. 2); these pins are meant to fasten the windings of the cotton, and ornament the star in the centre with a colored wafer or point russe embroidery pattern. Begin to wind the cotton at the place marked *a*; continue to wind it, from Fig. 2, always 4 times double; follow the order of the letters—that is, wind 4 times from *a* to *b*, carry the thread on the wrong side from *b* to *c*, wind 4 times from *c* to *d*, then 4 times from *e* to *f*, and so on. When you have come back again to *a*, repeat as before, till the card-board is covered, as can be seen in Fig. 1. The cotton is then fastened on the wrong side.

CLUNY LACE PATTERN.

(See Plate printed in Colors, in front of Book.)

Materials.—Crochet cotton No. 14, Penelope needle No. 3½, and colored mohair braid of half an inch in width.

THE CIRCLE.

The Beading.—Commence with 9 chain, turn, miss the last 6 chain, and work 1 plain in the 3d stitch of the chain; then 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 treble in the 1st chain stitch; * turn back, that is, on the wrong side. Make 6 chain, and work 1 treble on the top of the last treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 treble on the plain stitch; turn back. Make 6 chain, and work 1 plain on the treble stitch; then 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 treble on the next treble stitch. Repeat from * until 9 points are made, counting both sides of the beading; turn back, and for *The Small Star*—Make 12 chain, turn, miss the last 5, and work 1 single in the 7th stitch of the 12 chain to form a round loop; turn so as to cross the chain, and in the round loop work 2 plain; then 5 chain, and 2 plain 4 times more; make 2 chain, and on the 6 chain left miss 2, and work 1 single; then 3 chain, and on the beading work 1 treble on the last treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; turn back. Make 6 chain, work 1 plain on the treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble; turn back; then 3 chain, join to the next 5 chain of the star; 3 chain, 1 treble on the treble stitch; 1 chain, miss 1, and 1 treble. Repeat from * 3 times more; then fasten off, leaving an end of cotton, and when the circle is finished use it to join the 1st and last row together. Always take both edges of the previous stitches. The work should be tight.

The Centre Star.—Commence with 6 chain, and work 1 single in the 1st stitch to make it round. *1st round.* Work 2 plain, both in a chain stitch of the foundation round, 6 times, then 1 single. *2d.* For the 1st division, make 12 chain, take the beading and join to the first point of it; and on the 12 chain, miss 1, 1 plain, 1 treble, 4 long, 2 treble, 1 plain, 2 single; and on the 1st round, 1 single in the same stitch as the last, and 1 single in the next stitch.

2d division. Make 11 chain, miss the last 4 chain, and work 1 single to form a dot; then 4 chain, join to the next point but one of the beading; make 9 chain, miss the last 4, and work 1 single; then 6 chain, and on the 1st round, 1 single in the same stitch as the last, then 1 single.

3d. Work as the 1st division, joining to the next point but one of the beading.

Repeat these 3 divisions 3 times more. Fasten off. Work 15 circles more the same.

THE BANDS OF INSERTION.

Commence with 5 chain, turn, miss the last 3 chain, and work 2 treble stitches both in the 2d chain stitch; then 4 chain, and work 2 treble both in the 1st stitch of these 4 chain,

which forms two small divisions. * Make 10 chain, miss the last 3, and work 2 treble both in the 7th stitch of these 10 chain, then 1 plain between the two divisions; 4 chain, 2 treble in the 1st stitch of them; work an extra long stitch on the 1st stitch of the foundation chain. Make 11 chain, join to the last stitch of the 6 chain to the right, miss 1, and 1 single on the 11 chain, leaving 9 chain. Make 10 chain, and work 2 plain in the centre of the 9 chain; then 4 chain, and 1 extra long on the last long stitch, Make 5 chain, miss the last 3, and work 2 treble in the 2d stitch; 4 chain, miss 3, and 2 treble in the 1st stitch of the 4 chain; then 2 chain, join to the 6th stitch of the 10 chain to the right, miss 1, and 1 single on the 2 chain. Repeat from * until four small crosses are made, and fasten off. Repeat these bands of insertion.

The Squares.—Commence with 7 chain, work 1 single on the 1st stitch; and in this foundation round work 8 chain and 1 plain, then 11 chain and 1 plain, alternately for 8 loops. Fasten off, and repeat.

THE BORDER.

Commence with 6 chain, miss the last stitch, work 1 plain; then 9 chain, 2 plain in the 1st stitch of the 6th chain; * and for the cross make 8 chain, and work 2 treble both in the 5th stitch of these 8 chain; then 4 chain, and work 2 treble both in the 1st stitch of these 4 chain; make 2 chain, and join to the 6th stitch of the 9 chain to the right; miss 1, and 1 single on the 2 chain; then 9 chain, work 2 treble, both in the 6th stitch of these 9 chain, 1 plain between the treble stitches of the cross, 4 chain, and 2 treble in the 1st stitch of it; 5 chain, 1 plain in the chain to the left; turn back. Work in the last 5 chain, 6 chain and 2 plain, 3 times; 9 chain, miss the cross, and work 1 plain in the 5 chain to the left; turn back; 9 chain, 2 plain in the centre of the last 9 chain. Repeat from * until 7 crosses are made. Then along the straight edge work a row of 3 chain and 1 plain in each loop of chain, so as to curve it.

The crochet being completed, it is now necessary to attach it to the braid, and as this must be done by measurement, the easiest method will be to tack the various lines on a strip of stiff paper about twenty-three inches by eight, and ruling it according to the following directions, this is presuming the work to be four patterns in width, but it can be enlarged to any size by allowing four inches and a quarter to each repeat, either in length or width. Our engraving therefore represents nearly one-quarter of the Antimacassar, and the lines are to be ruled in the same form, the only difference being the size, which is as follows:—

For the 1st strip of braid, rule a line two inches from the edge of the paper, and a second line half an inch from this; then leave a space of three-quarters of an inch for the bands of in-

sertion, and rule two lines half an inch apart for the second line of braid; now leave a space of two inches and a half, and rule the lines for the two strips of braid and insertion as before. Then rule the same distances across the paper.

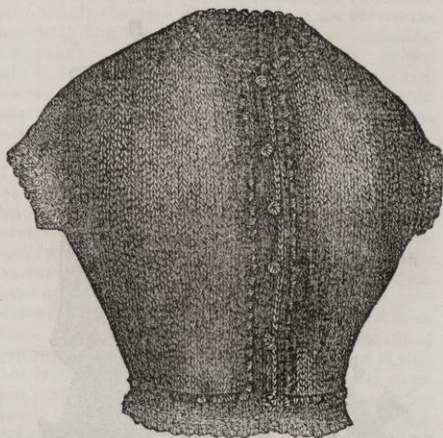
Take a length of braid sufficient for the two lines, that is, not less than forty-six inches, tack it along the first line, then turn it twice to form the pointed end of the border, tack it along the second line, finishing the other end the same, and joining the braid under one of the turnings. In tacking the braids on the cross lines, the point for the border should be made in the centre of the braid, so that the two ends may be left to continue the pattern when the paper is shifted.

Then with a needle and white cotton stitch the various parts of the work to the braid, placing the edge of the crochet over the edge of the braid.

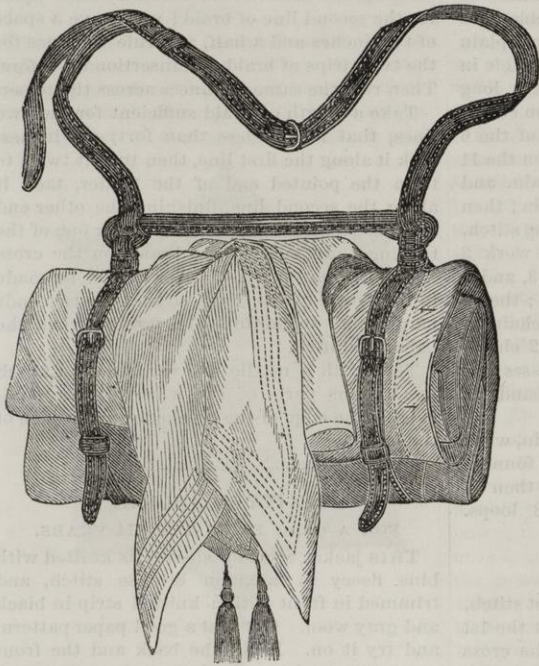
KNITTED JACKET

FOR A GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS.

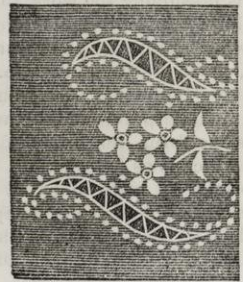
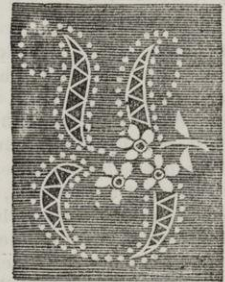
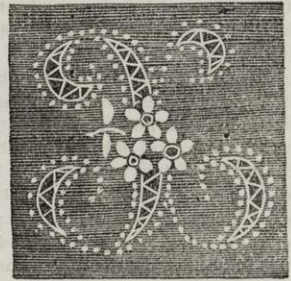
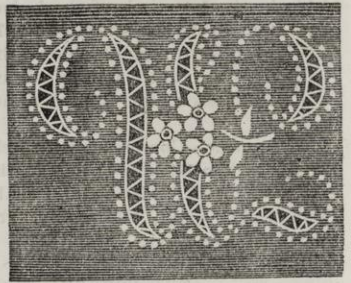
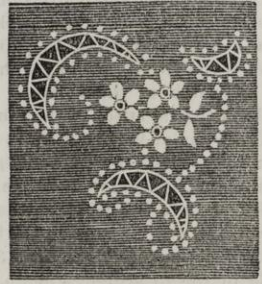
THIS jacket, without sleeves, is knitted with blue fleecy in common brioche stitch, and trimmed in front with a knitted strip in black and gray wool. Cut first a good paper pattern, and try it on. Begin the back and the front parts separately at the lower edge; cast on 7 stitches. Knit in rows backwards and for-



wards in brioche stitch, increasing and decreasing at the end of the rows from the paper pattern. The front parts are to be worked without increasings. The different parts are then sewn together on the wrong side; line the edge of the front part with a strip of black calico; make buttonholes on one side, and sew buttons on the other; the jacket is bound all round with black ribbon an inch and a fifth wide. To hide this binding, sew on the jacket two rouleaux of double gray wool; each of these rouleaux consists of a strip about three-quarters of an inch wide, knitted in rows backwards and forwards.



SHAWL OR CLOAK STRAP.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN IN POINT RUSSE, SATIN STITCH, AND APPLIQUE.

Receipts, &c.

AN ARTICLE ON FOOD.

Food, that by which the living body is nourished, in its widest sense comprehends both liquid and solid aliment. In the following article, the subject will be considered chiefly with reference to the principles which regulate, or ought to regulate, the food of man, and on which, as far as ascertained, the nutriment of this material frame is conducted.

Water is not only the medium by means of which most of the operations which go on in living bodies are conducted, but it also enters so largely into the composition of these bodies, that it must be regarded as one of the alimentary principles, a due supply of which is necessary not only for health, but for life; and this supply must be constant, in order to compensate for the loss of moisture which is continually going on from the surfaces, exterior and interior, of the living body.

The food taken by man and animals, has, or ought to have, reference in its composition to two distinct ends—the nourishment or the bodily tissues, and the maintenance of animal temperature. Milk is the only single article of diet which in itself contains this essential combination in properly balanced proportion; we know that it is capable not only of sustaining, but of nourishing in growth the body of the young animal, and thus we have plainly set before us, what He who made and sustains all things has provided as necessary for the sustenance of the creature, when that creature is confined to one means of nourishment solely. In addition to water and saline ingredients, milk contains three distinct sets of principles: the albuminous, represented by the curd; the saccharine—in which is included the farinaceous—represented by the sugar, and the oleaginous, or fatty, by the cream. Of these, the albuminous principles and salts are requisite for the building up of the frame; the saccharine and oleaginous for, so to speak, supplying it with fuel; they are what has been called “respiratory food,” because they chiefly furnish materials, carbon and hydrogen, which may combine with the oxygen taken in from the air by the lungs, and burn as it were within the body by a slow and gentle process. It must not, however, be imagined that the saccharine and oleaginous principles are solely devoted to purposes of fuel; they also serve important ends in the nutrition of the body, but as they contain no azote or nitrogen, it is evident they cannot afford proper nutriment to tissues of which this element forms an essential component; they cannot, therefore, form muscle, but they can form fat, which contains no nitrogen, and requires none. In truth, the sugar, starch, and probably the fibre and gum of vegetables, must constitute the chief sources for the formation of fat in graminivorous or vegetable feeding animals. The albuminous, the saccharine, and the oleaginous principles must each be taken as the representative of a peculiar class of substances. Under the head of albuminous principles falls the caseine, or curd of milk; albumen, as we see it in the egg; and fibrine, as it coagulates from blood, or forms part of animal muscle. These are principles all identical, or nearly so, in composition, but in different states of vital organization; they are composed of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and contain phosphorus and sulphur in small proportions. They are, therefore, adapted to afford due nourishment to such portions of the living animal body as are similarly constituted; the milk curd is the only substance contained in that fluid from which the young animal can form its blood and

its muscle; from the albumen of the egg alone all the tissues of the chick are constructed; and the carnivorous animal subsists upon the muscle—flesh—of its victims; these principles are therefore in themselves capable of sustaining life; not so the oleaginous and the saccharine, which represent, the one the fats and oils, and the other the starch or fecula, the sugar, and the gum. These being deficient in nitrogen, in sulphur, and phosphorus, cannot yield them, and therefore an animal fed upon them alone, will die of starvation—as regards certain essential components of its body at least. It was, for long, a paradox, how animals which lived on vegetable food, formed from it the albuminous principles contained within their bodies, because it was thought that in the vegetable kingdom these azotized compounds did not exist. Chemistry of late years has solved the difficulty, by proving that vegetables do contain albuminous principles answering to those found in animal substances; not, it is true, in the same large proportion, but quite sufficient to afford all necessary nourishment, even to the muscular bull or the gigantic elephant. These principles, and, indeed, their own entire structure, plants elaborate “from carbonic acid, water, and ammonia; that is, from the constituents of the atmosphere, with the addition of sulphur, and of certain constituents of the crust of the earth;” plants, therefore, may truly be said to produce the blood of animals. Certainly, animals which live upon vegetables have to consume a very much larger bulk of material than animals which live upon flesh; but for this, their habits and the nature of their digestive organs have been arranged by the Creator. Vegetables, therefore, are the original formers of these albuminous principles, which they present ready prepared to the digestive organs of the vegetable eating animal; the latter have simply the task of fitting them for intermixture with the blood, previous to their becoming component constituents of the animal body. In the animal, however, it must be evident that they exist in a much more compact condition than in vegetable substances, and that the flesh-eating animal will require to consume a much smaller proportion of its natural food, than the vegetable feeder. Both classes of animals, however, breathe, that is, take in oxygen by the lungs, which, in maintaining their animal temperature, must combine with respiratory elements—carbon and hydrogen—these the vegetable feeder receives in abundance, in the starch, the saccharine ingredients, the woody fibre, etc., which make up the mass of vegetable substance; sources evidently not open to the animal living on flesh alone. This, it is true, will receive some amount of respiratory food in the fat of its prey; but it will also require to make more violent muscular exertion than the vegetable feeder, so that using up its muscle in so doing it may obtain the carbon and hydrogen—which are contained in muscular substances as well as in other albuminous principles—for the purposes of animal fuel. In accordance with this, we find that the carnivorous animals expend much more muscular force in obtaining their sustenance—in hunting—than the graminivorous animal.

What is applicable to the food of animals is also that of man, as regards the nutrient principles: the bodies of both stand upon the same level, but man has the will and the power to consume both vegetable and animal food, either mixed or singly, as may suit his habits. Existence upon animal flesh alone is not common, but it is practicable and practised by the Indians of the South American Pampas, and by many people who live by hunting; but all these, like the carnivorous animal, make long-continued muscular exertion, without which, indeed,

under the peculiar diet, they could not preserve health or life. Sir Francis Head relates in his *Journey over the Pampas*, that whilst making immense exertions, he lived for months together exclusively on beef and water; this being the diet of the roamers over these immense plains, who spend most of their time in active exercise on horseback.

(Conclusion next month.)

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Chicken Soup.—Cut up two large fine fowls, as if carving them for table, and wash the pieces in cold water. Take half a dozen thin slices of cold ham, and lay them in a soup-pot, mixed among the pieces of chicken. Season them with a very little Cayenne, a little nutmeg, and a few blades of mace, but no salt, as the ham will make it salt enough. Add a head of celery, split and cut into long bits, a quarter of a pound of butter, divided in two, and rolled in flour. Pour on three quarts of milk. Set the soup-pot over the fire, and let it boil rather slowly, skimming it well. When it has boiled an hour, put in some small round dumplings, made of half a pound of flour mixed with a quarter of a pound of butter; divide this dough into equal portions, and roll them in your hands into little balls about the size of a large hickory-nut. The soup must boil till the flesh of the fowls is loose on the bones, but not till it drops off. Stir in, at the last, the beaten yolks of four eggs; and let the soup remain about five minutes longer over the fire. Then take it up. Cut off from the bones the flesh of the fowls, and divide it into mouthfuls. Cut up the slices of ham in the same manner. Mince the livers and gizzards. Put the bits of fowl and ham in the bottom of a large tureen, and pour the soup upon it. This soup will be found excellent, and may be made of large old fowls, that cannot be cooked in any other way. If they are so old that when the soup is finished they still continue tough, remove them entirely, and do not serve them up in it. Similar soup may be made of a large old turkey.

Stewed Rock-Fish.—Take a large rock-fish, and cut it in slices near an inch thick. Sprinkle it very slightly with salt, and let it remain for half an hour. Slice very thin a dozen large onions. Put them into a stewpan with a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, cut into bits. Set them over a slow fire, and stir them continually till they are quite soft, taking care not to let them become brown. Then put in the sliced fish in layers; seasoning each layer with a mixture of white ground ginger, Cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg; add some chopped parsley, and some bits of butter rolled in flour. Pour in a pint of water, and, if you choose, a small wineglassful of vinegar (tarragon* vinegar will be best). Set it over a good fire and let it cook about an hour. When done, take out the fish carefully, to avoid breaking the slices. Lay it in a deep dish that has been made hot, and cover it immediately. Have ready the beaten yolks of two eggs. Stir them into the gravy. Give it one boil up; and then either pour it over the fish, or serve it up in a sauce-boat. Halibut, fresh cod, or any other large fish may be stewed in this manner.

French Stewed Oysters.—Take a hundred large fine oysters. Set them over the fire in their own liquor (skimming them well), and when they begin to simmer take them out with a perforated ladle, and throw

* To make this vinegar—half fill a bottle with tarragon leaves, and fill it up with the best cider vinegar. Cork it tightly, and do not remove the tarragon, but let it remain always at the bottom. The flavor is very fine.

them directly into a pan of cold water to plump them. When they are quite cold, place them in a sieve, and drain them well. Having saved their liquor, add to it a quarter of a pound of fresh butter divided into four pieces (each piece rolled in flour), a dozen blades of mace, a powdered nutmeg, and a small saltspoonful of Cayenne. Set this mixture over the fire, and stir it till the butter and flour are well mixed all through. Then put in the oysters, and as soon as they have come to a boil, take off the saucepan, and stir in immediately the beaten yolks of three eggs. Serve them up hot.

Italian Chicken Salad.—Make a dressing in the proportion of the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, mashed or pounded fine; a saltspoonful of salt; and the same quantity of mustard, and of Cayenne; and a saltspoonful of powdered white sugar; four table-spoonfuls of salad-oil, and two table-spoonfuls of vinegar (tarragon vinegar will be best). Simmer this dressing over the fire, but do not let it come to a boil. Stir it all the time. Take a sufficiency of the white meat of cold fowls, and pull or cut it into flakes. Pile it in the middle of a dish, and pour the salad dressing over it. Have ready two fine fresh lettuces that have been laid in cold water. Strip off the outside leaves; cut up the best part of the lettuces, and arrange it evenly in a ridge, or circular heap all round the pile of chicken in the centre. On the top of the ridge of lettuce, place the whites of the eggs, cut into rings and laid round so as to form a chain. Of course a portion of the lettuce is to be helped with the chicken.

Stewed Calf's Head.—Take a fine large calf's head; empty it; wash it clean, and boil it till it is quite tender, in just water enough to cover it. Then carefully take out the bones, without spoiling the appearance of the head. Season it with a little salt and Cayenne, and a grated nutmeg. Pour over it the liquor in which it has been boiled, adding a gill of vinegar, and two table-spoonfuls of capers, or of green nasturtian-seeds, that have been pickled. Let it stew very slowly for half an hour. Have ready some forcemeat balls made of minced veal-suet, grated bread-crumbs, grated lemon-peel, and shred sweet marjoram—adding beaten yolk of egg to bind the other ingredients together. Put in the forcemeat balls, and stew it slowly a quarter of an hour longer, adding some bits of butter rolled in flour to enrich the gravy. Send it to table hot.

Lamb Chops.—Fry them a light brown in butter, then add a little water, flour, salt, and a dust of pepper, to the gravy; let it brown, and pour it over the chops.

Mutton Kidneys Broiled.—Skin and split without parting asunder; skewer them through the outer edge and keep them flat; lay the opened sides first to the fire, which should be clear and brisk; in ten minutes turn them; sprinkle with salt and Cayenne, and when done, which will be in three minutes afterwards, take them from the fire, put a piece of butter inside them, squeeze some lemon-juice over them, and serve as hot as possible.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

German Hard Chocolate Cakes.—Grate and sift half a pound of chocolate. Beat the yolks of two eggs, and add the chocolate gradually; add the whites of six eggs, beaten to snow, to the yolks and chocolate; beat well, and if not sweet enough add sugar. If the chocolate is good, they will be sufficiently sweet. Take off small bits with a teaspoon, and bake on buttered paper.

Soft Chocolate Cake.—One pound of sugar, twenty

eggs beat half an hour without separating, half a pound of grated chocolate added gradually to the egg and sugar, with three-fourths of a pound of starch flour; the whole beaten half an hour. Butter the forms, and sprinkle them with pulverized crackers, and turn in the mixture.

Vanities.—Take two eggs, beat without separating as light as possible; add a teaspoonful of salt, and wet up as much flour as will roll; they should be pretty stiff. Take small bits of the dough, not larger than a teaspoon bowl, roll them in the hand until quite round, dredge the moulding-board with flour, and roll as thin as possible. Fry in sweet lard that has not been used to fry in before.

Cream Drop Cake.—A half pint of rich cream, and a half pint of egg, beat the yolks and whites separately; add a teaspoonful of salt, and as much flour as can be beat in with a spoon; it should be just thick enough to drop from a spoon; butter pans, and drop the cake on it; let it bake hard. If the cream is sour, add soda.

American Raised Waffles.—One pint of sweet milk, one heaping teacupful of butter, three eggs, a tablespoonful of thick brewer's yeast, one quart of flour, and another teacupful of sweet milk, in which is dissolved a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda. Let it rise until very light, then bake as other waffles. Serve hot with butter and sugar.

Cream Griddle Cakes.—One quart of sour cream, four beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, two of soda, and one pint of flour; mix the soda in half the flour, and stir it in last; bake as soon as mixed, and serve immediately; add more flour if not thick enough to suit.

Lemon Macaroons.—Rub off the rind from a large fine lemon on lumps of loaf-sugar; roll the sugar, and add enough of powdered loaf-sugar to make a quarter of a pound. Then strain the lemon-juice through a strainer. Beat light four eggs, stir the sugar in the eggs, and beat well. Then add the lemon-juice and three large heaping tablespoonfuls of flour; mix the whole thoroughly. It must be thick enough to form into balls; if not, add flour until it will. Moisten your hands with cold water, and form the paste into balls the size of a plum; lay them on buttered papers, and bake without browning. You will be obliged to try one to see if it is done. As soon as done, remove them from the paper with a knife.

Sugar Kisses to Make Quickly.—Beat the whites of four eggs stiff, flavor with vanilla; lay sheets of white paper on a board, beat gradually one pound of powdered loaf-sugar in the egg, and drop them in small half egg-shaped piles on the paper, dry them in a moderate oven without browning; lay the boards that it may not scorch; pine boards will not do. When stiff, take them up with a knife, and lay the two together, making them egg-shaped.

Apple Pudding.—Take six tart apples, pippins or greenings are the best; steam them without peeling, after washing them quite clean; strain them through a sieve. Add six spoonfuls of melted butter and the same of sugar, six eggs, half a wineglassful of brandy, and the juice of one lemon. Line a pudding dish with puff-paste, and bake it. Serve hot or cold with sweet cream without sugar.

Apple Roll.—Make a paste with one-fourth of a pound of butter to one of flour, mixed with water, not very stiff. Peel and slice rather thick tart apples, roll the paste very thin, or as thin as the bottom crust of a pie, spread the apples on the crust so as to cover it, dredge on a little flour, and roll it, as tight as possible. Cut the ends even, and

put it in the steamer, or wrap it in thick cloth, and boil it. It will take one hour steady cooking. Serve with butter and sugar; cut it in thin slices from the end when serving.

CONTRIBUTED.

To Clean Marble.—Rub first with soda and soft-soap, then wash as usual with water.

To Clean Window and Looking-Glass.—After having washed and rinsed your glass as usual, dry it some with a cloth, then take soft news or tissue paper, and rub until perfectly clear.

Buttermilk Pudding.—Two eggs, two cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda sifted in two cups of flour, three cups of buttermilk; stir the flour in lightly. Grease your tin, and bake one hour. It can be turned out.

Sauce for the above Pudding.—One cup of butter, half a cup of sugar, yolk of one egg; beat together; stir in half a cup of boiling water. Let it come to a boil, and when ready for use, flavor to taste.

Railroad Cake.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one large spoonful of butter; beat together; stir in lightly one cup of flour, a little yeast powder, or soda sifted in flour. Bake in a quick oven. This is a fine dessert with the above sauce. M. E. C.

Graham Bread.—Three pints of warm water, one cup of Indian meal, one of wheat flour, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, or one cup of brown sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one of soda dissolved in a little hot water, one cup of yeast. Mix the above, and stir in enough unbolted wheat flour (Graham) to make as stiff as you can; work with a spoon. If you wish to make it into loaves, put in enough to mould it. If made with home-brewed yeast, put to rise over night. If with brewer's yeast, make it in the morning, and bake when light in loaves the ordinary size. Bake one hour and a half.

Roll Jelly Cake.—Take three eggs beaten thoroughly, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour; stir them well together; add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. The latter to be dissolved in a very little water, or put the cream of tartar and soda in the flour. Bake in two pie tins as evenly and quickly as possible, taking care that it does not bake too hard around the edges. A sheet of writing paper laid over the top will often prevent its burning too much. Have ready a clean towel or cloth, and when the cake is done, slip it out, bottom side up, on the cloth; then spread the uppermost side quite thickly with jelly, commencing at the end. Roll it so that it will be a round compact roll, or it may be made in round tins, and not rolled. E. C. P.

Receipt for Pickle.—Scald the pickle in brine every three days for two weeks, then soak out the brine in fresh water; wipe them dry and put them in a liquid composed of two gallons of vinegar, four ounces of black pepper, four of ginger, two of turmeric, two of cloves, two of allspice, two of mace, two tablespoonfuls of celery-seed, one pint of mustard-seed, one large handful of horseradish, one of garlic, three lemons, sliced, and two pounds of brown sugar. The spices should be beaten. Pickle made by the above receipt took the premium at one of the Richmond fairs. S.

Horseradish Vinegar.—One-quarter of a pound of scraped horseradish, one ounce of minced garlic, one drachm of Cayenne, one quart of vinegar. Put all the ingredients into a bottle, which shake well every day for a fortnight. When it is thoroughly steeped, strain and bottle, and it will be fit for use immediately. This will be found an agreeable relish to cold beef, etc. M. E.

Editors' Table.

LADIES IN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

THE State of Kansas has the honor of being the first to open its Agricultural College to young ladies as students, and to appoint a lady to one of the Professorships. Other States, we believe, have followed or are preparing to follow the example, but to Kansas belongs the credit of being the first to do an act which is not the less honorable because it is merely a deed of justice. We know that it often requires more courage to be just than to be liberal.

When Congress gave its magnificent donation of public lands to the States for the establishment of Agricultural Colleges, there is no reason for supposing that the benefits of these colleges were designed for men alone, though in some of the States this seems to have been taken for granted. Did Congress intend that our farmers should be educated for their calling, and their wives left in ignorance? Let any one who supposes this consider for a moment how large a part of the success of a farm depends on the exertion of feminine minds and hands. Take the important department of the dairy. We do not know, and probably no one pretends to know very accurately, how many millions of dollars would represent the value of the butter and cheese produced every year in our country. But we may assert—what every dealer in those articles will certainly confirm—that the value of these products brought to market would be immensely increased if the producers were better instructed in their duties. Every year, too, as our cities and towns grow, the demand for dairy produce of the best description increases faster than the country can supply it. Then there is the rearing of poultry, which is also usually in the charge of women, and is growing in importance in the same way.

But our farmers' wives have duties of a much higher cast imposed on them by their position. They must practise medicine and surgery, whether they will or not. The husband, or son, or laboring man, meets with one of those accidents which so often befall men in their work; or a stroke of disease falls upon him. The physician is many miles away. The housewife must bind the wound, or administer the proper medicines and other appliances which the case requires. Indeed, the farmer's wife must often be in her household all that the Lady of the Manor was in the Middle Ages, and frequently with much less training for the office.

There is another department of the highest importance which belongs wholly to woman's province. It is the selection and preparation of food. If we are to be a vigorous and enduring race, we must have both well-selected food and good cookery. Cookery, as every one now understands, is a science. It is in fact a branch of chemistry. No doubt, a person may be a good cook, as another may be a good farmer, without a knowledge of scientific principles. But it is now well understood that those are most successful in any work who not only know how to do it, but the reason why it is so done. This, indeed, is the very principle on which our agricultural colleges are founded. If this principle is correct, there is every reason why young women should be admitted into these colleges, and why professorships of domestic economy and of medicine should be established for their benefit. There will be no lack of educated ladies well qualified to fill these appoint-

ments. Their pupils in turn will be prepared to instruct others; and thus each college will become, as it was intended to be, a source of light and improvement to the whole State.

We earnestly appeal to the authorities who have the control of this great endowment in the different States, and ask them to take this subject into serious consideration. Is it just, and is it for the public good, that one-half of the community should be shut out from the benefits of this grant? Have the women of our republic no right in the lands of the republic? Shall we rear up a race of scientific men and ignorant women? Let our lawyers and statesmen consider these questions in the light of conscience and with the impulse of patriotism, and we can have no doubt of their decision.

FASHIONS AND EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES.

(EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITRESS.)

* * * * *

"A MAGAZINE of aids to feminine character comprehends a great deal. For the term 'a fine woman' implies not merely grace of external observance, but inward warmth and growth. It does not suffice, then, that a young lady be taught all the newest methods of embroidery, all the latest fluctuations of fashion, or even how to make, in these dear days, one dollar serve the purpose of two by skilful handling. Though these are good and useful things to know, if not for one's self, for another. The absence of *caste* in our country and of sumptuary laws or rules, while causing some confusion in the mind of the slight observer, gives, doubtless, a general air of prosperity and taste in external decoration, which might well have prompted the foreigner's inquiry: 'Where are your poor people?' And as the *LADY'S BOOK* penetrates to the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific sands, it is not strange that a homogeneity greater even than that produced by speaking the same language should be the result. Two ladies from opposite poles meeting each other on the plaza or boulevard of the city, recognize with lightning-like quickness the true fashionable height of the hat, the length of the plume, and the dress, with or without trail, as the case may be. Lace may be imitated, silks may be adulterated, but the general air which comes of familiarity with all the best modes, and which makes the dress and appearance what the French call *comme il faut*, can only be gained by education.

"All these graces and refinements are certainly only the bloom on the plum, the down on the peach, the hue on the flower; yet who would be without them? Granted then the comparative inferiority of externals, they have an absolute value, and should be cultivated in their proportion, as a rose-hue deepens and heightens the delight with which we inhale its fragrance.

"These thoughts have occurred to me on turning over the many-leaved directions in your valuable magazine for all kinds of work and play. I have pictured to myself scenes which indeed I have often literally witnessed, where your magazine was almost the only link between a secluded life, without grace or variety, and the distant world which seemed full of visions of brightness and beauty. As the magazine makes its appearance, the young people in the family all spring at once to grasp it, with a welcome.

ing gladness which I am certain would give you sincere joy to witness. The love tale is conned, the newest shapes meditated on, the last receipt tried, and the drawings copied. It is a refreshment in a weary land which can hardly be overstated, to be brought thus into frequent contact with the live, stirring world of thought and action. Nature cloys a little, for the trees never whisper of new bonnets, nor do brooks babble of Parisian modes. Yet, the modes must be attended to, or how else is a young lady to comfort herself in a possible future in Washington, or even as lady of a foreign minister? As there is no height to which manly talent may not attain in our happy country, so should womanly elegance and culture be ready for adaptation to any high places that may be allotted by the possible Fates. We are proud of the simple dignity and high-bred grace of our Mrs. Abigail Adams, at the English court; how much more elegant she was than the good dowdy Queen Charlotte herself. But in her memoirs we see how such manners were naturally evolved from an upright and observant mind, a kindly heart and thoughtful intellectual habits. These made the country-bred girl a fit companion for princes, and, what was more important, for her own superior and admirable husband.

"When I see in the *LADY'S BOOK* such models of feminine character always held up, and think of the wondrous influence of these ideas thoroughly disseminated and ingrained in the minds of women, I feel that you are doing daily a great and good work, and that we ought 'never to despair of the republic' while such a source of right thinking remains."

LITERARY FORGERIES AND THEFTS.

The literary world of Paris has lately had an astonishing sensation in the discovery of literary forgeries which exceed all of the kind on record. M. Chasles, the mathematician, had a passion for autographs, and from 1861 had been supplied by an Italian with extraordinary collections of autographic letters and documents. These M. Chasles purchased, paying the sum of \$30,000 in gold to the man of mystery who supplied these treasures of antiquity. M. Chasles had, as he fancied, in his collection notes of Julius Cæsar and of Charlemagne, letters of Copernicus, of Christopher Columbus, and of Shakspeare, and authentic documents of some kind from the most distinguished men and women who had lived from the earliest period of the Christian era. Included in this list were letters of the apostles. The bubble burst last summer. The forger, whose name was Irene Lucas, was arrested, and the exposure was complete. All these varied papers or autographs, comprising more than 20,000 pieces, were, as he declared, fabricated by himself.

The great literary forgery is a phenomenon that will seldom occur; the petty larcenies are the parts that trouble us. We lately had a specimen of this kind that deserves exposure. A person, whom we do not know, sent us a poem for the *LADY'S BOOK*. It was worth publishing, and, as it bore the writer's name, Lewis Morrison, with a request to have it returned if rejected, we saw no reason to suppose it a stolen article. It appeared in the *LADY'S BOOK*, June, 1869. "The Last Tear I Shed," by Lewis Morrison, a tender little poem that must have moved many a mother's heart. We have learned that it was stolen from a volume, "The Faded Flowers," by Robert Josselyn, published twenty years ago in Boston. Mr. Josselyn has sent us the poem in question, as he wrote it, containing one stanza which the imposter omitted. We shall republish it in June next, as we are sure our readers will prize the finished

poem. Now, we have the pleasure of giving them a poem written expressly for the *LADY'S BOOK* since the discovery of the larceny. It is a gratification to us that we have thus opportunity of placing the name of this true American poet among our contributors.

SONG.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

SHE was sweet and as pure as the dewdrop that lies
On the rose in a morning of spring,
And her voice, and her smile, and her soft loving eyes
To my heart and my memory cling;
Through the mist and the chill of the gathering years,
Which are shrouding my spirit in gloom,
And the all, my lone pathway that brightens and cheers,
Is the light that yet shines from her tomb.

She was gentle and kind and obliging to all,
And her beauty and grace had no peer;
With a passionate glow of my heart I recall
Every charm to my memory dear.
But the flowers that are fairest are soonest to fade,
And she left for the region above,
Where her beauty and goodness immortal were made,
And she lives still an angel of love.

They may sneer, who are cold and as senseless as clay,
At a love which is fervent and true,
Which can live through all trial, and knows no decay
With a heaven hereafter in view;
Where the loved ones, long parted, united shall be,
With a joy which this earth cannot know,
And I long, like a captive who sighs to be free,
To that blessed reunion to go.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

In the *Edinburgh Review*, for October, we find an able article on the equality of the sexes, as asserted in the theories of Mr. Mill. We quote a few paragraphs—all we have room for; the whole should be read by those who take interest in the subject. The hypothesis of Mr. Mill is that the married pair are separate persons, equal in rights.

"They are one person in law." This Mr. Mill asserts to be a cruel fiction.

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"And we assert that this faulty law has yet, amid all its offensive and tyrannical enactments, caught sight of the principle in which lie all the difficulties of the question, and which Mr. Mill ignores. It is, that the man and the woman united in the first of all primitive bonds, the union upon which the world and the race depend, are one person. We say it not sentimentally or poetically, but with the profoundest sense of reality and seriousness. If they were two, the matter would be easy. It would be but to establish the balance by law, as Mr. Mill suggests, and to keep it even; a business requiring the watchfulness of Argus, yet probably manageable by dint of pain and trouble. The secret of all that is hard, and dangerous, and bewildering in the matter is simply the fact that in very truth the two are one.

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"We repeat: if they are precisely the same kind of beings, with no differences except those which are physical, then we allow without a moment's hesitation that women are the natural inferiors of men. Equality must embrace the whole being; it cannot be taken as belonging only to a part of it. And woman is confessedly and unmistakably man's inferior in one part of her being; therefore, unless she is as unmistakably his superior in another, she can have no claim to consider herself his equal.

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"But let us turn for one moment to the other view of the question. It is, that a woman is a woman, and not a lesser edition of man. The competition, in which we are forever laboring to involve them, has no existence in nature. They are not rivals nor antagonists; they are two halves of a complete being. The offices they hold in this world are essentially different. There is scarcely any

natural standing ground, which we can realize, on which these two creatures appear as rivals. The very thought is preposterous. Shall the woman challenge the man to a trial of strength? Shall the man pit himself against the woman for delicacy of eye and taste? Shall she plough the heavy fields with him, wading through the new turned mould; or, shall he watch the children with her, patient through the weary vigil? An exchange of place and toil, the man taking the indoor work, and the woman the outdoor, in order to prove the futility of their mutual discontent, was a favorite subject with the old ballad-makers, and the witty minstrel is generally very great on the domestic confusion that follows, and gives the wife the best of it. But the fact is that such rivalry can be nothing but a jest. The two are not rivals—they are not alike. They are different creatures—they are one."

NOTES AND NOTICES.

THE WOMEN CLERKS AT WASHINGTON.—The Treasurer of the United States, Hon. F. E. Spinner, has paid a tribute of praise to the young women employed as clerks in his department which does honor to his own noble manliness as well as to their abilities and faithfulness in duty. We can only give an extract, but hope to find opportunity of returning to the subject. We shall take the liberty of designating these employés as men and women:—

"The women, many of whom are now employed in this office in the handling of money have, by long practice and close application, become experts, and do as good, and in many cases better, official service than men clerks who receive double their compensation.

"All the coupons, and all mutilated United States notes and fractional currency, are assorted, counted, and prepared for destruction by women clerks.

"This requires great care and patient labor, and subjects these clerks to great responsibilities and risks, and not infrequently to pecuniary losses.

"If frequently happens that a lady engaged in the counting of money loses more than half her month's salary by reason of having lost money, or having overlooked and passed over counterfeit notes. No one, who is at all acquainted with the business operations of this office, will gainsay the fact that many women clerks, receiving only nine hundred dollars per annum, can do, and do, more work of the kind mentioned, and do it better, too, than any clerk in the department, receiving double their salary, possibly can. On coupons the experiment has lately been thoroughly tried and tested. It was found that the work done by women was done much better, and more was done in a given time, than had been done by the men clerks who receive the larger salaries. In order to test the difference between the two kinds of clerks, on this kind of work, more thoroughly, the women clerks were required to review and recount the work of the men clerks; and it was found that they not only corrected errors in the count, but that they detected counterfeits that had not before been discovered or known to any person connected with the Treasury Department in this city or elsewhere, and that had been overlooked by the men clerks in the offices where they were originally received, and by those in this office, who had counted them. But for the timely discovery of these counterfeit coupons, the Government would have suffered great loss."

We are sorry to find that the introduction of woman's help into the Treasury Department has had the effect of lowering the titles of those who hold clerkships. The awkward prefix of the animal term, *male* and *female* does not accurately indicate the dissimilarity, which as *man* and *woman* pertains to humanity. We need a wider scope of feminine terminations in order to express the offices of women, as they enlarge their sphere of usefulness. We shall refer to this in another paper; now we have ventured to substitute *man* clerk and *woman* clerk, instead of *male* and *female*. The last are longer by one letter each, and neither definite nor dignified.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.—Professor Blot has lately repeated his valuable lecture on the art of cooking.

That the ladies of Philadelphia, who had the privilege of listening to his sensible discourses, gained much useful information is certain; but ignorant domestics may fail to carry out the orders which they cannot comprehend. The women and girls employed in American households need an opportunity for special improvement in the knowledge of their duties.

School of training for household work. Such a school is needed in every American city. Why cannot Philadelphia lead in this great domestic philanthropy? Good cooks are being wanted all over our country. *Cookery* would be the most important department. A restaurant might be connected with this cooking school, where ladies, who come from the populous environs of this great city to pass a day, might always find refreshment. If this restaurant were wisely managed, it might furnish dinners for families. The advantages of a judicious system, such as Professor Blot teaches, would soon enable such an establishment to become popular and profitable, and thus aid in supporting other branches of instruction, such as that of chamber-maid, waitress, nurse, etc. A laundry would also be profitable, and an intelligence office necessary. In short, such a "Training School" is the great want of Philadelphia. If the hundreds of ladies, who heard the lectures of Professor Blot, would interest themselves in this plan, it would be sure to succeed.

CHESTNUT STREET SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES.

—Parents desiring a thoroughly good school for their daughters will find this, under the charge of Miss Bonney and Miss Dillaye, one of the best in Philadelphia. The course of instruction is thorough, and the system exceedingly good.

"Physical education receives special attention. Thorough ventilation, calisthenics, a walk in the morning and in the afternoon are among daily school duties. To these may be added lessons in riding, swimming, and dancing. The matatorium and lessons in calisthenics are under the personal and constant care of a physician, who regulates the kind and degree of exercise with direct reference to the health of the individual pupil."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, September—December, 1869.—We are compelled, in our notices of this excellent weekly, to condense many numbers into a few lines of comment; but every new *Living Age* would give us abundant opportunity for appreciation and praise. We have read *Littell* for many years, and no other eclectic in the country can approach it in the variety and interest of its contents. In each number is generally one story, one or two articles upon important subjects from the quarterlies, a number of shorter and lighter papers upon the topics of the day, and an excellent selection of poetry. The most famous men of the country have commended this excellent magazine.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We have returned many poems, as desired by the writers, because we had not room, and this month have only accepted the following: "Winter on the Sea"—"My Lost Friend" and "The East."

These articles are declined: "Dora"—"Song"—"Beautiful Hills"—"Gates Ajar"—"A Memory"—"Visit to the Parsonage" and "Before the Battle." "Omega" was sent as requested.

NOTICE.—Manuscripts must in all cases be accompanied with the name and address of the authors, and stamps for their return, if not accepted. The utmost care will be taken and all possible expedition used with regard to them; but it must be understood that the Editor is not responsible should a MS. be mislaid or lost.

Literary Notices.

From D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia :—

THE ILLUMINATED CHRISTIAN YEAR. The artist of this curious and costly work, Miss Jean Lee, has given us a new pleasure. This young lady has, by her fine taste and enthusiastic perseverance, succeeded in proving her genius for the unique Art of Illumination. "The Christian Year" is a higher effort of her mind and of her art than was shown last year in the much admired work—"Nothing but Leaves." In her illumination of the "Collects," she touches the deep affections of the Christian heart. The publisher well deserves the warm approval these beautiful books are winning.

TOM HARDING AND HIS FRIENDS. By Nellie Eyster. The fourth volume of the "Sunny Hour Series," describing Tom's experience at sea, and his visit to New Orleans.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS. *Comprising Two Hundred and Seventy-Four Receipts, for Cooking, Preserving, Pickling, etc.* By A. L. O. M.

From CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia :—

JACK AND FLORIE; *or, The Pigeon's Wedding.* By Harriet B. McKeever. A very pretty book for children, illustrated by numerous colored plates.

TWISTED THREADS. By M. D. Nauman, author of "Sidney Elliott." An American novel of moderate merit and interest.

SLOAN'S ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND BUILDERS' JOURNAL. We have received No. 6 of the second volume of this highly useful periodical. It contains a view of the new United States Naval Hospital, Annapolis, Md., now in course of erection.

From HENRY C. LEA, Philadelphia :—

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. *The Rise of the Temporal Power. Benefit of Clergy. Excommunication.* By Henry C. Lea. Our thanks are due to the author of this learned and ably-written volume for the copy now before us. Endeavoring to confine himself to points illustrative of the temporal aspects of ecclesiastical history, Mr. Lea has sought to present facts rather than to draw inferences. His work is one that will be read with especial interest at the present time.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD, Philadelphia :—

DIRECTIONS FOR COOKERY IN ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES. By Miss Leslie. This is Miss Leslie's old standard and renowned cookery book, which has now reached its sixtieth edition.

From J. P. SKELLY & Co., Philadelphia :—

FARMER BURT'S SEED. *A True Story.* By Mrs. E. E. Boyd.

AUTUMN LEAF STORIES. By E. M. J. Two nicely illustrated, interesting, and morally instructive stories for children.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia :—

PETERSON'S NEW COOK BOOK; *or, Useful and Practical Receipts for the Housewife and the Un-initiated.*

From A. WINCH, Philadelphia :—

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC FOR 1870. No. 11. With astronomical calculations, statistics, chronological tables, and much useful matter for the household, counting-room, and manufactory.

From LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—

MAGDALENA. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt, author of "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," etc.

THE LONELY ONES. (*The Solitaries.*) Translated from the German of Paul Heyse.

Two interesting novelettes reprinted from *Lippincott's Magazine.*

From ALFRED MARTIEX, Philadelphia :—

A MENDED LIFE; *or, the Carpenter's Family.* By Mrs. Joseph Lamb. This is a pleasant and instructive story of humble life. It is prettily bound, and will make a nice present for the children's library.

MAPLEVILLE BOYS. By Miss C. M. Trowbridge. Another story by the authoress of "Dick and his Friend Fidus," which has always been a favorite with the children. Good Doctor Norton, his friends the boys, and his work among them will, we think, prove as interesting.

From CHARLES DESILVER, Philadelphia :—

THE BOOK OF DRAWING-ROOM PLAYS AND EVENING AMUSEMENTS. By Silas S. Steele, Dramatist. Private theatricals are becoming everyday more popular, and the lovers of that amusement will gladly welcome this beautiful book.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York, through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia :—

BIBLE ANIMALS. By the Rev. J. E. Wood, M. A., F. L. S., etc., author of "Homes without Hands," etc. This book contains a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures. However indirect or vague the allusion, reference is made to it, and the text made clear as to what animal was meant. The book is exceedingly interesting, not only as a description of the animals of the East, but as giving us a clear insight into the habits, ideas, and prejudices of the ancient oriental nations in regard to these animals. There are one hundred excellent illustrations in the volume.

LADY GERALDINE'S COURTSHIP. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Illustrated by W. J. Hennessy. Engraved by W. J. Linton.

SONGS OF LIFE. *Selected from many Sources, with Numerous Illustrations from Original Designs.*

These two beautiful volumes have reached us too late for notice before the holidays. The first of these is too well known to require other comment than a reference to its elegant and tasteful appearance. "Songs of Life" contains a large and varied selection from the very best of English and American poetry, and the illustrations, engraved from drawings by many of our most distinguished designers, are highly creditable.

RAMESES THE GREAT; *or, Egypt 3300 Years Ago.* Translated from the French of T. De Lanoye. This volume gives us historical and traditional facts concerning Egypt in the days of its magnificence and power. There are numerous illustrations. It belongs to "The Illustrated Library of Wonders," now in course of publication by Messrs. Scribner & Co.

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

THE ROMANCE OF SPANISH HISTORY. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The French Revolution," etc. We have here, in a compact form, a narrative of the more strange and wonderful, though well-authenticated events in Spanish history, from the earliest times down to our own day. The book is one of exceeding interest, and, as a popular history of the Iberian peninsula, supplies a want that has long been felt.

WRECKED IN PORT. *A Novel.* By Edmund Yates, author of "Kissing the Rod," etc. A pleasing writer, though not taking rank among the first of English novelists, Mr. Yates finds many readers. His works are of that semi-domestic semi-sensational order which, never sinking into dullness, are yet seldom guilty of the extravagances of the genuine sensational novel of the day.

HISTORY OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE, *King of Naples and of Italy.* By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc. Of the popular histories by the Abbott brothers, President Lincoln once said: "I have not education enough to appreciate the profound works of voluminous historians, and if I had, I have no time to read them. But these give me, in brief compass, just that knowledge of past men and events which I need." In the present interesting volume, giving an account of the momentous scenes in the life of Joseph Bonaparte, and of the social and political relations existing between him and the great Napoleon, Mr. Abbott seems to have spared no pains to be accurate, while aiming to give a concise narrative adapted to the wants of just such readers as President Lincoln—men who, in the midst of a busy career, have no time to wade through ponderous folios in quest of knowledge which they yet feel they must possess.

AGREEK GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS. By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia. This grammar claims to be "a school-boy's book, intended for a school-boy's use," in acquiring a knowledge of the elementary principles of the Greek language. Everything in it is to be committed to memory by the pupil, there being nothing in the shape of notes, observations, remarks, etc., to be marked by the teacher for omission. This, in a Greek grammar, is a desirable novelty, and will be appreciated by both teachers and scholars.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK; *or, A Country Family.* By the author of "Found Dead," etc. An English novel of considerable merit, and by an author not unknown to fame. It belongs to Harpers' Library of Select Novels.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WORLD: *A Book of Natural History and Adventure.* By James Greenwood, author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidge," etc. This is undoubtedly one of the most complete and entertaining books of its class we have ever read. It is a rich storehouse of curious and interesting facts and anecdotes relating to the history, habits, instincts, and modes of hunting of some twenty or thirty of the principal animals of the world, the pursuit of which, either for excitement or gain, is recognized as among the wild sports followed by men, civilized and savage.

HAYDN'S DICTIONARY OF DATES, *relating to all Ages and Nations.* For Universal Reference. Edited by Benjamin Vincent, Assistant Secretary of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; and revised for the use of American readers. This useful and valuable book has long been popular in England, where, some three years ago, a twelfth edition was called for. That edition received numerous corrections, and much new matter was added; thus rendering it a digested summary of every department of human history down to the very eve of publication. In the present American edition a vast amount of fresh material, especially in regard to American subjects, has been incorporated, while this "chronicle and chronology of the World's Progress" has been brought down to the year 1869. We can heartily recommend it as the best and completest work of the kind ever published.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE. *Narrated for Young People.* By Paul du Chaillu, author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," etc. Narratives of discovery and adventure always have especial attractions for the young, and we are glad that one of our well-known travellers has prepared a second volume suited in subjects and language to meet the wants of juvenile readers.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER. *A Novel.* By Justin McCarthy, author of "The Waterdale Neighbors," etc.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH: *or, Maid, Wife, and Widow.* A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By Charles Reade. Another volume of Harpers' cheap edition of Reade's works.

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

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By S. Baring-Gould, M. A., author of "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," etc. Part I. *Heathenism and Mosaism.* This book, we are told, is written from a philosophic and not from a religious point of view, the philosophy of its author being, we infer, the positive philosophy of Comte. "The question of the truth of Revelation," writes Mr. Gould, "is one which I do not touch. * * * I hope in this volume to show what are the religious instincts of humanity: in the second volume I intend to show how that Christianity, by its fundamental postulate—the Incarnation—assumes to meet all these instincts; how it actually does so meet them; and how failure is due to counteracting political or social causes."

THE PURSUIT OF HOLINESS. *A Sequel to "Thoughts on Personal Religion."* Intended to carry the reader somewhat further onward in the Spiritual Life. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D. D., Dean of Norwich.

MEN'S WIVES. By Wm. M. Thackeray. This volume, containing "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berry," "The Ravenswing," "Dennis Haggarty's Wife," and "The ——'s Wife," belongs to Appleton's cheap edition of Thackeray's works.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL. Monthly Part, No. 8.

From SHELDON & Co., New York, through PETERSON & BROTHERS and CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

SUSAN FIELDING. *A Novel.* By Mrs. Annie Edwards, author of "Archie Lovell," etc. No one who has read Mrs. Edwards' novels will need be told that this, like her previous efforts, is superior to the ordinary class of English and American novels, that it is vivacious and life-like, and, though not strictly sensational, it is yet sufficiently entertaining to secure the interest of the reader at the first, and retain it to the last.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Part First. By Charles Reade. As far as it goes, this is, to our mind, the best work its author has written, equal in romantic interest to "The Cloister and the Hearth," and far superior to it as dealing with contemporary facts, people, and peculiarities. We shall await the second part with a great deal of impatience, as will also thousands of readers who have been charmed by the dramatic vigor of the narrative, and have taken a living interest, as it were, in the imaginary characters so vividly portrayed.

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

PHEMIE'S TEMPTATION. *A Novel.* By Marlon Harland, author of "Ruby's Husband," etc. We have no need to tell the readers of the LADY'S

Book that among all the authoresses of America, there are none who excel Marion Harland in vigor and fearlessness of thought and expression, in beauty and delicacy of style, and elevation of tone and sentiment. "Phemie's Temptation" is the story of the trials and struggles of a young girl who is left to make her own way in life; and the author, while writing an entertaining story, has not hesitated to convey many lessons of real profit to her readers, and to state her ideas and opinions boldly on certain great questions of the day concerning woman's labor and woman's wages.

VASHTI; or, *Until Death us do Part*. A Novel. By Augusta J. Evans, author of "St. Elmo," etc. A woman of superior gifts, of rare intelligence, and of extraordinary attainments, we believe all that hinders Miss Evans from producing a novel of real and undoubted merit is the lack of a practical knowledge of life. As it is, her works can never bear close and careful criticism and analysis. They are the productions of one who has obtained all her ideas of life from books, and those books of the most abstruse character, instead of from the humanity around her. In the conversations of her heroes and heroines, she bridges the narrow chasm which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. They are not real flesh and blood persons at all, but caricatures which stalk around, sometimes grimly, sometimes ludicrously, according to the humor of the reader, from beginning to end, neither eating, nor sleeping, nor doing anything like the people in this every-day world of ours. Still, we dare say her publishers will not quarrel with her on account of her peculiarities of style, so long as there are so many people who testify by their admiration of her writings that they mistake the use of long words for beauty and elegance of expression, grandiloquence for eloquence, pedantry for wisdom, priggishness in the heroes of a novel for gentility and high-mindedness, and a morbid condition of mind and heart as an essential to an interesting heroine.

STRANGE VISITORS: *A Series of Original Papers, by the spirits of Irving, Willis, Thackeray, Bronte, Richter, Byron, and others, now dwelling in the Spirit World*. Dictated through a clairvoyant while in an abnormal or trance state. From perusal of this volume, we have come to the conclusion that, whatever other good one may derive from "dwelling in the Spirit World," it is not perfection in the art of writing. Whether offered in good faith as genuine emanations from the spirits of their professed authors, or only designed, like the "Rejected Addresses," to take off the styles of those authors, these "original papers" are veritable trash.

From LEYPOLDT & HOLT, N. Y., through LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT. A Novel. By Frederick Spielhagen. The readers of Spielhagen's "Problematic Characters" will find in this novel a sequel to that work. Notwithstanding its somewhat hopeful title, "Through Night to Light" is, like its predecessor, a story in which the tragic predominates, though, as in the tragedies of Shakspeare, the clown and the jester are not wanting.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through the PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BOOK SOCIETY, 1224 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

LAMPS, PITCHERS, AND TRUMPETS. *Lectures on the Vocation of the Preacher*. By Edwin Paxton Hood. Second Series. This entertaining volume, which will receive a welcome at the hands of people of all religious beliefs, is illustrated with biographical, historical, and elucidatory anecdotes

of every order of pulpit eloquence from the great preachers of all ages.

From WOOD & HOLBROOK, N. Y., through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFPELFINGER, Philadelphia:—

MORAL, INTELLECTUAL, AND PHYSICAL CULTURE; or, *The Philosophy of True Living*. By Prof. F. G. Welsh, Instructor in the Department of Physical Culture in Yale College. This is the work of one who, whatever may be his capacity for advancing the moral and intellectual culture of his fellow-men, has, we know, had sufficient experience in their physical culture to be entitled to claim the title of teacher in that regard at least. It is just in the portion of his work that treats of physical culture that Professor Welsh is most original. Here he can be considered a competent authority, whose utterances may be relied upon with assurance.

A WINTER IN FLORIDA. By Ledyard Bill. Illustrated. This is a tolerably interesting book, referring to a state concerning which comparatively little is known. It is partly historical and partly narrative in its character. The facts it contains, and the information it imparts are useful; but the literary merits of the book, while it has really no serious faults, are yet only of moderate order.

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston, through CLAXTON, REMSEN, & HAFPELFINGER, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., and D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia:—

THE CABIN ON THE PRAIRIE. By Rev. C. H. Pearson, author of "Scenes in the West," etc.

PLANTING THE WILDERNESS; or, *the Pioneer Boys*. A Story of Frontier Life. By James D. McCabe, Jr. Two highly interesting juvenile books which demonstrate the toils and hardships endured by the inhabitants of our Western States and Territories. These volumes belong to a new series entitled "The Frontier Series."

DOWN THE RHINE; or, *Young America in Germany*. A Story of Travel and Adventures. By Oliver Optic. This is the sixth volume of that excellent series of juvenile books called the "Young America Abroad Series."

HESTER STRONG'S LIFE-WORK; or, *The Mystery Solved*. By Mrs. S. A. Southworth, author of "Lawrence Monroe," etc. This story has for its theme the evils of intemperance, and it is written with an earnestness of purpose that ought to appeal to the reader, and produce much good. Judged as a literary production, it is, however, rather commonplace, and is not likely to attract any great degree of attention.

THE SUNSET LAND; or, *The Great Pacific Slope*. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. A lively, readable book, which gives us a better idea of California—her exhaustless mineral wealth, her advantages of soil and climate, and her wonderful grandeur and beauty of scenery—than any we have heretofore read. The author discusses the Chinese question with much ability, stating his belief that both Chinese and Americans will be benefited by a free admission of the former into our country.

LIVING THOUGHTS. A beautiful little volume, containing a selection of thoughts culled from the writings of the earnest and gifted, likely to aid those who are striving to lead a Christian life. These thoughts have been arranged under the heads of "Christian Experience," "The Christian Graces," "Christian Effort," and "The Source of Strength."

From LORING, Boston, through TURNER BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

HITHERTO. *A Story of Yesterdays*. By Mrs. A.

D. T. Whitney, author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," etc. In "Hitherto" the delicate and graceful pen of Mrs. Whitney has produced a novel which not only equals her former productions, but even exceeds them in its clear insight into girl nature and womanly wants and needs. As wide asunder as the two poles from the conventional sensational novel of the day, it is neither a juvenile story, though girls approaching womanhood may read it with profit.

LUCK AND PLUCK; or, John Oakley's Inheritance. By Horatio Alger, Jr. The first of a series which will be called the "Luck and Pluck Series," and which, if we judge from the volume before us, will possess rare charms for the boys.

ROUGH AND READY; or, Life among the New York Newsboys. By Horatio Alger, Jr. This is the fourth volume of the "Ragged Dick Series," and will give country boys an insight into city life.

THE SOPRANO. A Musical Story. By Jane Kingsford. This is a feelingly told American art story, plain yet lively in style, and unmarred by any of that strained sentimentalism so characteristic, especially of the German novels and sketches of the same class. The narrative is one of deep interest, while throughout the entire book there is a profound reverence for music, especially of a sacred character, which seems to us quite strange in one who professes to have been a member of a church choir and chorus singer at oratorios.

From the NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE, New York:—

COMMUNION WINE AND BIBLE TEMPERANCE. Being a Review of Dr. Thos. Laurè's article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of January, 1869. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer.

From THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., N. Y.—

GOING AND SON. A Novel. By "Monk." The plot and characters of this story purport to have been taken from the midst of New York life. If this be so, New York life is something which might be vastly improved in a moral point of view. The story is strictly a sensational one, and in style, though somewhat turgid at times, is yet that of a practical writer.

From ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, New York, through ALFRED MARTEN, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN EUROPE IN THE TIME OF CALVIN. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D. D. Vol. V. Dr. D'Aubigné's first historical series has become almost classical, as the orthodox Protestant account of the Reformation down to the time of the Confession of Augsburg. A second series has lately been published, carrying down the history of the movement until the final crystallization of beliefs. The division into series is made only for convenience: the narrative of the ten volumes is continuous. One or two more, we learn from the preface, will complete the work. The series will be valuable alike for professional theologians and for the general reader.

BIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS. By John Kitts, D. D. Four Volumes. Dr. Kitts's name is familiar to the Bible students of the last generation. He was a voluminous writer on Scriptural subjects, and his works have a more popular tone than the heavy Commentaries. This book, for instance, is designed to furnish "a daily course of Scriptural reading and reflection for one year." It is divided into weeks and days. The Bible is divided into four portions, one for each volume, and the verses chosen for each day are amplified and explained. The work fur-

nishes, therefore, a manual of "Sacred history, biography, geography, antiquities, and chronology;" and will prove a most useful companion to the Scriptures themselves.

SORROW. By Rev. John Reid. Since the Countess de Gasparin's work on Human Sadness, more than one volume on the same or a kindred subject has appeared. None as yet have approached in power or beauty to the prototype. It was, perhaps, impossible for any but a woman's hand to touch the sensitive chord into music. The present volume is beautifully bound and printed.

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL. By Rev. Duncan MacGregor, M. D. A series of sermons preached at St. Peter's church in Dundee, Scotland. The only link of connection between them is the authorship. Dr. MacGregor is an eminent Scotch clergyman, and this handsome volume will no doubt meet with great acceptance.

From the Authoress, Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER:—
THE VOYAGE OF THE WHITE FALCON.
A YEAR IN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Mrs. Hosmer, who has written two successful novels—"The Morrissons," and "Ten Years of a Life"—is now devoting her fine talents to the service of her country in the way by which the heart of humanity can best be reached; she is writing books for the young—"published by the American Sunday School Union." The two books named above are her last; both are very good, deserving a place in every home and library where children are readers.

From L. STEBBINS, Hartford, Connecticut:—

WOMAN: Her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges, and Responsibilities. By L. P. Brockett, M. D., author of "Woman's Work in the Civil War," etc. Doctor Brockett has prepared a mild, weakly-flavored protest against the spirit of progress which would secure a wider range of labor and usefulness to women. What he finds woman already doing and doing well, he reluctantly consents to, insisting at the same time it is impossible she should ever do as well as a man. But farther than she has already gone he refuses to permit her to go. From the dreadful picture he gives of political life, we should judge that not only would a man be unwilling his wife should enter into it, but that a woman, who had any regard for the manners and morals of her husband, would be equally desirous of secluding him from its pollution.

From the HARTFORD PUBLISHING Co., Hartford, Connecticut:—

THE COURT CIRCLES OF THE REPUBLIC; or, the Beauties and Celebrities of the Nation. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet, author of "The Queens of American Society," etc. We have been favored with advance sheets of this work, which promises to be quite an entertaining addition to the lively, gossipy, personal literature to which it belongs, stored as it will be with characteristic anecdotes of the celebrities and beauties of our national capital. It is to be illustrated with original portraits, engraved on steel in the highest style of the art, and will be sold by subscription only.

From LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co., London, through D. ASHMEAD, Philadelphia:—

RHYME AND REASON. By S. Stockton Horner. A neat little volume of pleasantly-flowing verses, which cannot fail to be appreciated by those who love the beautiful and the true when adorned by the charm of graceful and harmonious rhyme.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

FEBRUARY, 1870.

OUR EMBELLISHMENTS.—The steel plate this month, "Feeling the Patient's Pulse," is a choice picture. If we interpret the design correctly, another physician is needed to make the pulsations correct. Love is the all-powerful potion necessary to be administered in this case. It will bring back the healthful glow to the pale cheeks of our beauty.

The fashion-plate comes next; a tinted picture of "The Snow Man" for the juveniles, and a colored plate of an antimacassar, a description of which will be found on page 184. The usual variety of wood-cut fashions and other articles will be found in their proper places.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—The January number of Godey's inimitable magazine is out. It would require superhuman versatility to say anything new about this work, which has been praised in all moods and tenes of commendation, and which *deserves it all*. When he "folds his robe about him and lies down to pleasant dreams"—in his last eternal rest, his place will be worthily filled, and our daughters and granddaughters will still delight in the LADY'S BOOK—long may it be, however, before that gentle, manly heart shall cease to beat on earth.—*Democrat*, Hoboken, N. J.

We certainly do appreciate the renewed efforts this year of our old friends in endeavoring to increase the number of names on their club lists. This increase has been far more than last year. In many cases, parties who only sent us a club of five for 1869 have increased it to ten for 1870. This shows the hold that the LADY'S BOOK has taken on the mind of the people. We return thanks to those who have sent us this increase to our subscription list.

MISSING NUMBERS.—Subscribers will please take notice that a missing number must be applied for at once. We are often applied to several months after the publication of a number for a missing number, which may have been lost by lending or some other way. If not applied for at once, it will not be sent.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.—It is the duty of every one to take his own town or country newspapers. Any person who does not take the papers is certainly "out in the cold" as to the great events that are happening in this world of ours. A newspaper and a magazine in a household make everything and everybody connected with it cheerful and happy. In taking a magazine, you want one that contains good stories, excellent essays, receipts for the kitchen and boudoir, drawing lessons, model cottages, fashions, and everything else that can please the older and younger branches of the family—and such is the LADY'S BOOK.

THEN for the feminine portion of the family circle. The LADY'S BOOK by all means, for what would sisters, sweethearts, and wives do without Godey, who for a lifetime has reigned all but supreme in the world of fashion; and who this month returns from his long sojourn in Paris, richly laden, we may well imagine, with all that is worthy of note to enrich the LADY'S BOOK, which, in his absence, has been so gracefully reigned over by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, a lady quite deserving of the title of queen in the realm of good taste, as Eugenie is of empress in the world of fashion. What can we, or rather, what need we say more than advise respectable papas, loving brothers, and gay gallants, to write forthwith to Louis A. Godey, Esq., LADY'S BOOK, Philadelphia, who will furnish further particulars.—*Camden* (N. J.) *Democrat*.

FREIGHT ON LETTERS AND PREMIUM ON DRAFTS.—We wish our subscribers distinctly to understand, that when they send their letters by express company they must pay the freight, and those who send drafts must pay the premium. We advise subscribers to remit by mail a post-office order or a draft payable to the order of L. A. GODEY. Should either be lost, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

WE ask attention to the advertisements of Monsieur Drevet and Madame Van Coeckelberghe, which will be found in our advertising department. The former is an old acquaintance, with whom we have transacted business for years. He is prompt and true, and every reliance may be placed upon him. Mr. D. has an able assistant in Mr. Wildey, an English gentleman, and it would be a difficult matter to decide which is the most polite—the Frenchman or the Englishman. In Madame Van Coeckelberghe, ladies visiting Paris will find a most able assistant. She will save them a heap of money and a great deal of time. She is an American, and a daughter of a late officer in the old U. S. Bank.

WISCONSIN, 1869.

DEAR GODEY: I have received your LADY'S BOOK for January, and surely it deserves the highest of praise, and every young lady ought to cherish it as a dear and instructive companion. It has been a true friend and adviser to me, and served to cheer many lonely hours in my country home. Your portrait will do great honor to my album; many thanks for your thoughtfulness in presenting it to us.

Yours respectfully, N. B.

FURS.—In purchasing furs a sure test of what dealers call a "prime" fur is the length and density of the down next the skin; this can be readily determined by blowing a brisk current of air from the mouth "against the set of the fur." If the fibres open readily, exposing the skin to the view, reject the article; but if the down is so dense that the breath cannot penetrate it, or at most shows but a small portion of the skin, the article may be accepted.

It is full of freshness, life, and vigor. By those who have taken this household favorite, the question is often asked: "Who can do without Godey?" Children love it, gentlemen admire it because it is the favorite of the ladies, and the ladies cannot do without it; therefore every family should have it.—*Democrat*, Chatfield, Minn.

ALL ABOUT A HAT.—And a great deal may be said about a hat. It is pretty well known that in April, 1869, we went to Europe. Of course we took a hat; we wore that hat on the passage—when, one night, an awful fate befell it. It was in the upper berth; a trunk was there; a lurch of the vessel, and our hat was crushed. It was a sad looking hat—a melancholy spectacle when we rescued it—looking like a smash-down opera hat; we thrust our hand in it in despair, but "what to our wondrous eyes should appear," it resumed its old shape, hardly the worse for its mishap. We wore it when we arrived in old Europe, and through old Europe. On one occasion, a hot day, it was lying in the car on the opposite seat; at a station some ladies got in, and one who was not a fairy in weight sat down on our hapless hat; down it went again; again did we apply the restorative, and, like a vessel that pitches, it came up again. We landed in this country after seven months' absence; we still wore that hat, and it is still good-looking. We ought to have mentioned that it was made by Jones & Temple, No. 929 Chestnut Street, who want to purchase it of us and put it under a glass case, but no money can purchase that hat.

"CHRISTMAS DAY. The night before and the night after." A beautiful little book, and does great credit to the publishers. Everybody should have these delightful little poems. As Mrs. Toodle says: "They are handy to have in the house." Price 50 cents, postage free. Address Turner Brothers & Co., 803 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

EUGENIE.—Some gossip writes: "The Empress of the French speaks and writes French quite incorrectly. Whenever she gets excited, she uses a great many Spanish words in her conversation, and when really angry, she will, at last, only speak Spanish. The servants at the Imperial Court, therefore, when saying, 'The empress has talked Spanish to me,' mean 'She has scolded me.'"

AMUSEMENTS.—Let none deery innocent amusements; they are the means of much real good to the human family. Social merry-makings, not intrinsically sinful, are good and healthful indeed. Let the laugh, and innocent joke, the song, the tale go round, for blessings follow in their wake. Many have naturally cravings for excitement, which, if not satisfied in the manner referred to, will lead their subject to scenes of sensuality, from which only wretchedness can flow. The producers of innocent amusements and recreation for the people are, then, benefactors of their fellow-men.

It contains something of almost everything of interest to the ladies; literature, pictures, music, fashions, receipts, etc., all are presented in a most convenient and attractive manner.—*Journal*, Salem, Ohio.

We have received from Paris "The Absent One," poetry by S. S. Hornor, M. D., music by Giunti Bellini. The words are very pretty, and the music sprightly and melodious. We are not aware that it has been republished here, and it would be a good speculation for some one of our musical publishers to reproduce it.

FOUR first-class magazines for \$6 50:—			
Godey's Lady's Book	- - -	-	\$3 00
Arthur's Home Magazine	- - -	-	2 00
Once a Month	- - -	-	2 00
Children's Hour	- - -	-	1 50
			\$8 50

FRENCH TELEGRAMS.—We give two telegrams; one received, and the other sent by ourselves. No. 1 was sent from Bordeaux to Paris. We wrote it: "Madame G., Hotel de Capucins, we will be home to-night about eleven." This is the version as received: "Mde. G., Hotel des Carcius, Vvut be home to-nught about eleven." No. 2 was received by French cable: "All vell and protperous—pleasant voyage."

POSTAL MONEY ORDERS.—Apply to your postmaster for a postal money order. No more losses by mail.

"The postal money order system established by law provides that no money order shall be issued for any sum less than \$1 nor more than \$50. All persons who receive money orders are required to pay therefor the following charges or fees, viz: For an order for \$1 or for any larger sum but not exceeding \$20, the sum of 10 cents shall be charged and exacted by the postmaster giving such order; for an order of \$20 and up to \$30, the charge shall be 15 cents; more than \$30 and up to \$40, the charge shall be 20 cents; over \$40 and up to \$50, the charge shall be 25 cents."

MRS. WHITNEY, 314 South Third Street, Philadelphia, teacher of piano and guitar. Terms.—\$15 per quarter.

A MILE OF CABINET ORGANS would seem a large number; yet, if the instruments manufactured and sold by the MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN Co., during the past year alone, were placed close together in a line, they would reach a distance of more than three (3) miles; or, if arranged three (3) in a tier, would make a solid wall, nine (9) feet in height, around the Boston Common. We hardly know which is the more surprising—the demand now existing for these Organs, or the improvements made in them the past few years. That which was formerly a weak and ineffective instrument becoming possessed of such qualities of tone and variety of expression as to command the unequivocal praise of artists and connoisseurs both in this country and in Europe. It is not strange, therefore, that the Cabinet Organ is fast taking its place as the favorite parlor instrument among all classes of society.—*Boston Traveller*.

Always fresh, bright, beautiful, and interesting. Without extraordinary merit this periodical could not have maintained for nearly forty years the high place which it has held in the public esteem.—*Democrat Northwest*, Napoleon, Ohio.

SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS.—Short-sightedness is the natural and hereditary tendency of city eyes, produced by the constant self-adaptation of its organ to the short distances which are the subjects of its habitual experience in large and thickly-settled towns. It must make a vast difference in the constitution of the eye, in a lifetime, to say nothing of successive generations, whether it is concerned in looking at a brick wall twenty feet distant across the street, or at mountains and forests miles away, as would be the case in the country. In the old cities of Europe that have been inhabited, perhaps, for fifty generations, the majority of the inhabitants are near-sighted.

AN exchange says: "Georgia has a patent churn which allows the lady who operates it to nurse her baby, read GODEY, and bring the butter in eight minutes.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY occurring this month, a good present to make would be a year's subscription to the LADY'S BOOK. No more useful Valentine could be sent.

SHORT CUT TO MISERY.—Begin by fancying that no one cares for you, that you are not of use to anybody—a sort of nonentity in the household, where your place would not be missed, but easily supplied. Ponder on your want of beauty, and lead yourself to believe that no one can love a plain face, or think you agreeable because there are others more charming. Fancy that every one who looks upon you makes a mental comparison which militates against you in favor of some one else. Imagine that every word said in jest is only meant to cover a deeper and more painful one—that every article of wearing apparel you don is criticized and ridiculed. Do all this, and your tendency to morbidity of feeling will so increase that in a very short time you will become one of the most miserable of human beings.

THE Cheapness of the LADY'S BOOK, in comparison with the lower-priced magazines, has always been conceded. The reading matter is of a higher order, the plates are more numerous, the music is all original, and cannot be procured until after we have published it; the same of our model cottages and drawing lessons. And the fashions! where can you find their equal for truthfulness?

ABOUT GLASS, AND CHINA, AND THE LIKE.—Glass was discovered at an early epoch; many improbable stories are handed down to us on this subject. The first regular historical record is that given us by the author of "Researches among the Egyptians," which teaches us that at Diospolis cups were made, and glass cut and gilded with admirable skill; colors were even made to change as you looked at them from one tint to another; and Winckelman, in his "History of Art," adds that the ancients understood making glass much better than the moderns. However that may be, the Phenicians for a long time monopolized all the trade in glass, and, according to Pliny and Strabo, the manufactories at Sidon were in a very advanced state, and those of Alexandria, under the Ptolemies, enjoyed an equal fame. The art of glassmaking passed from Italy to France, and later from France to England; that is to say, in 674, at the time of the construction of the Abbey of Wearmouth, the church belonging to which was built by French masons and architects after the Roman fashion. The French workmen, says the venerable Bede, ornamented the windows of the church and monastery with glass, and taught the English how to make it.

France and Frenchmen have been very famous in connection with the class of productions with which we are now concerned. There is Palissy, whose interesting history reads more like a romance than plain matter of fact. Here is a morsel of it:—

"In 1539, one morning in May, the inhabitants of the town of Saintes were surprised and displeased to find a new family had come to establish itself among them. But dislike soon gave place to admiration. The inhabitants of Saintes learned that the head of the family was named Bernard Palissy, a man renowned for his paintings on glass, and from that moment all feelings of enmity and jealousy disappeared. Perhaps the people thought of the windows of their poor church. Matters went on very well for some time, until Palissy, now having been two years at Saintes, saw a cup of some sort of composition very beautifully turned and finished, and became immediately possessed with the idea of making a vase of similar construction.

"Under the influence of this idea he abandoned the employment which had before supported his family, spending all his time in kneading earth, and afterwards baking it. But his first endeavors were unfortunate, and poverty with all its horrors entered his house. No matter, Palissy struggled on, sustained by a hope that, although a beggar to-day, to-morrow he may have more gold than his strong box will hold. But many to-morrows came, and no gold. His wife complained bitterly, and his children, their eyes streaming with tears, clasped their thin hands, and implored him to resume his old profession of painting on glass, by the profits of which they had lived so comfortably, but all in vain. Twenty years passed in this manner. The genius of invention, a long time deaf to his cries, at last laid the crown of success upon his head. Success, that magic sound to the ear of genius. Palissy had the faith which never deceives. The rumor of his discovery spread far and wide. Poverty fled from his house. Henry III. sent for him to Paris, and gave him lodgings in the Tuileries; it was here that he obtained a patent for the invention of *Royal rustic pottery* of all sorts. He was now known by the name of Bernard of the Tuileries.

"The invention of the fine opaque and solid enamels is due to the French. John Toutin, a Jeweller of Châteaudun in 1630, was the first, it is said, who made enamelled jewels. This style of painting, improved by Gribelin, his pupil, and afterwards by Dubré and Morliere, whose rings and watches were much sought after, led to the idea of attempting portraits in enamel, the execution of which was in a somewhat different style from those done at Limoges under Francis I.

"Enamel is a particular preparation of glass to which various colors are given. The art of enamelling on earthenware and metals is very ancient. According to the early historians the bricks of which the walls of Babylon were constructed were enamelled with various figures. But this art remained long in a

simple state, from which it did not rise until the time of Raphael and of Michael Angelo."

Mirrors were originally of polished metal, as is well known; but eventually they came to be made of glass, coated with a preparation of quicksilver. Early specimens are, under favorable circumstances, by no means undesirable acquisitions, as they can be placed in positions where ordinary objects are scarcely suitable:—

"The art of making looking-glasses originated at Venice, which city furnished all Europe with them, until Colbert persuaded many of the workmen, who were Frenchmen, to return to France, and sent them to the manufactory founded in 1651 by Eustache Grandmont and Jean Antoine Autonneuil, which was in a languishing condition, not being able to compete with the Venetians. He built the large houses used for that purpose in the Rue de Reuilly at a great expense, and made the whole establishment a royal one, so that, from that time, the French looking-glasses were equal to the Italian, and some of them are superior in size and perfection to any in the world. A workman, named Thevart, became master in 1668, made great improvements, especially in the size. The establishment was then removed from Paris to Saint Gobin, in Picardy, where a few years since eight hundred workmen were employed."

But what shall we say of porcelain? Here is a rapid glance at its history:—

"The art of making porcelain originated ages ago. The Egyptians were acquainted with it, and we know that they used the same process as we do; so that it is probable that the art passed into Asia, and thence to China, where porcelain, called *tee-ki*, was common, as well as in Japan, four hundred and fifty years before Christ. The Portuguese imported this beautiful manufacture into Europe in 1517. They called it *loca*, whilst we, somewhat strangely, have borrowed their word *porcelana*, signifying a cup or porringer. The Chinese kept the precious composition a secret; but Barton Boeticher, chemist at the court of the Elector of Saxony, discovered it in the seventeenth century by combining different earths for the purpose of making crucibles. The rumor spread into France and England, where every chemist set to work to make porcelain, but in vain; until at last M. Tschirnhausen discovered a composition to all appearances similar to that in Saxony. He confided it to M. Homberg, in France, but they both died without having made the secret public. Reaumur guessed at the articles which must enter into the composition of the Chinese porcelain, and published some very just ideas concerning them and the means of employing them. He made some imitating the Saxon exactly, and thus gave France a useful art as well as a new branch of commerce; and it was according to his directions that the Marquis of Fulvy, Governor of Vincennes, established there a porcelain manufactory in 1738; but the success attending it was not equal to the zeal of the institutor, for the marquis lost all his fortune by it. In 1756 Louis XV. purchased the now almost desolate establishment, and transferred it to Sèvres. Macquer and Montigny, excellent chemists, enriched it by a composition uniting all the qualities necessary for making first-rate porcelain, being no other than the *kaolin* and the *petunse* of the Chinese earths, of an extreme whiteness, discovered in 1757 by M. Valaris at St. Yriex in Limousin. The manufactory at Sèvres then attained its great celebrity."

Sèvres! What a magic effect this word produces upon all genuine lovers of porcelain and kindred products. Its artists have won an imperishable name, and its marks and monograms are most carefully registered. Of the past we can very briefly speak, but, as we are inclined to be historical, we append a few notes and opinions about Sèvres:—

"It was at Sèvres," says M. Capefigue, "that Colbert established a vast manufactory, where antique vases were modelled, and Chinese and German urns imitated; the best paintings copied, hunting-scenes, battles, and natural flowers of brilliant colors. Fifty workmen were convoked from various parts of Europe; everything was reduced to rules, and experiments tried upon the earth and water used. The Sèvres china acquired a great reputation over all Europe. The king sent presents

of it to every court, and it became a gracious offering at the conclusion of the treaty. The Sèvres manufactory was a subject of pride to Louis XIV.'

'Napoleon betrayed no less solicitude for the prosperity of this fine establishment, the direction of which he intrusted to the learned mineralogist, Brongniard. In 1805 the fabrication of soft porcelain was entirely given up at Sèvres. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, as M. Brongniard very judiciously remarked, it required more research and more genius to compose this artificial porcelain, which is the result of the simple mixture of two natural materials, kaolin and feldspar. After this reform the new director of the Sèvres manufactory applied himself particularly to the composition of hard porcelain, giving a whiteness and delicacy never previously obtained. In 1803 the Sèvres porcelain was embellished by the superb green chromium, a metal discovered by Vauquelin.

'To M. Brongniard's wise direction were owing the improvements made in the chemical mode of painting on glass, a new style of painting, which is done by mixing the metallic oxides with a flux composed of glass with lead.

'It was under the empire that historical subjects were first represented upon porcelain, and especially upon very large vases. The painter Van-Os was called to France in 1811 to paint flowers upon porcelain, and in this branch of art he was distinguished as much for the richness of his shading as the brilliancy of his coloring. The fine paintings upon porcelain by Drolling, Lauglace, George, Constantin, and, above all, Madame Jaquetot, are well known.

'M. Charles Dupin speaks as follows: 'By means of the new method of painting upon porcelain, perfected as it now is, the finest masterpieces of the greatest masters, which are liable to decay in the course of a few centuries, may be copied and consigned to posterity in a most beautiful and imperishable form. Mineralogy and chemistry have lent their aid to render this execution less expensive, more faithful, and more delicate than mosaic imitations.'"

We copy the following notice from that able work, *The Journal of Health*, published by Dr. Hall in New York:—

'The magazine and the newspaper have become the family teacher, are excluding better and safer reading; and it becomes every parent, who has a regard for the religious welfare of his children, to see to it, that the publications which are placed on the parlor table CAN BE TRUSTED as never having, by any possibility, any word prejudicial to the religion of the Bible. Many there are which avoid these things in the main, but every now and then give a secret stab or malignant side thrust, all the more effective for evil by the measure of influence gained over the reader by reason of the general better tenor of the teachings. Graham's Magazine now discontinued, Arthur's and Godey's are all safe monthlies in the direction named, and some others. We certainly know that some of the most pretentious prove by their occasional utterances that, at heart, their conductors are enemies of the Christian religion. It will be our earnest and steady endeavor that such a charge shall never be truthfully laid at our door.

THAT was a very pretty conceit of a romantic father, whose name was Rose, and who named his daughter Wild, so that she grew up under the appellation of Wild Rose. But the romance of the thing was sadly spoiled when she married a man by the name of Bull.

I HAVE in my family a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine that has been in almost daily use for the past ten (10) years, and not a thing has ever been done to it in the way of repairing; not a screw loose, or any part of it out of order, in all that time. It has been used in making coats, vests, and pants of the thickest woollen goods, besides doing all kinds of family sewing, and is now, this day, the best machine for work I ever saw.

GILBERT PRATT.

Old Saybrook, Conn.

HOLLOWAY'S MUSICAL MONTHLY for February.—This is a beautiful number, containing, as was promised, nearly twice the amount of music formerly given. Look at the contents: La Chatelaine, brilliant Polka Mazourka, by Carl Faust; Beautiful set of Quadrilles, six pages, from Offenbach's opera of Orpheus; Katy's Letter, pretty semi-humorous song by Lady Dufferin; The Happy Gypsy Girl, charming new English song by George Linley; Saint Valentine's March, easy arrangement for beginners; As Lifted in the Wilderness, new Sunday School Hymn, harmonized for four voices with Organ or Melodeon accompaniment. To the yearly subscriber all this music costs but 33 cents, or \$4 per annum, and we are safe in asserting that nowhere, excepting in the *Monthly*, can the same variety and quantity of real sheet music, from engraved plates, be purchased for four times the price.

The following were given in the January number, commencing the eighth yearly volume of this periodical. The Fairy Sprite, brilliant Salon piece by Mack (of itself worth 60 cents in the stores); Little Maggie May, beautiful song by Blamphin; Say my Heart, new song, with English and German words, by Abt, author of When the Swallows, Ivy Green Polka; Pulling Against the Stream, easy lesson for beginners; and Still Closer to Jesus, new Sunday School Hymn, harmonized for four parts. We will send these two numbers, as samples, free of postage, to any address on receipt of 75 cents, confident that no one who gets them will fail to subscribe for the balance of the year. To insure the volume complete subscriptions should be sent in at once, as we shall not continue the plan of keeping on hand a large quantity of back numbers.

Terms and Premiums.—Single numbers 40 cents. Yearly subscription, \$4. For every two new subscriptions at one time we send as a premium \$5 worth of the latest sheet music, which can be ordered from our new catalogue to suit the abilities of the performer. Catalogues sent on receipt of the \$8. Clubs of five, without the premium, \$15. The *Musical Monthly* and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK one year, without the premium, \$6; or with the \$5 premium, \$7 50. The *Monthly* will be sent one year free to any one ordering \$6 worth of music direct from us. Address orders only to J. Starr Holloway, Publisher, Box Post-Office, Philadelphia.

A GENTLEMAN of Philadelphia saw an advertisement that a receipt for the cure of dyspepsia might be had by sending a postage-stamp to the advertiser. He sent his stamp, and the answer was, "Dig in your garden, and let whiskey alone."

AN amusing circumstance occurred in a singing-school some time since. A Mr. Paine was the teacher and a Miss Patience one of the pupils. In the course of the evening the teacher gave out the tune set to the words—

"Come, gentle *Patience*, smile on *Pain*."

The pupils were so excited by laughter that it was found impossible to sing the line. Soon the teacher gave another, in which were the following lines:—

"Oh, give me tears for others' woes,
And *patience* for my own."

The risibilities of the school were so affected that all singing was deferred until another occasion.

BEST BOOK FOR EVERYBODY.—The new illustrated edition of Webster's Dictionary, containing three thousand engravings, is the best book for everybody that the press has produced in the present century, and should be regarded as indispensable to the well-regulated home, reading-room, library, and place of business.—*Golden Era*.

SAVINGS' BANK AT PITTSBURG.

Drawn expressly for Godey's Lady's Book, by ISAAC H. HOBBS & SON, Architects, 436 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

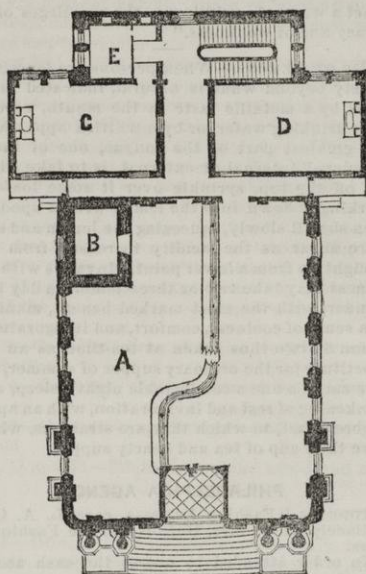


We give in this number the design of a bank, the erection of which we are now superintending in Pittsburgh. It possesses a handsome front, built of pink Quincy granite. The steps, which are over twenty feet in length, many of but one piece, were cut out by J. Cumber & Co., of this city. The superstructure of the front and return sides is of the finest quality Connecticut brown stone, executed by Mr. Wm. Gray—also of Philadelphia—in the highest style of art. On the front we find two lions guarding the entrance, each eight feet long; they are being made by our best sculpturer in a superior, first-class style. The female Cariatides over the door-jams are to be made over life size, so that viewed in perspective they will appear natural. Over the door is a large dollar, and beneath the words "Savings' Bank." The sculpture is all of the highest art and the finest material. Scrolls and ornamental carvings form the head of the main entrance, and the front, when finished, will be the finest in the country. The design is entirely original.

The sides and rear will be of brick with freestone dressing; the cornice and roof will be of galvanized iron; the flowing base, wainskirting, and the counters will be of white Italian or black Irish marble, executed by Mr. Gray. The iron work is by Wm. B. Seaf & Co., of Pittsburgh; the plumbing, which is of a very superior order, is by Halpin & Co; the brick work by Boyd & Son; the vaults by Bank & Burnes; the smith work by Marshall & Bro., all of Pittsburgh.

The frescoing and the large walnut doors in the front, with bronze panelling in relief, are not yet under contract. The building is progressing rapidly, and we expect the whole to be finished in twelve months. It will cost less than \$200,000, and it is a work that will last for ages. An idea can be formed of the massiveness of the front, when it is known that the brown stone alone weighs fourteen hundred tons.

EVERY BUSINESS MAN should subscribe to Peterson's Counterfeit Detector and National Bank-Note List, price only \$1 50 a year.



Description.—A office of receiving and paying teller, B vault, C cashier's room, D president's room, E closet.

A MURDEROUS SEA-FLOWER.—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it could eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large, open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them, so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him, as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms unclose and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

A GENTLEMAN was making comparisons between men and women, derogatory to the latter. And among others he said: "Man is strong, and tough, and towering, like the oak; while woman is weak and drooping, like the willow." Whereupon a young lady retorted: "If the willow is weak, it is often used to bind up other wood." The gentleman had nothing more to say.

A CINCINNATI genius advertises for a situation, saying that "Work is not so much an object as good wages." He ought to have a place in the police force.

A WIT being requested to say a good thing, laconically responded, "Oysters!"

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE writes: "I would say to all young ladies who are called to any particular vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. And if you are called to a man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privileges of inaccuracy and of weakness."

USE OF LEMONS.—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greatest part of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf-sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner, with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort, and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at tea-time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, would give many a one a comfortable night's sleep, and an awakening of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers, who will have their cup of tea and hearty supper.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia." Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Any person making inquiries to be answered in any particular number must send their request at least two months previous to the date of publication of that number.

Mrs. H. W. C.—Sent pattern November 16th.
Miss S. T. W.—Sent lead comb 16th.
E. H.—Sent lead comb 16th.
S. M.—Sent lead comb 16th.
Mrs. W. A. R.—Sent hair chain by express 20th.
D. S. T.—Sent rubber gloves by express 20th.
E. W. R.—Sent braid by express 23d.
Mrs. W. B. H.—Sent pattern 23d.
Miss F. M. O.—Sent sleeve buttons by express 26th.
Mrs. L. K. W.—Sent infant's dress 26th.
Mrs. N. G.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss L. T.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss E. V. P.—Sent pattern 30th.
Miss M. D. R.—Sent lead comb December 7th.
M. E. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss K. S.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. L. B.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. H. S. H.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. J. S.—Sent pattern 7th.
Mrs. N. H. P.—Sent rubber gloves 7th.
Mrs. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss M. C. O.—Sent lead comb 7th.
S. M. W.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss J. L. McL.—Sent lead comb 7th.
Miss J. L. G.—Sent rubber gloves 7th.
Miss O. A. H.—Sent pattern 7th.
Miss D. H. H.—Sent shoes by express 7th.
Miss F. M. O.—Sent articles (box) by express 7th.
Miss M. T. W.—Sent pattern 15th.
H. E. S.—Sent pattern 15th.
Mrs. J. W.—Sent pattern 15th.
Mrs. L. D. A.—Sent pattern 15th.
Gerald, New Haven, Conn. No answer to our letter.

A Woman's Friendship, by M. L. D. No letter with MS.

Prayer and Promise, by Anna Lawrence. No address given in your letter.

Eighteen and Twenty-eight. No stamps sent for return postage.

Eliza Jane. Death of the Old Year. No letter. Disinherited. Declined. No stamps sent for its return.

My Sacrifice. Declined. No stamps sent for its return.

The Lover's Absence. Declined. We give one verse:—

Oh sweetest love Sofia
I am thinking of the now
And when we acquainted was
Then each to each did bow

Kate Clyfton's Revenge. No letter received with MS., and no stamps.

Mrs. M. J. P.—I. Pronounce it as if spelled Trooso. 2. Westchester Co., N. Y.

Fannie B.—An invitation to "call any time" means no time; and therefore the absence of the young lady was excusable. But there can be no excuse for the inhospitality of her mother to a party who had travelled fourteen miles to see her daughter.

Irene Morris.—Yes. But if the inquiry is made in reference to contributors, we are obliged to say that we do not at present need any.

Inquirer.—"Jesuit's bark" is the name originally given to the bark of the cinchona. It was first discovered by the Jesuits in use among the natives of South America about the year 1600. Many marvellous tales are told of the way in which the virtues of cinchona were first discovered by the natives of the country, but they have been proved erroneous. Its remarkable power in curing fever and ague, and its efficacy as a general tonic have rendered it one of the most valuable drugs possessed by man.

M. A. F.—Among princes or nobility a marriage with a woman of inferior rank, in which it is stipulated that she and her children shall not enjoy the rank or inherit the possessions of her husband, is called a *morganatic* marriage.

Betsy.—Your pictures should be dusted lightly with cotton wool or with a feather brush.

A Mother.—In clothing your infant, the chief object to be attained is lightness, looseness, ease, and moderate warmth.

Skater.—If the chest be irritable, it is neither salutary nor easy to skate against the wind.

C. M. G.—1. It is a matter of taste. 2. Tonics and a change of air are usually the best remedies.

A Subscriber.—Pay no attention to such advertisements; they are all humbug. It can be seen at a glance that the sending of a stamp will not pay the advertiser for the trouble of writing a reply.

Anxiety.—There is but one way for you to improve, and that is to practise daily from good copies.

Frances.—The present you suggest will be both useful and pretty.

Jessica.—Gum-arabic starch is used for putting a starch on linen.

May.—The story was written by a lady.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelopes, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq.

No order will be attended to unless the money is first received. Neither the Editor nor Publisher will be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

Instructions to be as minute as possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice.

The Publisher of the *LADY'S BOOK* has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the *LADY'S BOOK*, the Fashion Editor does not know.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail

here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE.

Fig. 1.—House dress of Havana brown silk poplin, made with two skirts; the lower one trimmed with two ruffles, headed with ruches, and bands of velvet fastened with buttons between. Puffed tunic, trimmed to correspond. Plain corsage, cut with revers; coat sleeves, with puffs at top.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of white tarlatan. The front of skirt is made plain; the back is trimmed with a ruffle, bound with green silk, with puffs above, divided by green rosettes. The upper part of skirt is puffed and trimmed with bands of silk, which also extend in front. Low corsage, with bertha to correspond. Green sash. Hair arranged in curls, with flowers and aigrette of white and green.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of blue velvet, with an underskirt of quilted blue satin. Casaque of black velvet, trimmed with a band of sable fur, with revers of blue quilted satin; two heads ornament the left shoulder. Blue velvet bonnet, trimmed with a band of fur. Black velvet muff, trimmed to correspond.

Fig. 4.—Suit of elderberry-colored serge. The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles going down and one up, divided by a ruche. Casaque cut rounding in the back, and trimmed with one ruffle, headed with a ruche; the upper part is cut in points, and trimmed to correspond. Hat of felt of the same shade, trimmed with white feathers, and a small green one in front.

Fig. 5.—Dinner dress of rich purple silk, cut to form a deep train in back, and trimmed with handsome thread lace, headed with a narrow velvet band. An apron with revers, trimmed with lace, ornaments the front breadth. Corsage cut with a basque, scalloped, bound with velvet and a chenille fringe. A waistband and large fan-shaped bow in back. The corsage has two small capes, trimmed to correspond; coat sleeves.

Fig. 6.—Dress for little girl of black velvet; the edge of skirt is cut in scallops, bound with satin. Low square corsage, bound with plaid satin. White chemisette and sleeves. Underskirt and sash of plaid satin.

DESCRIPTION OF EXTENSION SHEET.

FIRST SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Walking dress of maroon-colored silk, made with one skirt, trimmed with narrow ruffles. Cloak of maroon-colored velvet cloth, bound with satin. Maroon felt hat, trimmed with velvet flowers and long gauze veil.

Fig. 2.—Carriage dress of black velvet, made with a trained skirt trimmed with black lace, headed by a fancy gimp. Casaque cut to form an overskirt, trimmed with chenille fringe and gimp. The waist part is trimmed with lace. Hat of black velvet, trimmed with lace.

Fig. 3.—Visiting dress of brown silk, made with trained skirt with puff in back, and trimmed with velvet bows up the sides. Brown velvet jacket, trimmed with lace, and open at the throat, and without sleeves. Brown felt hat, trimmed with velvet and feather.

Fig. 4.—Suit of black cashmere, made with two skirts, the lower one edged with two scalloped ruffles. The upper one scalloped, and trimmed with three ruffles put on at intervals. Jacket belted in, and trimmed to correspond. Black silk bonnet, trimmed with the same.

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Fig. 5.—Suit of purple silk poplin, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a deep ruffle, headed by a box-plaited quilting. Overskirt looped up and trimmed with a ruche of the same; the ornaments are made of velvet. Plain corsage, trimmed to correspond. Purple velvet hat, trimmed with feathers and lace scarf.

Figs. 6 and 7.—Fashionable winter boots. Now that short costumes are permanently adopted for out-door wear, great variety is noticeable in boots, and great care is taken in their manufacture. The accompanying engravings illustrate two of the newest styles of high or Polish boots. Fig. 6 is made of black kid, the front and heel being black patent leather; the lining is fur, and there is a border of black fur round the top and down the front. The boot is tied in front with bows of black ribbon. Fig. 7 is made of a fancy material in imitation of quilted serge. It is trimmed, as the preceding boot, with fur, and the front is fastened across with cord and buttons.

Fig. 8.—Gauntlet glove of white, embroidered in colored silks.

Fig. 9.—Gauntlet glove, trimmed with swan's down.

Fig. 10.—Gold ear-rings, composed of red and yellow gold.

Figs. 11 and 12.—Edging, Vandyke braid and crochet.

SECOND SIDE.

Fig. 1.—Bride's dress of white corded silk, made with two skirts, the lower one trimmed with a plaited ruffle. The overskirt is puffed in the back and trimmed with two rows of point lace. High corsage, with bertha formed of puffed illusion, edged with lace. Coat sleeve, trimmed with lace. Veil of illusion, and small half wreath across the front of head.

Fig. 2.—Metternich cape for a girl of nine. This cape may be made either of the same material as the dress with which it is worn, or of fine white or striped cloth. It is trimmed with a plaited ruche and pinked-out frill, and fits the waist at the back by means of a band that passes under the arms at each side through a small slit, and fastens in front underneath the cape.

Fig. 3.—Chignon of long and short curls and one long thick plait hanging down in the middle of the back. The chignon is completed by a bow and coronet of tortoise-shell. The front hair is arranged in short curls.

Fig. 4.—Coiffure arranged in puffs to entirely cover the head, finished by two long curls in back.

Fig. 5.—Infant's night dress of fine cambric muslin, made with a yoke, and skirt cut full. Coat sleeve.

Fig. 6.—Gentleman's morning shirt, made with plain linen bosom, and cuffs ornamented with several rows of stitching.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Necklace cravat of velvet, with satin ribbon, bow, and locket. The mode of folding and sewing on the ribbon is seen in Fig. 8.

Fig. 9.—Sailor costume, for a boy from four to eight, to be made in marine blue cloth, and braided with black.

Fig. 10.—Knitted cloak with cape for girls from two to four years. This pretty cloak is knitted with blue and white fleecy wool. The border, which is finished off into a Vandyked edge, is worked with white wool. The hood is gathered in the back by a rosette of ribbons. Cut first a good paper or muslin pattern, and try it on. Begin the cloak with the white border, which edges the front and lower edge, and which is knitted in one piece; make a founda-

tion chain corresponding to the edge of the cloak; take a *crochet à tricoter* needle, and work with white wool. Then take the wooden knitting needles with which you are going to work, take 1 loop on the needles in every chain stitch of the foundation, as you do in the 1st row of *crochet à tricoter* (on our pattern about 380 stitches), and knit in rows backwards and forwards. 1st row. Purl. 2d. Knitted. 3d. Alternately purl 2 together, throw the wool forward. 4th. Purl. Purl every stitch of the preceding row formed by throwing the wool forward. Repeat from the 1st to the 4th row, but knit 2 stitches together after the 70th stitch from the beginning, and before the 70th stitch from the end, in every row. These 70 stitches on either side form the border for the front edges; the decreases, which are always repeated at the same places, and which must meet on 1 stitch of the front edge and 1 stitch of the lower edge, form the lower corners. After the first repetition of the pattern, knit the stitches of the front edges in such a manner that the next 3 rows appear knitted on the right side; the following 5 rows are knitted on both sides of the work, but continue to work on the stitches of the lower edge the pattern described above. The stitches of the front edges are cast off in the 17th row; on the remaining stitches purl 1 row, knit 4 rows, but in these last 4 rows knit together on each side 2 stitches across the stitches of the lower edge and the selvedge stitches of the front edge meet; knit together one of the selvedge stitches with one of the stitches on the needles. In the following rows this takes place as far as the upper edge of the front parts. Then take blue wool, and knit the ground of the cloak in a spotted pattern, which consists of the 2 following rows: 1st row of the ground (right side of the work). Knitted. 2d. Alternately knit 3 together, knit 3 stitches in the following stitch: knit 1, purl 1, knit 1. Then knit again 1 row, and repeat the 2d row, only the 3 stitches which have been formed in 1 stitch must be knitted together, and 3 stitches formed in the next, so that the pattern is alternated. The work must be decreased where there are seams in the paper pattern. When you have got to the arm hole, divide the back and front parts, and knit each part separately, increasing and decreasing according to the paper pattern. The front and back parts are then sewn together on the shoulder. The sleeve is begun on a foundation chain of 40 stitches; knit then 3 times the pattern of the border, then purl 1 row, 2 rows knitted, 1 row purl; then work on the sleeve with blue wool in the pattern of the ground till it is long enough. Sew the sleeve together, and sew it into the cloak, so that the seam of the decreases is under the arm. The hood is worked partly in halves; begin each half on 76 stitches, knit first the border like that of the cloak, and then with blue wool the pattern of the ground, but leave on each side of the border the 30 stitches unnoticed which form the front corners of the cutting-out of the neck, and increase on the slanting side of the pattern as much as necessary. The remaining stitches of the border are knitted together with the stitches of the ground, 1 or 2 stitches at the end of every row, so that all the stitches of the border are knitted off with the last row of the hood. Then take all the stitches on the needle, and finish the hood in one piece. The two slanting sides of the hood are then gathered closely in the middle of the back, and edge the hood, the cloak, and sleeves with the following border in two rows: * 1st row. 1 double in one selvedge stitch of the border, 3 chain, missing 1 selvedge stitch. 2d. 1 double on the middle one of the 3 chain of one scallop of the preceding row, * 2 chain, 5 treble in the middle stitch of the

next scallop, 2 chain, 1 double in the following scallop. The hood is then gathered round the neck, sewn on to the cloak, and bound with blue silk ribbon. Sew on a ribbon rosette in the middle of the back, and draw a ribbon through the Vandyked border. The waistband is likewise knitted with white and blue wool. It is edged with Vandykes of blue wool. It fastens with a rosette in front.

Fig. 11.—Muff, with a pocket, made of gray curled Astrakhan fur in the shape of a travelling bag. It is lined with quilted blue silk, and trimmed with gray silk cord and two large gimp tassels.

Fig. 12.—Muff of white fur. The muff is eighteen inches long, nine inches wide when spread out. Lined with quilted white satin, trimmed with small bows of white satin ribbon and tufts of Angora fringe.

Fig. 13.—Muff of white fur (dog's fur imitating ermine), with black tufts, of the same size as the preceding. It is lined with quilted blue silk. The muff is ornamented at the sides with long tufts of white Angora fringe, and on the outside with bows of white satin ribbon and bronze buttons.

Fig. 14.—Muff of black velvet, with strips of fur, lined with quilted black satin. This muff measures twenty-five inches round and twelve inches across.

Fig. 15.—Muff of dark brown leather, with strips of fur. This muff measures eleven inches across and twenty-four inches round. It is lined with quilted brown satin.

Fig. 16.—A new sort of pelerine of white cashmere to throw over the shoulders. This pelerine, pointed and with hood, is ornamented with embroidery pattern in colored silk and rosettes of silk to match.

Fig. 17.—Night-dress. This form is very serviceable, as it is cut so that the upper part can be lined. It is cut square at the throat, where it is trimmed, as likewise the band down the front and the cuffs, with fine Madeira embroidery.

Fig. 18.—Ladies' night-cap, made of fine linen, and edged with narrow worked edging.

Fig. 19.—Ladies' chemise, with embroidered yoke. This chemise is buttoned on the shoulders. The yoke is heart-shaped in front, and consists of strips of plaited Nainsook, strips of embroidered Nainsook insertion one inch wide, and strips of embroidered Nainsook three-fifths of an inch wide. The sleeves are ornamented in the same manner.

Fig. 20.—Square chemisette, with small tucks, trimmed with insertion and lace.

Fig. 21.—Ladies' skirt of black satin, trimmed with a bias facing of green and blue plaid satin, ornamented at top with fancy loops of satin.

Fig. 22.—Night-gown for lady of fine long cloth. The yoke is pointed, and composed of tucks and insertion; a pointed piece is formed on cuffs to correspond.

HATS AND BONNETS.

(See Engravings, Page 131.)

Fig. 1 is a Paillasse hat of black felt, bent in at the top, and having the brim turned up and bound with black velvet. It is trimmed all round with folds of black velvet, and in front is a plume of black and white ostrich feathers, with a white aigrette, the white feather extending round to the back of the hat.

Fig. 2 is a bonnet, composed of four long bouillons of black velvet, intertwining with each other. The front is edged at top with a narrow black lace, and on the left side is a large rose with buds and leaves. Brides of black spotted tulle.

Fig. 3 is a round hat of brown felt, bosselee or bent in at top, having the brim turned up at the

sides, and lined with velvet of the same color. It is trimmed all round with three bands of brown velvet, and at the left side are bows of the velvet, a large green butterfly, and brown ostrich feather, starting from which a long lappet of brown gauze is suspended, and may at pleasure be carried round the neck. At the right side are bows of brown velvet.

Fig. 4 is a bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with bows and flowers of sky-blue velvet, with buds, foliage, and green leaves. At the back is a twisted band of sky-blue velvet. There are broad stripes of blue satin ribbon and also a continuous bride, formed of narrow blue ribbon, edged on each side with black lace.

Fig. 5 is a bonnet of ruby velvet, having on the left side a large bow of the same material. The front edge is covered with black lace, which is prolonged on each side forming the brides, which fasten with bows of scarlet velvet at the bottom. Besides this there are loose floating strings of scarlet velvet, and at the top of bonnet is a black ostrich feather, which is long enough to fall partly over the chignon.

Fig. 6 is another bonnet. The front consists of a band of black velvet, edged on each side with narrow black lace, and partly covered with an arabesque design in jet beads. In front is a large pink rose with buds and leaves, and on the left side are several loops or bows of black velvet. Strings of black velvet, fastening under the chin.

Fig. 7 is a bonnet of black velvet. The front is trimmed with six bows, edged on the outer side with black lace, and in the centre is a large full-blown rose. The back of the bonnet is formed of a loose frill of black velvet, edged with lace, and starting from the top, and falling over the left side, is a spray of foliage with four long trails, each terminated with a rose bud. The continuous bride is of black lace, headed with a band of black velvet, which is plain at the sides, and plaited in the centre part, and on the left side, at the point whence it starts, is placed a small spray of rose buds and foliage.

Fig. 8 is a hat of black velvet, with a broad brim turned up at the sides. The edges and the top of crown are all trimmed with three rouleaux of the same velvet; on the left side is a large rose, mixed with fullings of black lace, which lace is prolonged at back to form the edging to the brides, which are of black spotted tulle, and fasten under the chignon with a bow of black velvet.

Fig. 9 is a Fontanges hat of sky-blue velvet. The brim is turned up at the back, and the hat is trimmed all round with white lace and also with two upright frills of similar lace. The top is covered with white tulle and a white ostrich feather, and the right side is a large rose with buds and foliage. At the back, starting from under the turned-up brim, is placed a white lace lappet.

JACKETS.

(See Engravings, Page 134.)

High bodices are still worn close to the figure; the sole innovation appears to be that the backs are fully as much trimmed as the fronts. The accompanying engravings illustrate a few of the prevailing styles.

Fig. 1.—Green silk bodice, trimmed with fancy gimp and quilled ruches of the same.

Fig. 2 is a brown poplin bodice. The trimmings consist of a satin rouleau of the same color and black lace.

Fig. 3.—Black silk bodice, trimmed with fancy satin trimming. This bodice is cut surplice.

Fig. 4 illustrates a black silk bodice, trimmed with blue and green striped velvet; the sleeves corre-

spond, and the tunic worn with this bodice is ornamented in the same style.

Figs. 5 and 6 show a white cashmere bodice trimmed to simulate a jacket. The lower part is striped with several rows of narrow black velvet, and the jacket is simulated with a broad line of velvet edged with points of either silk or satin.

CHITCHAT

ON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE cold winds of this month make us think of the comfort of furs, and reminds us we have not spoken this season of those now necessary additions to the *toilette*.

Fur garments are necessarily small, in order to be in keeping with the short costumes now in vogue. Otherwise there is but little change from last year's styles. A set consists of a collarette, or boa, and muff; cuffs are only made to order. A collarette of graceful shape, called the Favorite, is shown in all the different furs. It is rounded behind, with long tabs in front, sloping broader toward the belt, and finished with tail tips. The Marie Antoinette collar is similar to this with narrow straight tabs. Plain collars are slightly pointed back and front. Boas are especially popular with young ladies. They are two lengths; the short boa a yard long, and a more dressy boa, measuring two yards, to be fastened at the throat with fancy buttons, or else wound around the neck. Round muffs are smaller than we have ever seen them; the most comfortable are stuffed with eider-down, making them soft, light, and warm. For different styles of muffs, reference can be made to the extension sheet of this number. Mink continues to be the standard fur. Sable is, of course, richer and more valuable; but good mink yields the preference to no other fur for style, service, and adaptability for all occasions. Sets of Russian sable of fine long fur are made in a plain pointed collar and a round muff of larger size than is worn in other furs, trimmed with fur tassels. These sets are very elegant, and cost \$1000. Fine Hudson Bay sable is a most desirable fur; a long boa of dark natural color, not dyed, and a round muff, softly stuffed with down, are handsome and elegant styles for a set. Seal skin is very popular; sets are made of it, also saques.

A saque of fine seal is an object of desire this season, as few garments are at once so elegant yet so unpretending, so suitable for plain and for dressy costumes. The short, loose saque is the style most worn, but young ladies of fine figure have tight-fitting basques made to order. If the saque is not provided with a turned-down collar, a short boa should be worn, as the standing bands have an unfinished appearance. Astrakhan and Persiani are used for plainer furs. Royal ermine is worn for calling, matineés, and evening wear; it is the prettiest fur that can be worn by children.

The handsomest opera cloaks are Metternich circulars of silvery white plush, as soft and warm as fur. A large circular, with Watteau fold in the back, is of white, spotted with erimson. A circular of eider-down, as white as a snow-drift, has a Vandyked border of the down, colored a dark brown. A beautiful *sortie de bal* is of a new cloth, white lamb's wool back, with a silken surface that seems to be covered with fine *soutache*. The shape is an improved burnouse, rounded in front, and laid in deep plaits behind. It is trimmed with a fringe of white chenille and gilt. A very beautiful saque is of white satin, finely quilted in diamonds, and lined with cherry-colored silk; it is bordered with a deep band of white Russian hair.

As there are many gay weddings to take place at

this season, a few words on dresses, etc., may not be amiss to our fair lady friends. Wedding dresses of white velvet, either plain or uncut, are considered the most elegant for this season. They in our eyes form a stiff-looking dress, not in accordance with our ideas of a light, graceful *toilette* for a bride. A very beautiful dress is of soft, rich corded silk, edged on the bottom of skirt with a narrow satin flounce, headed with a deep flounce of *point appliqué* lace. This is the mode of arranging a lace flounce, for, if it is put on the edge of skirt, it is liable to get injured. A half high corsage, either round, square, or heart-shaped, with plain sleeves frilled at the elbow, and a train of three yards, not longer. A frill of tulle and point lace, interspersed with orange buds, surrounds the neck and sleeves. A tulle veil four yards long and three or four yards wide; the corners are rounded, and either cut plain, trimmed with a *ruche*, or hemmed. Long kid gloves, fastened with six buttons, reach almost to the elbow. A tulle flounce, closely plaited, can be substituted for the lace one, and an overskirt of tulle, looped up with flowers.

Brides who are no longer young select delicate pearl-gray silk for a wedding dress. A tulle veil and orange flowers accompany this bride-like color. A bride who has been a widow does not wear a veil. Full trousseaux of lace contain a shawl, flounce, handkerchief, *barbe*, fan, parasol cover, and narrow lace for garniture. The shawl is draped to form a veil at the wedding. A bridal fan has pearl sticks exquisitely carved, and mounted with point lace; the monogram of the bride is wrought in the centre of the lace. *Tarlatan* is in favor for bridemaid's dresses. It is made with a train and tunic almost covered with plaited flounces. New floral sets are vines of rose-buds, or of scarlet geranium, forming *bretelles* on the corsage, and, instead of a sash at the belt, there is a rose with buds and two long drooping sprays. Upon a trousseau we will not attempt to speak, as every person must regulate the number of articles which are contained by their means. One word of advice we will give, however. Brides of small means who can have but one silk dress should choose a black one, as it is stylish, serviceable, and suitable for all occasions, and should be married in a travelling dress and hat. The dress should be of poplin, cloth, or serge; the hat of felt or velvet to match in color. All conspicuous colors, trimmings, and everything that will proclaim bridehood should always be avoided.

Parisians are attempting to revive pointed waists for evening dresses; they as yet do not meet with favor here, as they necessitate the giving up of the now important addition to every *toilette*—the sash. However, fashion is given to change, and the new corsage will probably be adopted in time.

House jackets of different kinds are very much worn, a new style is called the *chateleine*. It is tight-fitting. Behind there is a rather long postillion basque, arranged in three plaits; in front it is double breasted, open, with wide revers, and cut square at the waist. This jacket is made of black cashmere or fine cloth, and ornamented with a rich braid pattern worked in black and gold. When made of colored material, as a dress bodice, it is deeply trimmed with velvet, as the *marinière* jacket, which is also double-breasted and open, with revers, but which is quite loose, and has no basque. The *marinière* is mostly made of white cloth or cashmere, trimmed with black silk, rep, or velvet.

To wear with jackets and bodices thus open *en redingote*, with revers, we see the *marin* collars of the same shape, also open very widely, so that the throat remains quite bare. We hope this fashion

will go out with the winter, for it is neither pretty nor becoming. To our taste, the *redingote* dress or jacket is pretty only upon a white chemisette, either simply plaited or trimmed with embroidery and Valenciennes lace.

Bonnets continue as small if not smaller. In fact it seems that the bonnet, properly so called, with crown, border, and strings, is fast disappearing altogether. What remains of it cannot last long; it is now reduced to a mere diadem smaller even than the ball coiffures of a dozen years ago. The hair being raised higher than ever on the top of the head, though now drooping very low down in the neck, there can be no very material change in bonnets, which still occupy a very small space on the front of head, leaving the back and ears entirely uncovered, except for the tulle veils, which become large in the same proportion as the bonnets themselves become small.

A novelty in the way of hats is the Tyrolese hat. This fashion was first sported by gentlemen who copied it exactly from the Tyrolese peasants. The ladies have also taken a fancy to them, but wear them excessively small, of soft gray felt, and vary the trimming according to fancy; but in general it is formed of wide ribbon and an *agrette* of peacock, pheasant, or heron's feathers. So tiny are these hats that one would really think they were meant for the marionettes of a puppet show. Ladies stick them on the top of their heads, very much forward, without attempting to make them fit. Next to the Tyrolese the tricorne hat is most in favor. It is made of black velvet, trimmed with feathers or gilt braid, the latter being worn to a certain extent this winter.

For the complete costumes, which are still so popular, the tight-fitting *paletôt* is likely to continue the most popular covering. These *paletôts* have a waistband, with a very large bow of the same material at the back; it is draped over the dress. The upper part, or bodice, is frequently covered with a small pelerine or fichu, also made of the same material, or perhaps merely simulated by the trimming. Cashmere and serge are very much employed for these costumes. Also the new material called Oriental satin, which is all wool, or wool and silk. These (so called) satins are of a beautiful tissue, thick and soft, woven of two colors, one of which is brilliant and the other black, or very dark. In wool the Oriental satin is generally violet, blue, green, or crimson, shot with black. In wool and silk it is black or dark brown, shot with copper red, gold yellow, or silver white; the brilliant colors being very glossy silks, and the dark ones wool. The Panama tissues are also very fashionable and of very good wear. They, like the Oriental satins, are of two colors, but instead of being shot they form an almost imperceptible chess-board pattern, and when draped they have, like the shot materials, very pretty effects of lights and shades. All the above materials are generally trimmed with velvet and with fringe, which trimmings by no means exclude flounces and flutings, which are more fashionable than ever.

Fashion favors jewels of chiselled red gold studded with jet. These are an imitation of the ancient Norman jewels. The Louis XVI. jewels of enamel with small precious stones of all colors are also very fashionable, as well as the Byzantine jewels in old silver, whose chief value lies in their artistic chiselling. The two most eccentric fashions of the season are the Tyrolese hats and the small *sabots*, pink, black, or white, worn as ear-drops. Another fanciful jewel is the sleeve link representing two half masks, one gilt, the other of black enamel, or two cards—the queen of spades and the knave of diamonds.

FASHION.

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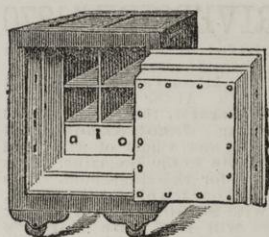
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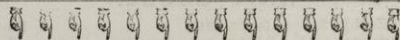
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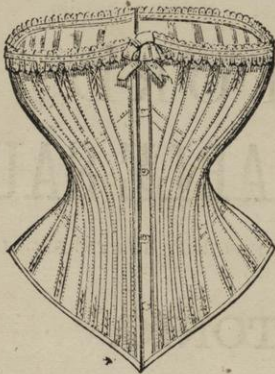
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