FEBRUARY.

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,

L. A. GODEY.

VOL. LXVI.

1863.

LOUIS A. GODEY

PHILADELPHIA.

LAUDERBACH PHILA

See second page of Cover for our new Terms to Clubs.

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GODEY'S BIJOU NEEDLE-CASE.

We have often heard of complaints made by ladies living in the country that they cannot procure good needles. Ever alive to what may be a convenience to our customers, we have made arrangements with the celebrated house of John English & Co., of England, through their agents, E. C. Pratt & Brothers, of Philadelphia, to furnish their

PATENT DIAMOND DRILLED EYED NEEDLES.

From the Boston Daily Evening Transcript.

Patent Diamond Drilled Eyed Needles.—This is an admirable article for seamstresses and "gude wives." A better manufactured instrument for the purpose it has never been our good fortune to make trial of. *The eye*—that important consideration in this weapon of the seamstress—is carefully prepared against the trouble of cutting or wearing away the thread, and it is a pleasure, therefore, to work with a needle so invariably sure. We have found that our own needle-work has become peculiarly fascinating since we have made these well-manufactured instruments to aid in its achievement, and we cheerfully recommend them to that wide class in our midst with whom sewing is a matter of daily utility—a family necessity, and an object of education.

We have 100 needles put up in a very neat little pocket-book. There are four packages, each containing 25 needles; three packages contain three different sized needles, and the fourth are of assorted sizes, so that a needle may be found for any kind of sewing—and the price is only 30 cents, and one stamp to pay return postage. We wish the ladies distinctly to understand that they cannot procure the needles at this price at any store in Philadelphia. Purchasing, as we do, by the million, a liberal discount is made to us, so that we can afford to sell them so cheaply.

Ladies, send for GODEY'S BIJOU NEEDLE-CASE. Price 30 cents, and one three cent stamp to pay postage, except to California, Oregon, or the British Provinces; for either of these places a ten cent stamp must be sent.

Address **L. A. GODEY, 323 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

THE DUET.

PRINTED IN OIL COLORS, FROM METAL TYPES,

INVENTED BY J. B. FAMILTON, PATENT APPLIED FOR.

WORKED PATTERN, FOR CHAIR SEAT.

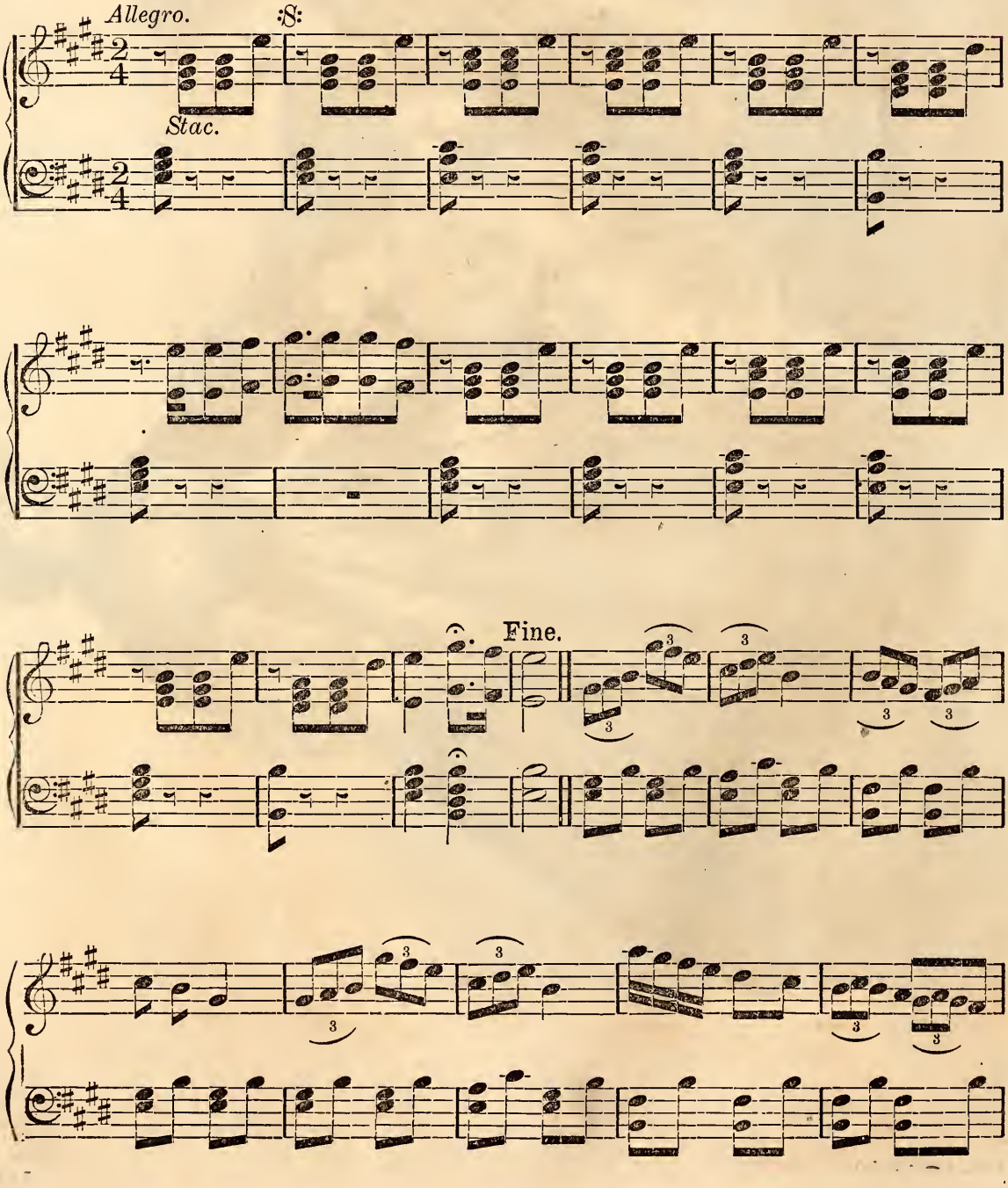
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

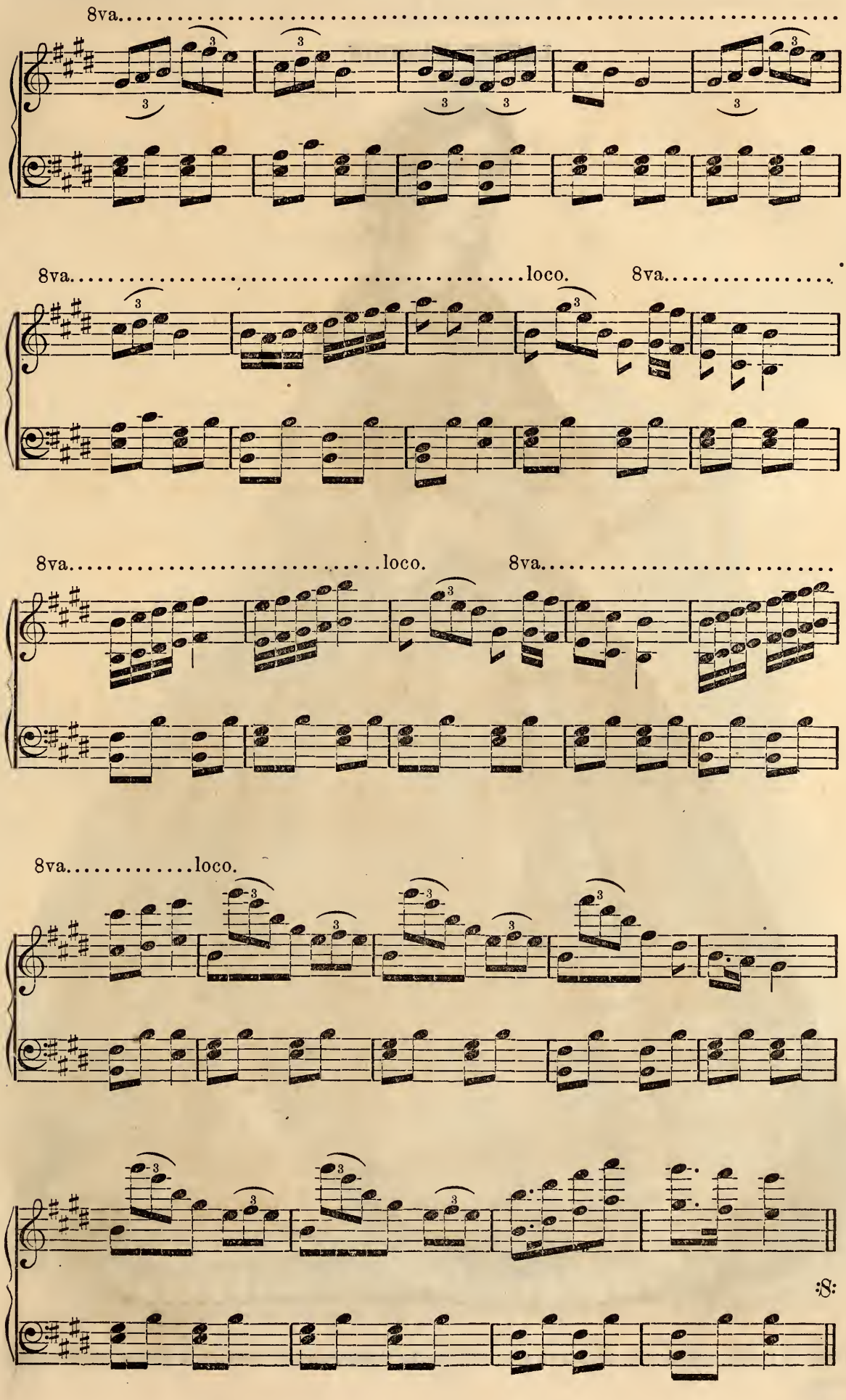
(*See description, Fashion department.*)

La Danse d'une Fee.

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

BY F. KARL.

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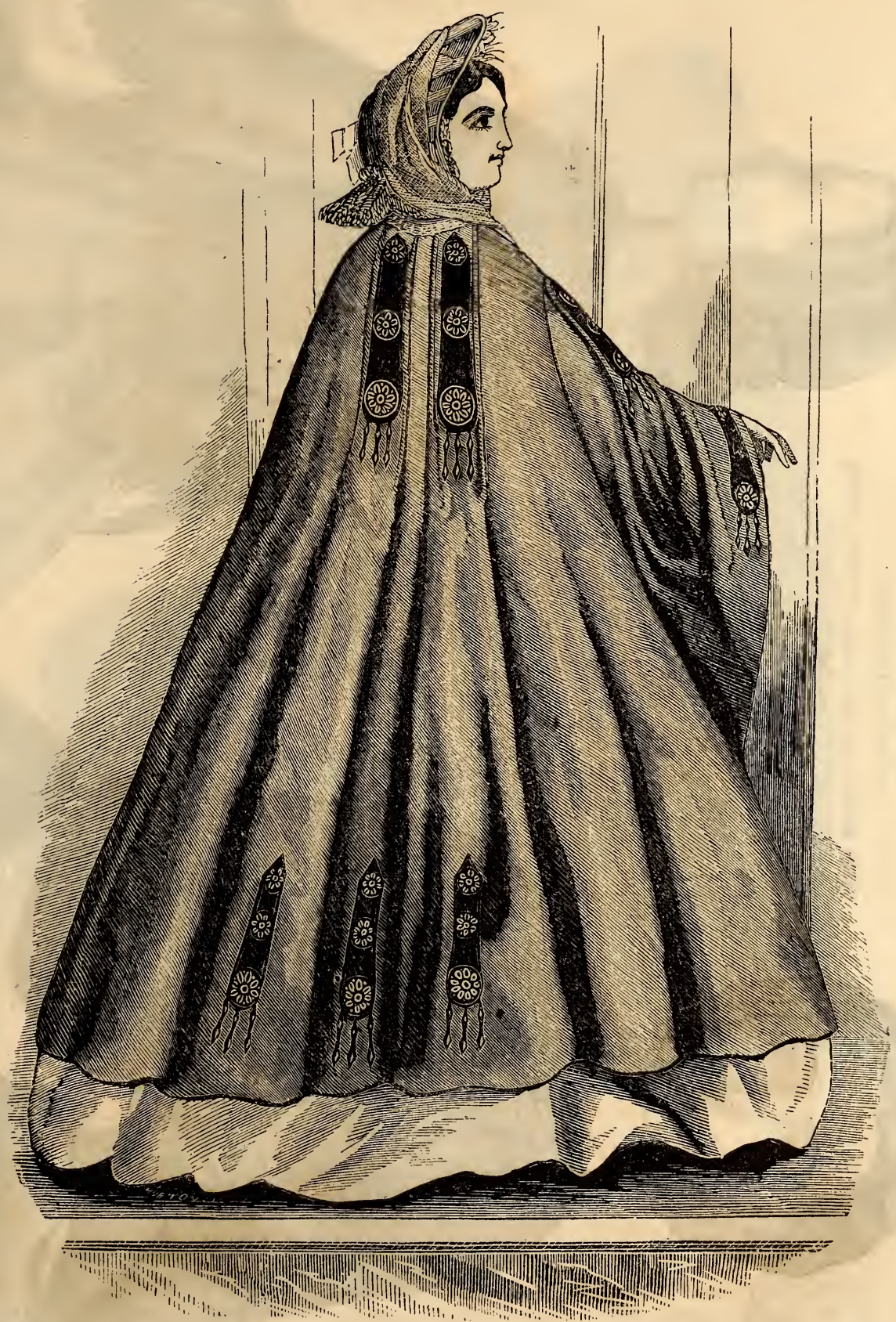
LATEST FASHION.

Dress of Parma violet silk, trimmed with ruffles of a lighter shade, also black velvet ribbon and braiding.

THE BARCELONA.

[From the establishment of C. Brodie, 51 Canal Street, New York. Drawn by L. T. Voigt, from actual articles of costume.]



This beautiful variety of the most favored style of pardessus is drawn from a black cloth. It is laid in two flat plaits, commencing at the neck—at the back—and then fall free before they reach the depth of the waist. The sleeves are arranged to correspond. Macaroons are employed as ornaments upon the faces of the plaits, and may also adorn the bottom of the skirt.

FIGARO JACKET.

(Front and Back view.)

To be made of merino, cloth, or velvet, richly braided.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.—Purple reps dress. The skirt is trimmed in palms put on bias, and formed of *chicoré* ruches of black silk. Each palm is edged with guipure lace, put on with a little fulness. The sleeves are trimmed to match.

Fig. 2.—Dress for a young lady, made of Magenta and black Britannia. The skirt is trimmed with six flounces, edged with black velvet, and put on in waves with a very little fulness. These flounces are cut separately for each breadth, and put on so that the end of one flounce covers the beginning of the next. Plain corsage, and sleeves trimmed to match the skirt.

A NEW VELVET COIFFURE.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 represents this beautiful and simple headdress complete.

Fig. 2 is the foundation of it.

Fig. 3 shows how the velvet should be plaited, and by matching the numbers on Figs. 2 and 3, the coiffure will be arranged as in the complete plate.

The diadem plait is of three strands of velvet.

Fig. 2.

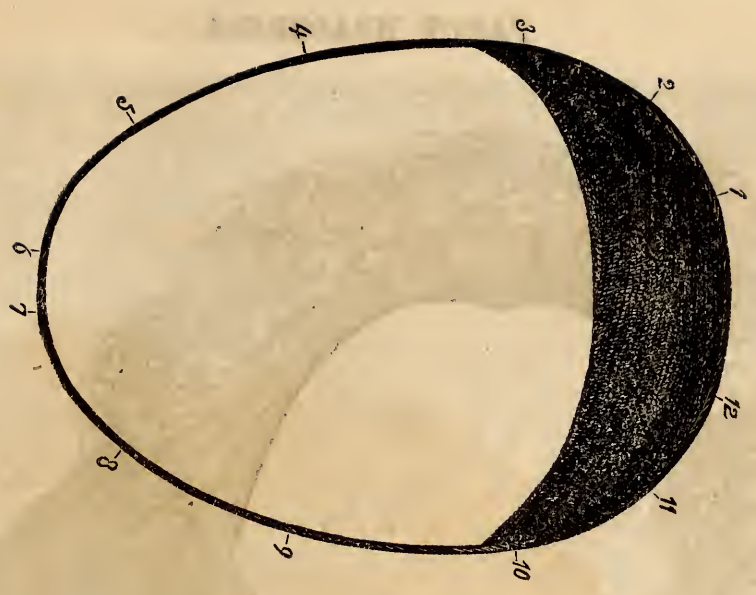


Fig. 3.

FANCY HEADDRESS.

Formed of rosettes of very narrow ribbon, and loops of wide ribbon.

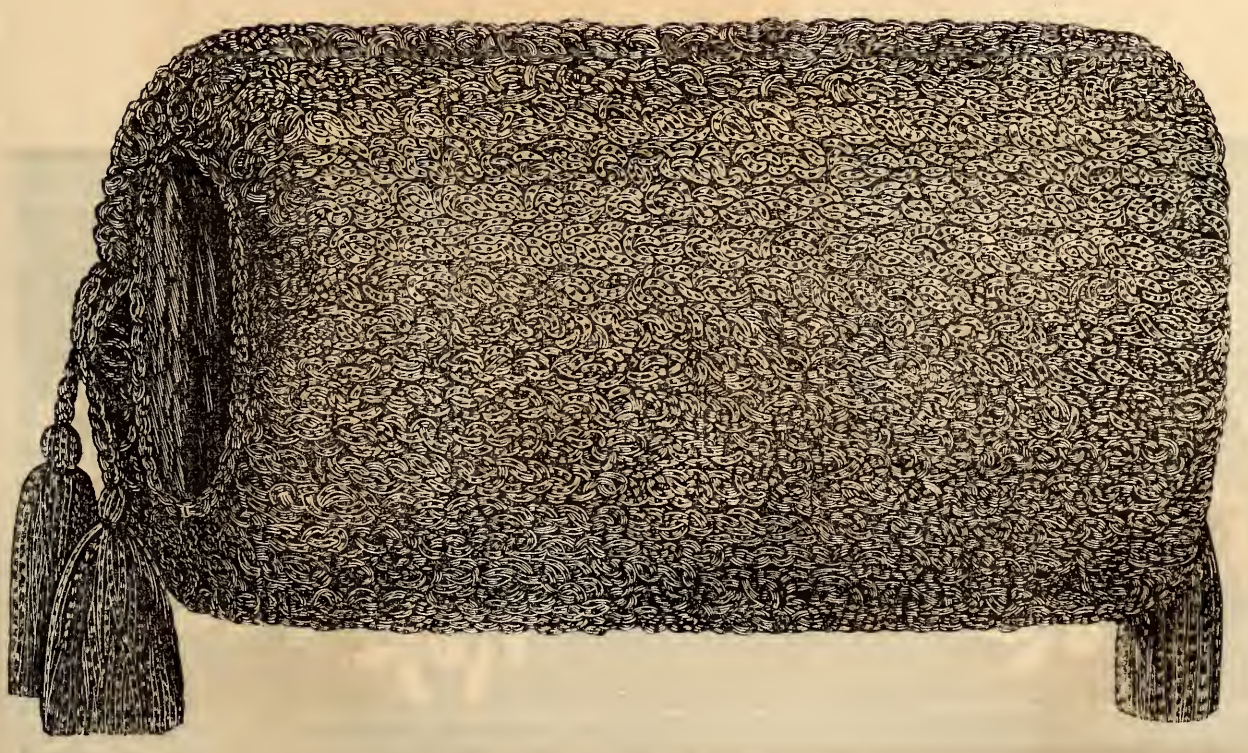
LADY'S CARD-CASE,

IN GOLD THREAD AND STEEL BEADS ON KID.

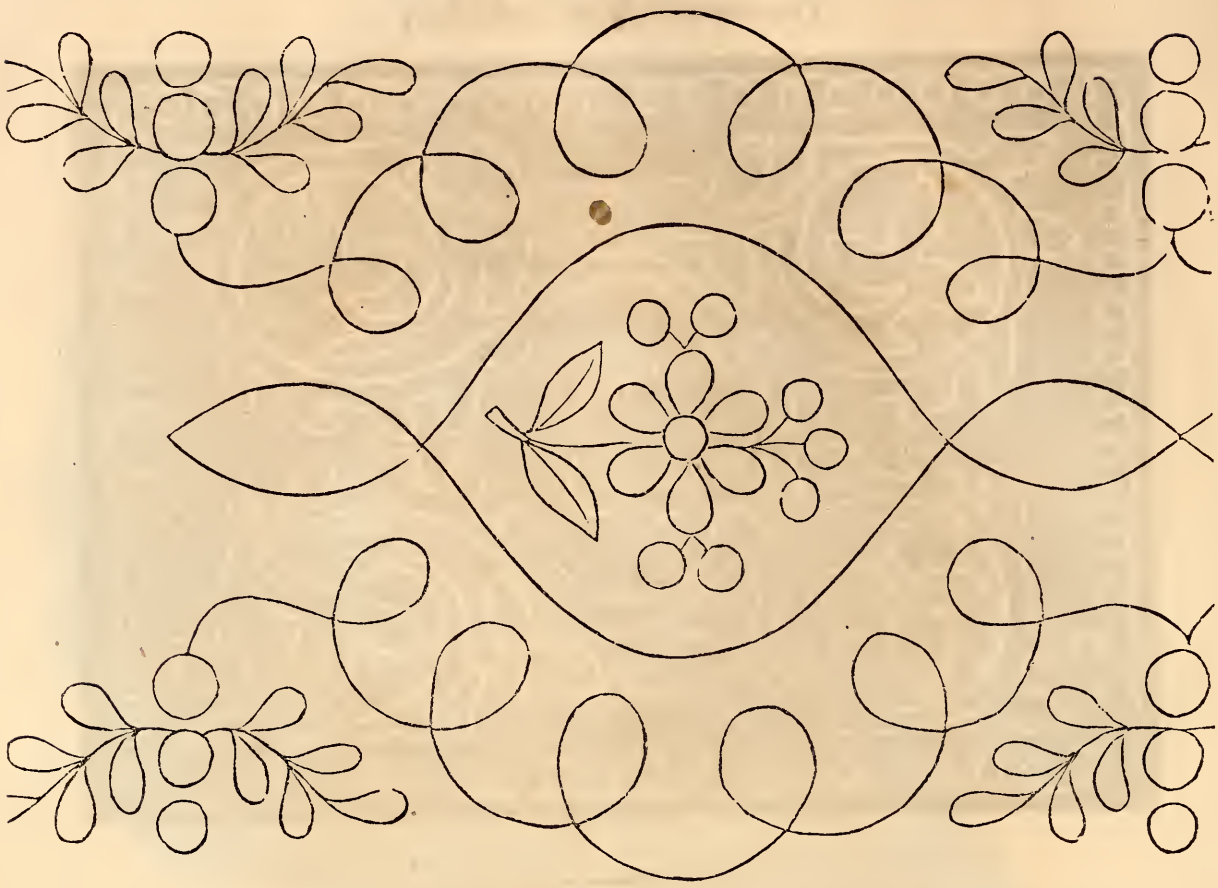
(*See description, Work Department.*)

CROCHET MUFF.

(*See description, Work Department.*)



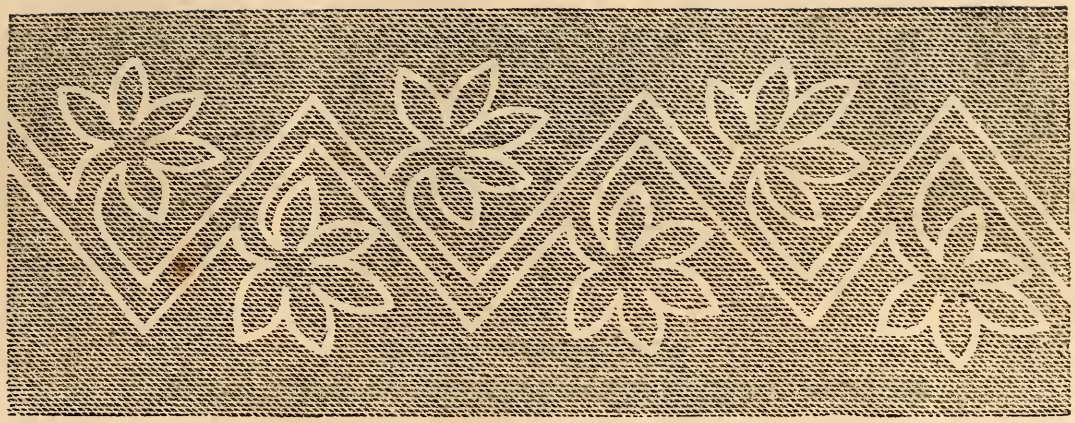
BRAIDING PATTERN.



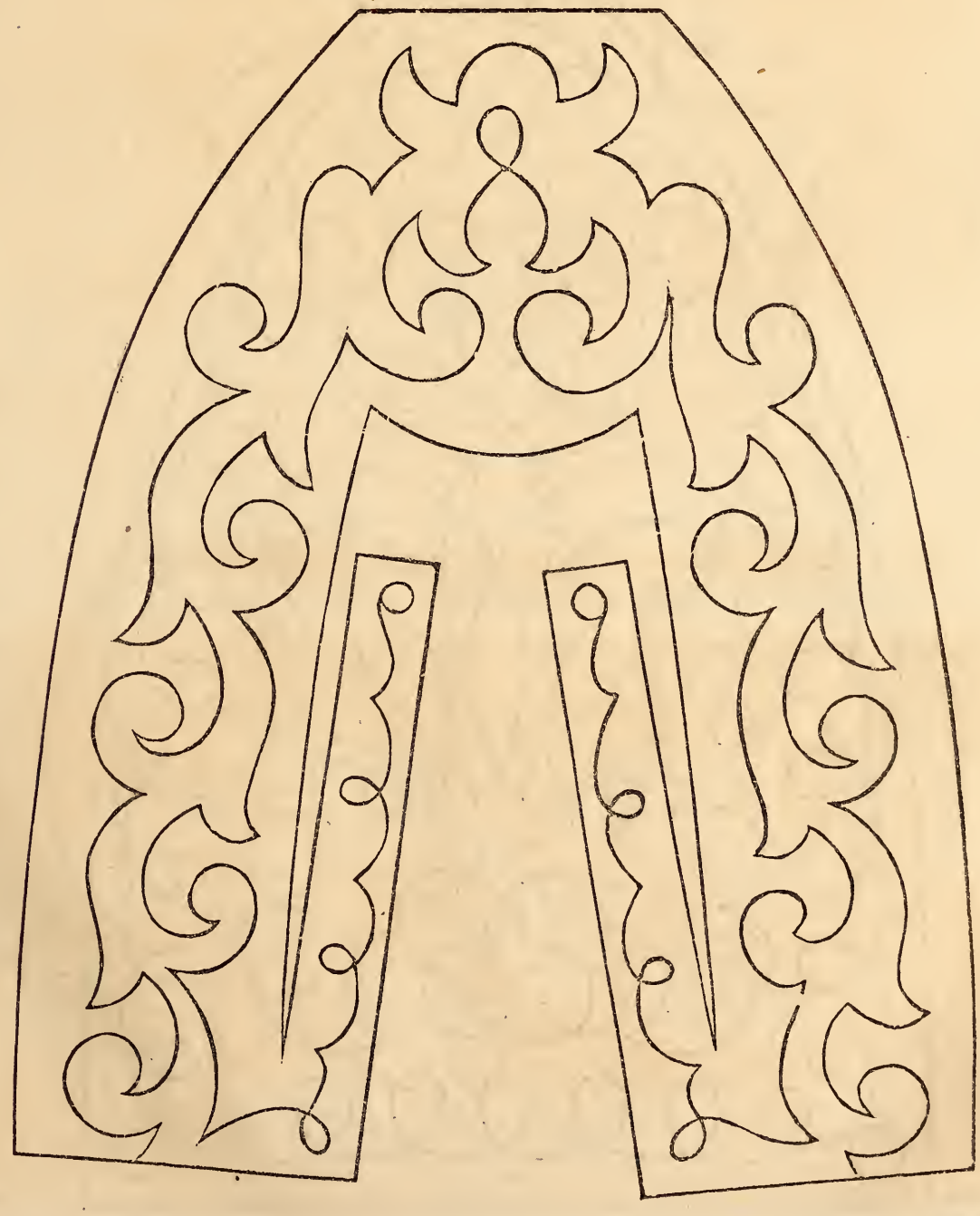
GENTLEMAN'S BRACES IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

(See description, Work department.)

BRAIDING PATTERN.

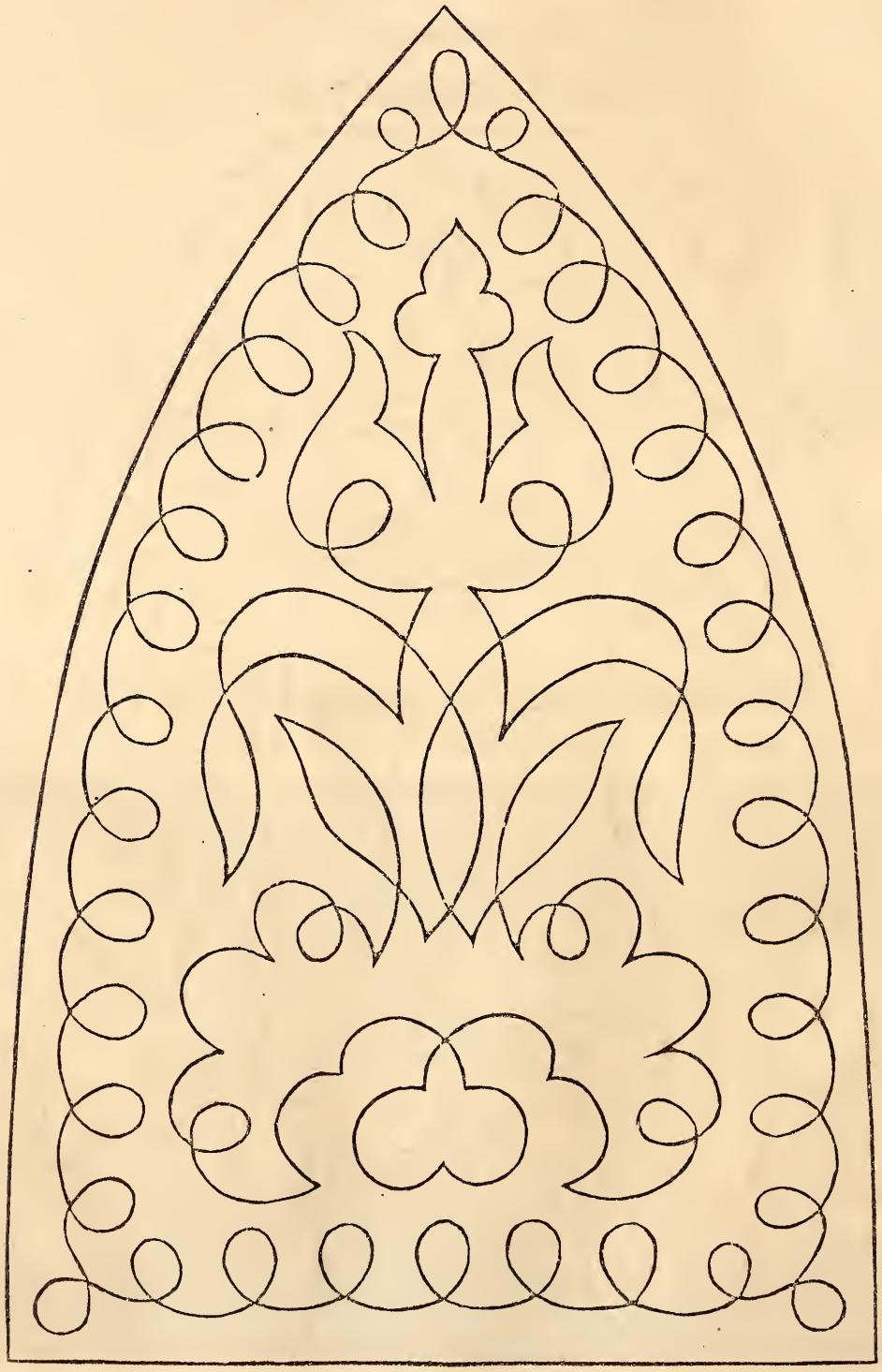


BRAIDED SHOE FOR A CHILD.



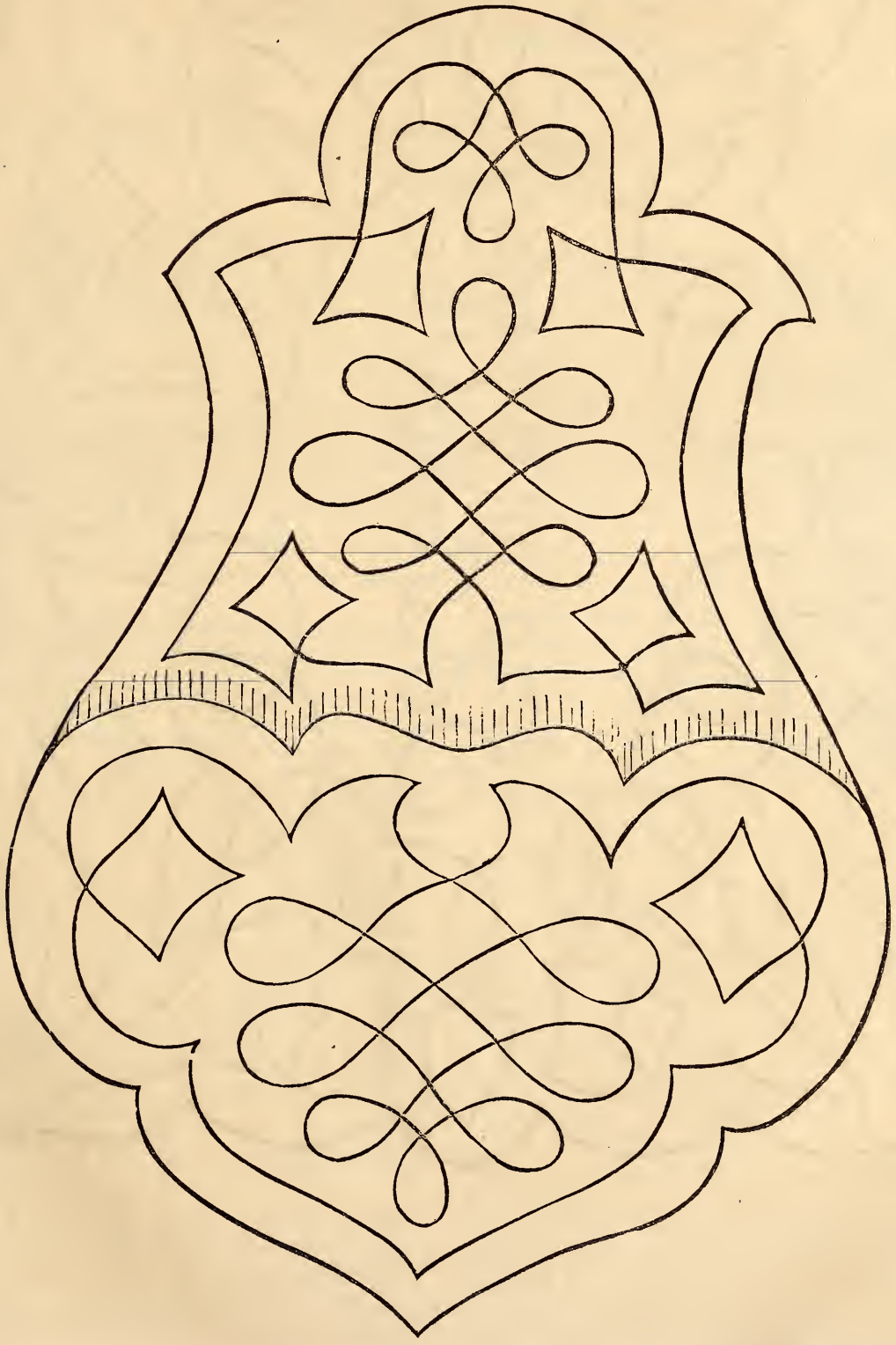
BRAIDING PATTERN.

BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A LOUNGING OR SMOKING CAP.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

BRAIDED WATCH-CASE.



BRAIDED CASE FOR SHAVING PAPER.

GODEY'S

Lady's Book and Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1863.

A LADY'S GLANCE AT THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

SHAWLS AND MIXED FABRICS.

As in the earlier ages men were accustomed to turn their gaze towards the eastern quarter of the globe as the source of civilization and the birth-place of the fine arts, so even in the middle of the nineteenth century, in one branch at least of productive industry, its prestige remains unquestioned. Notwithstanding the adaptive genius of the Western World, and the wonders wrought by its machinery, the Indian shawl still remains, par excellence, in the eyes of the initiated, the shawl of the civilized world.

For how large a portion of this distinction it may be indebted to the difficulty of its attainment we are hardly prepared to explain. Nor, unless the limitation of caste be removed which assigns its peculiar work to distinct native tribes, is the question likely to be speedily solved, as the manufacture of a single shawl of high quality is said to absorb the labor of years. Thus, for some time, at least, the demand is likely to exceed the supply, securing for it all the benefit of a mercantile protection, notwithstanding our national boast of universal free trade. Meanwhile, the increased facilities afforded by commerce for the acquisition of the raw material, the successful naturalization of the Thibet goat in Europe, with the advantages of skilled labor and an ever-improving machinery, present formidable obstacles to the long continuance of its hitherto unchallenged supremacy.

That the Indian shawl has been fully appreciated since its first introduction to this country is abundantly evident, from the period when scattered examples found their way through the medium of individual enterprise to the time when they became more generally familiar to the *élite* through the periodical sales of prohibited goods by the East India Company as early as the year 1750. That the most elaborate specimens of the article should generally find their destination in the families of the Court of Directors is not very surprising, more especially as the possession of one or two shawls of the kind was sufficient to constitute a mark of distinction for the possessor.

Within thirty years of their introduction as articles of merchandise by the India House, we find them in the list of goods imported through the ordinary channel of the Custom House, but at a duty of nearly thirty per cent., which was subsequently reduced through six successive stages to the present merely nominal impost, just sufficient to secure the registry of their number and value.

It may, perhaps, be as well to remind our readers, previous to their visit to the Indian section of the International Exhibition, that the most brilliant specimens of shawls, appealing to the eye as blazing with gold and silver, are by no means the most valuable nor those most eagerly coveted by the initiated. The highest class of Indian shawls are those of more sober pretensions, exclusively loom-made, and may be briefly described as of two particular classes, with, of course, many subdivisions.

The most distinguished are the veritable cashmere, where the pattern (as in Honiton lace) is first made, the groundwork being subsequently filled in in the same loom, and not attached by any needle or similar instrument, although the extreme outer border is usually so joined, and consists of small squares, embodying every shade of color used in the fabric.

The value of a shawl depends on its quality even more than its pattern. Each fleece of the cashmere goat affords about eight ounces of the finest wool, which has to be separated hair by hair. It takes a native rather more than a week to disentangle a single ounce; leaving a second, third, fourth, and even a fifth quality, each having its assigned place, though never mingling in the same shawl. Such minute subdivisions render great experience necessary to decide on the relative value of any individual specimen, irrespective of the taste and extent of the pattern wherewith it is ornamented.

The second of the two classes to which we have above alluded is also made of the genuine Pashum cloth, woven in the loom, of a plain color and in a single piece: the object is to obtain on this ground, through the medium of needlework, an effect similar to that of the more elaborate specimens. This is wonderfully managed by a peculiar kind of applique, as yet without an English name, of so fine and minute a character as to deceive any but the most curious observer, the surface presenting no perceptible inequality from the groundwork. A glance, however, at the reverse side reveals the distinction, but so close is the imitation, that it ranks far more frequently as the genuine cashmere than is supposed.

The indispensable necessity of the shawl as an article of wearing apparel to well-dressed natives of India, Persia, and parts of Turkey, necessarily absorbs so large a proportion of the genuine article that few, comparatively speaking, remain for exportation, and of them the lion's share is secured for our own country, many being re-exported to the Continent and to America, where the demand is even greater than with ourselves. The most elaborate specimens of each kind are to be found in the present exhibition. Among the contributions of the Indian Government, to which a separate case has been assigned, we would direct the especial attention of our readers to one representing a pillar formed of clusters of pine, as remarkable for its beauty, although there is another said on unquestionable authority to bear away the palm. For the almost exclusive use of the pine as a form of decoration, with its various modifications, we are, in all probability, indebted to the almost religious veneration attached by the natives to the "surfeish," or egret, of the Oriental turban, and, as the same pattern is adopted by successive generations, little scope for variety has hitherto been afforded; but, with the more extensive demand consequent upon the opening up of remote provinces, a wider range of invention may be anticipated, and evidence of such advance has already presented itself in a most gorgeous specimen wrought in gold on a groundwork of four colors. The favorite design is in this case alternately reversed, by which means a circular ornament is achieved. Among the more brilliant shawls a black and gold applique from Delhi, priced at 25 guineas, appears to be remarkably cheap for its quality; whilst a black cashmere cloth embroidered in scarlet and gold, at 18 guineas, is scarcely less attractive. Of the silk and silver kingcobs many, in stripes resembling gold and silver ribbons on a dark groundwork, are very effective. Among the lighter scarfs, entitled "doopatta," or ornamented net, an example bearing a resemblance to scale-armor in silver, with a gemlike ornament on each scale, seems worthy the attention of our home manufacturers. One in "dhanoe," or faded leaf-color, with gold embroidery, is, from the contrast of tints, exceedingly effective, and a cinnamon-brown, with silver, is hardly less striking. There are many others, among which may be particularized samples of the renowned embroideries of Scinde, and the filmy gold muslins of Dacca; but over these we will not linger, as they scarcely seem to come legitimately within the scope of our subject.

Great as may be the value and reputation of Oriental shawls, it is in the French department that ladies will instinctively seek for evidence of that progress in design and execution so noticeable in other branches of industrial production, and, therefore, reasonably to be looked for in the one in question. We may not now stop to define that particular element in the taste and character of a Frenchwoman which secures her unwavering favor for this form of outdoor drapery, and renders the possession of a really good and varied assortment the object of her ardent ambition. Suffice it for us to extol the great perfection which, under the influence of such incentives, has been attained by French manufacturers, whose triumphs, by the way, will probably be more highly estimated in this country than in their own. The enthusiasm for Indian cashmeres, which is undoubtedly far more genuine and universal in France than among ourselves, leads to a certain disregard of all imitations, however beautiful. Ladies of very moderate means and position will strain every nerve to obtain the more expensive adornment, should it not have constituted a feature of the *corbeille de mariage;* but, happily, the absolute necessity of such a possession for a married woman is

admitted by reasonable husbands and fathers, and its attainment seconded by them almost as a point of honor. This being the case even among the middle classes of society, those beautiful *cachemires Français* which amply gratify our feminine ambition are obliged at home to descend a grade lower before they meet with perfect appreciation, and become in turn objects of aspiration or self-gratulation, as the case may be.

The origin of this national predilection for shawls has been traced to the close of the last century, when a few Oriental specimens were imported, as it were, by accident from Egypt, and quickly found favor in the eyes of republican beauties. The ever-increasing demand, which was sparingly supplied through British agency, soon suggested to private enterprise the idea of an imitative manufacture. The enormous expense of setting up a loom for this purpose, which in 1802 amounted to 60,000f., is said to have concentrated the attention of Jacquard on the invention of a process for working intricate designs with greater facility; and the perfect success of his efforts converted a curious experiment into one of the most productive and honorable of the industrial resources of France. We find that in 1819 very excellent shawls were produced from real cashmere wool, imported of course, but prepared at home, as at present. A great improvement was effected about thirty years since by the introduction of a new power into the loom, the effects of which are precisely similar to those of the simple yet laborious processes employed in the East. We are informed that thirty or forty men would there be occupied many months in the construction of a shawl, of which an exquisite imitation can, thanks to this invention, called spouline, be woven in less time by the intelligent industry of one person.

As a feature of the specimens contributed to the exhibition by French manufacturers, we are gratified to notice a less servile adhesion to the Indian style of ornament than was apparent in 1851. Many beautiful and ingenious modifications of the accredited type are presented to our view, retaining just enough of the Oriental character to indicate the source in which they originated. We may point, for instance, to a shawl representing an open tent, the looped curtains of which reveal very successfully by their massive folds the richness and quality of the fabric. In the foreground two emblematical green dragons appear to be keeping watch and ward before the entrance of the pavilion, which rises from a wilderness of tropical foliage. Birds of Paradise and other gay-plumaged creatures figure also occasionally on shawls of a high class, but such designs are more remarkable for brilliancy and novelty than for real artistic beauty. No such exception can be taken to a superb specimen manufactured by the well-known house of Duché, and appropriately designated the Albion cashmere. It is a perfect triumph of elaborate simplicity, and adapted to meet the requirements of a really refined taste. Equally attractive is one exhibited by Messrs. Allison, bearing a figured stripe on a black ground; modest in pretension, but very elegant. A charming example from the looms of M. Lair deserves especial notice; and there are, indeed, many others which will fully repay careful inspection, though scarcely adapted for minute description. A claim to distinction has been put forth by one manufacturer, M. Biétry, to which we allude rather as giving an idea of the importance attached to details by shawl buyers and sellers than because his invention, designated by the author as "a real and admirable progress," seems to us worthy of such exalted pretensions. It appears that it has been the practice to attach to the finest Indian shawls a mignonette pattern, designed and embroidered in France. M. Biétry has just discovered a means of producing this order of merit in the French shawls, woven in with the original substance, and consequently immovable; for this discovery he has obtained a patent.

Although the reputation of England as a shawl-weaving country has not hitherto approached that established by French manufacturers, it is undoubtedly true that they acted as pioneers in the enterprise of imitating the productions of the East. In 1784 Alderman Watson and Mr. Barrow, of Norwich, achieved the first shawl of that character ever made in Europe. The process was too slow and unprofitable to be repeated; but some specimens were produced soon afterwards, of mixed silk and worsted, the pattern being embroidered by hand. No particular advance was made until the year 1805, which witnessed the completion of the first shawl wholly fashioned in the loom. The manufacture was taken up about the same time in Edinburgh, where it was afterwards abandoned, and in Paisley, then suffering much from the decline in the muslin trade. There it took root, and that town, with its vicinity, is well known to be the seat of production for all shawls of the Indian style, the higher classes consisting of real cashmere wool, and being afforded in great beauty at comparatively low

prices. The recent removal of the paper duty will, we should hope, give an impetus to the trade, as the cost of the card-board for a Jacquard loom forms a very important element in the expense of production. As regards quality, the present exhibition affords several specimens of British design and workmanship which will challenge the admiration of the most fastidious taste. Among these is a shawl which appears under the auspices of Messrs. Lock & Co., consisting of a striped pattern of remarkable variety, with a light design intersecting it from corner to corner, as if by the suggestion of some happy afterthought. In one, exhibited by Spiers & Co., Paisley, the ornamentation assumes the form of an elongated arch of interwoven pines. Its attractions are great, but not inferior are those of similar articles from the looms of Forbes and Hutcheson.

Of Norwich silk and mixed shawls, Messrs. Clabburn & Crisp are the most extensive exhibitors. Their productions are remarkable for brilliancy of color; indeed, they are in all respects worthy the established reputation of the firm, and as much may be said for those of Kerr, Scott, & Kilner. The assortment of warm, thick shawls for winter use is remarkably excellent and varied. It is a department in which they are, of course, unrivalled. The prevailing fashion for the coming season is evidently supposed to tend towards colors of a sober cast, for in cases where the material used is some animal fibre, the natural shade is closely imitated, or it is even manufactured undyed, different shades being supplied from various portions of the animal's body. The style of make is furlike, as may be inferred from the substances used. In the case of Mr. Bliss, of Chipping Norton, shawls may be seen woven from the hair of the beaver, hare, fox, rabbit, llama, alpaca, Thibet goat, and camel. Thus it would seem that every quarter of the globe has furnished its especial tribute for our benefit, and ingenuity has turned all of them to good account.

THE TURRETS OF THE STONE HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"HAVE you been over the house, Miss Margaret?" inquired Mrs. Stebbins, a little, pleasant-faced, vivacious woman, as she stopped a moment in the sitting-room to adjust her shawl and receive the blue china bowl which she had brought over filled with jelly for Mrs. Phillips, who was an invalid.

The mound of jelly stood on the table, on a small cut-glass dish of an antique pattern, and as the sunlight poured its golden rain upon the "quaking tumulus," it looked like an immense ruby.

"No, Mrs. Stebbins; I haven't seen the house at all." The tones were sweet and distinct that answered. Hearing them, you would not need to see Margaret Phillips to know that she was a lady, so far as cultivation of mind and graciousness of manner make one this.

"Oh, you don't know what you 've missed," added Mrs. Stebbins, in her good-natured, sympathetic way. "It 's a perfect palace. John says it 's built after the style of some foreign nobleman's. There 's no end to the money that it cost. I can't attempt to describe it, but there 's the library openin' on the lawn, all of oak; and the parlors, with the green and gold; and the dinin'-room—well, there 's no tellin'; but I told John after I got home that my house didn't look bigger nor better 'n a shanty. But it 's some folks' luck to be born with silver spoons in their mouths."

"And some have the faculty of keeping the silver spoons, and some don't seem to." This general statement had a particular application in Margaret's mind, and this was the reason that there was a little touch of bitterness or pain in her voice, which only a very keen observer would have detected.

"That's a fact." Mrs. Stebbins was of the acquiescent, approbative type. "But"—slipping at once from general theories to specific facts—"it 's too late now to see the inside of the house, for the family are expected next week, and they 've got a train of servants puttin' things to rights."

"If it were otherwise, I haven't the time to get over there," answered Margaret, with a lack of enthusiasm which even Mrs. Stebbins must have perceived. "You were very kind, Mrs. Stebbins, to remember mother so often; I wish you knew how she will enjoy your jelly."

"La! don't speak of *that*. I thought it might set well with an egg or some chicken broth. My grandmother Parsons used to say, and she was a reg'lar hand at nussin', that there was everything in knowin' how to coax along a weak stomach; it did more than the doctor a good many times."

"I have no doubt of it, Mrs. Stebbins; and I really believe the nice little dainties you 've sent mother for the last month have done more for her than all her medicine has."

The little woman's faded face flushed with genuine pleasure. "I don't feel as though I 'd done anything at all, Miss Margaret; only jest to show that I 'd got the will."

"I do—so much, Mrs. Stebbins, that I 'm emboldened now to ask you to do something for me. Isn't your husband on the school committee this year?"

"Yes. He tried to get out of it, but they would put him in."

"If he has no other teacher engaged, I shall be very glad to obtain the situation this year."

"*Miss Margaret!*" Mrs. Stebbins had arisen from her chair, but she sat down again, and there was no need she should express her astonishment at the young lady's proposition; her tones had done this more effectually than any words could.

"You are surprised?" said Margaret Phillips, looking her neighbor in the face with a brave smile, and one that had yet a little flickering pain in it.

"Well, yes; I am quite taken aback," faltered the small, dark woman.

"Of course, Mrs. Stebbins, this step is not, under existing circumstances, a matter of choice, but one of necessity. We are poor people now, mamma and I, whatever we were once; and I must look the matter boldly in the face, as I have done many other things, and it will be a great relief to my present necessity if I can obtain the situation of which I have spoken."

"I 'll speak to John this very day," answered Mrs. Stebbins. "But how in the world can you take so much on yourself, with the care of your sick mother?"

"Mrs. Stebbins," answered Margaret Phillips, with a solemn faith on her fair young face, "God has given me strength to bear many burdens that I did not once think I could carry. I do not believe He will fail me in this one."

Mrs. Stebbins made no further protest. That look of Margaret's silenced her; still the manner in which she took the girl's hand, and pressed it as they parted, showed that she was both appreciative and sympathetic.

Margaret Phillips went up stairs to her own room, and sat down by the window, and somehow her gaze turned to the eastward, where, about three-quarters of a mile off, a couple of gray stone turrets showed picturesquely through the thick foliage. Somehow the sight did not seem to attract Margaret Phillips. The shadow of pain which had hovered over her face seemed to settle deeper there. Yet it was a morning in the late May, full of praise and beauty. The white, fleecy mists hung wide on the distant mountains, the air was perfumed with all sweet smells of young grass and blossoming fruit trees, the birds brimmed the morning with songs, and through the branches filtered like golden wine the sunshine of the spring.

Everything was glad, everything but Margaret Phillips. Yet I would not have you suppose for one moment that she was a morbid or sentimental character, that she could not arise out of her own private limitations and losses and be courageous and of "good cheer," knowing that whatsoever burdens and sorrows were appointed her here, she still had the one love to give thanks for, to rejoice in, and that sooner or later, if she trusted it, all sorrow and pain should be lost in the rest and the joy which God promises to those who love him. And this Margaret Phillips believed, not in occasional bursts of enthusiasm or exalted sentiment, but in her daily living, in struggle and weakness, amid diligent work and petty cares, and sometimes amid bitter struggles.

A very few words will give you a few necessary glimpses into her past life. Her father had been a rich man, honorable to the core in his dealings with all men, and respected and beloved wherever he was known.

But, during the latter part of his life, he had been induced, through the influence of his partner, to embark in some foreign speculations which had proved totally ruinous through the weakness and dishonesty of various parties. A fever, the consequence of exposure and anxiety, closed his life before it reached its fiftieth year. Margaret was the only and dearly beloved child of her parents. Her youth had been sheltered by watchful tenderness from every sorrow. Her mother, a woman of a gentle mimosa nature, had been an invalid for years; and the young girl found herself suddenly face to face with a world of which she had known nothing except the bright side.

Then the soul of Margaret Phillips awoke within her. She set herself diligently and bravely to meet these altered circumstances as soon as the first shock of grief for her father's death was over. The old, luxurious home was given up, the furniture sold, and, through the influence of friends, Margaret entered a small, pleasant cottage in Woburn; for both mother and daughter shrank from the thought of life

in the city, where the old, harrowing associations would be constantly revived. And for the next two years Margaret devoted herself to her mother's comfort, and the supervision of their small household; for they kept but one domestic.

Mrs. Phillips rallied a good deal in the fine country air during the first year of her residence in Woburn; but the second, her health sank again in consequence of a severe cold she took in some exposure during the late autumn; and Margaret Phillips was kept in fluctuations of hope and fear for her mother's life during the whole winter.

With the return of the spring, Mrs. Phillips began slowly to recuperate; but now another dread haunted the mother and daughter by night and by day—their slender means were nearly exhausted, and afar off they saw the "wolf" approaching their door.

Margaret was not a girl to sit down, and fold her hands in weak, unavailing tears and lamentations at this crisis. Not but the anxiety, and doubt, and ultimate decision cost her much pain and many sleepless hours. But she reached it at last.

And, not to prolong this subject, the next week Mr. Stebbins called on Margaret, had a long interview with the young lady, which resulted in another visit, several evenings later, when Mr. Stebbins was accompanied by two other members of the committee, and after an examination, which was merely nominal, she was installed teacher of the district school for that summer.

It was a little, low, long red building with white shutters, on the side of the road where there were no trees, and the sun poured down with a sickening glare during the heats of the summer, and within it were gathered more than forty boys and girls—many of them coarse, unruly, ill-bred.

It was hard work for Margaret; hard for mind and body; yet she set herself to do it, and summoned all her moral forces to the work, and did it *well*, as any work that is worth doing at all ought to be done.

Yet I think any one with fine intentions and generous sympathies would have looked sad, could they have glanced into the little bare, red schoolhouse that summer, and seen the gentle, delicate, sweet-faced young teacher in her high chair, behind her brown desk, surrounded by those half grown boys and girls, many of them so bent on the promotion of mischief, and petty annoyance, and disturbances that in order to control them it was necessary to keep her thoughts and observation strained to their utmost tension.

She looked too fair and fragile amid those rude boys and girls, and seemed more out of place than she actually was, for Margaret had in her nature some moral force which commanded respect, and to a large degree obedience. And she had various soils in which to sow her seed, and some of it took root there, and gave promise of a stronger, better manhood, a sweeter and more gracious womanhood.

The schoolhouse was situated less than a quarter of a mile from the new stone house, which was the pride and wonder of all Woburn, and as Margaret went up every morning through the green country lane to her school, the gray turrets of the stately house looked afar through the green trees upon her, with the sunlight touching them into a new splendor.

Somehow the sight of those turrets always hurt Margaret. If you had watched her narrowly, and seen the sweet light widening up into her dark eyes, and about her lips, as she listened to the birds filling the air with their sprays of song, or looked off where, through the dark plush of meadow grass, the summer winds went searching to and fro, you would have witnessed a sudden shadow sweep over her face as the gray turrets rose in sight, a shadow that blurred all the brightness, and was almost like pain.

That stone house was Margaret's vulnerable point all summer. She was no faultless heroine (this lady of whom I write), dear reader. She would have opened her brown eyes wide at the thought of being one; but she was a woman, young, brave, lovely, struggling with herself, and all the hard realities of her lot—struggling for faith, duty, charity—sometimes defeated, sometimes victorious. And this thought of the "great stone house" was the thorn in Margaret's side; she tried to put it away, but it came back and haunted her day by day. She thought of it in the hot, weary noon as she sat drooping before her desk in the hour of intermission; the large, cool, luxurious rooms would rise and shine before her; she would see the soft, mossy carpets sprinkled with leaves and blossoms; she would see rare pictures and statuary scattered along the walls, and gleaming white in the corners, feeding with beauty the eyes which beheld and rejoiced in them; she would hear the sudden rush, and the sweet thrill, and quiver of music that drew the quick tears to her eyes; and then she would see the lofty balconies where the June roses and honeysuckles made heats of bloom about the pillars, and

where in the cool moonlight of the summer evenings they told her the guests wandered up and down; and then jets of laughter would suddenly thrill the air; and stately gentlemen and fair ladies would roam up and down the beautiful grounds, where the fountains threw up their white embroidery of waters, or where the deep, green shrubberies made darkness and stillness; or by the lake, where the stately swans went dreaming up and down, and the waterlilies, like great, white pearls, were scattered lavish on its bosom.

Margaret knew nothing of the inmates of the "stone house," except that they were people of immense fortune, and, as their home indicated, of rare taste. She had gathered, too, from the various gossip of the villagers, that the family was not large—a couple of sons and daughters. They had travelled for several years in foreign lands; and the girl fancied, without knowing, that they were haughty, purse-proud people.

The only possible opportunity she could have had of meeting the family was at the village church, which they occasionally attended, but, as they most frequently drove to service in the city ten miles distant, it did not happen that Margaret met any of the residents of the stone house. But in her hours of weakness and weariness, the young teacher thought of these people, dwelling in luxury, surrounded by all which could make the outward life beautiful and happy, and her heart rebelled against her own hard, toiling, uncongenial lot.

And so it happened one day, after the heats of the summer had passed and the earth was still and serene, and the ripeness of September flooded the year's pulses with wine, that Margaret Phillips sat at her chamber window just as she had sat in the brave life, and gladness of the June which would never come back any more. It was one evening after school, and weary with her day's work, she had tossed aside her bonnet and shawl, and sat down to the window to refresh herself with the cool air, which was spiced with sweet fern, and sassafras, and pine from the woods on her right hand. The young teacher looked out, and drank in the sweet refreshment of air, and earth, and sky, with a face that grew peaceful as she gazed, until suddenly her roaming gaze fell upon the gray turrets of the stone house betwixt the trees.

Margaret closed her eyes. "I believe that house is the Mordecai in the gate of my life," she said to herself in a tone made up of annoyance and self-reproach. "It haunts me everywhere, and spoils all my landscapes. I heartily wish it could burn to the ground."

"Margaret! Margaret!" whispered softly the conscience of the girl, and heeding the admonition, she sat down and took counsel with herself.

"After all, isn't it *wrong*," whispered the still inner voice, "for you to be disturbed in this way, and to let the sight of those turrets darken always over your sky? Doesn't it prove some petty envy or bitterness in your own nature, which it is your duty to struggle with and overcome? I know those people are rich, and you are poor; but you, at least, are wise and true enough to the best part of yourself not to think that can make any *real* difference betwixt you and them; and see here: aren't you only indulging this unhappy morbid state of feeling by avoiding that stone house as carefully as you do? Isn't it your duty now to walk bravely over there and look it squarely in the face; and the more disagreeable the duty, the plainer the necessity for performing it, and overcoming once and forever the wrong, unhealthful feeling which has taken hold of you?"

And Margaret Phillips was of the number of those who, a duty set plain before them, would go to prison or the stake to do it; a woman who made *I must*, not *I will*, the great ruling force of her life. And so Margaret Phillips covenanted with herself that very evening to walk over to the stone house, and look her "Mordecai" in the face, and then she went down stairs to help prepare her mother's supper. Poor Margaret! they kept but one servant, and she was a little girl.

The sun was just behind the hills, leaving the sky once more for its nightly blossoming of stars, when Margaret closed her little cottage gate, and took the old turnpike road which intersected the one that led to the stone house. It was a pleasant walk, and the soft light and the throbbing hum of the insects soothed her, and, walking with her own thoughts, she was greatly startled when, turning an abrupt angle in the road, she came suddenly upon the house. There it stood before her in its strength and stateliness, amid green shrubberies and beautiful grounds, which made a picture wonderful for loveliness all about it, itself the central beauty and grace of the whole.

It seemed to Margaret Phillips, as she gazed on the Gothic pile, that she had been suddenly enchanted into some foreign country. She could hardly believe that that great, massive palace of stone rose in its simple, grand architecture on the homely, everyday soil of Woburn, on the very land which the farmers sowed every autumn and ploughed every

spring. It seemed to the girl's fine poetic instincts—although be it here understood that Margaret Phillips had never written a poem since she was a school-girl—that that stone palace belonged to the mediæval ages, that old legends and old songs should cluster thick about it, that brave men's deeds and beautiful women's love and grace should have hallowed it; and musing on all these things, and entirely unconscious of herself, she strayed through the broad iron gate, and through the thick hedges of shrubbery, and smiled up to the frowning turrets, her own smile, brave, glad, victorious. They could not frighten her any more; their power was gone; she had conquered them!

And so Margaret Phillips, following the serpentine path, came into the vicinity of the house. The quietness wooed her on, for, although the doors were open, there was no sight or sound of human life about the dwelling. And so the girl approached the veranda on the right side of the house, and, leaning against a large horse-chestnut tree, stood still and drank in with hungry eyes the scene before her. Suddenly there came the sound of light voices and rapid steps to her ear, and a moment later a company of gentlemen and ladies poured through the wide doors and scattered up and down the great veranda, some of the latter playfully fluttering over the mosaic pavement.

Margaret stood still under the horse-chestnut in some natural embarrassment, hoping that she should not be discovered, and would be able to make her escape unobserved. She had no idea what a picture she made, just in front of the old tree, with the sunset dropping its golden festoons all about her. She stood there, in her straw hat and the delicate lawn dress which two years before had been her father's gift, for one moment in a flutter of embarrassment; the next her feet were bound to the spot, and she lost all consciousness of her position, for there were three faces amid the company which she recognized, and the first of these was an elderly lady, with a portly figure and self-complacent countenance, near whom for a moment stood two graceful, haughty-looking girls. And this lady and those girls were the wife and daughters of the former senior partner of Mr. Phillips, the man who had wronged her father as no other man had ever done, the man who had taken advantage of Mr. Phillips's implicit confidence in him, and, managing to evade the law, had yet contrived to get his younger partner's property into his own hands, and availed himself of Mr. Phillips's illness to entirely control the firm and so involve matters that at the latter's death the widow and the daughter had been left penniless; and intimate as the families of the partners had previously been, Mrs. Lathrop and her daughters had entirely neglected Margaret and her mother after the change in the latter's circumstances. The Lathrops were living in splendor now on their ill-gotten gains; and all this surged and stormed through Margaret's soul as she gazed on them and thought of her delicate mother struggling with ill health and poverty in their lonely cottage, and of her own hard, daily toilsome life, and of him whose strong arm and loving heart would have shielded them from all this injustice and suffering. She stood still, with her pale face bent sternly on the veranda, almost wondering that some voice from heaven did not cry out against those people for the wrong which they and theirs had done her.

And while the girl stood there a group of gentlemen and ladies turned suddenly toward that side of the veranda nearest her, and started as they all caught sight of the still figure under the chestnut tree.

"Who is that lady?" Margaret heard the surprised question from more than one voice.

"Ellen, she *is* a lady; you had best go out and proffer her our hospitality," said one of the young gentlemen to a lady who stood near him.

"Oh, *I* know who it is," interposed at this moment an errand boy, who came up with some letters; "she is the district school-teacher; my cousin goes to her."

"Really, Ellen," interposed at this moment Julia Lathrop, the elder of the girls; and she tossed her haughty head, and her laugh and her words came silver and scornful to Margaret's ear—"I don't think I should give myself much trouble for the sake of a schoolma'am, instead of some princess in disguise, as I fancied the lady might be. Your hospitality would doubtless overwhelm her. But, dear me," shrugging her pretty shoulders, "I don't think *such* people ought to be allowed to wander around people's grounds in this fashion. It encourages too much freedom on their part." It was quite evident that Miss Lathrop had not recognized Margaret, or she would not have made this speech.

"I think so too," chimed in softly Caroline, the younger of the sisters.

The words and the laugh stung Margaret into a white calm. Some impulsion outside of herself seemed to send her out from the great horse-chestnut. She walked slowly and stead-

fastly right up to the people on the veranda, and confronted with her white face the dozen others that were bent down in amazement on her.

The start and look of blank consternation on three of those faces warned Margaret that they had recognized her; and turning to Julia Lathrop, she said in her clear, soft voice, which kept its tone steadfast to the end: "You will please tell your friends, Julia, as you well know that they have nothing to apprehend from freedom on *my* part, and as you do *not* perhaps know, I take here occasion to tell you that if *your* father had dealt honestly or justly by mine, if he had not through all the years that he was his partner, and on his dying bed, wronged and robbed him, my mother would not be now dwelling in poverty and obscurity, neither should *I* be a schoolma'am."

The words fired Margaret's lips, and she could not hold them back. Their effect cannot easily be described. Every one on the veranda heard them, and stood still, gazing from the young teacher to the Lathrops. They were all, mother and daughters, so overwhelmed with surprise, mortification, and it may be so conscience-stricken, that they could not utter a word. They stood there still, with crimson faces, looking confounded and convicted. And so Margaret turned away, and walked alone down the avenue which led out of the grounds.

The feeling which had sustained her for a time gave way as she was out of every one's sight. The gray turrets only looked down on the girl and saw her stagger feebly beyond the gate, and the tears flowed still from the brown eyes of Margaret Phillips.

She had not gone far when a quick step aroused her, and turning her tear-stained face, she saw the young gentleman who had proposed to extend her some courtesy when she stood under the chestnut tree. He was a man about thirty, tall, with a fine figure, and a face that was all that and more, for though it was not handsome, it was a good, strong, cultivated face, a face which compelled you to believe it, for it was inspired with justice, and courtesy, and *real* truth and manliness of character.

"Madam," said the young gentleman, lifting his hat with a grace which no courtier could have rivalled to a lost princess, "if you will do us the honor to accept it, we shall be most happy to send you home in our carriage. I fear you will find it a somewhat long and lonely walk at this late hour."

Margaret Phillips little suspected the beautiful and eloquent thanks which her brown eyes flashed up through their tears to the gentleman, before her lips, all unbent now, and with a little tremulous flutter about them, answered: "Thank you. I am familiar with the road and with loneliness too, so I am compelled to decline your courtesy."

He did not renew it; he had fine intuition enough to perceive that the girl must prefer just now to be alone, so he answered, with a smile, and the smile of Gilbert Sackett was not just like the smile of most other men, for higher elements entered into it: "I hope, then, ma'am, you will give us some opportunity of renewing our courtesy at some time that shall find greater favor with yourself. We have only just learned you were our neighbors." And he lifted his hat and left her.

And Margaret went her way alone, and the young moon was like a silver lily blossoming amid the golden buds of stars which filled the sky.

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Three years have passed. In a small alcove which opened out of the sitting-room in the stone house were gathered one day Mrs. Phillips, and Margaret, and Gilbert Sackett. The elder lady was a pleasant, gentle, dignified woman, and the bands of soft brown hair, faintly sifted with gray, lay smoothly about her face, which still retained something of the beauty of its girlhood. The gentleman and lady were hardly changed in these years, except that Margaret's face shone with a light and joy which it never wore in those days when she carried it up to the old red school in faith and patience.

Margaret was seated by the bay window, looking, with eyes that read its new meanings every day, to the beautiful landscape which stretched before her in a rain of June sunlight, the soft winds ruffling the short grass and loitering among the rare and beautiful shrubberies, and as she gazed a flock of thoughts or memories came into her head and over her face, which, although these were not sorrow, yet were touched with something tender and sad.

"What are you thinking of, my little wife?" asked Gilbert Sackett; and he tossed aside the paper, threw himself on the lounge, and leaned over toward Margaret.

Her hand, her soft, cool hand, moved tenderly through the short, thick chestnut hair. "What makes you ask that question?"—with a faint smile just touching her lips.

"Oh, several things. Why don't you answer it, Mrs. Sackett?"

"Had I better indulge him, mamma?" said

the lady, and this time the smile was emphasized into archness as she turned toward her mother.

"Now, mother, I interpose with a protest there," exclaimed the gentleman. "You know you gave up your right and title here into my hands a year and a half ago, and my claim on her is absolute."

"I believe it is," answered Mrs. Phillips, smiling fondly on her children.

"There, Margaret, you hear!"

"Well, if you put it in that light," smiled the young wife, "I see no choice left but obedience and confession. So I was thinking of some mornings, which are not so far off but that they rise up very vividly before me now and then, and wondering how I should have felt at that time had any one told me, as I went up through the lane to the old red schoolhouse, and caught sight of the gray turrets that used to haunt and trouble me so, that in less than three years I should be the mistress here!" .

"What *should* you have felt, little woman?" laughed Gilbert Sackett, pinching the small rose in his wife's cheek.

"It is impossible for me to tell. Yesterday, when you were away, I walked up through that old lane, and tried to feel as I used to, and to contrast the past with the 'to-day.'"

"And did you succeed, my dear child?" asked her mother, for both husband and parent were evidently touched with Margaret's simple avowal.

"Well, partly. I hope that I realized both with sufficient force and vividness to gather some lessons, some good from out them."

"Ah, Margaret, you are not like other women; you never were, and from that first time that I looked on your face until this day, you have always been unconsciously doing something quaint and original, something to startle and surprise me."

The small rose widened into bright bloom in the cheek of Margaret Sackett. "'Oh, Gilbert, I was not seeking for quaintness or originality then!"

"My darling, nobody would ever suspect *you* of that. Do you suppose so prosaic and sensible a man as *I* am would have been so completely conquered at first sight as I was, had I not known well a vast deal more than you suspected, O innocent Margaret?"

"I wonder what gave me courage to do and say what I did at that time?" said the lady, speaking softly, half to herself.

"I don't; it was like you at such a time and under such circumstances. And, Margaret, I close my eyes, and see the whole scene again."

Before the lady could answer, a domestic suddenly entered with some letters for Mr. Sackett. Breaking the seal of the first one, with an apology to the ladies, he read for a little while.

At last he looked up. "Ellen and her husband have taken a house near Paris, and mother and Elizabeth will remain with them for a year or two; so, Margaret, you are sole mistress of the stone house, turrets and all."

"How those turrets are changed to me now!" she said. "They stand to me, wherever I catch a glimpse of them, as a sign of all home warmth, and grace, and happiness, and I have grown to love and welcome the sight of them always."

"Margaret, shall I tell you just what I am thinking of just now?"

"Yes; I shall be glad always to know your thoughts, Gilbert"—her little fingers braiding themselves once more in the bright chestnut hair.

"I am thinking that you are a very good woman, Margaret—the best woman, it seems to me, that God ever gave a man for his especial love and cherishing; and that I shall be a truer, better man because of your power and influence about my life." He spoke solemnly, fervidly now, looking into her face.

The tears were in her brown eyes now, as she leaned over him and said: "Oh, Gilbert, what you last said is the one prayer of my life!" And Margaret Sackett did not suspect that that prayer was its own fulfilment!

TO ONE WHO SAID, "I WILL LOVE THEE BEST OF ALL."

BY FREDERIC WRIGHT.

Not for all the stars of night,
Not for morning's rosy light,
Not for all that land and sea
Ever could bestow on me,
Would I have thee yield me love
Due alone to God above!

Not for beauty in my face,
Not for eyes of lustrous grace,
Not for gentle look or smile,
Nor the bloom that care may spoil,
Would I dare such worship own—
Worship due to God alone!

We are but creatures of a day,
Treading life's uncertain way,
Liable to sin and shame;
All around us are the same.
Let thy soul's first homage be
Paid to God, and not to me!

SOIREE AT ALEPPO.

(From a Correspondent.)

In winter-time the *élite* of Aleppo society, inclusive of Europeans, native Christians, and Hebrews, assemble ever and anon at each other's houses just to help the long evenings on their flight and enjoy a little keif. They are dreary enough, in all conscience, without this circle; for though there is but little severe cold, and that only of brief duration, the temperature is moist and humid, with abundance of rain; and solitude and solitary cogitations might only be suggestive of suicide. Therefore, after we have done justice to the late dinner (usually at 7 P. M.)—for we shall get no solids to eat where we are going—we go through the necessary toilet, etc., give an extra twist to moustache or curl to whiskers—for all the belles of Ketab will be there—and, armed with a sensibly large umbrella and goodly mackintosh, preceded by a servant carrying a lantern (which is a precaution necessary, not only on account of the narrow, dirty, dark, and deserted streets, but to keep off the legion of half-starving curs that would otherwise devour us, and avoid the unpleasant alternative of falling in with the night patrol, who would forthwith put us into chokey until morning—it being the law of the land to imprison all found abroad after dark without lantern or light of some description), we walk forth into the night, and so towards the house of Howaja Nalah Fattalah Karalla, who has a reception this evening.

Our host and hostess are lineal descendants of one of the most ancient and respectable Aleppine families, tracing their descent easily as far back as the time when all the commerce of the Indies passed through Aleppo—the route via the Cape of Good Hope being then undiscovered, and when Venice had many princely merchants residing in this city. Before the earthquake of 1821 this family had a splendid mansion in one of the best khans in the city, where from generation to generation had accumulated the choicest and the rarest porcelain vases, etc., besides untold wealth in jewels and other gems and jewelry. At one fell swoop, even as it were in the twinkling of an eye, the house, in common with the greater part of the city, was levelled with the ground, and the fruits of years of toil and hundreds upon hundreds of miles of weary and fatiguing journeyings were destroyed and irrevocably lost. Our host found himself one amongst some thousands that had lost their everything and had a fresh start to make in life. Thankful, however, that their lives had been spared amidst the utter desolation and sorrow that reigned around, they migrated to this suburban and pleasantly situated spot, called Ketab, and there constructed houses on a modern and lighter pattern, and built so as best to resist any recurrence of such a frightful calamity. With this prelude we arrive at the door of our host's house, which is brilliantly lighted up, and whence the hum of many voices issuing assures us that we are not the first arrivals.

"Allah! Salah mete salami!" This from our aged host and hostess, and signifying, in hyperboles, "You are welcome as the dews in summer," we are escorted to the further end of the room behind the musicians and ensconced amongst comfortable cushions upon a luxurious divan, receive and return the usual flow of compliments, and then fall to smoking like chimneys over a cookshop. Our position is an admirable one from which to scan the motley assemblage and see all that is going forward. The very pink of Aleppine fashion is rapidly assembling, and to do them special honor the hostess has procured the services of the celebrated Hadjih-Bashi and his band of musicians, who are tuning up horribly, with the intention of bursting forth into superb strains, such as shall astonish the weak minds of all strangers. The group is seated upon a Turkey rug, and the leader plays upon a stringed instrument something like half an Æolian harp laid flat upon the floor; he performs with the aid of a species of steel talon, attached thimblewise to each forefinger. So long as he restricts himself to this instrument, the melody emitted is really soft and pleasant; very soon, however, the guitar plays, throws his overbalance of discord into the music, and drowns the soft notes of the stringed instrument with his abominable twang-twanging, wholly regardless of accord as regards the timing of the two instruments performing, or tune, or anything else. What, however, can be expected from such a wretch with a dried old gourd with three strings to perform upon? In all conscience, the music is villanous enough at this stage of the proceeding; but it has far, very far, from arrived at its climax of horrors. The heartless vocalist throws in his contribution, in the shape of a sudden, loud, prolonged, and dirge-like yell, hanging on the last quaver so long and obstinately that he is obliged to hold his jaw with his hand for fear of dislocating it. In our opinion, the wailing at an Irish wake is far more lively; especially, varied as it is by an occasional fight. But *quot homines, etc.*, the old axiom stands good here

as elsewhere: the ancient in the kalpak, or cap of honor (a badge of high dignity, and a hereditary one enjoyed by some families whose ancestors did noted service to the state in bygone times), is evidently enraptured with the performance, and can hardly restrain himself putting in an extra quaver or two when the vocalist at length stops from utter exhaustion, pulling up as abruptly as a cavalry charger, and dropping his voice as quickly as a monkey would a hot potato. This latter method of abruptly terminating music is considered the very acme of vocal art; and, truth to say, it must be a difficult knack. If the ancient in the kalpak looks fascinated, the foreign refugee doctor of the troops in the city, who sits next to him, and whose first experience this is of Oriental melody, is lost in unfathomable surprise at the glee evinced by his neighbor, marvelling secretly whether really any human being with tympanum in healthy state could other than shudder at the performance just concluded. Next to this fresh importation, and utterly callous to everything else going on around them, are a couple of merchants, native and European, deep in commerce, and discussing in whispers projects of future specs to be undertaken in gallnuts and scammony. Not in so low a whisper is their all-engrossing conversation, however, but that the wary Hebrews near them are picking up useful crumbs of information which they will assuredly turn to account when occasion requires. In the background are congregated the small fry of the evening discussing the merits and dress of everybody but themselves. These are mostly small shopkeepers, and so forth, who, as a rule, may be classified as of the genus toadies.

But what can all this stir be that is going on at the further end of the room? Oh, we perceive the mighty man, the lion of the evening, has arrived, accompanied by his lady and suite, and preceded by six sturdy, silver-caned cuwasses, who form a kind of avenue at the entrance-door, through which the pompous official struts with indescribable grandeur. This is Signor Console Generales of some Power that never carries on a ha'porth of trade with any part of Syria. However, in return for serving gratis, he is granted the dignity of a Baron, and sports a splendid uniform, with cocked hat and multifarious plumes, to say nothing of his decorations of the golden spurs, and divers others, amongst which, mayhap, is the order of the Mouse in the Mustard-pot. Our host and his son receive the lion with almost humiliating cringings in their endeavors to do him honor, and it is delightful to see how urbanely he receives these attentions, smiling over his stiff cravat benignantly. Even the two French doctors, who are loudly argumentative on professional subjects, drop their noise and their gesticulations to do homage to M. le Baron; for M. le Baron has a large and wealthy family, and commands great influence; and, all said and done, these disputatious disciples of Æsculapius are but a couple of hungry adventurers, ready to grapple with and cure every malady, imaginary or real; if the former, so much the easier, and it is a complaint that ofttimes besets the well-to-do and indolent in their plethoric repose even in our own favored country.

The lady conversing with the Consul is of an independent, jealous kind of disposition, and little disposed to knuckle down to the lion and his party; and as for the Consul himself, being a salaried one and of private independent means, he can afford to sit and chuckle alike at the offerers and the receivers of fawning flattery; and so this couple smoke and chat together amicably.

Seated on a divan are the lady guests of the evening, inhaling alternately the perfumed fumes of the nargheel, or whispering scraps and odds and ends of scandal, to be improved upon and retailed hereafter. The pretty and fascinating young daughters of the house are handing round small fingans of coffee to the assembled guests; a continuous supply of this refreshing beverage being always ready to hand, and simmering on the ledge of a well-piled-up mangal, or brazier of bright charcoal, which also supplies the coals used by the smokers of the long pipe, at the same time that it contributes a genial warmth to the atmosphere of the room, which is lighted by a splendid chandelier, adding brilliancy to the rich costumes and headdresses of the lady guests. Contrasting wonderfully with the noise and bustle going forward is the faithful old house-dog, fast asleep, not far from the mangal.

By and by the Adonis and the belle of the evening (the latter after much coaxing and persuading) walk into the centre of the rooms with all the grace and dignity of people born and bred at court. Now step we a measure; the music at first is low, and the motions of the dancers, each armed with an embroidered handkerchief, slow and graceful also. Presently both musicians and dancers warm with the theme, till ultimately the music gets deafeningly loud and awfully rapid, and the dancers so excited that they whirl and twirl about—very gracefully withal—but so rapidly as to

perfectly bewilder and make one giddy. The old lady spectator is positively enchanted, and claps with her old wizened-up hands to encourage and urge on the dancers at such a rate that one can almost hear the bones rattling together. Towards the end, everybody assembled is expected to clap hands, till, just as the dance terminates, the old dog awakes from a trance of terror, and joins his wail to the equally discordant voice of the musician.

So the evening passes. Now a dance, now a song, very often amateur; then some wretched lunatic of a foreigner comes out of a corner with a fiddle, and scrapes out some national anthem or ditty. Sometimes a profusely moustached professor of the guitar gives an extract from some favorite opera, accompanying the music with a low bass growl, his voice reminding one of some fierce animal trying to make its way through a thicket. So passes the evening till nigh upon midnight, when lanterns are relit and cloaks resumed, the ladies enveloping themselves in white sheets up to the very eyes, and sailing out into the dark night like so many ghosts issuing forth from a vault. A glass of something hot before leaving, and a freshly-lighted cigar, and we follow in the wake of the departed, waking the still night into countless echoes with snatches of songs sung in far distant lands, and which are pleasanter to us as souvenirs than a thousand soirées at Aleppo, diverting, entertaining, and profitable though these better undoubtedly are.

LINES.

BY LEMUEL H. WILSON.

Gently close the heavy lid,
For the brightness all has fled
From the violet eyes;
Part the tresses from her brow,
It is pale and icy now;
Press thy lips to lips of clay,
For the soul is far away,
Wandering in the skies.

Fold anew those taper hands,
Clasped by tender, flowery bands
All unconsciously;
Deck with flowers the radiant hair,
She is wondrously fair;
Is it *death*, or is it sleep?
Press again your quivering lip
To those lips of clay.

Strong heart, where is now thy pride?
She has fallen by thy side—
Here thy joys end;
Ah, the world is dark! but where
Wilt thou hide thy deep despair?
For the sods are pressing now
Damp and heavy on her brow,
Where the willows bend.

Wander there at twilight hours,
Beautify the tomb with flowers
Watered oft with tears;
Feeble heart, thy boasted strength
Bows in agony at length,
For her smile you are denied,
And the world is dark and wide,
Shadowed deep with fears.

Heard ye not the cadence sweet
Of her voice, with song replete,
In the heavenly choir?
Saw ye not the violet eyes
Beaming with a glad surprise?
But the vision passed away,
Leaving on my path a ray,
Quickening desire.
Toil thou on with patience; "hope
Bears the fainting spirit up."
Thou shalt meet again
In a fairer world than ours—
Land where never-fading flowers
Grace the heavenly plain.

How to Reach the Heart.—We have found throughout a not very long career, but very extended experience, that kindness is the surest way to reach the human heart, and that harshness is a northern, frost-laden blast, hardening a current that should flow as merrily as a brook in spring. Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes; it finds its way into the hidden treasures of the heart, and brings forth treasures of gold. Harshness, on the contrary, seals them forever. What does kindness do at home? It makes the mother's lullaby sweeter than the song of the lark, the care-laden brows of the father and the man of business less severe in their expression, and the children joyous without being riotous. Abroad, it assists the fallen, encourages the virtuous, and looks with true charity on the extremely unfortunate—those in the broad way who perhaps have never been taught that the narrow path was the best, or had turned from it at the solicitation of temptation. Kindness is the real law of life, the link that connects earth with heaven, the true philosopher's stone, for all it touches it turns to virgin gold—the true gold, wherewith we purchase contentment, peace, and love.

We should forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

In order to deserve a true friend you must first learn to be one.

It is often better to have a great deal of harm happen to one; a great deal may arouse you to remove what a little will only accustom you to endure.

THE DUET.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

(*See Plate.*)

"THERE is a family moving into the big house on the hill." Willie Holmes fully appreciated the importance of his announcement, and expected the flood of questions which followed it. A family moving into the big house on the hill! Why, the big house had been empty ever since Willie was a wee, toddling baby, and he was now fourteen years old. He, in company with the other village boys, had spent hours of unmitigated enjoyment playing tag in the large deserted garden, or, creeping in through the long closed windows, roaming at will in the wide halls and empty rooms. It was *the* house, *par excellence*, of Linwood, towering in its lofty position over the little clusters of cottages in the vale formed by the hill's rising, and occupying, with its wide sweep of garden, orchard, and fancy ground, almost the whole eminence. There were men in the village who had seriously thought of taking possession of the pretentious brick mansion; but from year to year it had been postponed, the builder and proprietor having left it with an agent, who did not urge its claims.

"Who are they, Willie?" The question was put by his elder sister Nettie, who opened her large blue eyes with great interest at his announcement.

The Holmes family were at tea when Master Will came in with the latest news, and he dashed off to make himself presentable before he gave Nettie an answer. They were Robert Holmes' only children, yet beside Nettie sat one evidently much at home in the family. A tall, well-knit figure, curling brown hair, large hazel eyes, and handsome features made Wilson Rivers no unsightly addition to the farmer's well-spread board, and Nettie had evidently found this out. She was a simple, modest country girl, this heroine of mine, and when the young doctor came with his introductory letters to ask board at the farmer's, Nettie's voice was one to urge his claims.

He was a man of sparkling intellect (yet not frothy, for his brilliants were pure, dug from the mines of knowledge) and courteous, winning manners. Soon popular in his profession, he had learned early in his stay at Linwood to find the home parlor the most attractive of them all. To Nettie his presence was a source of never-ending delight. Stories of travel, incidents gleaned from the ever-varying scenes of an active life, bright scraps of book knowledge, criticisms that related the novel or recited the poem, these were the interests that made Nettie's eyes glow, her cheeks flush, and hastened the day's toil that the evening might be all free for listening. She was so pretty, so intelligent in spite of her modest estimate of herself, so eager to listen, yet so winningly shy, that Wilson was only too ready to join her when she stole softly into the parlor after tea. He was not her lover by protestation, yet in these long winter evenings, the summer rambles, drives, or rides, two hearts were fast knitting together in this pleasant cottage of Linwood. Two years had Dr. Rivers lived with Farmer Holmes at the time my story commences, and Nettie had grown from a shy, blushing school-girl into a beautiful maiden, modest yet, but self-possessed, and in the social gatherings of the village a belle amongst her companions. No party was complete without Nettie Holmes, and of course the Doctor was her escort to all. Many sly, laughing speeches were made about Nettie's beau, but she heeded none of them. No words of love-making had ever passed between herself and Wilson Rivers, yet she felt confident in the certainty of his love, sure that at some good time he would tell her of it. It was part of her very being, this love and trust, and so, happy and constant, she waited for him to confirm his actions by speech. He was her constant companion, her teacher, her protector, her escort, and in her pure little heart she firmly believed her lover.

And after this long preamble, during which Willie has washed his hands and taken his place at the tea-table, we come back to the eventful fact—the big house on the hill was taken.

"Such furniture!" said Willie, with much energy. "Such chairs and tables! All the way from New York they came! The folks are New Yorkers, too. They 've got a big box that is a piano, somebody says."

"Oh," said Nettie, with wide opened eyes, "I do so long to hear a piano! Who are they, Willie?"

"Why, there 's a lady and three daughters. One of them is married, and has two more little girls; then there 's a grown up son. The married one is named Sawyer; her husband is in the navy, and he 's away. The mother is a widow; her name is Loftus."

"A widow!" cried Wilson.

Nettie looked at him in utter amazement. His face was white as death, his bloodless lips parted, his eyes fixed on Willie with a strange stare. Seeing that he had attracted the attention of all the family, he gave a nervous little laugh, and abruptly left the table.

Nettie's interest in the big house and its inmates was lost in her wonderment about Wilson. He was always so self-possessed and quiet that this sudden agitation was as new as it was alarming. It was quite late in the evening before he joined them in the parlor, but when he came he was self-possessed and quiet as if no word had ever stirred the depths of his heart to such marked manifestation. His manner to Nettie, always affectionate, had a new tenderness, his voice a new tone that thrilled her with happiness; yet there was a sadness lurking in the depths of his dark eyes, a shadow on his brow that had never been so deep. He was never gay, but his usual manner was cheerful; now it was quiet and sad, as if a new, strange grief had befallen him.

It was not long before the new-comers were the queens of the village. With wealth and style, the young ladies were gracious in manner, courteous to callers, and prompt to make friends. Walter, the son, was handsome enough to win his way easily in the hearts of the villagers, and the big house was one of the most popular in Linwood. They had been in their new home but a short time when Nettie called with her mother to welcome them and extend the hospitality of the farm to the new-comers. The little village beauty returned delighted with her visit; Mrs. Loftus and Mrs. Sawyer were so kind, the girls, Winnie and Emily, so handsome, and the son so courteous. Nettie could talk of nothing else, and the Doctor listened eagerly. He asked a thousand questions, calling the girls by their Christian names, and flushing out of his customary dignity to pour forth his eager interrogations.

"You will go with us on Thursday evening, will you not?" said Nettie. "We are invited to tea, and the invitation includes you. There will be no company, but Emily has promised that I shall hear the piano."

"I go! No—I—well, yes, I will go," said the Doctor, and again his pale face made Nettie wonder.

Thursday evening, the eventful evening, came, and at what would be deemed in cities an unfashionably early hour the guests arrived at the big house. Mrs. Holmes, Nettie, and Willie came first; the others were to join them after tea. The afternoon passed pleasantly, though Nettie, in her constant little heart, wished Walter would not be quite so attentive, and was glad that Wilson was not there to see. It was early still when Farmer Holmes and the Doctor arrived. Mrs. Holmes and Mrs. Loftus were in the nursery, deep in the mysteries of a new apron pattern, and upon Nettie fell the task of introducing the Doctor and her father. The latter was cordial and pleasant in his greeting, but the Doctor's face was pallid, and the hand that held Nettie's cold as death. He made a stiff bow, and stood leaning against the mantlepiece, evidently ill at ease. Nettie, accustomed to see him the life of society, courteous and popular, puzzled her brain in vain to account for this strange manner. It threw a chill over them all. At last, to break the spell, the sisters threw open the grand piano, and began to play, first Emily, then Winnie, and finally both sat down for a duet.

Where was the pleasure Nettie expected to derive from hearing that wonderful instrument? Gone! lost in her strange bewilderment over Wilson's conduct. From the moment when the piano was opened his face had changed from its cold reserve to a look of the most eager interest. He had come nearer and nearer to the piano, till, leaning forward, his whole soul was in the eager eyes watching the players.

Walter Loftus had drawn Nettie down to a seat, and was leaning over near her, talking with lovelike earnestness, and his mother, gliding softly in, took the seat to her right; yet, while her answers were polite to the host, her ear could catch Wilson's quick breathing, and if she turned her head, it was to see his eyes fastened upon the players. At last the long duet was over, and the groups round the piano moved their position. Nettie stood up, Walter still beside her.

Her heart was sick with a new sensation. Never in his warmest moods had Wilson's eyes rested upon her as they now rested upon Emily Loftus, and when Mrs. Sawyer took her turn at the piano, Nettie saw Wilson bend over the young lady with an earnest face and tender manner that cut her heart like a knife. All the evening he was beside her, and the walk home was taken in silence. This was but the

beginning of her sorrow. Day after day, Wilson Rivers was the guest of the big house, and while Nettie, keeping her heart still for him, spite of its pain, was cold and distant to Walter, his attentions to the fair Emily redoubled. They walked together, and rode. The long evenings, before spent in the farmhouse so pleasantly, were now lonely and sad for Nettie, while Wilson was away at the big house.

Poor little Nettie! Her sweet face grew pale over her sick, sad heart; and if for an hour Wilson's still gentle attentions called back the smile to her lip, it faded when he left her. What were her modest charms to this dashing, accomplished city girl's? Nothing! Though he broke her heart, she found excuses for him in the beauty of her rival.

It was late in the fall, and the Loftus family had been some two months in Linwood, when one evening Nettie passed through the grounds on her way from the village home. Farmer Holmes lived, as did many others, on the south side of the hill, while the shops of the village were principally on the north side. The path through the garden of the big house was a thoroughfare for those passing over the hill, and Nettie took it. She did not raise her eyes, from a long fit of musing, till she stood in front of the house; then the light from the parlor windows, striking across her path, made her look up. One look, and she stood as if nailed to the spot.

It was a cruel scene for her loving heart that was passing in that gayly furnished parlor. Wilson was standing by the fireplace, and Emily Loftus was before him. Some tale of interest his eager lips were telling, for she listened with flushed cheeks and quivering lip, till he opened his arms to fold her in a long, close embrace. Then the door opened, and the rest came in. Emily sprang to her mother's side, telling some new found happiness, and then as the group closed round Wilson, Nettie, with a cry of pain, ran forward with a fearful speed homeward. Home! home to shut herself close in her little room, and pour forth her bitter woe in choking sobs. She had so loved, so trusted him, that it seemed as if she could not bear this proof of faithlessness and live. The long night passed without one hour of sleep.

How wildly and blindly she had loved him! Many nights before she had lain awake to think of him; but then it was to recall his soft, sweet voice, as it murmured low cadences of poetry, or in clear clarion tones taught her to sing some favorite ballad, praising her clear bird-like voice. It was to think of his goodness, his kind care in his profession, and humbly to wonder how he could love so ignorant and simple a country girl as herself.

Now, now, she felt bitterly that, while she had been loving with all the fervor of her warm impulsive heart, he had been trifling, testing, perhaps, his powers of pleasing. The morning found her pale and weary, but with the innate pride of womanhood she rose, resolved that he should not triumph over her whom he had slighted and injured.

She was in the dining-room when he entered, and she fairly started when she saw his face. All the gravity, the half sadness which had always marked it, was gone, and in its place shone a joy that was radiant. Never had his face lighted with such a smile as he gave her then, crossing the room to take her hand in a warm cordial pressure.

"Can you give me an hour after breakfast?" he asked; "I have something to tell you, Nettie."

Never had his voice dwelt with such lingering fondness upon her name. Was he about to make her the confidante of his love? She believed this; yet she could smile and say,

"Certainly!"

His impatience to tell was as great as was her dread of listening; for he hurried through the meal, and then, not speaking of her untouched cup and plate, he took her little cold hand and led her into the parlor.

"Nettie," he said, as soon as he had seated himself beside her, "I am going to tell you who I am!"

Nettie opened her big blue eyes.

"Yes," he said, laughing, "I know! I am Dr. Wilson Rivers, medical practitioner of this lovely village of Linwood; but that is not all. My father died when I was but ten years old, leaving my mother a widow with five children —two sisters older than myself, one sister and brother younger. Between this young sister and myself there was the strongest tie of love, and we were from babyhood almost inseparable. When my own father had been some two years dead, my mother married again, and then my misery commenced. I cannot tell you all the persecutions my stepfather lavished upon me, simply because I of all was the only one who opposed my mother's marriage. To her he was a kind husband, he was proud of my beautiful sisters, and my brother was too young to cross him; but his hatred for myself was one of the ruling passions of his life. I was a high-spirited, passionate boy, and my patience was soon exhausted. Daily my father's anger was

visited upon me for some petty fault, till, driven desperate by persecution, I ran away from home.

"For two years my life was passed working hard for my bread as a newsboy in Philadelphia. I had, fortunately, money enough for my passage from New York, and something to purchase my first bundle of papers. Then, under the exposure, fatigue, and lonely homesickness, my health gave way. I was very ill, but from that illness dates the change in my life. The landlady of the house where I boarded, a kind-hearted woman, sent for Dr. Rivers, one of the warmest hearted, most eccentric old bachelors that ever lived. Something in his forlorn little patient interested him, and he soon won my confidence. I will not weary you with the history of our friendship. Suffice it to say, that I rose from that sick bed to become the adopted son of my physician. He was wealthy, and had me educated in his own profession. Before he took me home, he exacted from me a promise that I would never return to my stepfather, and I willingly gave it. Upon his death, I became, by his will, heir to his property, and, having a strong love for my profession, sought out a quiet home where I could at once enjoy my practice, and the delights of country life.

"And now, Nettie, comes the happy part of my story. I have found my mother, sisters, and brother free from the tyrant who made my boyhood so wretched. I was afraid they would never forgive the prodigal who so suddenly and selfishly left them, and for weeks I dared not speak. Last night my sister spoke so tenderly, so regretfully of the brother whom she had lost that I could keep silence no longer. I shall never take the name they have all adopted, but my mother is Mrs. Loftus, and my sisters are your friends."

Happy little Nettie! Spite of herself, the joy she felt would spring up to her expressive face, the dimpling smile to her lip, the color to her cheek. And when, in a more tender, earnest tone, Wilson preferred a suit near to his heart, there did not live in Linwood a prouder, happier little maiden than Nettie. With the frank simplicity of a child, she told him all her doubts and misery of the past few weeks, receiving reiterated assurances of his faithful love.

It was a happy evening—the one that followed this confidence. In the parlor of the big house, the newly-found brother brought the blushing little Nettie to his mother, sisters, and brother, as a claimant for love, and most cordially was she welcomed.

They were all standing round the piano, when Emily struck the first chords of a duet from Martha.

"Ah, Em!" said Wilson, "can you ever guess how, when you played that once before, I was longing to rush at you like a maniac and clasp you in my arms?"

"You showed it in your eyes," said Nettie, in a low tone that reached his ear only; "from that duet dated all my dream of misery."

"And my hope of happiness," he said, softly, "dates from those strong chords."

THE CASKET OF THE YEAR.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Pearl the Second.—February.

By Numa named, to Neptune dedicate,
And patroned by St. Valentine the Good—
I at Time's portals with thy welcome wait
As a true lover of the seasons should.

Thy span, by two suns briefer than the rest,
Hath little that is genial to bestow!
The stream still hides within the Ice King's breast,
And Winter sits upon his throne of snow.

The wind still whistles through the leafless trees,
And Nature, in her desolate array,
Waits—like a devotee upon her knees—
The veil that falls; the clouds that rolls away—

Waits, in the patience of a perfect hope,
The coming of a better, brighter day;
When roses shall their blushing bosoms ope,
And yield the far-famed odors of Cathay.

Within thy circle fireside pleasures yet
Have power to charm; the song and tale go round
The hearth where all the loving ones have met
When Night has round each home her mantle bound.

Within thy circle lies the natal hour
Of good Saint Valentine, the lover's friend;
Youths and fair maidens own his magic power,
And all their wishes to his welcome tend.

And thou canst also claim HIS natal day,
Who was our country's Founder, Father, Friend!
Whose hallowed precepts we would still obey!
Whose gift of Freedom we would still defend.

For these we welcome thee! for these we twine
The fragrant flower of Memory for thee!
Amid the odors floating round thy shrine
We yield thee tribute on our bended knee.

A PHILOSOPHER being asked what was the first thing necessary towards winning the love of a woman, answered, "An opportunity."

OUT of good men choose acquaintances; of acquaintances, friends.

HEALTH constitutes the happiness of the body—virtue that of the mind.

"HUSKS."

"And he would fain have filled himself with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him."

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Continued from page 39.)

CHAPTER III.

Summer had come to the country with its bloom and its beauty, its harvests and its holidays. In town its fever heat drew noisome smells from overcharged sewers, and the black, oily paste to which the shower that should have been refreshing had changed the dust of crowded thoroughfares. Cleaner pavements, in the higher portions of the city, burned through shoe-soles; glass radiated heat to polished stone, and stone radiated, in its turn, to brick, that waited until the evening to throw off its surplus caloric in hot, suffocating waves that made yet more oppressive the close nights. The gay procession of fashionable hummingbirds had commenced their migrations, steamboats and excursion-craft multiplied at the wharves, and the iron steed put forth all his tremendous might to bear onward the long train of self-exiled travellers.

The Hunts, too, must leave town; Lucy must, at all events, have a full season, and a brilliant one, if possible, for it was her second summer, and much might depend upon it. Her mother would accompany her, of course; and equally of course her father could not; that is, he must return after escorting them to Saratoga, and spend the remainder of the warm months at home. His business would not allow him to take an extended vacation. The boys were easily disposed of, being boarded every summer at the farmhouse of an early friend of Mr. Hunt's, where they were acceptable inmates, their clothes as well cared for as they were at home, and their morals more diligently cultivated. The younger girls caused that excellent manager, their mother, more perplexity. This was not the first time she had repented her indiscretion in allowing Sarah to "come out" before her elder sister had "gone off." But "Sarah was so tall and so womanly in her appearance that it looked queer, and would set people to talking if I kept her back," she was accustomed to excuse her impolitic move to her friends. This summer she realized, as she had not done before, the inconvenience of having two full-fledged young ladies upon the carpet at once. Lucy's elegant and varied wardrobe, and the certain expenses in prospect for her and her chaperon at Spa, seaside, and *en route*, left a balance in hand of the sum allotted for the season's expenditure that was startling in its meagreness. Mrs. Hunt was a capital financier, a peerless economist, but the exigency taxed her resources to the utmost.

One morning she arose with a lightened heart and a smoother brow. "I 've settled it!" she exclaimed to her husband, shaking him from his matutinal doze.

The "Eureka!" of the Syracusan mathematician was not more lofty in its exultation. Forthwith she unfolded to him her scheme. She was a native of New Jersey, "the Jarseys" she had heard it called in her father's house—had probably thus denominated the gallant little State herself in her girlhood. In and around the pretty, quiet village of Shrewsbury there were still resident scores of her relatives whose very names she had sedulously forgotten. One alone she could not, in conscience or in nature, dismiss to such oblivion. This was her elder and only sister, long married to a respectable and worthy farmer, and living within a mile of the "old place," where both sisters had drawn the first breath of life. Twice since Mrs. Hunt had lived in the city had this kind friend been summoned on account of the dangerous illness of the former, and her presence and nursing had restored peace, order, and health to the household. The earlier of these occasions was that of the second child's birth, and in the softened mood of her convalescence Mrs. Hunt had bestowed upon the babe her sister's name—Sarah Benson—a homely appellative she had ofttimes regretted since. At distant and irregular intervals, one, two, three years, Mr. or Mrs. Benson visited their connections in "York;" but the intercourse grew more difficult and broken as time rolled on and the distance widened between the plain country folk and their rising relations. Then, again, death had been busy in the farmhouse; coffin after coffin, of varying lengths,

but all short, was lifted over the threshold and laid away in the village graveyard, until but one was left to the parents of the seven little ones that had been given to them, and to that one nature had denied the gifts of speech and hearing. Grief and the infirmities of approaching old age disinclined the worthy pair to stir from home, and their ambitious sister was too busy in building up a "set" of her own, and paving the way for her daughters' distinction, to hide her light for ever so short a period in so obscure a corner as her former home.

Aunt Sarah, however, could not forget her nursling. Every few months there arrived some simple token of affectionate remembrance to "the child" she had not seen since she wore short frocks and pinafores. The reception of a basket of fruit, thus dispatched, was the suggestive power to Mrs. Hunt's present plan. She had made up her mind, so she informed her husband straightway, to write that very day—yes! that very forenoon, to "Sister Benson," and inquire whether she would board Sarah and Jeannie for a couple of months.

"I don't s'pose she will let me pay board for them, but she will be pleased to have 'em as long as they like to stay. It 's never been exactly convenient for me to let any of the children go there for so many years, and it 's so fur off. But dear me! sometimes I feel real bad about seeing so little of my only sister!"—a heavy sigh. "And there 'll be the expenses of two saved, out and out, for they won't need a great variety of clothes in that out-of-the-way place."

"But how will the girls, Sarah and Jeannie, fancy being sent off so?" inquired Mr. Hunt.

"Oh, as to that, it is late in the day for *my* children to dispute what *I* say shall be done; and Sarah 's jest that odd that she 'll like this notion twenty times better than going to Newport or Saratoga. I know her! As to Jeannie, she is satisfied to be with her sister anywhere. She is getting thin, too; she looks real peaked, and there 's nothing in creation so good for ailing children as the salt-water bath. They have first-rate still-water bathing not a quarter of a mile from sister's. It 's jest the thing, I tell you! The wonder is it never came into my head before."

Mr. Hunt had his sigh now. "Somehow or other he was always down in the mouth when the family broke up for the summer," his wife frequently complained, and his lack of sympathy now excited her just ire.

"Upon my word, Mr. H.! anybody would think that I was the poorest wife in the world to you to see and hear you whenever I talk to you of my plans and household affairs. You look as if you was about to be hanged, instead of feeling obliged to me for turning, and twisting, and contriving, and studying, day and night, how to save your money, and spend what we must lay out to the best advantage. I can tell you what—there 's few women would make your income go as far as I do."

"I know that, my dear. The question is"—Mr. Hunt paused, cleared his throat, and strained his nerves for a mighty effort, an unprecedented exercise of moral courage—"the question is, Betsy, whether our income is stretched in the right direction!" Mistaking the stare of petrified incredulity he received for fixed attention, the infatuated man went on: "This doubt is always forced upon me when we separate in July, some to go to one place, some to another, a broken, wandering family for months together. I am growing old, and I love to have my children about me; I begin to feel the want of a home. There is Johnson, in the ——— Bank, gets five hundred less per annum than I do; yet, after living quietly here a few years, he bought himself a snug cottage up the river, and has his family there in their own house, everything handsome and comfortable about them. I have been in the harness for a long while; I expect to die in it. I don't mind work—hard work! but it seems to me sometimes that we would all be better satisfied if we had more to show, or rather to hold, for our money; if there were less of this straining after appearances, this constant study to make both ends meet."

"And it has come to this!"—Mrs. Hunt sank into a chair, and began to cry. "This is my thanks for slaving and toiling for better than twenty years to get you and your children a stand in the world! It isn't for myself that I care. I can work my fingers to the bone, and live upon a crust! I can scrape and save five dollars or so a month! I can bury myself in the country! But your children! those dear, sweet girls that have had the best education money can buy, and that to-day visit such people as the Murrays, and Sandersons, and Hoopers, and Baylors, and meet the Castors and Crinnalls at parties—millionaires, all of 'em, the cream of the upper crust! I don't deny that I *have* been ambitious for them, and I did hope that you had something of the same spirit; and now to think of your complaining, and moping, and groaning over the money you say I 've been and wasted! Oh! oh! oh!"

"You misunderstood me, my dear; I merely

questioned whether we were acting wisely in making so much display upon so little substance. *We* are not millionaires, whatever may be said of the girls' visiting acquaintances, and I tremble sometimes to think how all this false show may end."

Mr. Hunt's borrowed courage had not evaporated entirely.

"That's distrusting Providence, Mr. H.! It's downright sinful, and what I shouldn't have looked for from you. I can tell you how it will end. If both of us live ten years longer, you will see your daughters riding in their own carriages, and leaders of the *tong*, and your sons among the first gentlemen of the city. If this does not turn out true, you needn't ever trust my word again. I've set my head upon getting Lucy off my hands this summer, and well off; and, mark my words, Mr. H., it *shall be done!*"

One part of her mother's prophecy was fulfilled in Sarah's manner of receiving the proposition so nearly affecting her comfort during the summer. Lucy wondered at the cheerful alacrity with which she consented to be "hidden away in that horrid bore of a farmhouse," and Jeannie cried as her elder sister "supposed that they would eat in Aunt Sarah's kitchen, along with the servant-men."

"Lucy, be quiet!" interposed her mother. "Your aunt is not a common poor person. Mr. Benson is a man of independent means, quite rich for the country. They live very nicely, and I have no doubt but that your sisters will be happy there."

Sarah had drawn Jeannie to her, and was telling her of the rides and walks they would take together, the ducks and chickens they would feed, and the merry plunges in the salt water that were to be daily luxuries. Ere the recital was concluded, the child was impatient for the hour of departure, and indignant when she heard that Aunt Sarah must be heard from before they could venture to present themselves, bag and baggage, at her door. There was nothing feigned in Sarah's satisfaction; her preparations were made with far more pleasure than if she were to accompany Lucy. The seclusion that would have been slow death to the latter was full of charms for the book-loving sister. Aunt Sarah would be kind; the novel phases of human nature she would meet would amuse and interest her; and, besides these, there was Jeannie to love and pet, and river, field, and grove for studies and society. She panted for the country and liberty from the tyrannous shackles of city customs.

Aunt Sarah wrote promptly and cordially, rejecting the offered compensation, and begging for her nieces' company as long as they could content themselves in so retired a place. Simple-minded as she was, she knew enough to be sure that the belles and beaux of the neighborhood would be very unsuitable mates for her expected visitors. If her own girls had lived, she would have asked nothing higher for them in this world than to have them grow up respected, beloved, and happy, among the acquaintances and friends of their parents; but "Sister Betsy's children had been raised so differently!" she said to her husband. "I don't know what we will do to amuse them."

"They will find amusement—never fear," was the farmer's response. "Let city folks alone for seeing wonders where those that have lived among them all their lives never found anything uncommon. They are welcome to the pony whenever they've a mind to ride, and Jim or I will find time to drive them around a'most every day; and what with riding, and boating, and bathing, I guess they can get rid of the time."

Before the day set for the coming of the guests there appeared upon the stage an unexpected and welcome ally to Aunt Sarah's benevolent designs of making her nieces' sojourn agreeable. This personage we will let the good woman herself describe.

"You needn't trouble yourself to fix up for tea, dear," she said to Sarah, the afternoon of her arrival, as she prepared to remove her travelling-dress. "There's nobody here besides husband, and me, and Charley, except husband's nephew, Philip Benson, from the South. He comes North 'most every summer, and never goes back without paying us a visit. He's been here three days now. But he is just as easy as an old shoe, and sociable as can be, so you won't mind him."

"Uncle Benson has relatives at the South, then?" said Sarah, seeing herself called upon to say something.

"One brother—James. He went to Georgy when he wasn't more than sixteen years old, and has lived there ever since. He married a rich wife, I believe"—sinking her voice—"and has made money fast, I've heard. Philip never says a word about their wealth, but his father owns a great plantation, for husband asked him how many acres they worked. Then the children—there are four of them—have had fine educations, and always spend money freely. Philip is not the sort to boast of anything that belongs to him or his. He is a good-hearted

boy. He was here the August my last daughter—my Betsy—died, and I shall never forget how kind and tender he was then. I can't look at him without thinking how my Alick would have been just his age if he had lived. One was born on the fourth and the other the fifth of the same April."

Keeping up a decent show of interest in these family details, Sarah divested Jeannie of her sacque and dress, and substituted a cool blue gingham and a muslin apron. Then, as the child was wild to run out of doors, she suffered her to go, charging her not to pass the boundary of the yard fence. Aunt Sarah was dressed in a second mourning de laine, with a very plain cap, and while the heat obliged Sarah to lay aside the thick and dusty garment she had worn all day, she had too much tact to offer a strong contrast in her own attire to her unpretending surroundings. A neat sprigged lawn, modest and inexpensive, was not out of place among the old-fashioned furniture of her chamber, nor in the "best room," to which they presently descended.

Aunt Sarah ushered her into the apartment with some stiffness of ceremony. In truth, she was not herself there often, or long enough to feel quite at ease, her property though it was. Alleging the necessity of "seeing to the tea," she bade her niece "make herself at home," threw open a blind that she "might see the river," and left her.

First, Sarah looked around the room. It was large and square, and had four windows, two in front and two in the rear. The floor was covered by a well-saved carpet, of a pattern so antique that it was in itself a curiosity; heavy tables of a mahogany dark with age; upright chairs, with slippery leathern seats; a ponderous sofa, covered with haircloth; small mirrors, with twisted frames, between the windows; two black profiles, of life-size, over the mantel, and in the fireplace a jar of asparagus boughs, were appointments that might have repelled the looker-on, but for the scrupulous, shining cleanliness of every article. It was a scene so strange to Sarah that she could not but smile as she withdrew her eyes and turned to the landscape commanded by her window.

The sight changed the gleam of good-humored amusement to one of more heartfelt pleasure. Beyond the grassy walks and flower-borders of the garden behind the house lay green meadows, sloping down to the river, broad and smooth at this point, so placid now that it mirrored every rope and seam of the sails resting quietly upon its surface, and the white cottages along the banks, while the banks themselves, with their tufts and crowns of foliage, drooping willows and lofty elms, found a faithful yet a beautified counterpart in the stream. The reflected blush of the crimson west upon its bosom was shot with flickers of golden light, and faded in the distance into the blue-gray twilight. The air seemed to grow more deliciously cool as the gazer thought of the hot, pent-up city, and beds of thyme and lavender added their evening incense.

The hum of cheerful voices joined pleasantly with the soothing influences of the hour, and, changing her position slightly, Sarah beheld the speakers. Upon a turfy mound, at the foot of an apple-tree, sat Jeannie beside a gentleman, whose hands she watched with pleased interest, as did also a boy of fifteen or thereabouts, who knelt on the grass before them. Sarah divined at once that this was her aunt's deaf and dumb son. The gentleman was apparently interpreting to Jeannie all that passed between himself and the lad, and her gleeful laugh showed it to be a lively dialogue. Could this be Mr. Benson's nephew, the beardless youth Sarah had pictured him to herself from Aunt Sarah's description? He could not have been less than six-and-twenty, had dark hair and a close, curling beard, an intelligent, handsome face, and notwithstanding his loose summer sack and lounging attitude, one discerned plainly traces of uncommon grace and strength in his form.

"What is he, I wonder? A gallant professional beau, who will entangle me in my speech, and be an inevitable appendage in the excursions? I flattered myself I would be safe from all such drawbacks," thought Sarah, in genuine vexation, as she obeyed her aunt's summons to tea.

Perhaps Mr. Benson read as much in her countenance, for, beyond a few polite, very unremarkable observations, addressed to her when his hosts made it a necessity for him to do so, he paid her no visible attention during the whole evening. The next day he set off, the minute breakfast was over, with his gun and game-bag, and was gone until sunset.

Sarah sat at her chamber window as he came up to the back door; and, screened by the vine trained over the sash, she watched him as he tossed his game-bag to Charley and shook hands with Jeannie, who ran up to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"What luck?" questioned his uncle.

"Nothing to boast of, sir; yet enough to

repay me for my tramp. I have been down to the shore."

"Philip Benson! Well, you beat everything! I suppose you have walked as much as ten miles in all!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah, with a sort of reproachful admiration.

"I dare say, madam, and am none the worse for it to-night. I am getting used to your sand, uncle; it used to tire me, I confess."

He disappeared into the kitchen, probably to perform the ablutions needful after his day's walk and work, for it was several minutes before he returned. Charley had carried the game-bag to the mound under the tree, and was exhibiting its contents—mostly snipe and red-winged blackbirds—to his little cousin.

"It is refreshing to see something in the shape of man that is neither an effeminate dandy nor a business machine," soliloquized Sarah. "Ten miles on foot! How I would like to set that task for certain of our Broadway exquisites!"

"She isn't a bit like a city girl!" Aunt Sarah was saying, as she followed Philip into the outer air.

"I am glad to hear that she is likely to be a nice companion for you, madam. I thought, from her appearance, that you would suit each other," was the reply, certainly respectful enough, but whose lurking accent of dry indifference sent the blood to Sarah's face.

Hastily withdrawing from the open window, and beyond the reach of the voices that discussed her merits, she waited to recover equanimity before going down stairs. In vain she chided herself for her sudden heat. Mortified she was, and even more ashamed of herself than angry with the cool young man who had pronounced her to be a fitting associate for her excellent but unpolished aunt. While his every look and intonation bespoke the educated gentleman, a being as different in mental as in physical muscle from the fops who formed her sister's train, had he weighed her against the refined women of his own class and clime, and adjudged her this place? At heart she felt the injustice, and, stimulated by the sting, arose the resolve that he should learn and confess his error. Not tamely or willingly would she accept an ignoble station at the hands of one whom she inwardly recognized as capable of a true valuation of what she esteemed worthy.

She looked haughty, not humbled, when she took her seat opposite her critic at the tea-table. "A nice companion," she was saying over to herself. The very phrase, borrowed, as it was, from Aunt Sarah's vocabulary, seemed to her seasoned with contempt. She kept down fire and scorn, however, when Mr. Benson accosted her with the tritest of remarks upon the probable heat of the day in town as contrasted with the invigorating breeze, with its faint, delicious sea flavor, that rustled the grapevines and fluttered the white curtains at the dining-room door and windows. Her answer was not exactly gracious, but it advanced the one tempting step beyond a mere reply.

Thus was the ice broken, and for the rest of the meal, Aunt Sarah and "Uncle Nathan"—as he requested his nieces to style him—had respite from the duty of active entertainment, so far as conversation went. To Sarah's surprise, Mr. Benson talked to her almost as he would have done to another man. He spoke of notable persons, places, and books—things of which she had heard and read—without affectation of reserve or a shade of pretension; and to her rejoinders—brief and constrained for awhile—then, as she forgot herself in her subject, pertinent, earnest, salient, he gave more than courteous heed. It was the unaffected interest of an inquirer; the entire attention of one who felt that he received more than he gave.

They parted for the night with a bow and a smile that was with each a mute acknowledgment of pleasure derived from the companionship of the other; and if neither looked forward to the meeting of the morrow as a renewal of congenial intercourse, both carried to their rest the effects of an agreeable surprise in the events of the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEEK had passed since the arrival of the city nieces at the farmhouse. An early tea, one of Aunt Sarah's generous and appetizing repasts, was over; and through the garden, out at the gate that terminated the middle walk, and across the strip of meadow-land, danced Charley and Jeannie, followed at a more sedate pace by Philip Benson and Sarah. Seven days' rustication had wrought a marked change in the town-bred girl. There was a lighter bound in her step, and in her cheek a clear, pink glow, while her eyes looked softly, yet brightly, from out the shadow of her gypsy hat, a look of half surprise, half confidence in her companion's face.

"One week ago," he was saying, "how firmly I made up my mind that you and I could never be anything but strangers to each other!

How I disliked you for coming down here to interfere with my liberty and leisure!"

"But even then you thought that I would prove a 'nice companion,' for Aunt Sarah perceived my suitableness to her society," was the demure reply.

"Who told you that I said so?"

"Not Aunt Sarah herself, although she considered it honest praise. I overheard it accidentally from my window, and I can assure you properly appreciated the compliment, which, by the way, was more in the tone than the words."

"And you were thereby piqued to a different style of behavior. Bravo! did ever another seed so worthless bring forth so rich a harvest? I am glad I said it. Here is the boat."

It was a pretty little affair—Charley's property and care, and he was already in his seat at the bow, oar in hand. Philip helped Sarah in, placed Jeannie beside her, and stationing himself upon the middle bench took up a second pair of oars. A noiseless dip of the four, and the craft glided out into the stream, then up against the tide, the water rippling into a foamy wake on either side of the sharp bow. A row was now the regular sequel to the day's enjoyments, and to Jeannie, at least, the climax of its pleasures.

"Pull that way, please, Mr. Benson!" she cried. "There! right through that beautiful red water!"

A skilful sweep brought them to the spot designated, but the crimson deserted the wave as they neared it, and left dull gray in its stead.

"It is too bad!" complained the child, pointing back to the track of their boat, quivering amidst the fickle radiance she had thought to reach by this change of course. "It is behind us and before us—everywhere but where we are!"

"Is there a moral in that?" questioned Philip, smiling at Sarah.

"Perhaps so."

A fortnight before, how assured would have been her reply! How gloomy her recognition of the analogy! Changed as was her mood, a shade fell over her countenance. Was it of apprehension, and did Philip thus interpret it?

"I could not love Life and this fair world as I do, if I conceded this to be universally true," he said. "That there comes, sometimes, a glory to the present, beside which the hues of past and future fade and are forgotten, I must and will believe. Such, it seems to me, must be the rapture of reciprocal and acknowledged affection; the joy of reunion after long separation from the beloved one; the bliss of reconciliation after estrangement. Have you ever thought how much happier we would be if we were to live only in the Now we have, and never strain our eyes with searchings for the lights and shades of what may be before us, or with 'mournful looking' after what is gone?"

"Yet is this possible?" asked Sarah, earnestly. "Does not the very constitution of our natures forbid it? To me that would be a miserably tame, dead-level existence over which Hope sheds no enchanting illusions; like this river, as we saw it three days ago, cold and sombre as the rain-clouds that hung above it. O no! give me anything but the chill, neutral tint of such a life as thousands are content to lead—people who expect nothing, fear nothing—I had almost said, *feel* nothing!"

"That is because every principle of your being is at war with commonplaces. Tell me frankly, Miss Sarah, did you ever meet another woman who had as much character as yourself?"

"I do not know that I understand the full bearing of your question." She leaned on the side of the boat, her hand playing in the water, her lips working in an irresolute timidity that was oddly at variance with their habitual firmness.

"I am aware," she began, slowly and gravely, "that I express myself too strongly at times; that I am more abrupt in language and action than most other girls. I have always been told so; but it is natural to me. My character has many rough and sharp edges that need softening and rounding—"

"In order to render you one of the pretty automatons, the well-draped, thoroughly-oiled pieces of human clockwork that decorate men's *homes*—falsely so called—in these days of gloss and humbug!" interrupted Philip with energy. "I am sick to death of the dollish 'sweet creatures' every boarding-school turns out by the score. I understand all the wires that work the dear puppets—flatter myself that I can put them through their paces (excuse the slang!) in as short a time as any other man of my age in the country. The delightful divinities! A little music, and a little less French; a skimming of the arts and sciences; and it is a rare thing to meet one who can tell an art from a science ten days after she has graduated—a stock of pet phrases—all hyperbolical, consequently unmeaning—a glib utterance of the same; a steady devotion to balls, beau-catching, gossip, and fancy-work; *voilà* the modern

fine lady—the stuff we are expected to make wives of! Wives! save the mark! I never think of the possibility of being thus ensnared without an involuntary repetition of a portion of the Litany—'From all such, etc. etc. !' ''

He plied his oars with renewed activity for a moment, then suspended them to continue, in a softer tone: "And this is the representative woman of your Utopia, Miss Sarah?"

"Did I intimate, much less assert, such a heresy?" responded she, laughing. "But there is a golden mean somewhere—a union of gentleness and energy; of domestic and literary taste; of independence and submission. I have seen such in my day dreams. She is my Ideal."

"Which you will one day embody. No reproachful looks! This is the sincerity of a friend. I have promised never to flatter you again, and do not violate the pledge in speaking thus. From my boyhood, I have made human nature my study, and it would be hard to convince me that I err in this case."

"You do! indeed you do!" exclaimed Sarah, with a look of real pain. "I lack the first characteristic of the portrait I have drawn. I am not gentle! I never was. I fear that I never will be!"

"Let us hear a competent witness on that head. Jeannie!" to the child, who was busy spelling on her fingers to Charley; his nods and smiles to her, from the far end of the boat, being more intelligible to her than were her attempts to signal her meaning to him. "Jeannie!" repeated Philip, as he caught her eye. "Come, and whisper in my ear which of your sisters you love the best. Maybe I won't tell tales out of school to the one you care least for."

"I don't care who knows!" said the saucy, but affectionate child. "Sis' Lucy is the prettiest, and she never scolds me either; but she doesn't make my clothes, and tell me nice stories, and help me with my lessons, and all that, you know. She isn't my dear, *best* sister!" And, springing up suddenly, she threw her arms around Sarah's neck, with a kiss that answered the question with emphasis.

Sarah's lip trembled. The share of affection she had hitherto dared to claim as her own had barely sufficed to keep her heart from starving outright. She had often dreamed of fulness of love as a stay and comfort, as solace and nutriment in a world whose wrong side was ever turned to her. Now there dawned upon her the sweetness and beauty of a new revelation, the *bliss* of loving and being beloved. Over life floated a warm, purple tinge, like the sunset light upon the river. For the first time within the reach of her memory her heart *rested!*

In the smile whose overflowing gave a tender loveliness to her features, Philip saw the effect he had wished and anticipated, and, motioning to Charley to let the boat drift with the current, he picked up the guitar, that, by Sarah's request, was always taken along in these excursions.

"The dew is on the blossom,
And the young moon on the sea:
It is the twilight hour—
The hour for you and me;
The time when memory lingers
Across life's dreary track,
When the past floats up before us,
And the lost comes stealing back."

It was a love song, inimitable in its purity and tenderness, with just the touch of sadness that insured its passage to the heart. Sarah's smile was softer, but it was a smile still, as the melody arose on the quiet air. When the ballad was concluded, she only said: "Another, please!"

Philip sang more than well. Without extraordinary power, his voice had a rich and flexible quality of tone and a delicacy of expression that never failed to fascinate. To the rapt and listening girl it seemed as if time could bring no more delicious fate than thus to glide on ever upon this empurpled, enchanted stream, the summer heavens above her, and, thrilling ear and soul, the witching lullaby that rocked her spirit to dreams of the youth she had never had, the love for which she had longed with all the wild intensity, the fervent yearning, her deep heart could feel.

Still they floated on with the receding tide, its low washing against the sides of their boat filling up the pauses of the music. The burning red and gold of the sky cooled into the mellower tints of twilight, and the pale curve of the young moon shone with increasing lustre. Jeannie fell asleep, her head upon her sister's lap; the dumb boy sat motionless as stone, his dark eyes fixed on the moon; there seemed some spell upon the little party. Boat after boat passed them, almost noiselessly, for far into the clear evening went the tones of the singer's voice, and the dullest hearer could not withhold the tribute of admiring silence until beyond its reach.

And Sarah, happy in the strange, restful languor that locked her senses to all except the blessed present, dreamed on, the music but a part of her ideal world, this new and beautiful life. Into it stole presently a theme of sadness, a strain of grief, a heart-cry, that, ere she was

aware, wrung her own heart-strings with anguish.

"The long, long, weary day
Is passed in tears away,
And still at evening I am weeping.
When from my window's height
I look out on the night,
I still am weeping,
My lone watch keeping.

"When I, his truth to prove,
Would trifle with my love,
He 'd say, 'For me thou wilt be weeping,
When, at some future day,
I shall be far away;
Thou wilt be weeping,
Thy lone watch keeping.'

"Alas! if land or sea
Had parted him from me,
I would not these sad tears be weeping;
But hope he 'd come once more,
And love me as before;
And say, 'Cease weeping,
Thy lone watch keeping!'

"But he is dead and gone,
Whose heart was mine alone,
And now for him I 'm sadly weeping.
His face I ne'er shall see,
And naught is left to me
But bitter weeping,
My lone watch keeping."

If ever a pierced and utterly hopeless soul poured forth its plaint in musical measure, it was in the wondrously simple and unspeakably plaintive air to which these words are set. There breathes in it a spirit wail so mournfully sincere that one recognizes its sob in the very chords of the accompaniment. The mere murmur of the melody, were no words uttered, tells the story of grieving desolation.

Sarah did not move or speak, yet upon her enchanted ground a cloud had fallen. She saw the high casement and its tearful gazer into the night, a night not of music, and moonlight, and love, but chill, and wet, and dreary. Rain dripped from eaves and trees; stone steps and pavements caught a ghastly gleam from street-lamps; save that sorrowful watcher, there was no living creature abroad or awake. She grew cold and sick with looking into those despairing eyes; the gloom, the loneliness, the woe of that vigil became her own, and her heart sank swooning beneath the burden.

As he ceased the song, Philip looked up for some comment or request. To his surprise, she only clasped her hands in a gesture that might have been either relief from or abandonment to woe, and bowed her head upon them. Puzzled, yet flattered by her emotion, he refrained from interrupting her; and, resuming his oars, lent the impetus of their stroke to that of the tide. Nothing was said until the keel grated upon the shelly beach opposite the farmhouse. Then, as Philip stooped to lift the unconscious Jeannie, he imagined that he discerned the gleam of the sinking moon upon Sarah's dripping eyelashes.

The fancy pursued him after he had gone up to his room. Seated at his window, looking out upon the now starlit sky, he smoked more than one cigar before his musing fit was ended. It was not the love-reverie of a smitten boy. He believed that he had passed that stage of sentimentalism ten years before. That Southerner of the male gender who has not been consumed by the fires and arisen as good as new from the ashes of half a dozen never-dying passions before he is eighteen, who has not offered the heart and hand, which as often as otherwise constitute his chiefest earthly possessions, to some elect fair one by the time he is one-and-twenty, is voted "slow" or invulnerable. If these susceptible sons of a fervid clime did not take to love-making as naturally as does a duckling to the pond by the time the eggshell is fairly off of its head, they would certainly be initiated while in the callow state by the rules and customs of society. Courtship is at first a pastime, then an art, then, when the earnestness of a real attachment takes hold of their impassioned natures, it is the one all-absorbing, eager pursuit of existence, until rewarded by the acquisition of its object or thwarted by the decided refusal of the hard-hearted Dulcinea.

This state of things, this code of Cupid, every Southern girl understands, and shapes her conduct accordingly. Sportively, yet warily, she plays around the hook, and he is a very fortunate angler who does not in the moment of fancied success discover that she has carried off the bait as a trophy upon which to feed her vanity, and left him to be the laughing-stock of the curious spectators of this double game. She is imperturbable to meaning *équivoques*, receives pretty speeches and tender glances at their current value, and not until the suit becomes close and ardent, the attachment palpable to every one else, and is confessed in so many words, does she allow herself to be persuaded that her adorer is "in earnest," and really desires to awaken a sympathetic emotion in her bosom.

Philip Benson was no wanton trifler with woman's feelings. On the contrary, he had gained the reputation in his circle of an invincible, indifferent looker-on of the pseudo and real combats, in Love's name, that were con-

tinually transpiring around him. Chivalrous in tone, gallant in action, as he was, the girls feared while they liked and admired him. They called him critical, fastidious, cold; and mockingly wondered why he persisted in going into company that, judging the future by the past, was so unlikely to furnish him with the consort he must be seeking. In reality, he was what he had avowed himself to Sarah—a student of human nature; an amateur in this species of social research—than which no other so frequently results in the complete deception of the inquirer. Certainly no other is so apt to find its culmination of devotion in a cold-blooded dissection of motive, morals, and sentiment; an unprincipled, reckless application of trial and test to the hearts and lives of its victims and final infidelity in all human good, except what is concentrated in the inspector's individual, personal self. Grown dainty amid the abundant supply of ordinary material, he comes at length to disdain common "subjects." Still less would he touch one already loathsome in the popular estimation, through excess of known and actual crime. But a character fresh and noble from the Creator's hand; a soul that dares to think and feel according to its innate sense of right; an intellect unhackneyed, not vitiated by worldly policy or the dogmas of the schools; a heart, tender and delicate—yet passionate in love or abhorrence; what an opportunity is here presented for the scalpel, the detective acid, the crucible, the microscope! It is not in fallible mortality to resist the temptation, and even professors of this ennobling pursuit, whose motto is, "The proper study of mankind is Man," are, as they allow with shame and confusion of face, themselves mortal. Of all the dignified humbugs of the solemn farce of life, deliver me from that creature self-styled "a student and judge of character!"

In Sarah Hunt, Philip discovered, to his surprise, a rare "specimen;" a volume, each leaf of which revealed new matter of interest. The attentions he had considered himself bound to pay her, in order to avoid wounding their kind hosts, were soon rendered from a widely different motive. It did not occur to him that he was transcending the limits of merely friendly courtesy, as prescribed by the etiquette of the region in which he was now a sojourner. He was, by no means, deficient in appreciation of his personal gifts; rated his powers of pleasing quite as highly as did his warmest admirers, although he had the common sense and tact to conceal this; but he would have repelled, as an aspersion upon his honor, the charge that he was endeavoring to win this young girl's affections, his heart being as yet untouched.

"Was it then altogether whole?" he asked himself to-night, with a coolness that should have been an immediate reply to the suggestion.

Side by side, he set two mental portraits, and strove deliberately, impartially to discern any traces of resemblance between the two. The future Mrs. Benson was a personage that engrossed much of his thoughts, and by long practice in the portrayal of her lineaments, he had brought his fancy sketch very nearly to perfection. A tall, Juno-like figure, with raven locks and large, melting eyes, unfathomable as clear; features of classic mould; an elastic, yet stately form; a disposition in which amiability tempered natural impetuosity, and generous impulse gave direction to gentle word and deed; a mind profoundly imbued with the love of learning, and in cultivation, if not strength, equal to his own; discretion, penetration, and docility combined in such proportions as should render her her husband's safest counsellor, yet willing follower; and controlling and toning the harmonious whole, a devotion to himself only second in degree, not inferior in quality, to worship of her Creator. This was the Ideal for whose embodiment our reasonable, modest Cœlebs was patiently waiting. Answer, O ye expectant, incipient Griseldas! who, from your beauteous ranks, will step into the prepared niche, and make the goddess a Reality?

And how appeared the rival picture in comparison?

"No, no!" he ejaculated, tossing the remnant of his third cigar into the garden. "I must seek further for the 'golden mean.' Intellect and heart are here, undoubtedly. I must have beauty and grace as well. Yet," he continued, relentingly, "there are times when she would be quite handsome if she dressed better. It is a pity her love for the Beautiful does not enter into her choice of wearing apparel!"

In ten minutes more he was asleep, and dreamed that he stood at the altar with his long sought idea, when, as the last binding words were spoken, she changed to Sarah Hunt, arrayed in a light blue lawn of last year's fashion that made her look as sallow as a lemon, and, to his taste, as little to be desired for "human nature's daily food."

Poor Sarah! The visionary robe was a faithful reflection upon the dreamer's mental retina of a certain organdie which had formed a part of Lucy's wardrobe the previous summer, and,

having become antiquated in six months' time, was altogether inadmissible in the belle's outfit of this season.

"Yet it cost an awful sum when it was new!" reasoned Mrs. Hunt, "and will make you a very useful dress while you are with your aunt, Sarah. It 's too good to cut up for Jeannie!"

"But the color, mother?" objected the unwilling recipient.

"Pooh! who will notice that? Besides, if you had a good complexion, you could wear blue as well as anybody."

Sarah's stock of thin dresses was not plentiful; and, recalling this observation, she coupled it with the fact that she was growing rosy, and dared to equip herself in the azure garment, with what effect she did not dream and Mr. Philip Benson *did!*

(To be continued.)

WIDOWS: PART II.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

"The storm that breaks the aged oak
But bows the slender elm."

It is all very well while the young widow goes about shrouded in her black garments, veiled like a nun, and as demure and reproachless as the lady abbess herself. People cry "poor thing," and think the better of themselves for their pity. But youth is stubborn stuff; it will contend for its rightful share of cheerfulness, no matter how it is hedged round by sorrow and care. The poor flower, planted in some dreary, shady nook, will send out its long stem, and crook, and bend, and fairly turn a corner, till it gets its face to the sunshine, and there it will bloom as bewitchingly as if its root and leaves were not hidden away in the dampness and gloom. So it is with the human heart in the glad morning of life. It is made for joy, and it knows it. Put it where you will, cramp it with poverty, cumber it with care, rack it with sorrow, or give it weary nights of pain, and it will yet smile through its tears, and win a sweetness out of woe.

The time must come when the widow in "her teens" will find it unnatural to be shut out from the free, pure air of heaven. Those heavy folds of crape seem to wall her into the desolation of the living tomb; they are cast aside, and her young face looks out once more on the world, which to her now lies in shadow.

Where is the loving pity, the tender sympathy that so welled up for her a twelvemonth ago? Winks, and nudges, and significant "hems!" have taken the place of all that kindly current. Not that she is the less the object of general attention. Men love contrarieties, and even monstrosities; they will go hundreds of miles to see the midnight sun, and crowd and push to have a peep at the Tom Thumb man, the five-legged sheep, or the "bearded woman." It is perhaps as much to this peculiarity of our nature as to its nobler side that the young widow owes the conspicuousness of her position. Girlhood's bloom and the garments of mourning, the heart of youth and earth's sorest grief, these are combinations which cannot pass unnoticed. If a beautiful face chance to be within the closely quilled cap, the charm is complete. Even wiseacres, who pretend to adhere to that moral nursery theory —"handsome is that handsome does"—will be found quickening their pace or stretching their necks to have one look at the fair round cheeks or the dark eyes that are half shadowed by that long veil.

Now comes the perilous time for the young widow. She must walk circumspectly, if she would escape the wounds of that venomous adversary, the human tongue. Critics seem to have their *sorrow-metres*, by which they are enabled to tell exactly the degree of grief or resignation suited to this stage of her affliction, and wo be unto her if she come short of the standard! Alas! if, under any provocation, she should let slip a merry word or suffer her old, girlish laugh to ring out on the telltale air! If she have a pretty foot, she must be careful not to show it at a muddy crossing; if she have a white hand, it must never be ungloved on the background of her sombre garments. There must not be a trace of vanity or coquetry in her deportment, though she may have been a perfect bundle of these womanly imperfections in her days of maidenhood.

For the young widow who feels reviving within her the natural joyousness and craving for society of her own age there seems no place provided. There is no rest for the sole of her foot on the social platform. She does not feel altogether in sympathy with the matrons of forty or fifty because she has been for a few months a wife. She has few subjects of interest in common with them. The cutting and making of children's clothing do not seem to her the great end of life, with or without a sewing-machine. She has no Jennie or Tommy to dress out like a Parisian doll; she wants no new patterns for little pants, no royal road to quilling ruffles. She has no housekeeping cares to confide; she probably lives with some

uncle, or aunt, or mother, or brother, and knows no more of the kitchen of the establishment than of those mysterious African regions never penetrated by Park or Livingston, or the Frenchman who discovered (not invented) the gorilla. When these notable ladies discourse about their several "lords and masters," she can but sit a silent listener; there is no centre of attraction for her now. What wonder that she is a little "flighty," somewhat eccentric in her orbit! It is plain that she is out of place among the bobbing headdresses and busy knitting needles. If the young widow goes back to her old companions, the merry associates of her girlhood, she finds herself no more at home with them. They do not feel that she is any longer one of them. She can see that they do not expect her to join in their plans for amusement or their chatter about the beaux. Her own sense of propriety, too, forbids much to her which seems innocent for them. What shall she do? Who shall be her associates?

We do not forget that there are true young hearts which, having once loved and been left desolate, look upon the world as a place where they may give joy, but no longer receive it. On their quiet way they go, ministering to the suffering and cheering the sorrowful, giving forth to all who need the love that the *one* beloved object no longer monopolizes. It is not of these unselfish mourners we are speaking; we have for them no meed of praise; they are sure of a better and a more enduring treasure, when they who bear well the cross shall receive the crown.

We all acknowledge that we believe true affection to be the legitimate provocation to matrimony by the universal estimation of the misery and desolation of widowhood. Here, as in most cases, the generally received theory is the right one. Unfortunately, however, there are cases where Hymen's torch is quite innocent of any acquaintance with Cupid, and is merely lighted up as one might bring out a candle to put the seal to some deed of land or other weighty document. Women have married for a home, for a place of shelter, for an elegant establishment, for freedom, for an incomparable trousseau, to look pretty as a bride, to go to Europe, because such a man was cruelly "handsome, or rich, or the rage," and for what other senseless reasons the foolish creatures themselves only know. They have found themselves in a bondage which love only can make light, and the Christian heart hallow into happiness. Must such young widows grieve as if life were suddenly made all darkness for them?

There are true women who have given their best affection for but a name, a fleeting shadow, a worthless, effervescent interest that has fled before the honeymoon is over. They have found themselves tightly linked to one who has forfeited their every claim to respect or the faintest shadow of esteem. Can such wives continually mourn when the stern hand of death sunders the chain that had become so galling?

Everybody has a heart, speaking physiologically, a valuable apparatus, with which the most ingenious mortals cannot well dispense. There is a finer kind of mechanism, however, which we sometimes call by the same name, which is by no means so universal as the fleshly symbol. Some poor souls come into this world hopelessly shallow in their feelings. Whether they are thick-skinned or thin-skinned is a matter of no moment, since there is nothing to be shielded or covered, there are no sensibilities to be blunted, there is nothing to be wounded. They can't feel; you might as well find fault with a fish for his cold blood, or a mole for his blindness, as with them for floating placid or simpering along the changing river of life. Cloud or sunshine, rough water or smooth, it is all the same to them; on they go to make those comfortable, fat old ladies who "go to sleep evenings," and are never in anybody's way. What, then, is to become of those young widows who have worn mourning, but shed no bitter tears, and of those other elastic spirits who have had their sorrow cured by the very vigor of their youth and the upspringing of the natural wells of joy?

They generally answer the question for themselves in the most satisfactory manner, and another question too at the same time, a question which is to be "popped," bolted out if it is ever to find its way to the intended ear or the ear of the intended. They do well; they have Old Testament and New, example and precept, Ruth and Paul on their side. Young folks will toss their heads and speak slightingly of them, young chits whose hearts go pit-a-pat at the sight of a handsome pair of boots and are all in a flutter at a word from a beau. It is very unsentimental, truly; not at all the thing set down in novels! We would not put it in a book if we were writing one ourselves. Yet we are glad when we see the poor things find shelter in an honest man's home. The world is a rough place for a lone woman, and a dangerous one, too, when she is young and pretty, or warm-hearted. A kind, manly arm, thrust between her and malicious, peering faces, is just what she needs.

The young widow may marry if she be capable of a true affection, and its object be worthy of her choice, and there will be many kindly people to bid her God speed! She may marry, but her love-making must be of the discreetest sort; there must be no moonlight walks, no tender looks, no window-seat *tête-à-têtes;* they are barely allowable for the misses; they will not do at all for you, Young Widow. They are not to be forgiven; no, not for many a long year. The ill-natured public has a very tenacious memory; don't store it with tittle-tattle about your indiscretions. You must not be foolish, and blush and look conscious. If you cannot help it, you had better shut yourself up until you have a wife's right, and a husband to face the world for you. Do not have a long engagement; you will be the "town-talk" until you are married, and you may as well abridge as much as possible the period of your notoriety. Have a quiet wedding, no endless string of bridesmaids to titter behind your back, and be amused at your youthful airs. You have been through it all before, and everybody knows it. If you are conscious of the springing of a new affection, as pure and true, and perhaps higher and nobler than the first, keep this knowledge to yourself. Don't talk about your love for your second husband, but show its fruits in your home; you do not want to be a laughing-stock in polite circles. Your character may have been chastened by your sorrow; you may make a far better wife than before, but don't tell your good resolutions; let them be found out by their fulfilment. Above all, let *him* whom you have chosen have reason to rejoice that you have borne the yoke in your youth, and have been purified by passing through the fire.

The school-mistress is always haunted by hints of the regulations of the last teacher as authority for her proceedings; the more such hints she receives, the more oil of birch is administered to the advisers. Take warning, and do not founder on the rock fatal to such luckless pupils. Your first husband may have been a saint, a model in every department of life, but don't quote him for the benefit of number two. Your skein of silken bonds may seem to be winding ever so smoothly, but this will be sure to bring on a snarl which it will take more than patience to set right. Profit by the past yourself, but let it be a "dead past" for others. People never want your experience dug up and dissected for their benefit. Everybody has skeletons enough of his own mistakes to rattle in his ears when he wants a warning. We speak generally, but if you marry a widower, the remark may be closely applicable.

But a truce to giving advice. Take our best wishes, Young Widow, so soon to be a wife. We are glad to see the wee wave-tossed, stranded bark once more trimmed and set for another voyage. All fair winds attend thee, and bring thee and thine into the blessed harbor where "there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage."

FLOWN.

BY MRS. F. A. MOORE.

Come with the duster, come with the broom;
Throw all the medicine vials away;
Up with the windows and back with the blinds—
Let in the light of the glad, young day.
Drape all the room in the saintliest white;
Gather fair roses to put in the vase,
And lay one—the purest of all you bring—
Beside the snow of that still, dead face.

Roll on your fingers her hair's pale gold,
And twine it around her forehead white;
And fold her still hands together, so,
That the wedding-ring may be in sight.
That ring—she has worn it but one swift year,
And very happy you two have been;
Few clouds have lowered above your world,
And few are the griefs that have entered in.

Yet you will remember—you think of it now—
As you press wild kisses on those mute lips,
How *once* you answered not back their love,
And the thought will lash you like scorpion whips:
You had quarrelled, you know, and she came first,
Trembling with hiding her yearning love,
And you—so foolishly piqued and proud—
Refused the kiss of your penitent dove.

But it matters not now. To-morrow—the hearse,
The dirge, the grave, and the empty nest:
The dark-eyed pansy, her favorite flower,
We 'll plant all around her shadowy rest.
And when in the summer-time you are there,
Sit silent and breathless, that you may hear
The tones of her spirit-voice, and feel
The breath from her white wings floating near.

Parents must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only *government*, firm and mild, but *sympathy*, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

CROSS PURPOSES.

People never look well travelling in cars; women as a rule look worse than men. To be sure there is nothing particularly pleasant in seeing a gentleman leaning back in his seat with his felt hat pulled over his eyes, and his mouth open; but men generally are enabled to while away the time with a magazine or book, and jumping out at every different station to get a breath of air, or a newspaper. But ladies cannot leave their seats; they are always thirsty; they do not dress well; they look sleepy, and dusty, and dowdy, and no matter how hungry they are they cannot eat; for surely no lady in her senses would eat in the cars, unless she was perfectly oblivious to her outward appearance. Now there are exceptions to every rule. And if you had been at the depot one fine afternoon in April, 18—, you would have seen the neatest little figure jump off the cars on the platform, and receive a kiss from a fat, pompous, good-natured looking individual; and soon I had her little hand tucked through my arm as I led her off to the boat. When I had found a nice seat for her on the upper deck, I sat down opposite her, and we began a most interesting conversation; but before I tell you what we said I must tell you who she was.

Now, when I was a young man, I was not sent to college, more 's the pity, but to a merchant's office, where I commenced at the beginning, made fires and swept out. For all that, I used to be very fond of visiting a pretty little cousin of mine, with long fair curls and blue eyes, who lived in a great house in the upper part of the city of New York. Time went on, and my love grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength, when one evening I ventured my all of bliss in life and lost. Soon after she married a Captain Evans in the Navy, and went away beyond the seas; but though lost to me I always loved her the same; and when long years after she came back widowed to her childhood's home, with her little Laura, it was to me she ever looked for comfort and support in her affliction; and when she died she placed her orphan child in my care, and made me promise, by the memory of my love for her, ever to be her good and true father.

I took a house, a plain old-fashioned house, and a prim, neat housekeeper, Mrs. Brown, who was Laura's nurse; and then we three lived together in a homely, contented way, my little girl ever a gladdening sunbeam, making the dark places light and the world all cheery. But pleasant things cannot always last; and so one day I took my Laura to school. She was fourteen, and the old house and the old man must be left, and the duties of life commenced. How well I remember, as I stood on the doorstep, how tightly the little arms were clasped around my neck, and the deep, heart-breaking sobs which came from under a mass of wavy brown hair, floating on my breast. I could never have bidden the dear child to leave me, but she, knowing my pain, pushed me from her, dried her tears, and smiled a good-by.

Every succeeding vacation the bright presence filled my home, each time more beautiful, more mischievous, more lovable; and now that she is seated by my side, watching the water as we glide along, there is in my heart a measureless content to know that she will not leave me again, and as my heart speaks to her through my eyes, and I meet her answering smile, through the din of the noisy crowd the low words fall on my ear—"Our little parlor will never see another parting, dear uncle, for you will keep me with you always."

"Always, dear child," I answer; "and God bless you and make you happy with me."

Any afternoon that summer, if you were passing my house, you would have seen the figure of my darling as she sat in the window, sewing and waiting for me to come home. There she sat and watched, and as I turned the corner of our street and came in sight, she was gone; but a moment after she had the front door open, and was ready with her warm, welcoming kiss. Those days were the pleasantest of my life, and my thoughts were all of peace and contentment; still my little girl soon drooped for want of company; she missed the gay companionship of her school friends; she missed the hum and never-ceasing noise of a large household. Here she was, only eighteen, in the early freshness of youth, shut up with an old man and woman—all her little confidences pent up in her breast, all her wild fancies and girlish dreams lost.

The young never confide in the aged; nor would it be natural. One just entering into life is so sanguine, so full of joyous anticipations, has such an intense enjoyment of simple

things, such a perfect confidence in the world, such a capacity for realizing and appreciating the bright, hopeful summer, basking in the full splendor of its sunbeams with scarcely a thought of the coming autumn. Oh, youth, thou hast gone from me forever, and left me nothing but dreams, idle dreams of faces and scenes so gradually fading away that even as I recall them they are dim—dim from my failing eyesight and the thick, clouded breath of time!

As I sat thus ruminating, one sultry summer evening, in my easy-chair, the half-finished cigar held lazily between my fingers, glancing now and then at the white-robed figure in the obscurity of the curtained window, and just catching the refrain of Laura's low-toned song, I formed a plan which, before a week elapsed, I saw executed. Yes, before the week was over, I had left Laura with Mrs. Brown, down at the sea-shore, where she could have the advantage of seeing nature, the ocean, and society, which latter, I thought, she needed most.

Three weeks passed away in which I never once received a word from Laura, as I had left town on a fishing excursion with some old friends. When I returned I took the cars for the sea-shore, and upon arriving at the nearest station, very impatiently received the intelligence that I must wait for the next stage to the house. At last it came, and after half an hour's dusty drive, we drew up at the end of the long porch of the hotel, when whom should I see but Laura promenading arm in arm with a gentleman? As I stood mutely gazing at her she turned, caught sight of me, and in another instant her arms were round my neck, and she had kissed me again and again.

When I had made myself presentable, Laura and I went in to a late tea. As we walked together up the long dining-hall, every one turned to look at her. I thought she appeared to be a great deal dressed, and when I hinted something of the kind she laughed, and told me that there was to be a "hop," she believed, that night.

After tea we took chairs and sat out on the porch. I asked Laura, "Who was that gentleman?"

"A friend of mine."

"How came he a friend?"

"Oh, I don't know; I suppose because he sat opposite me at table."

"And made love to you with his eyes while he passed the peas and asparagus?"

"Just exactly; how smart you are, uncle!"

"Well, but you must have been introduced to him, or else I shouldn't have seen you walking with him, little mischief. You did not know your old uncle was looking at you."

"O yes; his mother introduced him to me, and he has been very kind. The fact is, uncle, that I never knew what it was to be lonely till I came here. I did not know any one but your friend, old Mr. Lee, and a dreadful prosy old fellow he is. When I had bathed and taken a walk, there was nothing to do till tea-time, and then I would rather have been alone than have to talk to Mr. Lee; so I wandered up and down the beach till I was tired, and then after tea I would saunter through the parlors, then up and down the porch till I felt as if I couldn't draw another breath. I was overcome with *ennui*. I had determined the third night on asking Mr. Lee to send me back to the city the next morning, and just as I thought of him, he came towards me, bringing a lady whom I recognized at once as my *vis-à-vis* at table; he introduced her as Mrs. Grantley. I found her very pleasant, and after we had chatted a little while I said how dreadfully dull I thought it, and how I longed to be at home; but she said she would not hear of such a thing till she had tried her powers on me, and then together we walked into the parlor and sat down. Just then the band commenced a quadrille, and Mrs. Grantley asked me if I would dance. Without waiting for an answer, she introduced me to her son, and directly I was at the head of the room, in my place, and dancing. Afterwards we walked out on the porch, then, after a pleasant little talk, he took me back to his mother. I had had no chance of seeing how he looked while I was dancing with him, so, as he moved away, stopping now and then to exchange a word with other little groups of persons, I scrutinized him closely.

"How true it is that a man's beauty is in the expression of the face, not in the features! Mr. Grantley was not even good-looking; his features were large, his eyes black, and his hair quite gray; he was neither young nor old, but in the prime of life; his figure was large and portly, and he stooped slightly when walking, but one would hardly notice it unless it was pointed out. The expression of his face and his whole bearing were rather stern and commanding, but when he smiled it changed him entirely; there was perfect sunshine in it, 'twas irresistibly pleasant, one looked at him in amazement, and as the smile faded away you lost something, and could not rest till you had provoked it again. It was his nature to like few persons or things, but what he liked he liked well. He was not at all a lady's man,

but he liked to converse with them, and generally was a favorite. Among gentlemen, and particularly young men, he was universally liked, he adapted his conversation so perfectly to the persons with whom he conversed, and always seemed to feel such an interest in them."

"You surely did not find out so much about him in that one evening?" I said.

"Yes; that is, these were my first impressions, and I have never seen any reason to change them."

"Well, you have given him a most excellent character. Am I to understand he has no faults?"

"Indeed, uncle, it is hardly fair to ask me such a question; I suppose he has faults, but in the little time I have known him he has always been polite and kind. To be sure, at times, I have wondered whether he really liked me or not, as sometimes he has taken great pains to be near me, going out walking with me in the morning, reading to me in the afternoon, and promenading the porch with me in the evening; then I might not see him again for the next day or two unless meeting him at meals. But one doesn't mind that much, as you know, otherwise I might get tired of him; there, 'speak of the spirit, the ghost will appear.'"

Just then Mr. Grantley crossed the piazza near us, and Laura calling him, he came up and was introduced to me. We entered into conversation; Laura left us and joined Mrs. Grantley in the parlor, where she was soon the centre of a little group, looking so bright and beautiful that, like a foolish old fellow that I was, I would pause in the conversation and call Mr. Grantley's attention to her ringing laugh and happy face, and indeed he was looking her way himself, and seemed to enjoy hearing and seeing her as much as I did.

After a very pleasant week, I was obliged to return to the city, and Laura would not hear of my going home alone, so I took her with me. The night before we left we were all sitting in the parlor talking over pleasures past and of anticipated meetings in the future, when Mrs. Grantley said:

"Why can't you all go to Havana with me this winter? I am obliged to go on business; and if we could only make up a party, how delightful it would be! Won't you and Laura join us, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, my dear madam," said I, "you would not want me to take such a journey at my time of life? I should never survive it."

"Now, Mr. Smith, that excuse will never do. You only want us to compliment you on your youthfulness, etc. etc."

"I think you would enjoy the trip very much, Mr. Smith," said Edward Grantley. "Indeed, it is not much of a voyage in a good ship, and it would, no doubt, be very interesting to Miss Laura as well as yourself."

"O do, uncle!" chimed in Laura. "I want to be on

> The sea, the sea, the open sea,
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!

Just to think how glorious to be where one can see no land—nothing but sea and sky!"

"And here is Miss Gardner and her brother, and Mary Henry going; that will be three. Edward and I are five, and you and Laura seven. Now do say you will go!" said Mrs. Grantley.

"O please, Mr. Smith," resounded from all sides.

"Indeed, my dear ladies, I cannot think of such a thing for myself; but if Mrs. Grantley will take very good care of my little girl here, I can see no reason why *she* shouldn't go."

"O, uncle, how could you think I would be so selfish as to leave you at home all alone! If you do not go, neither do I."

"Yes, but, Miss Laura, it would only be three short weeks, and I'm sure your uncle would like you to go," said Miss Gardner.

"O, yes, do go!" insisted the others.

"But, Laura," said I, "the very time you are gone, I will take to travel on business and make a visit to Mr. Lee. So now, as you see I can enjoy myself, you won't hesitate about going?"

"No; if you can arrange your plans so nicely, I'm sure I should be delighted to go. What month will you start, Mrs. Grantley?"

"Not till the first of December, for Miss Gardner says that in November it is oppressively warm, and the fever still raging."

"Well, you know, Laura," said Mary Henry, "this is the last of September, and it is only two months to wait. Just think how delightful it will be to go from winter to summer! The climate in the winter months at Havana is perfectly delightful."

"Oh, I'm sure I shall be pleased with everything!" said Laura.

"Particularly the sea-sickness, Miss Laura," said Mr. Grantley.

"That is malicious; you shall not dance with me for being so impertinent; I only hope you may have it for the whole party. Come, uncle, let us finish the evening with an old-fashioned reel."

We all stood up, and when through the

dance I told Laura she must bid them all good-by, for we were to start very early in the morning; so immediately there commenced a general leave-taking, accompanied with innumerable kisses. I was rather curious to see how Laura would part with Mr. Grantley, but I could see him nowhere; he left the room as we commenced dancing, and had not come back. Just then I heard Laura say:

"You must remember me to your son, Mrs. Grantley."

"He will be disappointed at not seeing you, I am sure. I wonder where he is! Just wait one minute, and I will find him."

"Not on any account, Mrs. Grantley. I don't want him to come if he can't come of his own accord."

The next morning early we were off, and reached home safely that evening. Altogether, both Laura and I thought our trip had been pleasant. I tried to teaze Laura about Mr. Grantley letting her go away without bidding her good-by, when she very coolly told me she *had* bid good-by to him that morning.

"This morning!" I said; "why, Laura, where did you see him?"

"It was while you were attending to the baggage. I was sitting waiting in the stage when Mr. Grantley came up and bid me good-morning."

"What did he say?"

"O, I believe he remarked on the beauty of the morning, hoped I would have a pleasant journey, and that he might have the pleasure of calling on me in the city."

All through the months of October and November Laura was very busy. She took Spanish lessons three times a week with her friends who were going to Havana, and, besides, went to a great many parties. The Spanish class, I told her, I thought was a great humbug. It generally met at Miss Gardner's, a pleasant old maid with a handsome brother; and I used to call for Laura about ten o' clock in the evening, and I scarcely ever entered the parlor without being greeted with shouts of laughter, and there was generally a game going on, "Blind Man's Buff," or "Fox and Geese." As for books, there was not a sign of them. I used to think, therefore, that they had not learned much; but Mrs. Grantley assured me that the young folks behaved very well during the lesson, and these games were only the winding up of the evening.

Laura and Mary Henry became quite intimate. They were hardly ever apart, and seemed to enjoy each other's society very much. They read together, made calls, and if I took Laura to the theatre or opera, we generally called at Miss Gardner's for Mary, who was her niece.

One evening I was reading out aloud a new novel to Laura and Mary, while they were busied over some laces and ribbons, when there was a ring at the door, and the maid handed in a basket of flowers with a card for "Miss Laura Evans." Mary began to admire the flowers, and I to guess at the donor, but there was not a single clue. I asked Laura if she could guess who sent them. She laughed and blushed, but said: "O, no! she could not guess, but the flowers were beautiful, and that was enough for her."

At length the day approached for them to sail; and on Tuesday morning, the first of December, we were all assembled on the deck of the steamer to bid adieu to the gay party. It was rather cold; so I proposed going down in the cabin to look at their state-rooms. We all went down and spent an hour very pleasantly in conversation, till the call came to clear the decks, and away we went down the side of the vessel, calling out little forgotten last words. The cannon boomed over the waters, and right gallantly the vessel glided away. I waited till Laura's handkerchief was no longer visible, and then hurried back to my office.

LAURA'S DIARY.

Dec. 1st. After we were well under way, and the vessel as yet steady, Mrs. Grantley proposed that we should each retire to our state-room, take off our bonnets and cloaks, and prepare everything in case we should be sick. Mary Henry and I occupied a state-room opposite to Mrs. Grantley and Miss Gardner; the gentlemen were several rooms distant. When we were in our room, I asked Mary "if she did not think Mr. Grantley was uncommonly pleasant this morning?"

She said, "Yes, and no wonder, for he had met an old acquaintance on board, one of the loveliest-looking women she had ever seen, with a little boy about six years old."

"Then I suppose she was married?" I said, in as unconcerned a voice as I could.

"O, yes—a widow; and I think it is her cap that makes her so bewitching."

"A widow! Then it is Mrs. Ellis. I have often heard him speak of her."

"Why," said Mary, "if that is Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Grantley is guardian to her little boy."

"Indeed," I said, and then, not caring to hear any more about her, I walked out into the

cabin, and sitting down upon the sofa, gazed long and earnestly at a very pretty group. There was Mr. Grantley sitting at a table writing, while Mrs. Ellis, leaning over his chair, dictated a list of things she was sure she would want, as she expected, she said, to be dreadfully seasick. Mr. Grantley was much amused at her decided manner and coquettish little ways, and at the unavailing attempts she made to keep her little boy still, who was racing up and down the cabin, striking against the chairs and tables with his little whip, and then trying to climb into Mr. Grantley's lap. After a while she coaxed him into a chair, set his nurse to watch him, then, sitting down beside Mr. Grantley, they spoke much lower, and seemed absorbed in their subject of conversation.

Gradually most of the ladies had taken seats, some with fancy work, others with books, all looking very sober. All our party but Mr. Grantley were sitting together. Occasionally Mrs. Grantley would pass her smelling-bottle around with a most significant smile, and if we looked at all sober she would scold us.

At last the vessel commenced to rock slowly from side to side, and the ladies standing around the stove took seats. As the motion increased, I threw a shawl around my shoulders, vowed I would go on deck, and persuaded Mary to accompany me. We made our way up the stairs, and stepped out on deck. For a time the change was pleasant, and we quite revived; but the wind seemed to freshen so fast that Mary said she could stand it no longer; so down we went into the cabin. A great many ladies had disappeared, among them Mrs. Grantley and Miss Gardner. I left Mary lying on a sofa, and hastened to their rooms. They were in their berths, but only complained of headache. I returned to Mary, sat down beside her, and bathed her head with bay-water. I glanced around the cabin. The ladies gradually laid down their work and books, then leaned their heads on their hands, and then one by one retreated to their state-rooms. Mary also I helped into her berth; then returned for the bay-water. I had just time to see Mr. Grantley and Mrs. Ellis still earnestly engaged in talking, when the vessel lurched, and losing my balance, I fell, but immediately getting up I protested I wasn't hurt, although Mr. Grantley had rushed to help me.

Dec. 2d and 3d. The next two days are blanks. I was seasick, and I know of no more dreadful sensation. Occasionally I would hear voices in the cabin, and sometimes I could distinguish the conversation. Regularly every meal Mr. Grantley knocked at his mother's door, and then at ours, endeavoring to make us more comfortable, and vainly urging us to make an effort and come on deck, declaring we would never be well till we did.

Dec. 4th. This morning I felt so miserably weak from having eaten nothing, and lying so long in my berth, that I got up and dressed as well as I was able, threw a shawl around me, and staggered out to the cabin, when I sank down on a sofa in perfect despair. Oh, how I wished for home and my dear uncle! I felt how absolutely alone I was, no one to care for me, and, burying my face in my handkerchief, I sobbed from very weakness.

"How glad I am, my dear Miss Laura, to see you up once more! How do you feel this morning?" said Mr. Grantley.

I partly lifted my head, and then, to cover the blush I felt rising, I dropped it again, when he sat down beside me, and said he was quite a doctor, and would have to prescribe for his little patient. I told him I was not sick, but felt so weak and faint that I could not rise.

"Yes, yes," he said, "and a little homesick;" and then he softly stroked my hair, and said, "Poor child, I will soon make you well." Soon after the steward brought him a wineglassful of brandy, which he made me drink. A moment after he asked me if I could stand, and I did. He put my arm through his, and helped me up on deck. I never shall forget how glorious the ocean looked that bright, warm day; and after Mr. Grantley had fixed me in an armchair, and placed another for me to rest my feet on, he went down to look after his other patients, and I was all alone on the sea.

There are some scenes which are so grand, so wondrously beautiful, that one gazes with awe upon them, and forgets, for a time, one's personality in their greatness.

> "Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
> And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
> The exulting sense, the pulse's madd'ning play,
> That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?"

I watch the waves ever shifting, now rearing aloft, now dissolving away in some deep cavern, dashing their spray high over the deck, foaming under the wheels, till my eyes tire of the never ceasing motion.

At last I began to wonder where all the ladies were, and to dislike being the only one on deck. There are plenty of gentlemen up here, and it is such a novel sight to see a lady on deck that they really stare at me till I am quite uncomfortable. What a pair of eyes that is sitting round the corner there! I wonder why

they look so strange? Ah, their owner is coming this way. When he passes, I 'll take a look at him. He walks well. I do not think he minds this unsteady deck any more than if he were on Broadway. Oh, no! not Broadway; he is a Spaniard. That olive skin, those piercing eyes and jetty hair betray him. Perhaps he is going to Havana. He looks intelligent; he comes this way as if he would speak to me if he dared. It almost makes me laugh to think how I look—my hair all uncombed, my boots unlaced (I tried my best this morning to lace them, but it made my head swim so to stoop I had to give it up), not a bit of a collar. Ah! what would I have thought of myself a week ago in this plight? If I were asked what would cure vanity, I should recommend sea-sickness. Here comes Mr. Grantley at last.

"I am sorry I had to leave you alone so long, Miss Laura, but I was getting the rest of the party up. And now what will you have for breakfast?"

I thanked him, but was sure I could eat nothing.

"Now, my dear child, you must do as your doctor says."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He says eat a little dry toast, and have a tumbler of lemonade. Ah, there come the rest of the party!"

Sure enough, there they were. Mrs. Grantley first, looking a little pale; Mary on her arm, paler; and Mr. and Miss Gardner, quite natural; and, to my surprise, last of all came my friend with the handsome eyes, all but concealed with shawls. Who can he be, I wonder? As Mrs. Grantley came up, I tried to rise to get her a chair; but she would not let me; said she was better than I was, and indeed they were quite gay. For my part, I was anything but well; my head ached so I could scarcely see, and I told Mrs. Grantley I must go down again; but she said it wouldn't do, and she made me lie down on a long bench while Mr. Grantley brought some pillows for my head and the Spaniard gave me a shawl. When I was fixed, Mary Henry said:—

"Wouldn't it be nice to have breakfast up here?"

"Indeed, I am going down to the table," said Miss Gardner. "You 'll never get anything up here."

"Yes; but if I assure you that you shall have everything that you want?" said Mr. Grantley. "At any rate, Miss Laura shall have her toast here, and whoever will stay, speak."

"I 'll stay with Laura, and you can all go down to the table," said Mrs. Grantley.

Miss Gardner was going, and taking Mary's arm, said she should accompany her.

"Miss Mary, you surely won't desert us?" said Mr. Grantley.

"Why, Mr. Grantley, you could not expect me to leave you all alone at the table!" Mary looked at me mischievously, and then walked off with Mr. Gardner, his sister having disappeared. Mr. Grantley followed.

I leaned over to Mrs. Grantley, and asked her, "How old she thought Mr. Gardner?"

"Too old for you, my dear, but not for Mary Henry."

I laughed a quiet laugh to myself, for Mr. Gardner was several years younger than Edward Grantley. But then what was Edward to me? He was so kind, and he seemed to watch so closely to see if I wanted anything; and then I so often meet his eye, and, I am sure, always blush. I am almost afraid he thinks I like him. This will never do, and I am determined I shall not let him think I care anything for him. I will try the Spaniard. See if I can't flirt a little, too; it seems the order of the day on board ship. Let me see; how shall I begin? When he talks, I must appear much interested, not say much myself, and then he will be so in love with the sound of his own voice that he will want to come and talk to me again. I will promenade this evening; that will be an excellent idea, and we will have some music, and I will ask him what is his favorite song, and sing to him.

But I wonder where Mr. Grantley is all this time? Mrs. Grantley and I have finished our breakfast. I thought he was going to take his breakfast with us. What can he want to go to the table for? Suddenly it flashed on my mind that Mrs. Ellis had not been sick, and he was most likely with *her*. I was on the point of asking Mrs. Grantley if she had seen Mrs. Ellis, when I thought how ridiculous it would sound, as I had never been introduced to her.

How should I meet Mr. Grantley? I felt aggravated to think I should so easily have allowed myself to care for him, and he had only treated me as a friend. To be sure he had sent me baskets of flowers all winter, had always sought my society, and his eyes had spoken more than was right if he never loved me. I should like to be indignant, and not look at him again; but then of course he would think I was jealous; much better to be perfectly oblivious outwardly to everything that is passing around me, but inwardly form my own resolutions. I

suppose I was so excited by all the events of the morning that out of weariness I fell asleep, for the next thing I remember was a clear, ringing laugh, joined by several other voices, and, hastily rising, there I saw our whole party, and the centre of the group was Mrs. Ellis. She was just finishing some anecdote, her eyes sparkling full of fun, and every one around looked amused. They had not noticed my rising, and not until I was preparing to go down into the cabin. Mrs. Grantley said: "Why, Laura, are you going down? Edward, do help Miss Evans."

Mr. Grantley came forward and offered me his arm. I would rather not have taken it, particularly as I saw Mrs. Ellis give me anything but an agreeable look; still I was determined to act as if nothing had happened to either of us, although we were scarcely the same persons four days ago. I was surprised to find how much better I felt. At the stateroom door Mr. Grantley said he hoped I would soon be ready to come up again, and that I must try to eat some dinner; he would give me half an hour to dress, and then would come after me. I asked what time it was, and was surprised to find it was almost three o'clock. What a long time I must have slept!

After plaiting my hair, I coiled it around my head *à la couronne*, and then, to help me in my proposed flirtation, dressed all in black, and threw a long lace veil over my head and shoulders. But it was no use; I couldn't look Spanish. I was ready before the half hour was out, so, throwing a shawl around me, I hurried up on deck.

Mrs. Grantley gave me a seat beside her, and then introduced me to Mrs. Ellis and the Spaniard, whom they called Mr. Domine.

"You have just come in time, Laura," said Mary Henry, "for Mr. Grantley is going to repeat 'The Twa Dogs' for us."

"Indeed, Miss Laura, your friend is romancing, for there is the gong, and this dog is ravenous. How do you feel, mother? Mrs. Ellis looks as if she were quite ready for something eatable, and Mr. Gardner has been consulting his watch for the last hour."

"That is a base calumny," said Mr. Gardner, "and I appeal to Miss Henry to support me."

"O no, Mr. Gardner; pray support *me* down to dinner."

"Now, then, Gardner, lead off; and Miss Laura—"

"Comes next with me," said Mrs. Grantley.

"No, indeed; that will never do. Here, mother, you come with me and Mrs. Ellis. Mr. Domine, take good care of Miss Laura."

I asked Mr. Domine if he had seen Miss Gardner. He said yes; she had gone down with her brother. At the table Mr. Domine sat between me and Mary Henry. He was very pleasant and intelligent; he had read a great deal, and travelled over half the globe. I had determined to like him before I was introduced to him, and there was that in his manner so bold and energetic that one's good opinion was fairly taken by storm.

After dinner he took a seat by me in the cabin, and entertained me exceedingly with his adventures by sea and land. It seemed that he lived mostly in Havana, but was often in New York. He said he was well acquainted with uncle, and had often taken dinner with him, but I had always been at school. I asked him how he became acquainted with the Grantleys. He said his mother and Mrs. Grantley were own cousins, and that he had been there spending the evening the night before they sailed; and they had persuaded him to join their party, although he had not intended leaving New York until the next steamer.

After tea Mary asked me if I was able to walk. 'Twas a beautiful night, with a new moon, and I felt able to do anything; so we walked up and down, not gracefully, for we had a great deal of fun swaying from side to side with the rocking of the vessel. Mrs. Ellis was fortunately down stairs, and Mr. Grantley and Mr. Domine were smoking together. They soon joined us, and Mr. Grantley asked me if I would take his arm. I was amused to see how disappointed Mr. Domine looked, although he very politely offered his arm to Mary.

How pleasant Mr. Grantley was to-night, although more reserved than usual! I felt there was something between us, a coolness I could not exactly account for; still I enjoyed my walk very much.

Presently Mary and Mr. Domine sat down, and Mrs. Ellis joined them; then I noticed that Mr. Grantley's manner changed, and supposing of course that he wanted to go and talk to Mrs. Ellis, I said I would go down in the cabin if he would excuse me. He bowed very gravely, I thought, and then went over to Mrs. Ellis and sat down. I knew he would, and yet there was a strange pang at my heart as I saw it.

Nearly every one had left the cabin, so I took a book and opened it, not to read, but to think. At first it seemed as if it was my fault that Mr. Grantley had changed so, and I thought over and over again all that had passed since I left

New York (and each day seemed a year), and of all the pleasure I had anticipated in being so much with my dear friends; and now how bitterly I felt that all pleasure was gone because *he* had changed!

Then I could scarcely bear to think of Mrs. Ellis. How I hated her clear, pleasant laugh, which I could hear distinctly through the port-holes! and I thought with contempt of her pretty, coquettish ways. At any other time I would have admired her; but now that all the attention that Mr. Grantley had once paid me was given to her, I viewed her every action with a jealous eye.

About nine o'clock Mr. Domine came up to my sofa. I, bent on carrying out the flirtation so prosperously begun, asked him to sit down, and in the midst of a spicy argument Mr. Grantley and Mrs. Ellis came down, and then Mrs. Grantley, with the rest of the party; they all joined Mr. Domine and me but Mr. Grantley, and he, after glancing towards us, walked off to the other end of the cabin. Seeing that he was annoyed at finding Mr. Domine with me (as if he had any right!), I suddenly felt a wonderful impulse to talk which I could not control, and never was I so gay as that evening. A surprised glance ever and anon from Mr. Grantley only heightened my excitement; and at last, on bidding them good-night, every one seemed to be amazed at the new phase in my character. Mrs. Grantley kissed me, and said I was quite myself again. Strange to say, Mrs. Ellis shook hands very cordially with me, and said she knew we should be good friends. I said yes; she would find me merry as she was. Mr. Domine said only "Good-night," but I am sure I blushed as I met his earnest glance of admiration, and Mr. Grantley saw it as well as I.

(Conclusion next month.)

LETTERS FROM AUNT BETSY BROOMCORN.

LETTER II.

Dear Mr. Godey.—Brewstir got my fotygraff took the other day, with my new goldy brown silk frock, with black satin flowers up and down the sides. I can't hardly think it 's me a settin' in that great chair with such a glistinin' frock on, and my poor little fan peekin' out of such a fixed up pile of close; but then everybody says it 's a perfect picter of Miss Broomcorn. Brewstir says so, too. I wonder what Susan and the boys would say if they could see it. I 'spect they would say it was dreffle finnyfined for aunty.

Well, where did I leave off in my last letter, about my schoolkeepin' over in Pendle Holler? Oh, I was goin' to Parson Jones's to board the next week. Well, I went home with the little Joneses. There was Ganis, and Gamaliel, and Jeptha, and Mercy Ann, and Mehitabel, and Content, six, all there was of them, but the baby, went to my school. I couldn't help thinkin' that I must look some like a little old hen with a passle of chickens, when I went along the road with such a flock of little ones with me. I noticed that the square room door was open when we come to the gate. The children run up the path and hollered, "mother, here 's the schoolma'am." Miss Jones come to the door and asked me how I did, and sot out a chair, and introduced me to the Elder and Deacon Moody, and his wife who was there a visitin'. Deacon Moody was a little glum man, and looked as if he was asleep half the time; but if ever you see anybody wide awake it was his wife. Her eyes was big, and round, and black, and she would look at you over her specs for ever so long without winkin'. She was so fat and round that she looked for all the world jest like a great bolster tied in the middle. She had on a black bombazine frock, a checked apron, a black silk neck hankercher on her neck, and a great red knittin' sheath, shaped like a heart pinned on her side. She sot in the big rockin'-chair, and rocked, and knit, and talked all the afternoon. Says she:

"Now, Elder Jones, I want to know what *you* think about Tild Button's verses. Seems to me her mother 's too sensible a woman to let Tild grow up a wuthless kind of a verse-maker, while she does all the potwrasslin herself. If Tild was my girl, she should spin somethin' else besides rhymes, I can tell you. Now, what do you think, Elder?"

"Well," the Elder said, "he didn't know Matilda Button wasn't so good-lookin' as some, but he believed she was pious."

"I dunno about folks's looks bein' much 'count in this world, Elder," says she, lookin' over at me; "I never reckon on Polly Mariar's havin' such oncommon eyes, and hair, or such pink cheeks, and such a slim figger, for I know things of this world pass away; but Polly Mariar

will make as stiddy a woman as Tild Button. Some folks' piety goes further than others, though, and as for them verses in the 'Starry Banner,' why, I hearn folks say Tild Button never wrote them verses, she took 'em out of a book. They do say she stays up in the garret half the time, readin' a passle of old books and papers. A putty show she 'll make when she gits married and goes to housekeepin', for I can tell you that 's what 'll show off whether she has got any 'conomy and knack of turnin' off work or not. Needn't anybody ask me how many tablecloths, and towels, and kiverlids and quilts Polly Mariar 's got, for I sha'n't tell, though she ain't but nineteen come March. Miss Broomcorn, how do you git along keepin' school?"

She took me up so sudden that I didn't know what to say at first, but I finally said I believed I did as well as could be expected.

"My Brother Jeff used to keep school," says she. "You 've heard of him, ain't you, Elder? Well, Jeff kep school twice in Pendle Holler, once on Harrinton Hill, three times on Coot Hill, and the last winter before he died, he kep the school over in the Kingdom. Jeff saved a nice passle of money keepin' school. Poor feller! he had the fever and died at our house, and his coffin was cherry, and cost twelve dollars, but I didn't grudge it a bit. I reckon there ain't many school-teachers like Jeff. Deacon Moody, what on airth be you a doin' with your head agin Miss Jones's white winder curtains? As if bleached muslin wouldn't sile any quicker than new tow. Seems to me you 'd better go and see if Dolly ain't got into mischief, or don't want to be watered, nor nothing. It 'll wake you up to stir round."

The Deacon went out, and Miss Jones went to settin' the table in the kitchen; so the Elder and I had Miss Moody all to ourselves. She talked and talked, and the Elder seemed to be listenin' all the time; but when she asked him a question he didn't always answer, just as if he knew what she 'd been a saying.

When Miss Jones got tea ready, Miss Moody was ready, too. She folded up her knittin' and unfolded her pocket hankercher, and sot down by the warm biscuits, just as calm as ever could be, while the Elder asked a blessin'. When Miss Jones passed the plum sass round, Miss Moody asked her where she got the plums.

"Why," says Miss Jones, "they come from my sister's over in Mullintop."

"Dear me," says Miss Moody, "I wonder what 's the reason somebody at the Holler hadn't got plums to spare for their paschure. When I have anything good I always says to the Deacon: 'We must save some for our paschure. There 's nothing too good for a good paschure; and I bleve it does 'em good to let 'em know you 'preesheate 'em.'"

Parson Jones said he thought she was very kind to think of the paschure. Miss Moody was jest butterin' her third biscuit when all the little Joneses come rushin' in cryin' for their suppers, but, somehow, it didn't disturb Miss Moody a bit. She seemed to 'preesheate Miss Jones's supper, and laid into the soft gingerbread and cookies as if she 'd been without a good while. After she had declared to Miss Jones that she hadn't but a slim appetite, she pushed back from the table with the rest, and took out her knittin' agin. Just about that time Squire Kenyon come along and stopped to speak to the Elder, and Miss Moody took off her specs, and asked him if his family was well. Says she:

"You have my sympathy, Square. You 're a forlorn creetur in that lonesome house with that little touty child. Elder Jones here don't know nothin' about it. Look at all the olives round his table, and his pardner ready to anticipate his woes. I tell you, Square, nobody can feel for you as well as them that 's been in a similar predicament. But you mustn't let it wear on you, Square; you 're a young man yet, and your little gal must have somebody to larn her to work. A good stiddy, sensible gal. One that knows enough to presheate a man of your parts, Square. For pitty's sake, don't be bamboozled into marryin' a soft headed gal that is always full of feelings, and never has a mind to work, as some folks I know on. A woman like *that* is wuss than nothin'. I 've seen such matches afore now as would scare a man out of all notion of matrimony. I would not advise ye to be in a hurry, either; better wait awhile, Square. Ef you git lonesome, come up and see the Deacon. We 'd be dreffle glad to have ye come. Won't we, Deacon?"

Deacon Moody said something, I couldn't hear what, and Miss Moody begun agin. She asked him fifty questions about his wife, and who doctored her. Says she:

"Square Kinyon, I believe my soul your wife would a been alive this minit, if you hadn't employed that are old goose of a Dr. Stirrup. I tell you what, I 've known ever so many cases where he as good as killed 'em. There was Jemima Smith, used to be Jemima Kibbin. He doctored her a year stiddy, and kep a tellin' the poor soul she was gettin' better all the time, and after all, I vow, the creeter

died. I allers laid it to Stirrup a killin' her. Well, Square, you 'll be sure to come and fetch your little gal. Polly Mariar 's 'mazin' fond of children. Miss Jones, do you and the Elder come over, too. It 's a'most a year sense you 've been to our house. Dew come, Elder. I allers enjoy a visit from the paschure."

All this time she 'd been a puttin' on her things, and so she went out bobbin' her head all round for a good-by. After they 'd fairly gone, I went and offered to help Miss Jones do up her work. You 'd better believe there was a nice lot of it to do. While we was washin' the dishes Miss Jones bust out a laffin', and said, "She might as well laff as cry." She felt like cryin', but a good laugh was better for a body than a cry any time.

"Would you believe, now," says she, "Miss Moody brought me six eggs and a pint of carraway seed? and she kep me at work the whole afternoon. First I plaited a cap border for her. Then I cut a pattern for Polly Mariar's new frock, and another for a sunbunnit, and then she lugged in a bundle of piller covers, and wanted me to mark 'em all with copperas-colored thread. I told her I hadn't time, but I sent Polly Mariar my sampler, and told her how to do it herself. Then she managed to tell me what she 'd like best for supper: and if I didn't want to offend a deacon's wife, who has a sharp tongue, I must make some hot biscuits and soft gingerbread. Then the Deacon's horse couldn't go in the paster 'cause she jumps fences, and she mustn't eat musty hay, for she has the heaves, and so the end of it was that the Elder had to borrow oats of Deacon Pendle, and a scythe, and a chance to mow a little clover in Square Kinyon's medder, and make Miss Moody comfurtable about Dolly. O, dear, if I was a minister I 'd quit preachin', and go to peddlin' tin, or tappin' shoes for a livin' before I 'd wear a coat for everybody to pick holes in!"

After Miss Jones had got all the children washed and put to bed, she had to take her needle and go over their clothes. 'Twas a rip here and a tear there; a button gone in one place, and a buttonhole broke in another. Then the boys wore their father's old clothes made over, and you needn't wonder they come to pieces.

Well, I boarded at Elder Jones's a week before I come home without findin' somebody there a visitin'. The Elder didn't go about among the folks much, they said, and so they come to see him. They was out of meal, and butter, and flour half a dozen times, but somehow Miss Jones managed to git a good meal always. She was a dreffle proud woman; she would have died before owned to anybody that she couldn't do as well as the best, and she did contrive to make a dreffle little do as well as most folks do a good deal. The Elder wasn't so cute as she by a long reach; and I ruther 'spect the folks took some advantage of him, because he wasn't sharp.

One day, after school, I took little Hetty Jones, and went over into Square Kinyon's medder after strawberries. Hetty said she knew a place where they got ripe ever so early. The clover was just beginning to blow, and all along the wet places silver weed and evan root grow, and lilies showed their red buds round among the grass. The bobolinks fluttered around the willers, and sung as if they was distracted. Well, Hetty and I couldn't find any early strawberries ripe, so we went along the fences, and got our hands full of posies. While we was picking the white silver weed blows, Nat Stowers, a big, shambling goose of a boy, come running along by us, with a face as white as a miller's, and eyes fairly dartin' out of his head. When he see us, he stopped short.

"Hetty Jones, schoolma'am," says he, "if you don't want to see a ghost, you 'd better run."

"Where, where?" says Hetty and I.

"Over in the Perkin lot. I seen it myself—an offle-looking creetur, with a hairy face, an eel-skin hat on his head, with a brim as broad as Tild Button's Sunday bunnit, and a white sheet round him, and a-settin' under a white umberill, a-chalkin' on a board, with a cudgill in t'other hand. Better b'l'eve I run sum! My patience! you don't catch me goin' where sich things walks day times agin, though."

"Let 's go home," says Hetty. "I don't want to see a ghost."

So we went right home, Nat keeping close to us, and talkin' about the ghost every minit, till we was about as scared as he was.

Well, from that day the Perkin lot was haunted. Not a soul dared to go there, because the ghost with the white umberell was seen a few days after in a field close by; then it was seen walkin' round on a hill, with a pack on its back and the white umberell over its shoulder. A story got out that it was the spirit of Gran'ther Lambert, who used to be an old Revolutioner, and got all cut up with troopers' swords at Yorktown, and lived to make a vow that he 'd kill a British soldier for every one of them fourteen bloody gashes, and a gineral officer for the print of horseshoes on his breast

when they rode him down and crushed him under their horses' feet. He used to say he should sartinly walk if he died afore he accomplished it. And he died without killin' but twelve, and lamented it to the very last. So of course it was Gran'ther Lambert, luggin' round his wife's old faded out green umberell and his knapsack, and allers chalkin' down twelve on a paper before him.

When I'd been school-keepin' about six weeks, I went over to Deacon Pendle's to stay over Sunday, and Miss Button come in to see me. She and I sot in the front room together. While Miss Pendle was at work in the kitchen, Miss Button come and stood before me, and throwed back her head, and put her hands behind her. Says she: "Betsy, you've a tender, sympathizin' mind; you can appresheate my trials and share my joys. Prepare now to be suffused with anger." And she took a letter out of her pocket, and held it up before me. "I blush to show it to you," says she; "but I did think Square Kinyon had a mind above common men. I was fool enough to want to hear him talk, to see if he knew anything; if there was a single strain of music in his soul; and now, the—the—the—poor old fool, he thinks I'd like to marry him, and he's wrote to me about it. Oh, Betsy, to think that I should be suspected of courtin' a widower, with a red-headed little girl to bring up! Oh, it's terribly mortifyin' to me! But I know now just adzactly what I'll say to him. Let's you and I go up stairs and write a letter to him." So we went up stairs. Miss Button put the winder-curtains down part way, and sot down and begun to read me the letter. It was a ruther funny love-letter. He said he had ten cows, and he'd give her the likeliest of the gray colts, and he had a famous lot of new geese feathers to make into beds and pillers, and with the best medder land in the Holler, he reckoned a body could live tolerable comfortable, if they tried. He should have asked her before, only she must take into 'count his bereaved state of mind sence Miss Kinyon's death. Every line or two Miss Button would stop and laugh. After she'd gone over it all, says she: "I know what I'll say to him. Give me your pen." So she began to scratch, scratch, lookin' as tickled as could be all the time. I declare, I begun to think she was hansome. Her big brown eyes had long, curled-up lashes. She had a straight nose, short upper lip, and the dimples danced over her cheeks like a baby's. All at once she laughed right out. "Hark," says she:—

"Most Respected Sir: I *was* surprised to get your letter offerin' to marry me. I should be obliged to ye, and proud into the bargain, if I only thought I was the properest girl you could find for a wife; but there's Dolly Jinks is ever so much better-lookin', besides being a good deal younger, and Polly Mariar Moody's not very old, if you wa'n't very strict about age, and she's got a good settin' out, everybody knows; Jane Darrer, Rowa Stirrup, Liddy Perkin, and the two Stowers' girls would either of 'em suit you better than me, bein' younger, and so better suited to your age, hansomer, and of course a better match for a hansome man like Squire Kinyon. I might mention the schoolma'am; but I don't know as the trustees would consent to let her go these two months, less you paid another to finish the school, which wouldn't be convenient. As for me, I'm a disconsolit, forlorn creetur, and when you are married and gone, you won't be disconsolit any longer.

"The moon is shinin' like a bride
Arrayed in silver white;
I'll go and bathe my burnin' brows
All in her coolin' light.

"But you, beside your kitchen fire,
On smilin' beauty gaze;
Her eyes like sparks, with beauty bright,
Her young cheeks all ablaze.

"Your most obedient servant, I take my leaf of you, Seraphina Matilda M. Button."

When she'd read it all, she laughed so loud and so long that Miss Pendle come up to see what was the matter. She looked surprised enuff when Miss Button said she was only answerin' one of her love-letters. I didn't feel just right about her puttin' in somethin' about me; but then such a girl as she was always would do just about as she pleased. She folded up the letter, put it in her pocket, and said she meant to send it to him next day. And says she: "I'll bet a bundle of goose-quills he will run right off to see Dolly Jinks or some of them girls. I hope they will give him the mitten. The old goose! to think he thought a body couldn't ever be civil without being purrin' round for a chance to be Miss Kinyon second. Well, I give him a dose; but la sakes, he won't take the hint what I think about him." All the rest of the evenin' she kept laughin' about Squire Kinyon and his medder land, his cows and geese feathers. "Oh," says she, "what a prospect for a nice young woman! And that long-tailed gray colt, which the Squire would always want to use, and yet be *so* clever as to 'low me to *call it mine!* Oh, the dear old cle-

verly! he shall have a wife, and a pretty *young* fool, too!" I declare, I begun to pity the Squire, she run on so about him.

But it wa'n't long before we had something else to talk about, for Nat Stowers come in, lookin' as if he couldn't hardly keep still, he was so runnin' over full of news. It stuck out of his eyes, and almost pushed his hat off, and he had to cram his hands into his pockets pretty nigh up to his elbows to keep it from flying out of them.

After he'd sot down, the Deacon said: "What's the news, Nat?"

Poor fellow! his eyes rolled in his head, and he grinned at us without sayin' a word. Of course we begun to want to know what it was.

"Come," says the Deacon, "what is it, Nat?"

Nat chuckled to himself a minit. Says he at last: "You hain't seen nary ghost around here lately, have you?"

The Deacon said he thought we hadn't, though he did see a big-horned owl t'other night, round after a hen.

"Well," says Nat, "I seen one, Sam Jinks seen one, 'n' to-day Tom Potter seen one, 'n' spoke to him, too. 'Twa'n't Gran'ther Lambert, either; you never would guess who 'twas, for you don't know. It 's a feller from York, I s'pose; any way he 's got a tailor made coat 'n' shiny boots. I swaow, I dunno what on airth his hat must a been. 'Twa'n't pickety straw, nor pam leaf, but a kind of Lagehorn, like Tild's flat. His trowsers was some kind of store cloth, any way. Tom said so, and I seen him arter Tom did, a-settin' on a log, markin' on a piece of paseboard, 'n' I crept up close, 'n' looked at him. Tell you what, he 's got an offle-lookin' mess of hair on his chin! Reckon he don't peddle razor straps any way! He! he! he!"

"Nat," says Miss Button, "you don't mean that *you* see this chap, when he wasn't a ghost, and he goes round markin' on a piece of paper, and wears store clothes all the time."

"Wall, yes, I dew, Tild. I was hoein' corn over in the ten acre lot, 'n' I watched him. He sat ever so long a-lookin' at that old elm tree down by the pond, 'n' markin' on his board; but bimeby he got up 'n' went off to them rocks, 'n' looked about a spell, 'n' then he went across the hill out of sight. He 's got a regular umberill, on'y it 's pooty light-colored; spose it 's the fashion in York. Reckon Tild 'll be arter gittin one."

"O dear," says Miss Button, "I 'm disapp'inted. I did hope it was a real live ghost at last, and I wanted to see it myself. It 's such a comfortable feelin' to get over a good scare. How I should have liked to seen that old Granny Endor!"

"O yes, Tild," says Nat, "you 're allers diggin' back into futurity. I don't know about witches. Ef I did, I 'd be sartin to catch it. Gran'ther does cuss 'n' swear 'bout this here ghost enuff to scare a feller. Wish to goodness gran'ther 'd get religion; I 'd go fishin' every Sunday, then, for he wouldn't make me work so stiddy. I say, Tild, that 'ere York chap had a pictur of your dad's old mill, jest as nateral as could be. He showed Tom ever so many picters; he 's a-makin' 'em all the time. I swaow, I didn't know anybody follered that bizness."

Well, after we had talked the matter over and over, and asked Nat ever so many questions, and he had told us that he was "a proper, hansome feller," Miss Button put on her bunnit and asked Nat if he wouldn't go home with her. Oh, if you could have seen Nat's face! He blushed up to his hair, and grinned so 's to show every tooth in his head. When they went out, he crammed his hands into his pockets, and shied off one side, considerably ahead of Miss Button. Deacon Pendle laughed to see 'em.

A spell after that Miss Button come in to see me one Saturday night. I asked her if she had seen the ghost yet. She looked as red as fire, and turned me off by askin if Square Kinyon had offered to give me one of the gray colts yet? I wouldn't tell her a word about it, because Nat Stowers had come in only the day before, and told us that York chap had been to Bethuel Button's two or three times, and made picters of all the old trees round, and Bethuel himself into the bargin. He 'd seen them, and after a good deal of coaxin', he owned that he made a picter of him, too, jest as nateral as life. Miss Button said she come to tell me what a good time I should have, a boardin' with the Jinkses. Marm Jinks was a regular subjeck for 'notomy. Poor thing! She was always havin' her throat burnt out with fustick for some trouble or other with the tonsors in her throat. She had the bronika, and everything else under the sun; and she kep and took more medicin' than all the rest of the folks in Pendle Holler put together. I never saw Miss Button in such good spirits as she was that night. She laughed, and told stories, and, finally, she got to repeatin' poetry. The Deacon and Miss Pendle laughed dreffiely over some of her funny stories about the rest of the folks. And after she 'd gone, the Deacon

said he was afraid something would happen to Matilda, she was so oncommon happy. I don't know whether he dreamed it or guessed it, but as true as I live, about three weeks afterwards, Nat Stowers come into Miss Jones's one morning, when I was there, to tell us that Tild Button had drowned herself in her father's mill-pond the night before, leavin' a paper on her table, sayin' it was for love she did it. He s'posed it was for love of the picter-maker. We was dreffiely horryfied about it. About noon, Nat come in agin, and said as they hadn't found her body in the water, they 'sposed she'd hung herself. Elder Jones went right over there to see about it. Towards night he come back, and said that the unfortunit girl wasn't dead, but she 'd run off with a painter—a city chap without an acre of land in the world; and her father said he s'posed he was as poor as a shin bone. Squire Kinyon come in to inquire about it; and when Elder Jones told him that, he kind of grinned, and said he didn't feel surprised at it. *He* knew long ago that Tild, poor thing! had a good deal more genius than common sense. She hadn't a mite of 'presheashun for anything real solid and substanshal. Her taste run to poetry and other flummididdles. Guess she 'd find out, in course of time, that there were some sense in having a comfortable property. In his opinion, she 'd only jest done as we might have expected long ago.

Of course, there was a good deal said about it. Custard pies, sponge cake, and tea was used extravagantly; and even the Widder Soule, who hadn't been a visitin' before in ten years, did go out of an afternoon a dozen times, jest to talk about poor Miss Button. But no more this time from Your obedient friend,

BETSY BROOMCORN.

LESTER'S REVENGE.

BY ANNA M. BINGEN.

(Concluded from page 78.)

CHAPTER II.

"By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that turns the heart from sin,
Are mortals won to heaven."

THE little church in the Pennsylvanian village of ——— had been greatly blest. Lukewarm professors had been aroused, past differences and animosities had been permitted to sink into oblivion, and when from united hearts the voice of strong supplication had been lifted up in behalf of the thoughtless throng of spectators, God had answered prayer by causing many hitherto careless ones to ask what they should do to be saved. The meeting had been prolonged many weeks, and must now close; but the minister seemed loth to dismiss his congregation on this the last night of the "special effort." He stood for a moment looking at the expectant throng, then requested that the seats nearest the altar should be filled by those who had lately joined the church. In answer to his wish, there came, as room was made for them, eighty-three, who professed to have lately "passed from death unto life."

"There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth."

There came, with quick, impulsive steps, many whose young, ardent manhood exulted in the new title they had won, and whose untried hearts fully believed that the hopes which friends indulged of their future usefulness would not be disappointed; and there was also the calm, measured tread of thoughtful, far-seeing middle age; there was the graceful maiden, gliding timidly to the place of which she felt unworthy; and the serious matron, whose earnest eyes seemed to glance after those whom she would fain bring with her. What various wants, what various needs were there! Mr. H. was not one of those whose tears have such ready flow that their congregations grow indifferent to them; but now his eyes were filled to overflowing as he looked at those who would, if faithful, be "stars in his crown of rejoicing." Would they prove faithful? How earnestly he besought them to do so! how imploringly he urged them to use aright the talents which God had given them! to make every blessing which He had bestowed a something which should advance His interest! How many hearts recorded in that solemn hour the promise that they would be valiant soldiers of the cross; that neither "height, nor depth, nor any other creature" should be enabled to separate them from the love which passeth understanding! How many resolved that they would never again murmur at poverty, but would

strive even in its midst to show that the religion of Christ was more than a recompense! and how many of those blest with this world's goods inly vowed that they would "feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and help to send the Gospel to distant lands!"

One of the number, a most lovely girl, had been escorted to church by our former friend, Lester Howard, now a noble-looking young man, within a few months of his majority. She was his betrothed wife, the sister of his college friend, Harry White, with whom he had spent a number of vacations. He and Harry had arrived in the village that afternoon, but he had had no opportunity to converse with Ellen till they started for church, when she seemed timid, as if desiring to speak, but lacking courage. He had thought it singular that she should wish to go to church on the first evening of his visit; but it was all explained when, as the call was made for the new members to come forward, she arose and passed him with downcast eyes. She found a seat in one of the side pews, and he could see her plainly. He watched her jealously, but she was listening to her minister so attentively that she seemed to have forgotten his presence. The small, gloved hands were clasped together, and the graceful form was bent slightly forward, while the red lips trembled, and the soft brown eyes looked strangely bright, shining as they did through tears. Could it be that that earnest-looking girl was the darling, frolicsome Nellie, whose ringing laugh had been such music to his ears? How purely beautiful she looked as she stood with bowed head to receive the closing benediction, then turned with sweetly serious eyes, and moved quietly with the throng who were pressing their way along the aisles! He almost dreaded to have her reach the spot where he stood. What had they in common now? Would she not desire to break their engagement? For in that moment Lester seemed to feel that there was a measureless distance between himself and the followers of Jesus.

For some moments after they left the church they walked in silence; then Ellen said: "You were surprised, were you not, Lester?"

"Yes," he answered, briefly.

"But not displeased, I hope? You would not be if you knew how far happier I am than I used to be."

"No," he said, hesitatingly, "not displeased. But oh, Nellie, you were good enough before."

"What do you mean by good enough, Lester? We cannot be good enough so long as we remain unfit for heaven, can we?"

"But you always were fit for heaven," he replied, resolutely.

"Oh, Lester, how mistaken you are!"

"Not at all; and besides they can get along without you up in heaven, and I need you here; so why not be contented where you are?"

"I am contented, more than contented to stay my allotted time in this beautiful world, where I hope to be so useful and so happy; but, believe me, I am far more so since I have been enabled to look fearlessly into the future, to consider this life as a bright pathway leading to a more glorious one."

Again did Lester ask himself if this could be the Nellie who used to declare in her laughing way that the butterflies and herself were exceptions to all general rules, being created merely that they might enjoy themselves.

"I suppose," said he, speaking slowly, and, as he fancied, very calmly, "you will wish to have our engagement broken, now that you have become pious?"

She looked into his face. The bright moonbeams falling upon her own showed him how pale and startled it was.

"Do you wish it, Lester?"

"No," he answered, his assumed indifference giving way, "I do not wish it. It would be like tearing my heart in two to give you up, but I supposed I should have to do it."

"Not unless you wish to," she whispered, clinging to his arm; "only you must promise not to retard me in my Christian course. I hope, I believe that you will yet be brought to see as I have seen."

"I cannot say I see much hope of that," he answered, lightly. "But now that you have made a profession, I have no wish that you should, as Christians say, backslide; I always despised such fickleness."

And who will not echo the sentiment? Who but has a measure of scorn mingled with the pity they feel for those who have professed the name of Jesus, and then renounced Him?

The next morning Lester had an interview with Mr. White, whose consent to their engagement had not before been asked. That gentleman looked grave, and replied that, if he were to take into account nothing but his personal liking, he would say yes at once; yet, as he really knew nothing about him except that he was Harry's college friend, he must defer his answer till he could write to a friend residing in Kentucky, who would make all necessary inquiries. To so reasonable a proposition our young friend could make no objection, nor did he desire to do so. There

was nothing in his past life nor in his position at home which he cared to conceal from his future father-in-law.

The next day there was a picnic at "The Oaks," a much frequented resort for pleasure-parties. Every kind of carriage was in demand in the village that day, and it was with some difficulty that Lester secured a small buggy, and had Ellen to himself during the ride. Harry and a number of others were going in Mr. White's carriage; but such arrangements did not suit our lovers, who preferred to be alone, and soon permitted the rest of the gay party to distance them.

"Now, Nellie," said Lester, suddenly turning his handsome, wilful face toward her, "I hope you will not refuse to dance with me to-day?"

A delicate color tinged the young convert's cheek. "I hope not, Lester; for I hope you will not ask me."

"You must have a high opinion of my gallantry! But, seriously, dearest Nellie, what possible harm is there in one moving to music more than without it?"

"I don't think there is any harm in dancing of itself; but you know how everybody looks upon it."

"What of that? You ought to judge for yourself," he said, though, in his heart, he thought it would answer as well as if she would let him judge for her. "And if you think it intrinsically wrong, give it up; but if not, do not be bound by the narrow prejudices of others."

"But my church forbids it, Lester; and, surely, I should be an unworthy member if I could not give up so slight a thing in compliance with her demands; and, besides, you know what you said about my giving up."

"Why, I said I did not wish you to give up your profession of religion; but if your church makes such ridiculous demands, why, join one that does not."

"I do not wish to join any other; and, besides, if I am not able to see any wrong in dancing, it has been called wrong till almost every one thinks it out of place in a Christian, and I will not so shame my profession." The sweet voice was low, but very firm, and Lester was puzzled and annoyed.

He had grown up thinking "will" and "will not" very unrefined, improper words for a lady to use. His ideal of feminine loveliness was his gentle, yielding, clinging mother. True, she had committed a grave error in submitting so blindly to his stepfather's will, but he argued he himself was an honorable man, very different from William Allen. So there would be no danger of any one's acting wrongfully while obeying him; and he did *so* detest those loud-voiced, strong-minded women. Ellen, with all her vivacity, had hitherto been very gentle; and now it dawned upon him, for the first time, that she could also be very firm. He could not tell whether to like or dislike this new phase of her character. If she displayed it to all the rest of the world, and remained yielding to him, it would be all right; but he had an unpleasant feeling that, if he interfered with her ideas of what was *duty*, she would not do so. A very unpalatable thought was that to our Lester, who had lost none of his old self-will. He struck his horse a quick blow, and drove on rapidly and in silence. Ellen was deeply pained.

"Lester," she said, humbly, "you are not angry at me for refusing to do what I believe is wrong?"

"No. If you believed it wrong, I wouldn't be. But you said you did not. You yield to the foolish whims of others, and refuse to oblige me."

"I did not mean that," she said, eagerly. "I only meant I did not think it in itself wrong; but, knowing as I do how the world views it, I could not conscientiously dance. But I cannot bear to see you look angry!" The young head, with its wealth of smooth, brown hair, was leaned lovingly on his shoulder, and Lester Howard, as he kissed the tearful face, said she should do as she chose in all things.

The picnic passed off pleasantly. Ellen was importuned again and again to dance, but she steadily refused. Her happy, smiling face was perfectly unclouded, even while uttering her firmest denials; and those whose invitations she declined turned away, admiring and respecting her as they had never done before.

Two weeks passed rapidly away, and Lester came to the sage conclusion that to a *woman* religion was certainly a beautifier, for each day his Nellie grew dearer, and her love more precious.

One evening they were sitting together, Mrs. White, Ellen, Harry, and Lester, when Mr. White entered the room with an open letter in his hand. "Well, Lester," he said, joyously, "I have news from Kentucky."

"All right, I hope," said Lester, with a smile.

"Yes, all right. And what is more, I have made a very pleasant discovery."

"Are we to share the pleasure?"

"To be sure you are; but in the first place, I suppose you know that I have been married twice; and that Harry and Ellen are the children of my first wife; though," he added, looking affectionately at his wife, "there has never been any difference between them and the others."

"I am aware of all this," said Lester, wonderingly.

"Well, and do you know who my first wife was?"

"No, sir. I have never heard anything about her."

"She was Alice Allen; and her only brother, of whom I have for many years lost sight, is your mother's husband. Why didn't you tell us your stepfather's name was Allen? We should have traced up the relationship long ago."

"I never mention Mr. Allen when I can possibly avoid it," was the haughty reply, spoken with a flushed face. "And had I known of the relationship, as you term it, I should probably never have been here."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Didn't he and you agree?"

"No, sir; we did not. My uncle and guardian took me from my mother nearly eight years ago, to save me from his abuse."

"There must have been wrong on both sides," said philosophic Mr. White.

"No, there was not," replied Lester, hotly. Then, meeting Ellen's pained, astonished look, he turned quickly away and walked into the street, questioning himself as he did so: "Could he marry William Allen's niece?" It seemed impossible; yet could he give up his Ellen? No, no! that he could not. Love and hate were holding a fierce conflict in his heart; but love, all-conquering love triumphed. And when he returned, he hastened to apologize for his rudeness.

This was in June; and the wedding was appointed for the following November. Lester would be of age in September, and he had long since determined to celebrate his birthday by warning his stepfather to leave his house. But now he feared, if he did so, he would lose his bride, and concluded to adjourn this (to him, pleasant task) until after his marriage. But in the midst of his plans he was summoned home to his mother's deathbed. He started without delay. How slowly the cars seemed to creep along! How harshly the gay laughter of his fellow passengers grated on the ears, which were in fancy listening to Lizzie Howard's loving cradle-songs. The journey accomplished, he alighted at the door of his childhood's home. Old Tom was there, with great tears rolling down his honest black face.

"O, Massa Letter, she gone! The bestest mistress ever lived!"

Lester wrung the hard, old hand, and followed Tom to the parlor. There she lay—the thin face and thinner hands cold and pale, and the pulseless heart still in death. Lizzie was now, for the first time, deaf to the sorrow of her son, who threw himself on his knees beside her in an agony of grief. The many times when his boyish waywardness had brought tears to the gentle eyes, and the bitterer tears which he knew she had shed at being separated from him, seemed all before him.

"O, mother, mother! O, my mother!" he said, as he bent to kiss the clammy brow.

"Almost her last breath was spent in blessing you," said the kind-hearted minister, who was standing near. "She had learned to take her troubles to her Redeemer, and she wanted you to fly to the same gracious refuge."

The young man arose, and, sitting down, buried his face in his hands, while his companion, after hesitating a moment, left him alone with his dead. What his thoughts were during that silent communion we may not tell. But when, at last, little Alice came softly into the room, with her hands full of flowers, her brother took her on his knee, and eagerly scanned her face.

Yes, she was like her mother. There was no trace of her father in the delicate features and deep blue eyes. She laid her little weary head against him, and they mingled their tears together.

"O, Brother Lester," sobbed the child, "mamma wanted to see you so much, and now she 's dead!"

He held her closely to him as he answered:

"We will try to think she is better off, Ally."

Before the little girl could reply, her father came slowly into the room, and, after looking for a moment sadly at his dead wife, turned and offered his hand to her son, who, however, drew back.

"Lester," said Mr. Allen, "let us forget our past animosity. Your mother begged that it might be so, and made me promise to offer you my friendship. Here, in this solemn presence, I do so."

"It is useless," answered Lester, "for, until I learn to forget how unhappy she was as your wife, I cannot have any friendly feelings toward you, and this is not a good place in which to forget it."

He placed Alice on the floor, and abruptly left the room, and they did not meet again till they silently took their places at the funeral. From his mother's grave Lester went to his uncle's house, leaving Mr. Allen for the present in possession of the old homestead. Poor Mr. Allen! his was indeed a hard position. His wife's annuity died with her, and he had nothing upon which to depend. The comfortable fortune which he had inherited from his father had long before been exhausted; and now, with failing health, he had no profession, no means of supporting himself or his daughter, the daughter who was dearer to him than any human being, save Lizzie, had ever been, for he had really loved Lizzie as much as his selfish heart could love. He could think of nothing except becoming a hanger-on and decoy for the gamesters with whom he had associated; and the prematurely old and broken man really shrank from his former life, and longed to lead a new one. He thought once or twice of applying to Mr. White for a situation, but did not know what kind of one to mention, being aware that there was none which he could fill. Then, too, how could he appear in poverty before the man whom he had entirely lost sight of in his days of affluence? How bitterly he regretted having attempted that dark crime! That wild, hopeless longing to recall the miserable past—pray God thou mayest never feel it, dear reader! His days were spent in the library, where he would sit for hours by the table, with his head resting on his folded arms, silent and motionless, till the entrance of his little Alice would rouse him for a time from hopeless to agonizing grief.

It was some relief when, two weeks after his wife's death, Mr. James Howard rode over, saying he had come to propose to him a plan by which he would be at liberty to retain possession of the establishment till winter, when Lester would be married and want it himself.

"What is the plan?" he moodily asked.

"Why," said Mr. Howard, striking his boot smartly with his riding-whip, "Lester has heard that you are likely to be in some embarrassment from having your income so suddenly cut off; and, as he is anxious to keep his sister with him, he wished me to tell you that, if you will give her entirely to his care, and will leave Kentucky in November, you can stay here till then, and he will give you five hundred dollars to start with. But you must agree to stay away when you go."

"Give up my child, and for such a paltry sum! Does he think I will do it?" ejaculated Mr. Allen, indignantly.

"No," replied Mr. Howard, calmly, "he does not suppose you will if you can do any better; but the question is, can you? If you take your daughter with you now, where will you go? Five hundred, though, as you say, a paltry sum, will yet supply your necessities until you can get into some business, and send for Alice, who will in the mean time be tenderly cared for by Lester, who is going to marry your niece, Ellen White. There can be no doubt that she will feel kindly towards your child, who is her cousin, and is, I believe, a namesake of her mother's."

Mr. Howard spoke as if he thought Mr. Allen's getting into business would be an easy task; but in his heart he knew he had neither energy nor health to enable him to do so; that Alice, once given to her brother, would never be reclaimed. How dreadful are the effects of indolence upon our nature, both moral and physical! How the skilless hands fall wearily, and the enervated brain refuses to arouse from its helpless torpor, even when stern necessity bids us work or die! If we turn in pitying sadness from those who are by nature rendered incapable of planning or working out anything good or useful, should we not shrink in horror from allowing our God-given activity and vigor to be thus prostrated?

William Allen arose and paced the room with slow, despairing steps. *Oh, if he only possessed his former neglected, wasted power to act*, how quickly would he give to this haughty man scorn for scorn! But—but—he could not now; both head and hands were weak; there was no upspringing power to do or dare within him. He must take what was thus doled out to him; there was nothing left for him but submission. He must leave his child with her brother, and perhaps with the money thus obtained he might regain a portion of what he had lost at the gaming table. "Luck must change some time."

With a flush of shame on his once handsome face, with tears of bitter humiliation in his eyes, and with the feeling in his heart that of all the despicable objects on the face of the earth he was the most abject, he said he would consent to Lester's proposition.

Mr. James Howard's house was superbly illuminated, and its parlors were thronging with guests called together to welcome "Cousin Lester and his bride," who had arrived, and were to stop there before going to their

own house. The bride charmed every one by her graceful ease; yet she seemed to be watching for some one, and glanced up brightly every time an elderly gentleman came to be presented to her, for each time she expected to see her uncle. Lester surmised what was in her thoughts, but he skilfully avoided giving her a chance to question him till all the company were gone, and they sat with his aunt and uncle in the now quiet parlor.

"How have you enjoyed yourself, Cousin Ellen?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Very well; only I was disappointed in not seeing Uncle William. Is he sick?"

The gentlemen exchanged glances, and Mrs. Howard looked a little discomfited.

"Why, no, he isn't sick; but you know he and Lester are not on good terms; so we did not invite him."

"I thought," said Ellen, looking beseechingly at Lester, "that you had overcome your past dislike."

"Not a bit of it," he said, carelessly. "But don't look so disturbed, Nellie; he is not worth any trouble."

"Oh, Lester, to speak so of your father!"

"He is not my father."

"Well, your stepfather, then."

"That is a very different name, Nellie; one to which I owe no respect."

"Don't say so, Letty. I love my stepmother as much as I could an own mother."

"You would not if she had made your father miserable, and abused and worried you every way she could," said Lester, earnestly. "Indeed, Nellie, I have every reason to detest him. When I tell you what he did, you will not wonder that I could not willingly see him at a party made for us."

The young wife looked very much distressed. "But your sister, little Alice—you surely do not feel so toward her?"

"No; and I am in hopes her father will let her stay with us."

"He has promised to do so, for the present at least," said Mr. Howard. "But do not let us annoy ourselves by talking about him any more at present. It is time we were all seeking rest."

Ellen sighed. This was a state of affairs very different from what she had expected. The next day Lester rode over to his old home, and returned, bringing his sister with him. The little girl was warmly welcomed and caressed; but she looked depressed and troubled. Her dark blue eyes fixed themselves on her new sister's face with a timid, questioning look which brought Lizzie Howard very freshly to her son's memory.

"Well, Ally," he said, placing an arm lovingly around her, "what do you think? Is she as pretty as I told you?"

"Yes," said the child, with slightly quivering lips. "She is pretty; and I think she looks some like papa. Don't you think so, Brother Lester?"

"No," he said, shortly. And the encircling arm was quickly withdrawn.

Ellen took her hand in hers. "Come to my room, dear. I want to show you some things I brought for you." They left the room, and Lester sat wondering if it could be possible that his sweet, young wife resembled his hated stepfather.

"So you think I look like your father?" said the bride, when Alice had examined and admired the presents.

"Yes, I do; and I think Lester would say so, only he don't like papa. Can't you coax him to like him?" The little face and the sweet tremulous voice were both good pleaders, but Ellen required no such argument.

"I will certainly try, dear Ally. But why does he dislike him?"

"I don't know; he always did, and mamma used to cry about it. Papa tried to make up after she died. I heard him; but Lester would not."

"Where is your father now?"

"I don't know. He went away to-day, and he is going to write to me. He would have taken me with him, only he is too poor. I wish he wasn't so poor. I want to be with him, now mamma is gone," said the child, with choking sobs.

Ellen's eyes filled; and her voice trembled as she drew the delicate little creature closer to her, and tried to soothe her grief.

"Hush, darling! God will make it all right. We must pray to him."

"That is what mamma said, and I do pray; but it doesn't do any good."

"Don't say that. God answers our prayers in the way that is best for us, even if it is not in the way we wish."

"If you had seen Lester to-day, when papa went away, you would feel as badly as I do," persisted Alice. "He stood on the steps, and watched him get on his horse, and he looked so glad and so strange. I can't tell you how he looked, only he seemed to hate dear papa."

If the generous little heart could have imagined the pain her words gave, they would not have been spoken. But in happy ignorance

she went on. "We are going there to-morrow; but it won't seem like home without any mother or father either."

Just then the tea-bell rang, and Lester was heard coming for them. "Come, Ally, bathe your face, and get ready for supper," said Ellen, glad of the interruption.

When the meal was over, Mrs. Howard persuaded Alice to go to the nursery with the other little ones; and the young husband and wife, going away by themselves, talked long and earnestly. She told him of Alice's grief, and begged him to forget past animosities, and permit her to invite Mr. Allen to visit them as her uncle, if he could not receive him as his stepfather. But he absolutely refused, telling her it was a murderer at heart with whom she wished to associate. Then Ellen, for the first time, heard of the fearful peril in which he had once been placed, and, as she clung to his arm, that thought for a time absorbed all others.

The old homestead was beautifully refurnished, and Lester proudly introduced his lovely wife to her new home. Guests came thronging there, and each one declared there could be no pleasanter place to visit. But let us ask: Was the affable master of the mansion as happy as he had expected to be? Young, handsome, talented, of high social position, in possession of a beautiful home and an ample income, loving and beloved, his seemed an enviable lot in life. That which he had panted to do was accomplished. Mr. Allen had been driven away in childless poverty, and was, no doubt, as unhappy as his stepson could desire. Yet that stepson walked through his splendid parlors, rode by the beautiful river, conversed with his wife, chatted with his friends, and vainly tried to still the upbraiding conscience, which *would* whisper that the mercy he had shown was not that which he would wish to receive.

Every letter Alice received from her father added to his discomfort. What would he not have given to prevent their corresponding? The little girl did not try to talk to him of her father, or tell him the news which came in her frequent letters. But his presence did not prevent her from drawing her little stool to Ellen's feet, and resting her arms upon her lap, while, with the sweet delicate face so like her mother's, upraised toward them both, she would tell how "Papa says his health is so poor now, he is hardly able to walk around;" or, "Papa boards at a little country tavern, in the northern part of Ohio. He says it is not very comfortable, but it is cheap." Or else, "Papa says he wonders if you look as his sister used to; I am named for her, you know;" and still again, "Papa says he would give anything he has in the world for a kiss from his little daughter." Often these revelations would be interrupted by passionate bursts of sobs, and Ellen would soothe and caress her; every caress seeming to Lester like a reproach to himself. He began to think that, after all, he did not possess the generous, noble nature for which he had given himself credit; but still he resolved that he would *not* yield. He would not give up his revenge.

The nearest church was three miles distant; yet, to please his wife, he attended regularly with her. But this only added to his unhappiness. Why was it he had never before heard such sermons? Were they all aimed at him? or was it mere accident that the errors of his past life, the sins which he had glossed over as trifles, and really considered as of small account, should now be painted before him as hideous deformities—acts which must bring the wrath of God upon him? Without telling Ellen his destination, he rode over many times to see their minister, who saw, with joy, how deep were his convictions of sin, how ardent his longings for peace, and gladly pointed him to the Lamb of God. They prayed together, and the good man repeated to him many precious promises from Scripture, which he felt *he dared not claim*, for he had of late examined the Bible, and had read there: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." And his stubborn heart still resolved that, though he would give up all things else, he would not yield the hatred which had "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." He was willing, he said to himself, to give to the poor; to forsake all sinful amusements; to be a faithful attendant at the house of God. And he tried to shut his eyes to the fact that he was keeping back anything, to make himself believe that he had taken away every hindrance which it was in his power to remove, and had, as his minister told him, nothing to do but to have faith in Jesus. But he could not so deceive himself. He knew he had not done all he could. He could invite Mr. Allen to his former home; or he could, without any inconvenience, grant him an annuity, and let him claim his child. Then he tried to justify himself: "He had not injured Mr. Allen. He had done nothing positively bad; in fact, he had given him money, though he had no claim upon him; and had only obliged one he de-

tested to leave the country. The unhappiness which Mr. Allen suffered in his solitary poverty was the just penalty of his crimes."

If the just penalty of yours was visited upon you, where would you be? "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. How dare you assume to yourself the prerogative of the Most High?" answered the inward monitor.

His misery became too great to hide. Ellen saw, and looked forward with trembling hope; but he would not talk with her, for he felt that, knowing all as she did, she would detect the wrong which his minister had failed to discover. All this time he thought only of fleeing from the wrath to come, and thought that this great sacrifice was demanded of him before God would fit him to stand when the heavens should be rolled together as a scroll.

One evening he sat with his wife and sister, and tried for some time to join in their conversation; but, finding it impossible, arose and threw himself in a most uncomfortable position on the sofa. Ellen looked at him for a moment; then, seating herself at the piano, played several of his favorite pieces of music, after which little Alice came to her to bid her good-night. A few pleasant words of conversation ensued, and when the child left the room, her brother seemed relieved, for he composed himself in an easy attitude on the sofa, and his wife looked pleased as she saw him do so. Turning again to the piano, her fingers wandered over the keys, and now her voice blended with the notes.

She sang several hymns, but they were all joyful ones; they told of the happiness of heaven, of the joy the believer feels, of the faith which looks beyond the tomb, and brings the invisible to view; and the singer's voice grew exultant, and there came to her face the same expression which he remembered to have seen that never-to-be-forgotten evening when he first saw her stand among the children of the Heavenly King. Ah! there was another part to the story, a part to which he had given little heed. There was happiness to be obtained as well as misery to be avoided; there was love, boundless love to be gained and enjoyed; love which could pardon even his transgressions, and fill and bless his anguished soul.

His heart seemed to expand. How strange that he should ever have felt hatred toward one for whom Christ died! He resolved that the tenderness of the future should, if possible, atone to Mr. Allen for the harshness of the past. And now the precious promises which he had been unable to claim came to his heart with thrilling power. By faith he laid hold upon them, and the voice of God whispered: "Thy sins be forgiven thee!"

One week later he alighted at his own door, bringing with him a wayworn, weary man, to whose arms little Alice sprang with a wild cry of joy. As Mr. Allen lay that evening on the sofa, the one where Lester had reclined a week before, with Ellen and his daughter beside him, he suddenly turned toward his stepson.

"Lester, I feel overpowered by your generosity. Can you forgive all my wickedness and injustice toward you?"

"Do not speak so, father," was the humble reply. "I have more need to ask forgiveness than to give it." And so Lester's revenge was consummated.

Could his mother have been there, how would she have rejoiced! Perchance she did, for if "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," may we not suppose that the most rapturous note in all that burst of gladness will be sounded by those who have loved the erring one while on earth, and now exult in the anticipation of spending with them a blissful immortality?

THE LIKENESS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Sweet semblance of a living joy!
I gaze upon the pictured face,
And think I feel the warm embrace
Of him, our Albert, our dear baby-boy.

Not less beloved, because the least
Of the dear "trio" who so bless
The hearts that answer each caress,
Welcome to Love's imparadising feast!

'Tis morn to thee, thou little one;
Oh, mayest thou have as bright a noon!
An eve illumined by a moon
To shed sweet peace when this thy day is done.

There are bright flowers clust'ring round,
Filling thy path with odors sweet;
With satisfying joys replete;
Within thy happy home those flowers abound.

Might I annihilate the space
That intervenes 'twixt thee and me,
Dear little one, how sweet 'twould be
To clasp thee in a lingering embrace!

I gaze upon the shadowy brow—
I meet no glances from thine eyes,
No baby laughs I hear, no cries;
'Tis for thy mother's sake I love thee now.

And so shall grow my love, sweet elf,
Until we meet, and thou shalt be
Dear as the home-brood are to me;
And I shall love thee for thine own sweet self.

NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 1.—Fancy fichu, made of puffs of white net sewed on black, and a beading with black velvet run through between every puff, and finished with a deep blonde lace.

Fig. 2.—White muslin breakfast-cap, with azurline blue trimming.

Fig. 3.—Garibaldi costume for a little boy. A pretty style.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

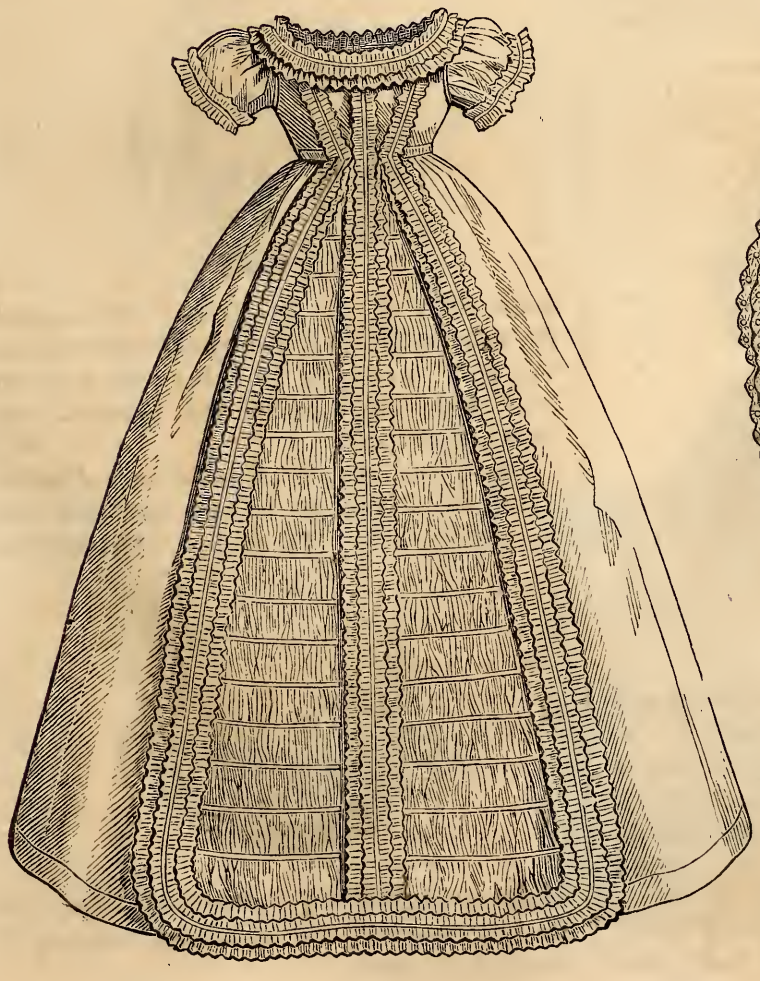


Fig. 6.

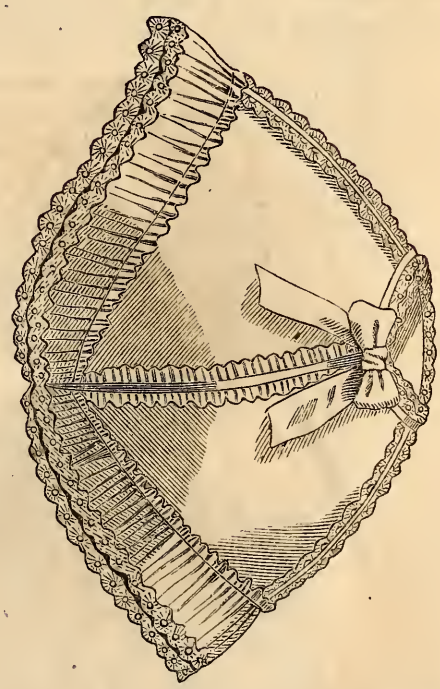


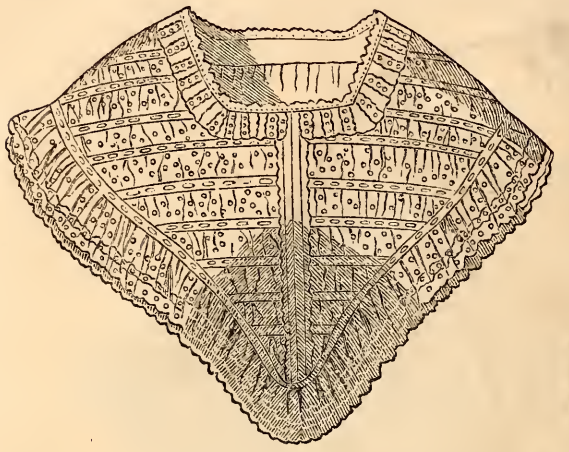
Fig. 4.—Night-dress for a young girl.

Fig. 5.—Christening robe.

Fig. 6.—White muslin pelerine, trimmed with worked ruffling.

Fig. 7.—Spencer cape, made of puffs of spotted white lace and

Fig. 7.



inserting. Under the narrow bands of inserting round the neck is run a violet ribbon.

PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 473 *Broadway, New York.*

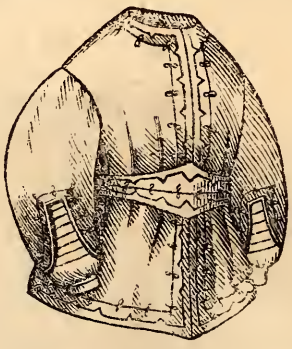
Carriage Dress.—Material of slate-colored silk, or fine mohair, trimmed with Humboldt blue glace or black, according to the taste of the wearer. Plain high body, with *Ceinture Suissesse* of blue silk, and a scarf of the same,

terminating in a bow, and ends rather low in the neck; the body itself is, however, close at the neck. The sleeves are slightly shaped at the elbow, and trimmed with bands of silk.

Mignon.—A full bishop sleeve, box-plaited, and set on a plain cap, top and bottom. At the top the box plaits are trimmed and laid on to form a frill, with an epaulette cap falling below. The bottom is plaited to a plain band, over

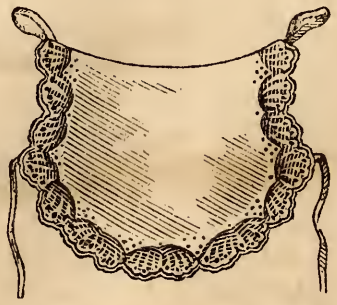
which a deep cuff is set; this cuff has a second row of trimming set on in points.

Boy's Sack.—A plain high neck sack, made of drab alpaca, and braided with crimson; it is confined at the waist by a pointed belt, braided to match. The sleeve has but one



seam, and that is at the back; it is open, and the band braided, but displays the shirt sleeve. The style is suitable for a boy from three to five years, and requires from three to four yards of material.

Baby's Bib.—May be quilted or made of bird's-eye diaper, worked on the edge, and lined with fine white muslin. The strings, which may be



observed hanging down, pass through the loops on the shoulders, and tie behind, securing it firmly in its place.

Infant's Wrapper.—Made of a delicate corn-colored cashmere, and lined with white flannel. The body is plaited in to a yoke. The trim-

ming is a broad band of blue wool de laine, stitched on. The skirt is long, and is intended for the comfort of an infant in cold weather.

LADY'S CARD-CASE, IN GOLD THREAD AND STEEL BEADS ON KID.

(*See engraving, page* 129.)

The card-case is one of those articles so necessary for use that it can never be dispensed with, but must in reality be the companion in hand of every morning visit. The design we are now giving is arranged for working on kid, in an outline of gold thread, the interior parts being filled with the very smallest of the cut steel beads that can be procured. The end of the gold thread must be passed through to the back of the kid on commencing the outline of the pattern, and the same must be repeated on the return of the gold thread at its conclusion. The border round the edge is formed of a loop of the gold thread, having a single steel bead placed in its centre, carried round with as much regularity as possible. The color of the kid may be either bronze or gray, either of which contrasts well with the gold and steel color of the work. When the work has been completed it may be sent to the proper persons for making up; or if in the country, where doing this might be difficult, then the lady herself may stitch it over a cardboard shape, lining the inside with silk, carrying a row of fine steel beads round the edges, as closely as possible together, so as to cover the stitches; sewing up the side and one end in the same way, and only leaving one end open for receiving the cards. The cotton for this bead-work should be No. 40.

CROCHET MUFF.

(*See engraving, page* 129.)

Before giving directions for the muff we will explain the stitches. For the fur stitch, pick up three stitches in one row, then three in the under row, then three in the first row, and so on to the end of the row, just as you would do Afghan stitch; you will have all the stitches on your needle. Then make a chain of three and pull it through one stitch, then a chain of three and pull it through the second stitch, and so continue; this makes the fur part of the muff.

In Gobelin stitch you make the first row of Afghan stitch; then after that you pick up between the stitches instead of taking up the stitch.

To widen, you pick up between the stitches, besides taking up the regular stitches.

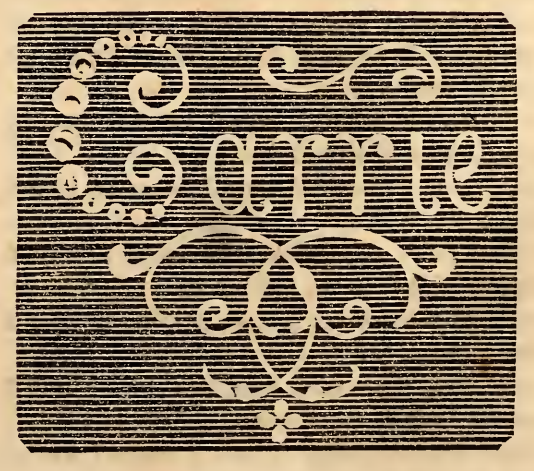
DIRECTIONS FOR MUFF.

The muff consists of two pieces, an outside and lining.

Set up with No. 5 needle 49 stitches with white zephyr for the under part of the fur, and work 53 rows of Afghan stitch. In each stitch of white work one stitch of the fur (as we explained) with *chinée* worsted. For the pink lining of the muff set up 41 stitches, and work in single Gobelin stitch 60 rows with No. 4 needle.

A piece of muslin with wadding is placed between the lining and muff; they are sewed together, and on the ends the muff and lining are caught together with a row of plain crochet, then a row of open crochet or holes, through which are run cords and tassels.

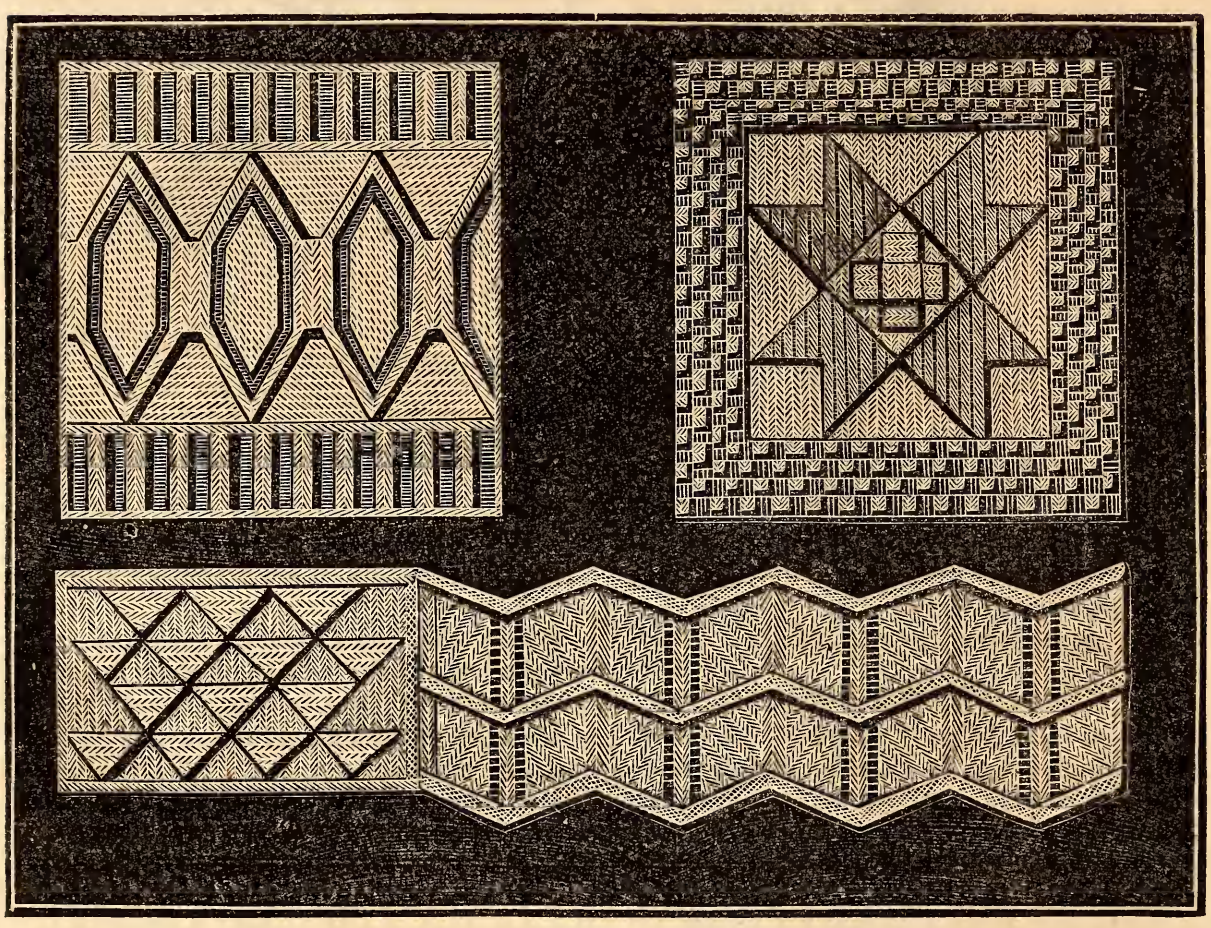
NAME FOR MARKING.



KNITTED COUNTERPANES.

BORDER FOR A COUNTERPANE.

STAR PATTERN FOR COUNTERPANE IN SQUARES.



COUNTERPANE KNITTED IN BREADTHS.

BORDER FOR COUNTERPANE.

Cast on 41 stitches.

1*st row*. Knit 10, seam 3, knit 15, seam 3, knit 10.

2*d*. Knit 8, seam 2, knit 3, seam 15, knit 3, seam 2, knit 8.

3*d*. Knit 8, seam 1, knit 2, seam 3, knit 13, seam 3, knit 2, seam 1, knit 8.

4*th*. Knit 9, seam 2, knit 3, seam 13, knit 3, seam 2, knit 9.

5*th*. Knit 8, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 11, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 8.

6*th*. Knit 10, seam 2, knit 3, seam 11, knit 3, seam 2, knit 10.

7*th*. Knit 8, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 9, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 8.

8*th*. Knit 11, seam 2, knit 3, seam 9, knit 3, seam 2, knit 11.

9*th*. Knit 8, seam 4, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 4, knit 8.

10*th*. Knit 12, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 12.

11*th*. Knit 8, seam 5, knit 2, seam 11, knit 2, seam 5, knit 8.

12*th*. Knit 13, seam 2, knit 11, seam 2, knit 13.

13*th*. Knit 8, seam 6, knit 2, seam 9, knit 2, seam 6, knit 8.

14*th*. Knit 14, seam 2, knit 9, seam 2, knit 14.

15*th*. Knit 8, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 8.

16*th*. Knit 15, seam 2, knit 7, seam 2, knit 15.

17*th*. Knit 8, seam 8, knit 9, seam 8, knit 8.

18*th*. Knit 16, seam 9, knit 16.

19*th*. Knit 8, seam 9, knit 7, seam 9, knit 8.

20*th*. Knit 17, seam 7, knit 17.

21*st*. Knit 8, seam 8, knit 9, seam 8, knit 8.

22*d*. Knit 16, seam 9, knit 16.

23*d*. Knit 8, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 2, seam 7, knit 8.

24*th*. Knit 15, seam 2, knit 7, seam 2, knit 15.

25*th*. Knit 8, seam 6, knit 2, seam 9, knit 2, seam 6, knit 8.

26*th*. Knit 14, seam 2, knit 9, seam 2, knit 14.

27*th*. Knit 8, seam 5, knit 2, seam 11, knit 2, seam 5, knit 8.

28*th*. Knit 13, seam 2, knit 11, seam 2, knit 13.

29*th*. Knit 8, seam 4, knit 2, seam 3, knit 7, seam 3, knit 2, seam 4, knit 8.

30*th*. Knit 12, seam 2, knit 3, seam 7, knit 3, seam 2, knit 12.

31*st*. Knit 8, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 9, seam 3, knit 2, seam 3, knit 8.

32*d*. Knit 11, seam 2, knit 3, seam 9, knit 3, seam 2, knit 11.

33*d*. Knit 8, seam 2, knit 2, seam 3, knit 11, seam 3, knit 2, seam 2, knit 8.

34*th*. Knit 10, seam 2, knit 3, seam 11, knit 3, seam 2, knit 10.

35*th*. Knit 8, seam 1, knit 2, seam 3, knit 13, seam 3, knit 2, seam 1, knit 8.

36*th*. Knit 9, seam 2, knit 3, seam 13, knit 3, seam 2, knit 9.

Repeat from 1st row.

PRETTY STAR PATTERN, FOR COUNTERPANE IN SQUARES.

Materials.—Six pounds knitting cotton, No. 6, three threads.

Cast on 50 stitches.

1*st row*. Knit 2, seam 2, repeat.

2*d*. Seam 2, knit 2, repeat.

3*d*. Seam 2, knit 2, repeat.

4*th*. Knit 2, seam 2, repeat.

Repeat these 4 rows till 12 are done, and continue 8 stitches in the same pattern up each side; for the 34 stitches that form the centre pattern, knit in the following manner:—

1*st row*. Seamed.

2*d*. Plain knitting.

3*d*. Seam 9, knit 1, seam 14, knit 1, seam 9.

4*th*. Plain knitting.

5*th*. Seam 9, knit 2, seam 12, knit 2, seam 9.

6*th*. Plain knitting.

7*th*. Seam 9, knit 3, seam 10, knit 3, seam 9.

8*th*. Plain knitting.

9*th*. Seam 9, knit 4, seam 8, knit 4, seam 9.

10*th*. Plain knitting.

11*th*. Seam 9, knit 5, seam 6, knit 5, seam 9.

12*th*. Plain knitting.

13*th*. Seam 9, knit 6, seam 4, knit 6, seam 9.

14*th*. Plain knitting.

15*th*. Seam 9, knit 7, seam 2, knit 7, seam 9.

16*th*. Plain knitting.

17*th*. Seam 9, knit 16, seam 9.

18*th*. Plain knitting.

19*th*. Seam 1, knit 15, seam 2, knit 15, seam 1.

20*th*. Plain knitting.

21*st*. Seam 2, knit 13, seam 4, knit 13, seam 2.

22*d*. Plain knitting.

23*d*. Seam 3, knit 11, seam 1, knit 4, seam 1, knit 11, seam 3.

24*th*. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

25*th*. Seam 4, knit 9, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 9, seam 4.

26*th*. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

27*th*. Seam 5, knit 7, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 7, seam 5.

28*th*. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

29*th*. Seam 6, knit 5, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 5, seam 6.

30*th*. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

31*st*. Seam 7, knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 4, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3, seam 7.

32*d*. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

33*d*. Seam 8, knit 1, seam 2, knit 4, seam 4, knit 4, seam 2, knit 1, seam 8.

34*th*. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

35*th*. Seam 7, knit 3, seam 1, knit 4, seam 4, knit 4, seam 1, knit 3, seam 7.

36*th*. Knit 11, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 11.

37*th*. Seam 6, knit 5, seam 4, knit 4, seam 4, knit 5, seam 6.

38*th*. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

39*th*. Seam 5, knit 7, seam 3, knit 4, seam 3, knit 7, seam 5.

40*th*. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

41*st*. Seam 4, knit 9, seam 2, knit 4, seam 2, knit 9, seam 4.

42*d*. Knit 15, seam 4, knit 15.

43*d*. Seam 3, knit 11, seam 1, knit 4, seam 1, knit 11, seam 3.

44*th*. Plain knitting.

45*th*. Seam 2, knit 13, seam 4, knit 13, seam 2.

46*th*. Plain knitting.

47*th*. Seam 1, knit 15, seam 2, knit 15, seam 1.

48*th*. Plain knitting.

49*th*. Seam 9, knit 16, seam 9.

50*th*. Plain knitting.

51*st*. Seam 9, knit 7, seam 2, knit 7, seam 9.

52*d*. Plain knitting.

53*d*. Seam 9, knit 6, seam 4, knit 6, seam 9.

54*th*. Plain knitting.

55*th*. Seam 9, knit 5, seam 6, knit 5, seam 9.

56*th*. Plain knitting.

57*th*. Seam 9, knit 4, seam 8, knit 4, seam 9.

58*th*. Plain knitting.

59*th*. Seam 9, knit 3, seam 10, knit 3, seam 9.

60*th*. Plain knitting.

61*st*. Seam 9, knit 2, seam 12, knit 2, seam 9.

62*d*. Plain knitting.

63*d*. Seam 9, knit 1, seam 14, knit 1, seam 9.

64*th*. Plain knitting.

Knit 12 rows the same as at the beginning, and cast off.

KNITTED COUNTERPANE, IN BREADTHS.

Materials.—Knitting cotton, No. 6, four threads; about five pounds is sufficient.

Cast on 107 stitches.

1*st row*. Plain knitting.

2*d*. Seamed.

3*d*. Plain knitting.

4*th*. Seamed.

5*th*. Plain knitting.

6*th*. Slip 1 *, knit 2 together, knit 7, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 9, knit 2 together, repeat from *, knit the last stitch.

7*th*. Seamed.

Repeat the 6th and 7th rows alternately 8 times more, then repeat from the beginning, till you have the stripe the length you wish it; for the close stripe that unites the breadths, cast on 27 stitches.

1*st row*. Plain knitting.

2*d*. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

3*d*. Knit 5, *, seam 1, knit 7, repeat from * once, seam 1, knit 5.

4*th*. Seamed, except the 2 stitches at the end, which knit.

5*th*. Knit 4, *, seam 3, knit 5, repeat from * once, then seam 3, knit 4.

6*th*. Knit 2 stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

7*th*. *, knit 3, seam 5, repeat from * twice, knit 3.

8*th*. Knit 2 stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

9*th*. Knit 2, *, seam 7, knit 1, repeat from * twice more, knit 2.

10*th*. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

11*th*. Knit 9, *, seam 1, knit 7, seam 1, knit 9.

12*th*. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

13*th*. Knit 8, *, seam 3, knit 5, seam 3, knit 8.

14*th*. Knit 2 plain at each end, seam the remainder.

15*th*. *, knit 7, seam 5, *, knit 3, seam 5, knit 7.

16*th*. Knit 2 plain stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

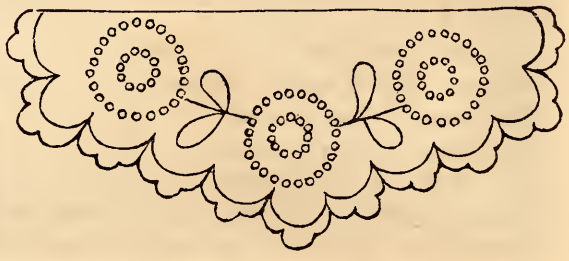
17*th*. Knit 6, seam 7, knit 1, seam 7, knit 6.

18*th*. Knit two plain stitches at each end, seam the remainder.

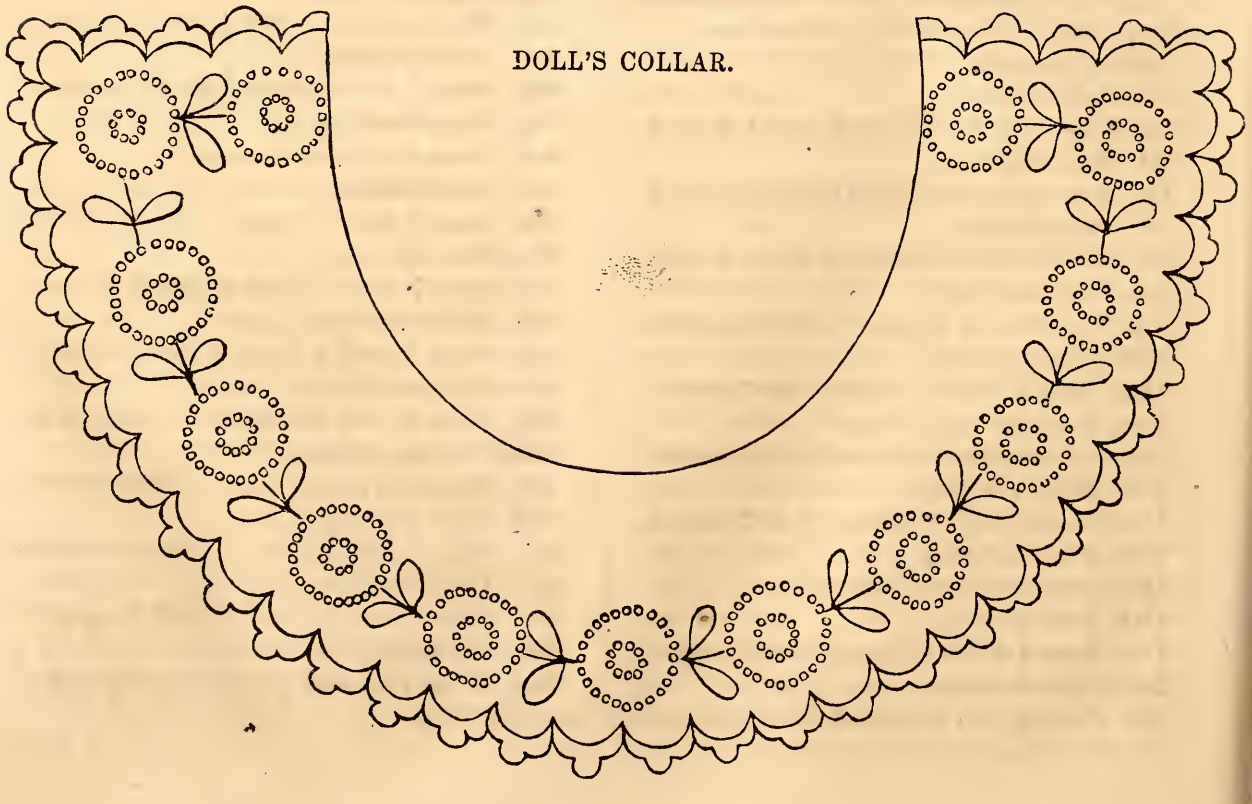
Repeat from 3d row, till you have done the length of the breadth.

FOR THE JUVENILES.

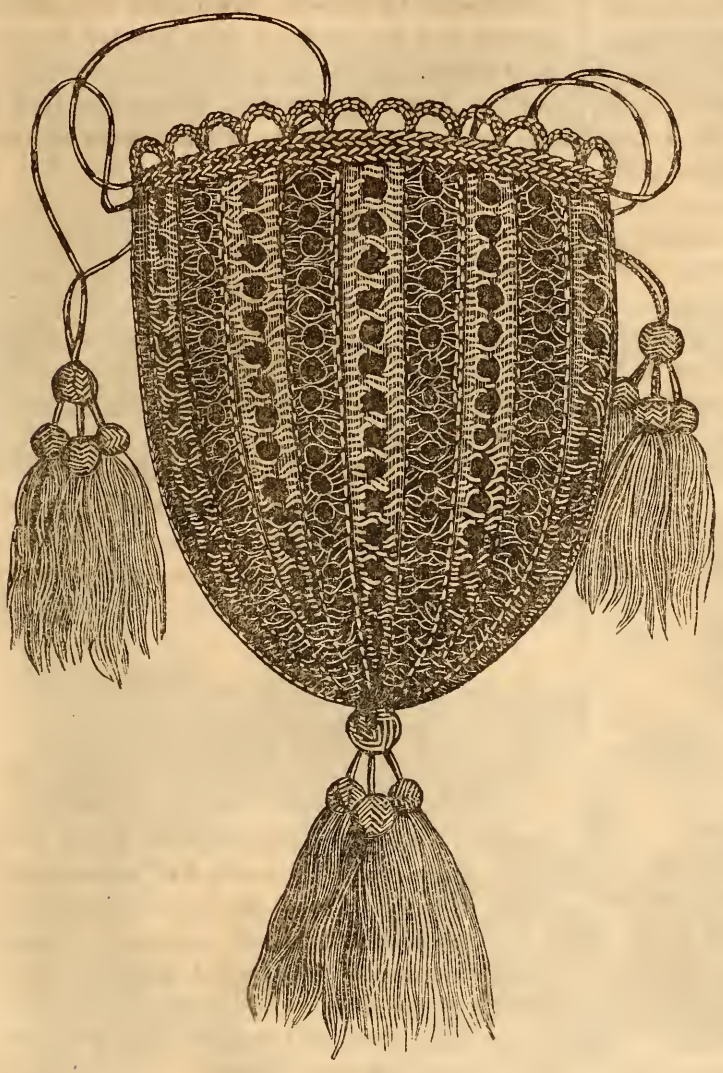
DOLL'S CUFF.



DOLL'S COLLAR.



BAG PURSE IN SILK KNITTING.



These very pretty little purses are now much used. They are knitted in rather coarse knitting-silk, of two or more colors, according to taste—blue and brown, or violet and scarlet, or pink and black; but as this is entirely a matter of taste, we only suggest these colors as contrasting well together. To commence: Cast on to a steel knitting-needle of a fine size forty-five loops; knit the first row, purl the second, knit the third, purl the fourth. The fifth row is the open row. Knit the first loop, silk forward, knit two together, silk forward, knit two together to the end of the row. Knit the sixth row, purl the seventh, purl the eighth. These eight rows form the stripe. The next row is the commencement of another stripe, and must, therefore, be again a knitted row. Repeat these stripes until there are twenty. Join the two edges together, and gather one end in for the bottom of the purse. The top is to be finished with a narrow crochet border. A pretty ornamental cord is then inserted through the knitted holes close to the crochet edge, and finished with three tassels to match, one on each side, and one where it is gathered in at the bottom; and this very useful and very pretty purse is completed.

GENTLEMAN'S BRACES IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

(*See engraving, page* 130.)

This sort of work allows much taste to be displayed in it, as, a variety of colors being employed, the advantageous effect of shading can be introduced, which, however slight, is still a great improvement to all flower-work. The material on which the embroidery is executed should for this purpose be a stout ribbon, either plain or watered; the latter looks the most handsome. The color of the ribbon must depend on the taste of the worker, as well as the arrangement of the work; the leaves of the pattern must be in a variety of greens, from light to dark; and the more different shades of green, the better the work looks. The color of the flowers must depend upon the color chosen for the ribbon; if a white or a black watered ribbon were selected, then the flowers might be in various colors; crimson, violet, and maize look well among the green leaves, on either a white or black ground. This sort of embroidery is worked in the same manner as muslin—that is, in satin stitch; the silk used should be the proper embroidery silk, which is less twisted than sewing silk, and fills up better. When the ornamental part of the work is completed, it must be sent to a proper person, accustomed to the manner of making up these articles, the work being previously covered with a strip of muslin to preserve it from either being frayed or soiled. When finished, they will be found a very ornamental and suitable present.

VARIOUS HERRING-BONE STITCHES AND MODES OF WORKING THEM.

Both the plain and fancy herring-bone stitches are much used in ornamenting children's garments, and as very little expense is incurred, this trimming is likely to continue

long in favor. The stitch in all its varieties makes a pretty heading to embroidered borders, and often saves the expense of an insertion. Washing colored jackets and little frocks worked with two rows of this stitch in coarse cotton look neat and pretty; and for infants' clothing, such as robes, gowns, etc., the introduction of the stitch as a finish to the embroidery is now very general. The borders of cambric handkerchiefs look very nicely worked in *red embroidery* cotton in any of the stitches we have illustrated, and an ordinary worker could accomplish this in two hours—not a long time, considering the result. The stitches need little description, as the mode of working can be so easily seen on referring to our illustrations.

Fig. 1.

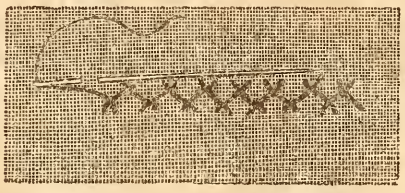


Fig. 1 is the simple herring-bone stitch, with which we feel sure all our readers are acquainted.

Fig. 2.

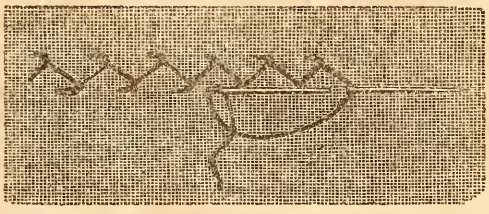
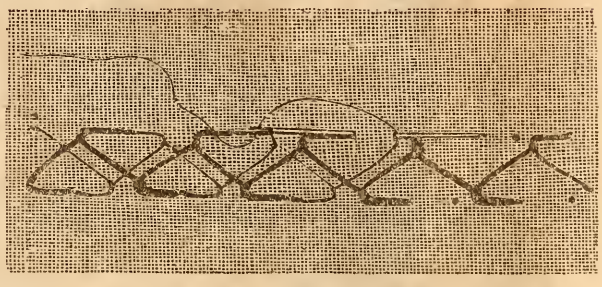


Fig. 2 is another form of herring-bone stitch, which is worked by placing the needle straight in the material, and always keeping the thread underneath the needle. Two little dots show plainly how the needle is to be inserted for the next stitch.

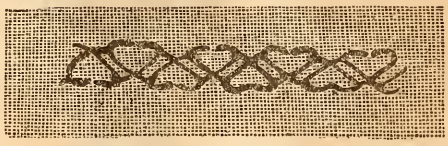
Figs. 3 and 4. The first illustration shows the manner in which the stitch is worked, and

Fig. 3.



the second the appearance of it when finished. The first half of the stitch is executed in the same manner as Fig. 2, but spreading it out a little, and the other half is the stitch repeated,

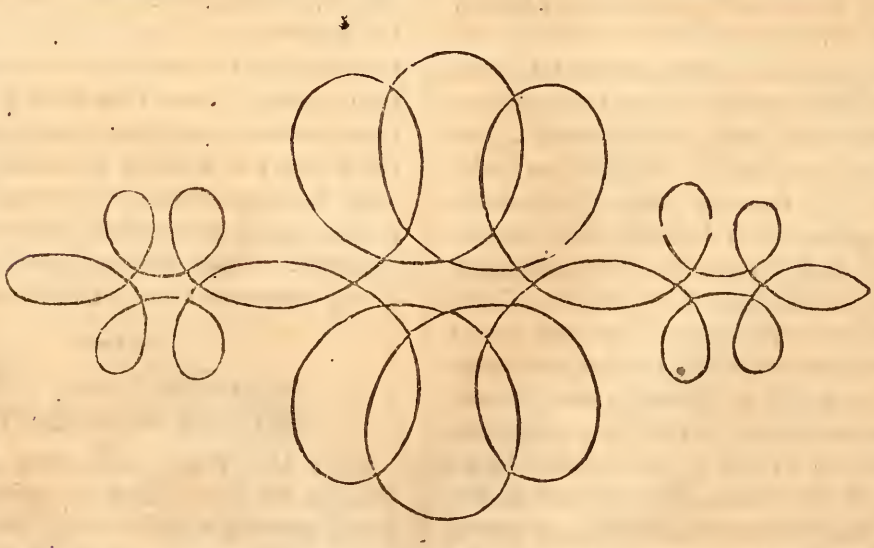
Fig. 4.



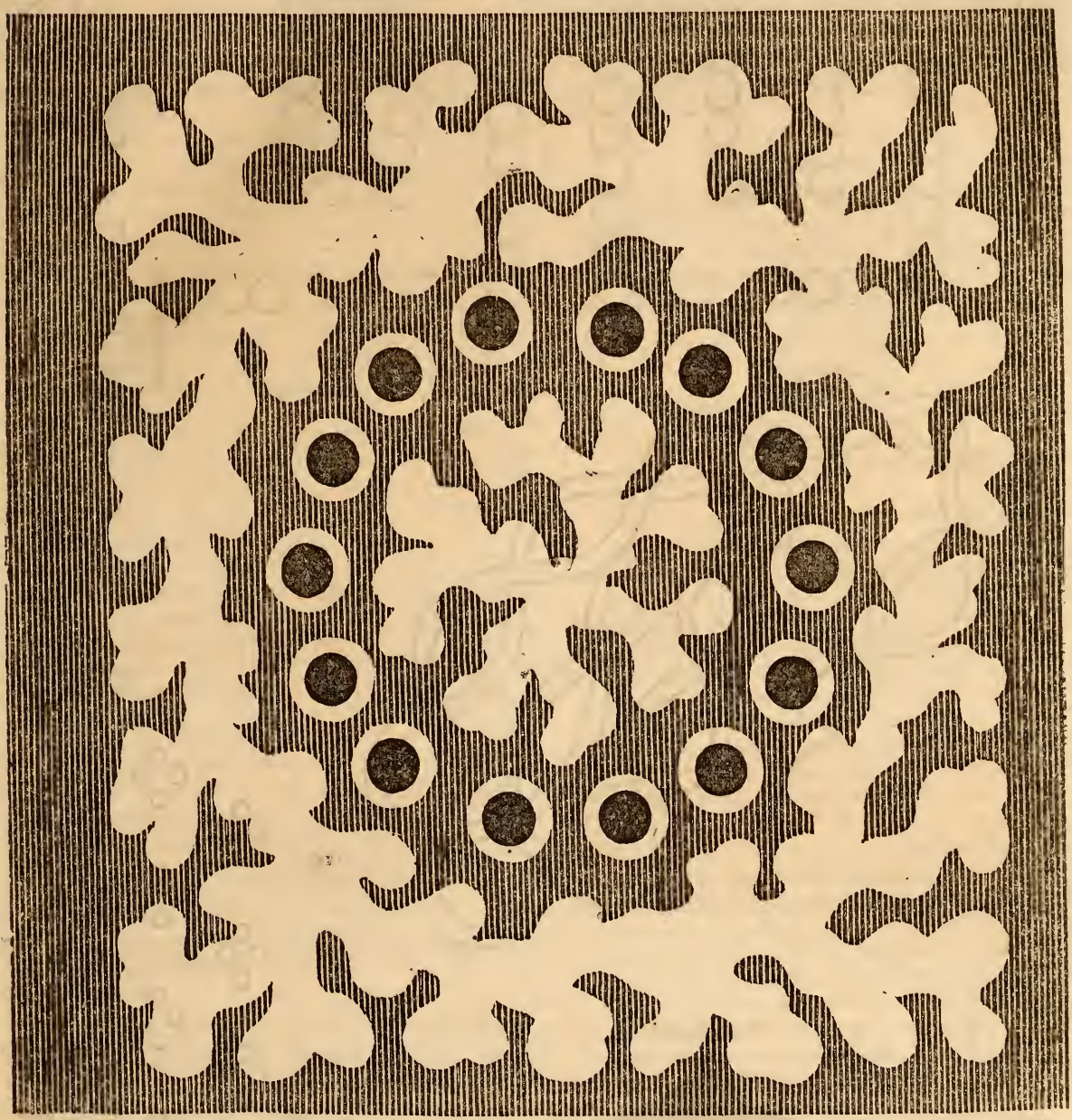
the contrary way. That our readers may more clearly understand the method of working this stitch, it is shown with two different sized cottons, and small dots are engraved, showing where the needle is to be put in for the completion of the stitch.

We have more of these stitches, which we will give in our next number.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



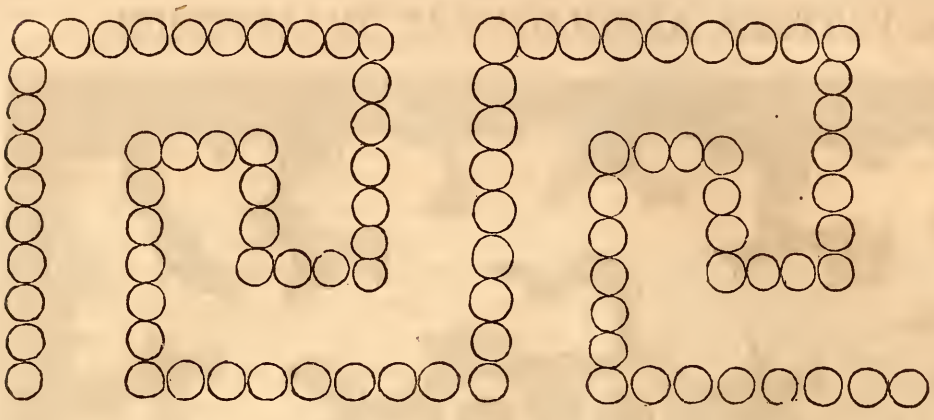
CORAL PATTERN ANTIMACASSAR IN APPLIQUE.



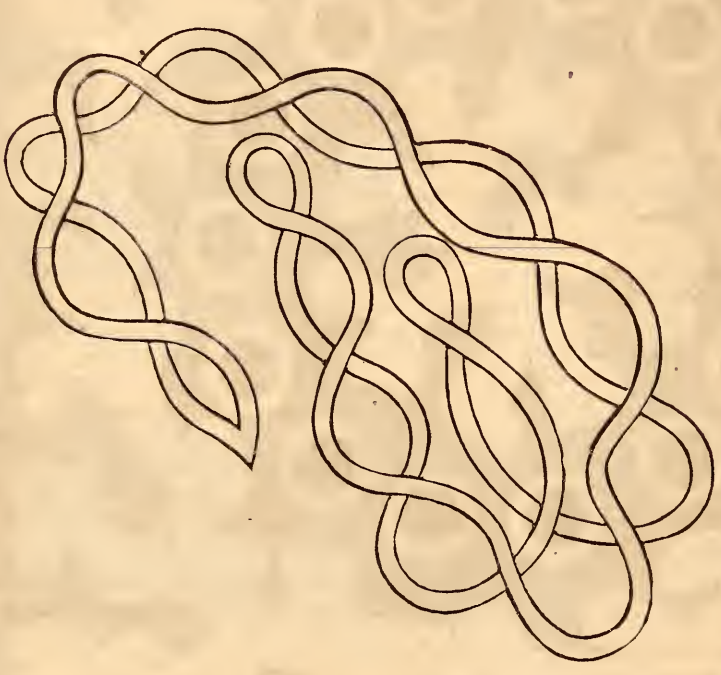
The style in which this antimacassar is arranged is one that is just now very much in favor. The work itself is executed on mosquito net, the applique being in a medium muslin, neither too thick nor too clear. It is on this muslin, that the pattern should first be traced before the two materials are tacked together, which must be done carefully, not only all round, but in many of the parts not occupied by any portion of the design. The outline must then be worked either in chain stitch or with a sewn, over line, the first of these being recommended by its ease and quickness, the second being a little richer and more desirable. In whichever way the coral part of the pattern may be done, the spots should all be worked in chain-stitch, commencing with a little raised spot in the centre of each, and working round and round in a continuous line, each circle as close as possible to the last, until the right size has been reached. All the superfluous muslin must then be cut away and a rich fringe carried all round. The proper cotton for working this coral pattern is No. 20, the spots being No. 16.

SILK EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY PATTERN FOR PILLOW OR BOLSTER CASES.



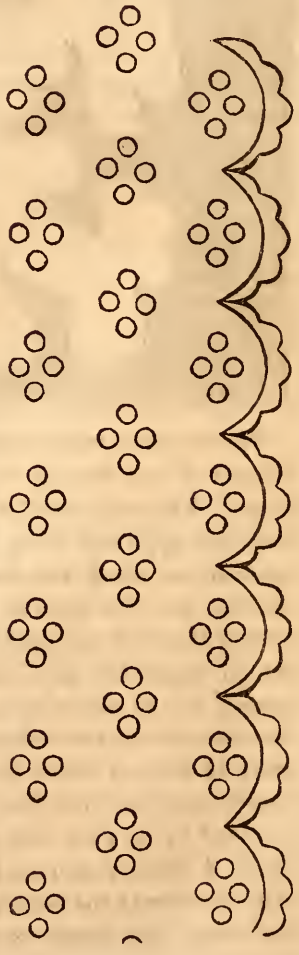
BRAIDING PALM FOR THE END OF A SASH.



WAISTBAND.

EMBROIDERY.

EMBROIDERY.



Receipts, &c.

ECONOMY OF THE TEA-TABLE.

As a test in general to distinguish genuine tea from the sloe-leaf, let it be infused, and some of the largest leaves spread out to dry; when the real tea-leaf will be found narrow in proportion to its length, and deeply notched at the edges with a sharp point, whilst the sloe-leaf is notched very slightly, is darker in color, rounder at the point, and of a coarser texture.

In preparing the tea, a good economist will be careful to have the best water—that is, the softest and freest from foreign mixture. If tea be infused in hard and in soft water, the latter will always yield the greatest quantity of the tanning matter, and will strike the deepest black with the sulphate of iron in solution; consequently, according to the technical term, it will always be found "to draw best."

In the management of the tea-urn it may be observed that a polished urn may be kept boiling with a much smaller quantity of spirits of wine than when a varnished or bronzed urn is used, so that a silver urn is absolutely an object of economy.

In order to make a good cup of tea M. Soyer recommends that, before pouring in any water, the teapot, with the tea in it, shall be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by means of a spirit-lamp, or in front of the fire (not too close, of course), and the pot then filled with boiling water. The result, he says, will be in about a minute a delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn in the ordinary way.

Tastes differ regarding the flavor of teas; some preferring all black, others all green, and many a mixture of both in different quantities, though most persons, when not fearful of their nerves, agree that fine hyson is the best. A good mixture, in point of flavor, we know to be two-fifths black, two-fifths green, and one-fifth gunpowder, all being, of course, of superior quality.

Presuming all ladies to be intimately acquainted with the mode of making tea, yet to some a few hints may be serviceable:—

First, never make tea in any other than a highly-polished teapot; for it is a chemical fact that metal retains the heat longer than earthenware, and the better it is polished the more completely will the liquid be kept hot, and the essence of the tea be extracted.

Secondly, see that the water be really boiling, not simmering, as is too commonly the case when taken from an urn, but kept either on the fire until boiled, or in one of those metal tea-kettles warmed by a spirit-lamp.

Tea retains its fine flavor better if kept in little tin canisters, instead of a caddy. It is impossible to prevent the admission of air into caddies; therefore it is better only to put a small quantity of tea into them at a time.

With regard to *coffee*, the best kind is always the cheapest. Burn it at home in small quantities, taking care, in using a close roaster, never to fill it more than half. Turn the roaster slowly at first, more rapidly as the process advances, and keep up a lively fire by the repeated addition of chips or other inflammable materials in small quantities. Burn it until of a light chestnut color. Keep it in close canisters or bottles. Grind it as wanted. Boil it in a vessel only half full, to prevent boiling over, in the proportion of one ounce and a half to a pint of water. Put in a few hartshorn shavings or isinglass, if you will; but if the coffee is taken off the fire whilst boiling, and set on again alternately, until nothing remains on the top but a clear bubble, and then some poured out to clear the pipe, and poured back again, it will be as fine as if cleared artificially. Long boiling does not make coffee stronger, but destroys its color, and renders it turbid. In making coffee, the broader the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel, the better it will prove.

MISCELLANEOUS COOKING.

Shoulder of Veal Roasted.—It is best to have the knuckle cut off. In the under part will be found a good place to deposit some stuffing. Roast and serve up as the fillet or loin. A shoulder weighing twelve pounds will require full two hours and a half to roast. It is well to have the thick part near the knuckle placed before the fire, so as to get more roasting than the thinner part.

The *breast of veal*, though far from profitable, is very savory. Paper the joint, and roast for about an hour and a half. Serve with gravy and melted butter. The sweetbread may be skewered to the breast, and roasted at the same time.

The *neck of veal* is rather a lean joint for roasting, and requires to be larded with bacon, or well buttered, and frequently basted. The scrag end must, of course, be cut away, so that six or seven chops only remain. An ordinary sized neck will take two hours' roasting. The *larding* is done thus: Cut some fat bacon into pieces two inches long and a quarter of an inch square; put the larding-needle through the flesh about an inch and a half, then put one-third of the length of the piece of bacon on it, draw the needle out, and it will leave the bacon in the meat, about a quarter of an inch sticking up outside. Such a joint will require about two hours' roasting.

Oyster Pie.—Take a large dish, butter it, and spread a rich paste over the sides and round the edge, but not at the bottom. The oysters should be fresh, and as large and fine as possible. Drain off part of the liquor from the oysters. Put them into a pan, and season them with pepper, salt, and spice. Stir them well with the seasoning. Have ready the yelks of eggs, chopped fine, and the grated bread. Pour the oysters, with as much of their liquor as you please, into the dish that has the paste in it. Strew over them the chopped egg and grated bread. Roll out the lid of the pie, and put it on, crimping the edges handsomely. Take a small sheet of paste, cut it into a square, and roll it up. Cut it with a sharp knife into the form of a double tulip. Make a slit in the centre of the upper crust, and stick the tulip in it. Cut out eight large leaves of paste, and lay them on the lid. Bake the pie in a quick oven.

Omelet.—Twelve eggs beaten as for custard, one cup of thick, sweet cream, and a little salt; have your spider well buttered; pour in your mixture, set it over a slow fire, stir it occasionally until it thickens; pour it immediately into a deep dish. This makes a very nice dish for breakfast.

Baked Mutton Chops—A French Receipt.—Put each chop into a piece of paper with pepper and salt, and seasoning of such herbs as are agreeable. Add a little butter; put each into another piece of paper before baking. When done sufficiently, in a quick oven, they are to be served, having the outer paper removed, the first paper being left in order to retain the heat and gravy.

Potato Puffs.—Take cold roast meat, either beef, mutton, or veal and ham, clear it from gristle, chop small, and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles. Boil and mash some potatoes, and make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a dust of flour, cut it round with a saucer, put some of your seasoned meat on one-half, and fold it over like a puff, prick or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is an excellent method of cooking up cold meat.

French Steaks.—Cut some cold veal into the form of mutton chops; season them well with Cayenne pepper and salt. Put some butter into a pan, and melt it over the fire; dredge in some flour, and add some good gravy. Put in the slices of veal, after having sprinkled them over with egg and bread-crumb, and stir all well together. When sufficiently cooked, lay them neatly round the dish, and put into the middle of it some kidney beans or mashed potatoes, over which pour a rich white sauce.

Dried Beef.—Slice dried beef very thin, put it in the spider with water sufficient to cook it tender; add sweet cream (or sweet milk with a little butter will answer); let the milk come to a boil, stir in a little flour, previously wet with cold milk, and let it boil long enough to cook the flour. This is an excellent dish to eat with baked potatoes.

Fried Potatoes.—How few cooks know how to fry potatoes! There is nothing so easy to get, and yet so palatable for breakfast, with a thick tender beefsteak or a mutton-chop fizzing from the gridiron. To fry raw potatoes properly, they should be pared, cut lengthwise into slices, an eighth of an inch in thickness, dropped into a pan over the fire containing hot beef drippings, turned frequently, nicely browned all over, but never burned. The addition of a little salt and pepper while in the pan, and a little flour dredged over them, is an improvement. We have, however, found that a thick slice of good salt pork instead of the beef drippings, answered well. Every one to his taste.

Salad Dressing.—Rub through a fine sieve a middle-sized mealy potato and the yelk of two hard-boiled eggs, both cold. Put this into a basin, with a dessertspoonful of dry mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, a small quantity of pepper, and a pinch of Cayenne; and mix it well with a wooden spoon. Add to this a fresh egg, well beaten, and a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce, and work the whole together; and then, stirring it with the right hand, with the left pour in oil by degrees until it forms a thick paste; now add two teaspoonfuls of common vinegar by degrees, still keeping it stirred, and continue the addition of oil and vinegar in corresponding quantities till, by continued working it forms a stiffish, but perfectly smooth, cream-like sauce. Add a little more anchovy sauce or seasoning, if required; and, if too thick, dilute it by adding a little milk. This dressing will keep some days if no milk is used; or for a small salad half the above quantities will be sufficient.

Poached Eggs.—Poached eggs make several excellent dishes, but poaching them is rather a delicate operation, as in breaking the egg into the water particular care must be taken to keep the white round the yelk. The best way is to open the small end of the egg with a knife. When the egg is done (it must be very soft), it should be thrown into cold water, where it may be pared, and its appearance improved before it is dished up. Poached eggs are served up upon spinach, or stewed endive, or alone with rich gravy, or with stewed Spanish onions. They may also be fried in oil until they are brown, when they form a good dish with rich gravy.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, ETC.

A Plain Cake.—To three or four pounds of the best flour put two teaspoonfuls of yeast, and a tumbler and a half of lukewarm milk. Leave it half an hour to rise; then take six eggs, a little rose-water, and a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar; work it all well together, and beat it *thoroughly* for three quarters of an hour. Butter a mould, put in the dough, let it rise, and then bake it.

Another.—One pound of flour, half a pound of currants, half a pound of moist sugar, half a pound of treacle, a quarter of a pound of candied peel, half an ounce of allspice, half a pound of butter, two eggs, a teaspoonful of pearlash to be dissolved in a teacup of warm milk. The above ingredients make a very excellent and inexpensive luncheon cake—one which keeps well some weeks, and can be highly recommended.

Another.—Take one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, two eggs, a few caraway seeds, one gill of milk, a teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake it in a nice oven, not too quick.

Almond Pudding.—Beat in a mortar half a pound of sweet, and a very few bitter, almonds with a spoonful of water; then mix four ounces of butter, four eggs (which should be well beaten), two spoonfuls of cream, and one of brandy; nutmeg and sugar to taste. (The brandy should be warmed with the butter.) Butter some cups well, and fill them half-full with the above mixture. Bake them thoroughly, and serve with butter, wine, and sugar.

Snowdon Pudding.—Quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, the same of suet, and also of sugar, four well-beaten eggs, the rind and juice of a lemon, four tablespoonfuls of preserves, two ounces of candied citron or lemon cut into slices. Butter a mould, and stick it over with some of the pieces of candied citron; pour the above mixture into it, and boil it for four hours. Melt a little of the same preserve, and pour it over for sauce.

Maltese Cream.—Steep a quarter of a pound of macaroons at the bottom of a glass dish, in brandy. Cover them with some choice preserves, such as apricot or pine-apple, pound two ounces of the best sweet almonds, mix them with the yelks of three hard-boiled eggs, butter to the size of a walnut, a little white sugar, and lemon-peel. Rub these through a fine colander, with a wooden spoon, on to the preserves. Surround the whole with a whip of thick cream, white wine, lemon-peel and juice, and loaf-sugar.

Ground Rice Cake.—Break five eggs into a stew-pan, which place in another containing hot water; whip the eggs ten minutes till very light, then mix in by degrees half a pound of ground rice, six ounces of powdered sugar; beat it well; any flavor may be introduced; pour into the buttered pan, and bake half an hour."

Currant Cake.—One cup of butter, three eggs, one cup of water or milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, nutmeg, cup of currants.

Light Cakes.—Put a small quantity of flour into a mug, mix it with very good milk, with a lump of butter the size of an egg, a little barm, an egg, a teaspoonful of honey, and a little ginger; beat them well, and let them rise before baking.

Pan Cakes.—One pint milk, four eggs, half teaspoonful saleratus, a little salt, stiff enough for batter; serve with sauce.

Graham Cake.—Two cups of sour milk, two cups sugar, one nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls saleratus.

Wafer Gingerbread.—Equal quantities of flour, butter, treacle, and loaf-sugar. The butter, sugar, and treacle to be made warm, then mixed with the flour; add the grated rind of a lemon, ginger to your taste, and some candied citron and lemon cut into small pieces. Butter the tins well, and run this mixture thinly over them. Bake in rather a quick oven. When done, remove the gingerbread with a knife, cut it into square pieces, and roll them over a stick, in imitation of wafer cakes.

Brandy Cream.—A pint of cream, the juice of two lemons, sugar to your taste, two ounces of isinglass dissolved in a teacupful of water; whisk the cream a little by itself, then whisk in the lemon-juice and sugar, then the brandy (a large wineglassful), then the isinglass, strained and cool. If put in too warm, it will turn the cream. This quantity is sufficient to fill two moulds.

Irish Cakes.—Melt one ounce of butter in one pint of boiling water, and pour it on two and a half pounds of *wheat* meal; mix it well up, and knead it into a stiff dough; make the cakes an inch thick, any size or shape you please; though the triangular form is best. Bake them on a bakestone, and butter them whilst they are hot, and before sending them to table.

Raised Cake.—Three cups of dough, three cups of sugar, one cup butter, three eggs, one nutmeg, and raisins, one teaspoonful of soda.

Fried Wafers.—Two eggs, two large spoonfuls of sugar, one nutmeg, flour enough to knead up hard; roll thin.

THE TOILET.

Pomade Divine.—Take a pound and a half of beef marrow, put it into spring water ten days, changing the water twice each day; then drain it, put it into a pint of rose-water for twenty-four hours, and drain it in a cloth quite dry. Then add storax, benjamin, cypress, and orris, of each one and a half ounce, half an ounce of cinnamon, two drachms of cloves and nutmeg, all finely powdered and well mixed with the marrow. Then put it into a pewter vessel with a top that screws on, and over that a paste, that nothing may evaporate. Hang the vessel in a copper of boiling water, and let it boil two hours without ceasing; then put it through fine muslin into pots for keeping, and when cold cover it closely. If a pewter vessel is not at hand, a stone jar, with a paste between two bladders, will do.

Another receipt.—Take four pounds of mutton suet, one pound of white wax, an ounce and a half each of essence of bergamot and essence of lemon, and half an ounce each of oil of lavender and oil of origanum. Melt the suet, and when nearly cold stir in the other ingredients. The origanum has considerable power in stimulating the growth of the hair.

Honey Water.—Take a pint of proof spirit, as above, and three drachms of essence of ambergris; shake them well daily.

Hungary Water.—To one pint of proof spirits of wine put an ounce of oil of rosemary, and two drachms of essence of ambergris; shake the bottle well several times, then let the cork remain out twenty-four hours. After a month, during which time shake it daily, put the water into small bottles.

Cold Cream.—Take a quarter of an ounce of white wax, and shred it into a basin with one ounce of almond oil. Place the basin by the fire till the wax is dissolved; then add very slowly one ounce of rose-water, little by little, and during this beat smartly with a fork, *to make the water incorporate*, and continue beating till it is accomplished; then pour it into jars for use.

Another receipt.—Take of best lard one pound, spermaceti four ounces; melt the two together, and add one ounce of rose-water, beating it as above directed.

Red Lip Salve.—Take of white wax, four ounces; olive oil, four ounces; spermaceti, half an ounce; oil of lavender twenty drops; alkanet root, two ounces. Macerate the alkanet for three or four days in the olive oil; then strain and melt in it the wax and spermaceti; when nearly cold, add the oil of lavender, and stir it till quite firmly set.

Lavender Water.—Take a pint of proof spirit, as above, essential oil of lavender, one ounce; essence of ambergris, two drachms. Put all into a quart bottle, and shake it extremely well.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

(*From Hall's Journal of Health.*)

1. If a man faints, place him flat on his back, and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cold water with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee; these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a half pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter, or lard are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly is to cover it profusely with cobweb, or flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spirts, be spry, or the man will be dead in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around near the part *between the wound and the heart;* put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, twist it round until the blood ceases to flow, and keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, *between* the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen that pressure for an instant, until the physician arrives so as to glue up the wound by the coagulation or hardening of the cooling blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect on the flames; if not extinguished, or a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over, or better, envelop yourself in a carpet, bedcloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woollen.

6. If a man asks you to go his security, say "No," and run; otherwise you may be enslaved for life, or your

wife and children may spend a weary existence, in want, sickness and beggary.

7. If you find yourself in possession of a counterfeit note or coin, throw it in the fire on the instant; otherwise you may be tempted to pass it, and may pass it, to feel mean therefor as long as you live, then it may pass into some man's hands as mean as yourself, with a new perpetration of iniquity, the loss to fall eventually on some poor, struggling widow, whose "all" it may be.

8. Never laugh at the mishaps of any fellow mortal.

9. The very instant you perceive yourself in a passion shut your mouth; this is one among the best precepts outside of inspiration.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Oil Stains in Silk and other Fabrics.—Benzine collas is most effectual, not only for silk, but in any other material whatever. It can be procured from any chemist. By simply covering both sides of greased silk with magnesia, and allowing it to remain for a few hours, the oil is absorbed by the powder. Should the first application be insufficient, it may be repeated, and even rubbed in with the hand. Should the silk be Tussah or Indian silk, it will wash.

Oil stains can also be entirely removed from silks and all dress materials, also leather, paper, etc., by applying pipe-clay, powdered and moistened with water to the consistency of thick cream, laid on the stain, and left to dry some hours, then lightly scraped or rubbed off with a knife or flannel, so as not to injure the surface. If the pipe-clay dries off quite light in color, all oil has been removed; if it comes off dark-looking, then more should be laid on, as grease still remains to be removed. Pipe-clay will not injure the most delicate tints of silk or paper.

Ginger Ale.—To ten gallons of water, put twelve pounds of sugar, six ounces of bruised ginger (unbleached is the best). Boil it one hour, put it into a barrel with one ounce of hops and three or four spoonfuls of yeast. Let it stand three days; then close the barrel, putting in one ounce of isinglass. In a week it is fit for use. Draw out in a jug, and use as beer.

To Take the Black off Bright Bars.—Boil one pound of soft soap in two quarts of water, slowly, till it is reduced to one. Take as much of this jelly as may be required, and mix to the thickness of cream with emory. Rub with this mixture on a piece of woollen cloth, till all the dirt is removed, then wipe clean, and polish up with fine glass (not *sand*) paper.

To Clear White Ostrich Feathers.—Wash the feathers by passing them through a strong and hot solution of white soap, rinse in tepid, then in cold water, then bleach with sulphur vapor, and placing them near the fire, pick out every part with a bodkin.

Artificial Cheese.—Well pound some nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonfuls of wine vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd, tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain, then open it, take out the spice, sweeten it with sugar and rosewater, put it into a colander, let it stand an hour more, then turn it out, and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

How to Make Artificial Moss.—Form a piece of plain knitting with some green wool; after you have knitted as much as you will require, put it into cold water for some time, and then bake it in a slow oven; after which, carefully unravel it, when it will present the appearance of moss, and is extremely useful in the making of artificial flowers, baskets, and other ornaments.

Specific against Seasickness.—Many of our readers are accustomed to feel "sensational" qualms on leaving land; and a specific to give relief will, by them, be welcomed. Dr. Hastiugs, of Cheltenham, communicates a plan which he has adopted with frequent and complete success to prevent nausea: "Let the voyager provide himself with about a dozen yards of a common calico bandage, and directly he goes on board, bandage his abdomen, beginning low down over the haunches, and bandaging up over the pit of the stomach, not too tight, and then let him lie down, and go asleep, as he is almost certain to do, unless kept awake by the noise and tossing of the vessel." The Doctor asserts that this treatment is based on true physiological principles, and its simplicity renders it worthy of a trial by any one who is, as he states himself to be, "a martyr to seasickness."

To Prevent Muslin or Children's Clothes Blazing.—The light fabrics manufactured for ladies' dresses may easily be made blaze-proof. The most delicate white cambric handkerchief, or fleecy gauze, or the finest lace, may, by simply soaking in a weak solutiou of chloride of zinc, be so protected from blaze that, if held in the flame of a candle, they may be reduced to tinder without blazing. Dresses, so prepared, might be burnt by accident, without the other garments worn by the lady being injured.

Or,—after the clothes are washed, let them be rinsed in water in which a small quantity of saltpetre is dissolved. It improves the appearance, and renders the linen or cotton proof against blazing. Window and bed curtains should also be so rinsed.

How to Make Rose-water.—When the roses are in full bloom, pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of them; put them in a cold still over a slow fire, and distil gradually; then bottle the water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

To Destroy Bugs.—When bugs have obtained a lodgment in walls or timber, the surest mode of overcoming the nuisance is, to putty up every hole that is moderately large. and oil-paint the whole wall or timber. In bed-furniture, a mixture of soft soap with snuff, or arsenic, is useful to fill up the holes where the bolts or fastenings are fixed, etc. French polish may be applied to smoother parts of the wood.

To Pot Meat.—Take two pounds of rump steak, and cut it up in very small pieces, and put it into an earthen jar, having first placed half a pound of fresh butter at the bottom of it. Cover the jar well over with paper, which should be tied or stuck down with paste. Place the jar in a saucepan of water, and let it simmer gently. When nearly done, season the meat well by adding salt, Cayenne pepper, cloves, allspice, and a pinch of ground mace. Tie the jar up again, and let its contents boil until tender, and then let it get cold. Wash, scrape, and bone half a dozen anchovies, and pound them with the meat, adding six ounces of oiled butter. This will take some time to do well, as the gravy should be worked in with the meat. Take some small open pots, press the meat into them, and pour some oiled butter at the top of each.

Editors' Table.

HOME AND ITS INFLUENCES.

I love that dear old home! My mother lived there
Her first sweet marriage years and last sad widowed ones.
The sunlight there seems to me brighter far
Than wheresoever else.—MRS. KEMBLE BUTLER.

Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none.—THOMAS HOOD.

HAPPINESS is the magnet that draws all hearts; in gaining this precious blessing on earth the influences of domestic life can hardly be over-estimated.

A child born and trained in a happy, well-ordered, and religious *home* has a blessed lot; no matter how lowly the home may be, in memory it is a joy forever. The reality of home happiness must have for its foundation faith in God and obedience to His laws; those who make the home must illustrate its happiness by tender love, gentle, yet careful watchfulness, cheerful discretion, wise self-control, and gay, good temper; these feelings and graces will insure an amount of innocent enjoyment which the wealth of the world could not purchase.

The young married pair who commence housekeeping in a cottage of two rooms may be far happier than the family in a palatial residence, if the cottage is rightly managed and the palace is not; and these results are in a great measure dependent on the character and conduct of the *mistress of the home*. Woman has, by her influence, the power to make or mar domestic life.

We have often urged these truths on our readers, but general propositions are not so impressive as living illustrations, and a work recently published in London* throws new light on the hidden causes of the dreadful degradation exhibited by women in a penal prison, which seem to have their root in the utter want of good home training. A writer in an English journal remarks justly on this subject: "The book is a suggestive one. Here are the extremes of vices to which we only see remote tendencies in ourselves, our friends, our acquaintances, and the outer world; but enough to wake painful sympathies, to see horrible likenesses, to make us own common nature. We begin to realize, more than in thoughtless security men care to do, all we owe to the beneficent chains of decorous habit, to immunity from extreme temptation, to training in the humanities of life." The authoress gives an appalling picture of the wickedness of these wretched women; but the key is furnished in her graphic description of their neglected childhood and evil homes:—

"In the prison the teaching that should have begun with the women in their girlhood is commenced, and exercises, in a few instances, a salutary influence; but ignorance, deep-besotted ignorance, displays itself with almost every fresh woman on whom the key turns in her cell. It is the great reason for keeping our prisons full, our judges always busy; three-fourths of our prisoners, before their conviction, were unable to read a word, had no knowledge of a Bible or what was in it, had never heard of a Saviour, and only remembered God's name as always coupled with a curse. Some women have been trained to be thieves and worse than thieves by their mothers, taking their lessons in crime with a regularity and a persistence that, turned to better things, would have made them loved and honored all their lives. They have been taught all that is evil, and the evil tree has flourished and borne fruit; it is the hardest task to train so warped and distorted a creation to the right and fitting way. Praise be to those hard-working, unflinching prison chaplains who strive to their utmost, and are not always unsuccessful!"

On the other hand, wherever there has been some good seed dropped into the tender heart of the little girl, however imperfect and sparingly it may have been imparted, its beneficial tendencies were apparent. To this the Reviewer alludes as a great matter for encouragement "that good teaching is seldom absolutely thrown away. The mind which, however unwillingly, or with however little seeming profit, has received some religious truths in childhood, is in a different condition from one whose earliest impressions were all evil. As far as appearances go, a tender mother, a careful home, school, and church may be forgotten, their good influences disregarded, their memory trampled upon; yet every seed that is sown is not wholly and utterly eradicated." The Prison Matron remarks that something of a soothing Sunday influence is to be found even in a prison, some little respect for the Sabbath by the most obstinate prisoners:—

"It has struck me more than once that the best women—the good conduct women of all classes—are often grave and thoughtful (on Sunday). Now and then a matron, suddenly entering a cell, may find a prisoner in tears; and it is always a prisoner who has had some semblance of a home in early days, or some well-meaning father or mother."

Then the capabilities of these sin-darkened minds for the reception of God's glorious truths are shown in many minute yet striking particulars which the writer gives us, and remarkable traits are disclosed of the innate love of beauty and ornament in the feminine mind. One suffering common to all these women is the absence of anything to please the taste. They evidently hunger for some gratification to the eye, will tear out the pictures from the library books to stick them on the walls of their cells, though only for an hour or two, and snatch at the few homely flowers in the airing-ground, which become such objects of envy and contention that the theft is soon discovered and punished. Says the authoress:—

"I have a remembrance of looking through the 'inspection' of a cell some years ago, and perceiving a prisoner, with her elbows on the table, staring at a common daisy, which she had plucked from the central patch of grass during her rounds—one of those rude, repulsive, yet not wholly bad prisoners, from whom no display of sentiment was anticipated. Yet the wistful look of that woman at her stolen prize was a gleam of as true sentiment as ever breathed in a poet's lines. A painter might have made much of her position, and a philosopher might have moralized concerning it; for the woman wept at last, dropped her head down on the table between her clasped hands, and shed her bitter tears silently and noiselessly."

These painful pictures are relieved to us by the knowledge that as yet we have no such places in our country filled with multitudes of miserable women, as this book describes the inmates of English prisons. As yet the crushing poverty of European civilization is not felt in our land. To keep this immunity we must cultivate the virtues of *home*. We women must be in earnest to aid

* Female Life in Prison. By a Prison Matron.

the instruction of the poor. There should not be a little girl permitted to run the streets in rags and beggary. An institution is needed in every large city where such neglected girls may be sent and well cared for; but much might now be done by private benevolence. We lately saw it recorded that the wife of a Brooklyn lawyer has for some time past opened her house every Saturday to receive the little daughters of the poor; that about forty gather around her; to these she gives a dinner, and then instructs them in sewing; and in other ways, by conversation, reading, and singing, is not only making their lot happier, but preparing them by her wise and tender care to become useful girls and good women. Such private charities are among the noblest deeds of humanity.

WOMAN'S WORK AND ITS REMUNERATION.

In the last "Table" we gave an excellent "letter," setting forth the benefits of "Household Work." It will, we are sure, be approved by thoughtful men as well as by our constant readers—the best and kindest women of the land. There is need of keeping this subject before public sympathy till it shall become the universal heart-feeling—that women, who are obliged to support themselves, shall have the opportunity of finding employment. The time is fast approaching, indeed has already come to many individuals, when all the aid we can give to bereaved widows, fatherless girls, and destitute women, will be sorely needed.

Still we have great cause of thankfulness as we compare the poverty and suffering of women and children in our country with those of the two greatest nations of Europe—England and France. The miserable condition of the poor, especially women, in England, need not here be described; we hear it in every report from that Old World metropolis. But the equally hard fate of women in France has not been so familiar to Americans. We have thought French women shared more equally with the men of that nation in work, and its just remuneration.

A very sad description of the condition of workwomen in France has lately appeared.* One short quotation will put the case very clearly:—

"A workwoman who labors twelve hours daily, receives barely enough to satisfy hunger, and has nothing left to pay for her clothes and lodgings. In the country the wages of factory girls and dayworkers are tenpence; these, however, are the lucky or skilful ones; for many get no more than sevenpence half-penny, sixpence, or fivepence a day. I know some who, when working at home, cannot obtain more than fourpence by twelve hours' work. Be it understood, that they are neither fed nor lodged, receive neither fuel nor candles; they get fourpence and nothing more. There are some who hire themselves for food alone, and others who work for absolutely nothing, being obliged to serve an apprenticeship, which lasts several years. Such, in the state of our civilization, is the lot of an indigent woman."

"Surely," says a British Reviewer, "M. Texier is fully justified in asserting that many Frenchwomen might envy the condition of negro slaves. Slave women have to work, but they do not die of hunger or cold. We know why these workers are so badly paid—they are too numerous. In France, as in England, the complaint is general, that *men are superseding women in many branches of industry*. The Emperor can do much; but as for a remedy for this evil, it will puzzle the greatest statesman to suggest one. It is clear, however, that something must be done, and that speedily. Why are the soldiers in the French army deteriorating every generation? Because their mothers are half-starved. Why is woman's virtue but a name among a certain class? Because Frenchwomen cannot live by the work of their hands. The importance of the subject is overwhelming."

Let us American women be thankful that our country does not permit her daughters to be thus degraded.

* Les Choses du Temps Présent: Par Edmond Texier Paris: J. Hetzel, 1862.

OUR POETS.

"Even copious Dryden wanted, or forgot
The last and greatest art—the art to blot."

So sang Pope, and matters have not mended, practically, since his day.

We have warm sympathy for young poets, even when one sends us his or her "first piece." With all its crudities, we feel loath to dash the high hopes of the writer; and we have been happy to encourage all whom we found had sense to understand that study and labor must perfect the poet, that the rejection of worthless verses was the kindest course we could take to help the author. The many letters we receive on this subject cannot be, generally, answered—we have not the time; therefore, we give these few remarks as a reply to those who have asked our counsel, or a place in the "Lady's Book," which we have been obliged to decline.

Concerning poetry, which most surely and deeply moves the popular mind, it must be fraught with human interest; it must portray human feelings, affections, passions; the more truly and vividly it does this, the greater will be its influence, and of course its popularity.

Metaphor, simile, and allegory are but the drapery of the spirit of poetry, which must breathe the language of the human soul, in its most secret communings with itself, or with nature, and nature's God. This poesy, when it reveals most truly the terrible struggles of the soul with the temptations of earth and sin, as well as its most earnest hopes of forgiveness and heavenly happiness, assumes its highest character. In these revelations of the heart's history, men have, naturally, the advantage over women, because the former are not usually troubled with that delicate reticence of sentiment which the latter *cannot* easily lay aside. Therefore men speak out their feelings, and give expression to their passions. This was the secret of Byron's power. Had Mrs. Hemans chosen thus to unveil the sanctuary of her domestic griefs and wrongs, she might have moved the world to tears, and made herself the idol of popular sympathy. But she, woman-like, preferred to be the silent victim rather than the accuser of the husband she had loved, whom she no doubt always continued to love.

Mrs. Norton is the only poetess, we recollect, who has given expression to her own domestic miseries and heart sorrows. She has been complimented with the title of "the Female Byron!" We do not consider this an enviable distinction; but Mrs. Norton is a writer of true genius, a real poetess; yet, in comparison with Mrs. Browning, she fails in tenderness, sympathy, and piety. We would prefer our young countrywomen should study the works of the latter in their efforts after the highest model of woman's poetic genius.

Man has a different standard; we do not know that it is higher; measured by its moral power, it is often lower; but there is no need of comparisons.

We usually place, in our Editors' Table, some poetic offering from the hand of a lady; this month, we give the place of honor to the poem of a gentleman; it cannot fail of favor from our readers.

LITTLE WIFE.

I care not for the rising storm,
I do not heed the cold,
Nor listen to the angry wind
That roars around the wold.
I only know my journey 's o'er,
For just ahead I see
The light that tells my little wife
Is waiting there for me.

My gentle wife! my darling wife!
My soul's own joy and pride!
Ten thousand blessings on the day
When you became my bride
I 've never known a weary hour
Since I have held your hand—
I would not change my worldly lot
For any in the land.

Oh sweetly from her loving lips
The blissful welcome falls!
There is no happiness for me
Outside our humble walls.
Ah! sad indeed would be my heart,
And dark the world would be
If not for this dear, little wife
That ever waits for me.

GEORGE COOPER.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN IN NEW YORK.—We have before us a notice of this noble Free School, now open at the Cooper Institute. In some respects it has been more successful than the "School of Design for Women in Philadelphia." The New York School is under the entire supervision of a lady, Mrs. Henry M. Field, eminently accomplished and fitted for the post, and who has engaged in the service from an earnest devotion to its object. Mrs. F., as principal, is aided by several competent teachers, and the school is organized into classes, according to their tastes, objects, and advancement, by the judgment of the Principal, and all in successful operation. There are classes for beginners, classes in drawing, in landscape, in wood-engraving, and it is hoped to add, ere long, a class in modelling. There are now about 150 pupils, mostly free. An article in *The Commercial Advertiser* says:—

"One effect of the hard times is seen in the superior class of pupils who now enter the school. In a time of war the very poor cannot commence a long course of instruction. They must turn their hands to work which will yield immediate support. They cannot wait a year or two to learn a profession. At the same time, thousands who hitherto have been in good circumstances now find their incomes cut off or greatly reduced, and in the uncertainty as to what may be their condition hereafter, they look forward to some resource for their daughters, and hence seek the advantages of such an institution as this.

"Nor is this change in the character of the pupils to be regretted. The institution is indeed open to *all* with the utmost liberality. Yet it is evident that to pursue art with a prospect of success, requires a natural taste and capacity for it, and at least some degree of previous culture. It is from this class of young women, belonging to families of good position, and who are themselves educated and refined, that must come the pupils who will do most honor to the institution, and be most successful in the study and practice of art."

PUNCH ON FRENCH FASHIONS.—A grand ball was held at the Imperial Villa at Biarritz, and according to a letter from that place:—

"The toilettes of the ladies were richer than ever. Hair-powder seems to be coming into vogue again, for many of the ladies used it on this occasion."

Very probably. The admirable revival of hoops should naturally be followed by a return to hair-powder. The sequacious gregariousness with which the French ladies follow their leader, and the English ladies them, is, though a gooselike, a gratifying attestation of their attachment to the Crinoline Dynasty. Venus forbid that the Empress of the French should wear rings in her nose; but if she were to adopt such ornaments, her example would doubtless be followed by our wives and daughters.

THE SEWING-MACHINE.—The benefits of this wonderful invention increase every year of its trial. There are no dangers attending its use, but real pleasure as well as profit in its results. Indeed it seems to realize the power of good fairies, such as children love and believe in—their elders often regret that they have outlived this pleasant faith—more than any other of the labor-saving inventions. The Sewing-Machine comes into the heart of home; it helps in the domestic circle; it has an important influence on family comfort and social happiness. No wonder that good men are willing to sound its praises, that "poets, orators, divines, philosophers, and economists have descanted upon its bearings on social interests and the destiny of woman." It is worthy of this praise.

Last month the "Fairy Sewing-Machine" was introduced to our readers by an illustration that must interest every lady who has a taste for *nice work*. Still the large household helper, such an one as comes from the manufactory of *Wheeler & Wilson*, in the perfectness of finish and equal to all kinds and varieties of stitching, is the QUEEN of Sewing-Machines, which we wish could be introduced into every home where women are found.

Mrs. Mary Howitt says of this machine: "It is an ever ready, ever capable friend in need; one who never wearies, never loses its eyesight over the most delicate work, nor ever, in fact, can be overworked. If a son be going suddenly to the Antipodes, or a daughter to be married, or if your benevolence longs in the cold winter weather to clothe the poor in warm garments, you need not hesitate as to who shall do this sudden accumulation of needle-work. There stands the good genius of your household, with her silver arms extended, and her ever-threaded needle ready to do your bidding. Such has been the experience in our family. Need I say more?"

MISS S. J. HALE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 1826 Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

This school has now entered on its seventh year; the success and present prosperity are very satisfactory to its friends.

The design of the Principal is to give a thorough and liberal English education, to furnish the best facilities for acquiring the French language, and the best instruction in music and the other accomplishments. The Assistants employed are of the first class and highest merit. French is taught by an experienced instructress, a lady lately from France who resides in the family; and thus the pupils have ample opportunities of acquiring the accomplishment of speaking the language.

Particular and continued attention is paid to the moral training, and also to the health and physical development of the young ladies.

References: Mrs. Emma Willard, Troy, N. Y.; Henry Vethake, LL.D., Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. H. Ashhurst, Esq., Louis A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia; Charles Hodge, D. D., Princeton, N. J.; and others.

Circulars will be sent wherever required.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall find place for the following articles: "Afloat"—"The Vertical Railway"—"Himself, Herself, Myself"—"Constance"—"Little Wife" (see Editors' Table)—"The Gift I ask"—"Flow-

ers"—"I see thee when the twilight folds"—"On!"—"Twilight Musings"—"Cheerful Thoughts."

These articles are declined: "Thrilling Days"—"Jo Hartley, or Spring"—"Amiss"—"Too Soon"—"Burnside's March"—"Evaline"—"Xarifia"—"Song"—"My Experience in Fishing" (we have no need of new contributors at present)—"Coming home from the war"—"Thou art gone" (too long for the space we can spare our poets)—"Charles Seymour, or The Promise Fulfilled"—"Unreal"—"Madrigal"—"Gone"—"An Apologue"—"Who was to blame?"—"A Love Story"—"Carrie Belmont"—"Social Parties"—and "Growing Poor."

We have many MSS. on hand not yet examined.

Those who desire a reply to letters must inclose an *envelope stamped.* If articles are to be returned, stamps must be sent.

Healthy Department.

BY JNO. STAINBACK WILSON, M. D.

THRUSH.—This is a very common disorder of children. It is, perhaps, more generally known among the people as "the thrash." The *symptoms* are redness and dryness of the mouth, fretfulness, feverishness, difficulty in sucking, and frequently more or less disturbance of the stomach and bowels. The inflammation of the mouth is followed or accompanied by the appearance of small white or yellow specks on the tongue, lips, inside of the cheeks, and sometimes on the gums. These deposits or specks may fall off, leaving the surface of the mouth healthy; but most commonly the curdy exudation continues to spread until the whole, or the greater part of the membrane lining the lips, gums, etc. is involved. The patches may remain distinct, or they may run together. They are renewed as long as the inflammation continues; and they sometimes extend to the throat and upper part of the windpipe. Recent investigations seem to prove that the exudation of thrush consists of, or is caused by certain microscopical parasitic plants, to which learned men of course give a very long hard name. Thrush prevails most extensively, and in its worst forms, in hospitals, and other places where a number of children are collected together, and where they are exposed to the evils of impure air, innutritious or insufficient food, uncleanliness, and other depressing influences. It should be remembered always that thrush is not so much a disease in itself as it is a symptom of general constitutional debility, and more particularly of derangement of the digestive organs, caused by bad air and bad food.

The *treatment* should be directed mainly, then, to the improvement of the general health. For this purpose the great, and generally all-sufficient remedies are pure air, proper nourishment, and the warm bath. The nursery-room should be well ventilated, and in pleasant weather the little one should be carried out in a carriage or in the nurse's arms. But remember that the carriage should be open, so that the little patient can have the full benefit of the free air and the bright sunshine. And if the child is toted in the nurse's arms, see to it that its head is not enveloped in cloaks or shawls.

If the child is still at the breast, the mother should give special attention to her own health, carefully guarding against excessive drugging, late hours, depressing mental influences, unwholesome food, and in short everything that tends to disturb the mental and physical equilibrium. If the child is weaned, the diet should be pretty much the same as that before recommended under the head of "Diet after Weaning." Sour and unripe fruits should be particularly avoided. The warm bath will have a fine effect in soothing irritation, in equalizing the circulation, and in eliminating morbid matters from the system. It should be used at least once a day.

If the discharges from the bowels are green and offensive, small doses of magnesia, or rhubarb and magnesia may be given; but this will not often be necessary, with proper attention to the directions above.

In the way of local treatment the mouth should be frequently and gently washed out with a rag wet in cold water. For the removal of the curd-like exudation, borax may be regarded as almost a specific; but it should never be forgotten that the mere removal of this is the smallest and least essential part of the treatment. The borax may, however, be properly conjoined with the other measures recommended. The best form of using borax is in solution. This is made by dissolving the salt in cold water. The strength of the solution should be varied according to the degree of sensibility, but as a general rule the water may be saturated, that is, as much may be put into it as it will dissolve. With nurses, a mixture of borax and honey is a favorite remedy. Equal parts of powdered borax and loaf sugar we have found to be an excellent and convenient application; but some writers suppose that all sweet things tend to favor the production of the microscopic growths to which we have alluded.

(*Selected From Hall's Journal of Health.*)

HINTS ABOUT THE TEETH.—Natural teeth, clean, perfect, and sound, are essential to the comeliness of any face; they not only add to the comfort and personal appearance, but contribute largely to the health of all; hence, special and scrupulous attention should be paid to them daily, from the fifth year, each tooth being minutely examined by a skilful, intelligent, and conscientious dentist every third month, up to the age of twenty-five, when they may be considered safe, with semi-annual inspection. Avoid cold and hot food and drinks most sedulously. If a "pick" is ever employed, let it be of wood or quill. Never use a dentifrice prepared by stranger hands. Tartar on the teeth is formed by animalculæ, some of which are instantly killed by soap; others by table-salt; hence wash the teeth with a wet brush drawn across a piece of white soap every other night at bed-time, using the salt but once a week, which, perhaps, whitens the teeth as safely and as well as anything else.

Pure sugar melts without a residue, and passes into the stomach at once, hence cannot possibly hurt the teeth by its adherence to them. Heat, and cold, and acids are the things which injure the teeth on the instant of touching them. Sugar can only act perniciously in so far as, by its too free use, it causes dyspepsia. A doughnut daily will sooner hurt the teeth than a lump of sugar. Teeth hereditarily poor may be kept in a good state of preservation for many years, if well watched, kept plugged in a finished style, cleaned as above, and the stomach is made to do its duty, by a temperate, active, and regular life.

The teeth should be washed with a stiff brush on rising, and with an old, used brush immediately after

each meal, always employing lukewarm water, or holding cold water in the back part of the mouth until it is warmed. Never eat an atom after the teeth have been washed for the night. Always use the brush slowly, lest by a slip, a tooth may be scaled or broken. After meals, let the bristles of the brush be moved up and down by a twisting motion, making each one a toothpick. A yellowish tint to a tooth is proof of its soundness; hence do not seek to keep them of a pearly whiteness; it destroys them.

Literary Notices.

From PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

THE PIRATES OF THE PRAIRIES: *or, Adventures in the American Desert.* By Gustave Aimard, author of "The Prairie Flower," "The Trail Hunter," etc. etc. Those who have been interested in the previous volumes of this series of novels will be looking anxiously for the appearance of the present work. Aimard well sustains his reputation as one of the best writers of fiction of this peculiar class.

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From GEO. W. CHILDS, Philadelphia:—

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND: *A Narrative of the Military Operations of Major General George B. McClellan during the months of May and June,* 1862. By Joel Cook, Special Correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* with the Army of the Potomac. An interesting and well-written narrative, laying modest, and we venture, therefore, to say, just claim to truthfulness, to the extent of its author's own personal knowledge and observation. We may regret that it is not so complete, in many important particulars, as a history of the memorable siege of Richmond ought to be; but at the same time we can be thankful for what is afforded us, meanwhile waiting patiently till the period when the restraints of military prudence shall be removed from our obtaining a full knowledge of all the facts.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:—

A HISTORY OF FRANCE, *from the earliest Times to the Establishment of the Second Empire in* 1852. This work is one that admirably fills a hitherto vacant place in our literature. Though embracing in the limited compass of some seven hundred pages a general history of France from the earliest to the present times, it exhibits few of the dry characteristics of an abridgment in its style, and is really an interesting and readable volume, even to those who have had the opportunity to peruse the fuller and more detailed general and special histories of France, by French authors of undoubted genius and research. As a convenient book for reference, containing all necessary facts for a clear understanding of French history, this volume will prove of invaluable service.

CAMP AND OUTPOST DUTY FOR INFANTRY. By Daniel Butterfield, Brigadier General Volunteers, U. S. A. The present war has occasioned the publication of numerous works designed for the instruction and convenience of the soldier, among which not the least important and interesting is the little volume before us. It contains full, yet concise, directions concerning outpost duty, together with standing orders, extracts from the army regulations, rules of health, and much other necessary information for both officer and soldier. The book is not too large for even a soldier's limited means of conveyance, and is substantially bound.

MISTRESS AND MAID: *A Household Story.* By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. etc. This is a simple, unpretending novel, detailing the various incidents and events in the lives of three sisters, the Misses Leaf. It describes first their humble way of living, with their little village school, then their removal to London, in the hope of providing a home for, and regaining an influence over their scapegrace of a nephew. Then come trials unforeseen, yet which must be, and are bravely met, until the story is finally brought to a satisfactory end. Elizabeth Hand, the "maid," is a striking character; and being placed in favorable circumstances, develops many noble traits, which, even in her humble position, make her almost, if not quite, a heroine.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA CRITICALLY EXAMINED. By the Right Rev. John Wm. Colenso, D. D., Bishop of Natal. The author of this work gives a careful review of the Pentateuch, and records his impressions, convictions, and doubts concerning it. Some of his criticisms, it cannot be denied, are of a character to challenge serious consideration, and to lead the believer in the inspiration of the Bible to seek anxiously for explanation and reconciliation. Others, meanwhile, seem to us too trivial to deserve as much importance as he gives them. Strangely enough, there appears to be at this time almost a rivalry among certain Christians as to who shall succeed in casting the most doubt upon the reliability of the Scriptures. At all events their criticisms upon it in many portions will not compare unfavorably with those of noted infidel philosophers of both the past and the present. All this may betoken, and we may, at least, hope that it does, an agitation in religion which will result in the final justification and triumph of truth.

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From ABBEY & ABBOT, New York:—

MAY DREAMS. By Henry L. Abbey. This is apparently the production of a young poet, and bears the impress of more than ordinary talent. Whether its author does or does not possess the higher gift of genius time alone can definitely answer. What he has already written gives good promise; but reminiscences and half-echoes of the strains of Shelley are not to be relied upon as proof positive of any unusual degree of poetic genius.

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From TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

THE CANOE AND THE SADDLE. *Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests; and Isthmiana.* By Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," etc. Theodore Winthrop was a rare spirit. An ardent lover of nature, thoroughly enjoying the adventurous life of a wanderer in the wilds of the Northwest, he was also endowed with high intellectual gifts, among which was that of being enabled to perpetuate his enjoyment upon paper for the gratification of others. His descriptions are vivid, and his feelings are preserved in all their keenness; so that one can almost hear the dash of the waves, and delight in the sound of the wind among the pines. His command of language is remarkable, and in its use he is sometimes

extravagant. The major portion of the book before us is a narrative of a hasty journey, with Indian companions, from Port Townsend to the Dalles of the Columbia. It is not beyond criticism, but there is a vigor and dash about the style that charms us in spite of all.

THE POET'S JOURNAL. By Bayard Taylor. In the poems forming the first portion of this volume, and from which it derives its title, few readers not wholly unacquainted with the personal history of Mr. Taylor will fail to recognize what may be presumed to be a fair transcript of their author's past, so far, at least, as the poetic side of his life is concerned. Melodious and smooth in versification, and almost faultless in finish, they nevertheless lack that warmth of passion which is the life of all heart histories, and without which the poetry of love, sorrow, and happiness has few attractions for any but those metaphysical sentimentalists who find in the transcendental effusions of the German muse their model of poetic excellence. However, where Mr. Taylor is not seemingly overborne by the influence of a foreign literature, he presents us with many fine passages, and even with whole poems, worthy of a high place in our imaginative literature.

Godey's Arm-Chair.

OUR EMBELLISHMENTS FOR FEBRUARY NUMBER.—"The Duet," an admirable engraving, as all our subscribers will pronounce it; and an excellent story will be found illustrative of it. It is seldom that eleven figures in a picture are so distinctively made out, and yet each figure has an individuality about it that is unmistakable.

Our Fashion-plate—well! our Fashion-plates require nothing said about them; they are a specialty of Godey, and are now recognized as the only true exponent of the fashions. We feel proud of them; proud because ours is the only magazine in this country that surpasses those of England and France. In this country no attempt at imitating them has yet been made.

"Chair Seat." This pattern is worked on canvas. The small pattern in the corner has no connection with the seat.

"The New Sewing-Machine" will appear in our March number.

MIXED JOY.—We are receiving more subscribers now than we ever did any previous year that we have been in business; this is joy unmixed. Now comes the mix. We shall have to pay nearly all we receive to the paper-makers; but—and here comes the inevitable but—we think we do not fare the worst. We deal with a firm that think that they have souls to be saved, and do not take the advantage of the combination, for combination it is in some respects; for we are informed that many of the Eastern dealers, who have no souls, have a year's stock on hand, and are grinding the publishers to the utmost extent. We hope these men will be marked for a future time. We do not wish them eventually to return to that condition from which their stock is formed—rags! for we have a more forgiving disposition.

FIVE COPIES FOR $8.—We have no such clubs, and will not send even under the old terms five copies for $8. We publish our terms, and whatever they are we abide by them, and any attempt to make us swerve from them is in vain.

PANIC IN PAPER.—The rise we make of club subscribers to $2 a copy will not begin to pay us, but we do not increase more in hopes that before long the price of paper may decrease. It is now about 100 per cent. above what it was when we issued our December number, and still going up. The small amount we have increased is but a trifle compared to that of the daily papers. They have raised 50 per cent. Papers formerly issued at two cents are now sold at three. This will pay; but our rise is very small. Could we raise our price 50 per cent., we would smile at the rise of paper. Our present prices will be found on the cover of this number, and these terms we cannot depart from. We annex an article from the *Baltimore American*:—

"At the present price of printing paper the subscribers to newspapers are scarcely paying more for their printed sheets than the prime cost of the white paper on which they are printed. The advance in price in the last ten days is fully twenty-five per cent., or nearly one dollar per ream on the paper used by the *American*. But this is not all. We are threatened with a still further advance, and the probability is that the white sheet will soon cost more than the subscriber pays for the printed sheet. This condition of affairs cannot, of course, be sustained by the press, and we look to a very general advance in the charge to subscribers and agents for their papers. Some of the Northern papers have already advanced from two to three cents per copy, and the New York dailies are said to be discussing the imperative necessity of an advance."

Since the above was written, the prices of the New York dailies have been advanced from two to three cents.

"This increase in the cost of paper is said to be mainly caused by the fact that the government contractors are using rags in the manufacture of blankets and cloth for the army, producing the article called 'shoddy.' They have bought up all the stock in the market, and will in due time force upon the government this miserable substitute for cloth. Another cause of the advance is the government tax on paper, and all the chemicals used in its manufacture.

"There is probably no species of business so heavily taxed as the newspaper proprietor. He is required to pay all these combined taxes on the paper manufacture, has an additional tax of three per cent. on all the advertisements in his paper, and pays the tax on all other material used in his business. Then his income, if any should be left, is taxed, and, unless he advances the price to be paid by his readers—which will be light to them—the probability is that he will at least escape the tax on incomes."

THE AMERICAN PUZZLE was sent us for a notice in our December number; it is just in time for February. When will people learn that our immense editions require us to be out and stirring early? Well, the American Puzzle is a very ingenious matter, and will well repay a patient study. It is ingenious, and is somewhat like the old Chinese puzzles, so rife with us some years since. The inventor, J. M. Mueller, Detroit, Michigan, did not mention the price, but we presume it can be had on application to him.

SEASONABLE CONUNDRUMS:—

By what female name would a hen object to be called?—Addle-laid (Adelaide).

What part of India resembles another part!—The one that 's Simla.

When is an artist like a cook?—When he 's drawing a little duck.

On what food should a prizefighter train?—Mussels.

Why are the wearers of moustaches and beards the most modest men in society?—Because they are the least bare-faced.

A Question for Coroners.—Must a man have "wound himself up to a pitch," before jumping off Waterloo Bridge?

OUR MUSICAL COLUMN.

A MONTH ago and we were hopeful at the prospect of a protracted opera season, but we have given up now. Two or three indifferent performances by troupes that come here to make good their losses in other cities are all that we dare expect. Will the time ever come that the plans and purposes for which the Academy was built—to establish a resident opera, with a school for the education of home talent—shall be realized? While we await a reply we walk down to that cosy little Opera House in Eleventh Street, where Carncross & Dixey put everybody in a good humor with their burlesques and exaggerations. Here we see scenes from Trovatore, and Concerts *à la* Musard in a style that would astonish Verdi and make Jullien roar. Of one thing we are satisfied—that burnt cork and broad caricature are not of necessity a drawback to good music.

New Sheet Music for the Piano. Horace Waters, New York, publishes President Lincoln's Grand March, by Helmsmuller, embellished with the best likeness of the President we have seen, 50 cents. Music Box Galop, by Hering, beautiful composition, seven pages, 35 cents. L'Etoile de la Mer, fine valse, 35. Hillside Polka Quickstep, very pretty, 35. Volunteer's Polka, by Goldbeck, 25. New Katy Did Schottische, 25. Also the following three pieces by Baker, as played at Laura Keene's Theatre: Love Waltz, Seven Sons' Galop, played in the popular burlesque, and Laura Keene Waltz. Each 35 cents, or the three for $1.

Mr. Waters also issues the following songs and ballads, each 25 cents: Fond Mother, thou art Failing Now. Pleasant Words for All, pretty song and chorus, by Roberts. Shall we Know Each Other There? Come Sing with Me, song and chorus. Flora Lyle, and Mother's Love is true, two sweet songs by Keller, sung by Bryant's Minstrels. Was my Brother in the Battle? Jenny 's Coming o'er the Green, No Home, no Home, Slumber, my Darling, and I Will be true to Thee, five of the latest songs by Foster, author of Gentle Annie and other popular melodies.

Prof. Grobe's latest compositions comprise Variations of No One to Love, ten pages, 50 cents. Himmel's noble Battle Prayer, transcribed, 50. Variations of Foster's Fairy Belle, 50. Also the following easy pieces, at 25 cents each: Gideon's Polka, New York Mazourka, Somerset Schottische, Banjo Polka, Kreutzer Minuet, Battle of Winchester, and Airs of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries.

The Skating Quadrille is a fine seasonable composition by Vaas, ornamented with handsome moonlight skating scene, 50. Snowflake Polka is another piece for the season, and very pretty, 25. Still another fine seasonable composition is the Skating Polka, by Franz Staab, 25. Volunteer's Quickstep is a fine easy piece by F. Karl, author of our music in this number, 25. The Lafner, beautiful waltz by Otto, 25. Fairy Polka Redowa, pleasing, graceful piece by Vaas, 25. Schreiber's Band Drum Polka, capital composition, played by many of the military bands, 25. The last five 25 cent pieces we can send for $1, and they are all very pretty.

New Music by the Editor.—We have published new editions of the following songs: Beautiful Valley (third edition in a few weeks). Poor Ben the Piper (seventh edition). O Lady, Touch those Chords Again. The Minstrel's Grave; and The Passing Bell, or Home Returning from the Wars. Price 25 cents each, or we will send the five to any address for $1.

Orders for any of the foregoing carefully attended to, and the music mailed promptly and carefully. Address the Musical Editor, at Philadelphia,

J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM.—The New Year commenced the thirty-third volume and sixteenth year of this valuable family journal, and we are glad to see in its interesting columns renewed proofs of its popularity and prosperity. It deserves its long success. Its political course is eminently national and independent. In regard to the business interests of Philadelphia it has shown enterprise and integrity, which entitle it to the confidence of our merchants and manufacturers. As a literary journal the reputation of the *City Item* is unsurpassed. Its novellettes and tales are admirable, its poetry is far above the ordinary average, and among its contributors are many writers of celebrity. Its criticisms on the drama and the fine arts are intelligent and discriminating. In wishing our contemporary a happy New Year our wishes ask no more than it well deserves, and we take pleasure in expressing this brief opinion of a journal which has so long been an honor to the American Press. The *City Item* is published at 112 S. Third St., at two dollars a year.

NOTICE TO THOSE WHO SEND US DRAFTS OR CHECKS.—Be particular, when you purchase a draft or check to send us, that the same has the proper stamp affixed to it by the person from whom you procure it.

Extracts from the Law.

"Stamps must be affixed to all documents by the party *issuing* the same."

"The person using or affixing a stamp must write thereupon the initials of his name, and the date when used."

"The penalty for making, signing, or issuing any instrument, document, or paper of any kind without the same having thereon a stamp to denote the duty, is $50, and such a paper will be invalid and of no effect."

Any check on a bank, or sight draft, over $20 requires a two cent stamp; $20 and under no stamp is required.

MISSING NUMBERS.—Those who do not receive a January number must write for it at once, and so with every other number of the year; if they do not, we do not feel obliged to supply them. A club will be sent for 1863, we will say, and we are then informed that certain numbers in 1862 never came to hand. This may be so, and then again it may not; they may have lost the numbers by lending them, and then call upon us to supply the deficiency. Now let it be distinctly understood that we will only supply missing numbers when they are written for at the time. When you receive a February number, and the January number has not been received, then write.

MESSRS. J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, have for sale all materials for the different styles of Painting and Drawing taught in their book, ART RECREATIONS. They will send a price list, if requested, and answer necessary questions, and will send, post paid, the book for $1 50. It teaches Pencil and Crayon Drawing, Oil Painting of every kind, Wax-work, Leather-work, Water Color Painting, and hundreds of fancy kinds of drawing, painting, etc. etc.

LOSS OF DECEMBER NUMBERS.—We have had many applications for duplicate December numbers. We wish it understood that no fault lies with us. A large western mail was destroyed by fire that contained an immense quantity of our December issue intended for our subscribers.

HERE IS A CHANCE FOR SOME FAIR LADY.

A BACHELOR'S THOUGHTS ABOUT MATRIMONY.

DEAR MR. GODEY: Your Lady's Book has so long supplied to me the place of a refined, agreeable, and entertaining companion that I had scarce felt the forlornness of bachelorhood until reminded of my miserable condition by a recent visit to my friend Joe Hopkins, which, I must confess, has seriously disturbed my mental equilibrium. You see I am a bachelor, and Joe was my college chum and classmate. Well, Joe is married and settled in life, and as happy a man as the sun shines on. He declares matrimony to be the ultimatum of human happiness, the grand panacea for all ills, the last lingering remnant of paradise below. *His* wife is the sweetest thing in nature, the sum total of human excellence; no man ever so blessed in a companion as he; in fact, *his* is the most felicitous union ever formed since Father Adam gave a rib to get his Eve. The dear creature is consulted on all matters of taste, propriety, and expediency, and everything is referred to her consideration as though she were an oracle. I don't believe Joe has bought a hat since his marriage without her approval. He goes and comes at her bidding like a well-trained spaniel, and seems to delight in the service. All my persuasions to get him into the country for a little rustication were of no avail, because he could not leave "wifie." Well I wonder how I would like such matrimonial servitude? such absolute subjugation to petticoated angel! But I suppose love's silken chain is no more burdensome than the glossy ringlets that cluster about the face of a fair maiden, or the white plume that decks the head of the victorious general.

The contemplation of Joe's felicitous condition causes very uncomfortable sensations about my heart, and makes me almost willing to submit to the bondage of this mysterious matrimonial chain. But then what if the silkiness should vanish with the sweetness of the "honeymoon," and I should hear the clank of iron and feel the irksomeness of perpetual bondage, from which no magistrate could release me? That would be misery past endurance. To be sure, if my spouse had sense and skill, I never should feel the weight of chain nor hear the clank of bondage. But how could I secure such an one? The getting of a wife is such a hazardous undertaking, there is so much of the uncertainty and risk of the lottery about it that I am almost afraid to incur the risks and responsibilities. What if she should beguile me with all the sweetness of a Desdemona until she had bound me fast, and then transform herself into a veritable shrew? What if to kisses and caresses should succeed frowns and repulses? All the horrors of old bachelorhood would be preferable to such a catastrophe. If I could get the right kind of a wife—a woman with sense and soul, affection and emotion, intelligence and discretion—in whose judgment I could confide, and in the lovingness of whose nature I could repose; one whose sympathies would beat responsive to my own; and when a thrill of joy gladdened my heart, it would glow in her eye; when grief and trouble agitated my breast, it would quiver in her lip; and when oppressed and dejected in spirit, I should hear words of encouragement in her gentle tones; if such a wife were mine, there would not be a happier man in existence than I. I would like, too, that she should possess some originality, some hidden resources of mind and character for varied circumstances to develop, so that I might discover occasionally new beauties and virtues. I would weary of a monotonous being, were she ever so good and sweet. Sameness, even though flavored with the essence of goodness, would soon become insipid. *I* want something more pungent, something of the flash and sparkle of spirit that can foam occasionally. I like a demonstrative nature that can give expression to the inner life, so that I may know when hopes elate, and when fears depress; when the soul is stirred with joyful emotion, and when deep grief broods upon the spirit. I like the natural play of feeling, well regulated by amiability; in short, I want a woman, modest, unaffected, and refined, whose emotions spring spontaneous, like the song of birds; whose conversation flows with graceful ease and lively interest; with a soul to appreciate the good and beautiful, and a hand and heart to will and do. If I could find such a woman, I would commit myself to the matrimonial noose in less than a week. "Would that Heaven had made me such a wife!"

TO CHARITABLE SOCIETIES.—We hope a different plan will be practised than that of former years. For instance, a visitor will go into a house and find everything looking clean and somewhat comfortable; the inference is that no charity is wanting here, because the woman of the house happens to be tidy, and the children's clothes whole, though, God help her! she has struggled hard and worked late to make things look comfortable. The same visitor will enter another house, and find everything dirty; children ragged, and the mother, perhaps, under the influence of liquor, but he doesn't see it. She tells a lamentable story, and charity is bestowed without stint. The really poor, but modest woman is chary of her words, and her chance of help is small. "Reform it altogether, I pray you."

"THE SKETCH-BOOK."—A collection of easy landscape studies, drawn from nature by E. W. Holmes, 1711 Filbert Street, Philadelphia. We commend this series of sketches to all beginners. Mr. Holmes is a well-known drawing-master of this city, and would not publish anything but what would be useful to the student. There are fifteen sketches in the number now before us, and all admirably drawn.

EXTRACT from a letter:—

GALENA, ILL.

I have again busied myself in renewing my old club; happy to find its price remains the same, although every other article has so increased in price. MRS. R.

Very glad you availed yourself of the present low prices. After the issuing of the February number, you will see that they are increased.

VALENTINE MONTH.—This is the month when Valentines are sent. A most agreeable one to send us would be a $3 note, for one year's subscription to the Lady's Book.

THE MUSIC IN THE LADY'S BOOK.—Various complimentary letters have been received upon our music. There is one advantage that our subscribers have. They receive the music in the Book long before the music publishers issue it. By the time it is in others' hands, our friends are perfect in it. In fact, it is an "old song" to them.

BOOKS BY MAIL.—We do not send books by mail—it costing us much more than we receive, and the books being lost, occasioning us a great deal of trouble. We mean bound books, published by others.

THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.—We furnish an engraving of the celebrated "Craig Microscope," a description of which we published in our last November number. This is the only instrument of high power that requires no local adjustment, and can therefore be readily used by every one, even by children. It magnifies about 100 diameters, or 10,000 times. As a Gift or a Present to a friend or child, it is excellent, being elegant, instructive,

amusing, and cheap. The Microscope will be sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of $2 25; or, for $3 00 the Microscope and six mounted objects will be sent, postage paid. A box containing twelve different mounted objects will be sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of $1 50. Address HENRY CRAIG, Homœopathic College, Cleveland, Ohio.

GODEY'S NEEDLES.—It will be seen by the advertisement on our cover that these useful little articles have advanced in price. The increased duty and premium on exchange, now nearly 50 per cent., and the premium on gold to pay duties, have obliged us to increase the price to 30 cents per 100, including, of course, the case that contains them.

Dec. 1862.

DEAR SIR: I must be exceedingly poor when I have decided to do without your Book. I take it to endeavor to become a judicious economist. Believe me, you have no greater devotee than myself. MRS. S., *Maryland.*

CANADA WEST.

MR. GODEY—DEAR SIR: I have succeeded in getting a club for your truly valuable book. I am, dear sir, fond of your book, and most happy to recommend it to my acquaintances. It has been taken in our family for the last year. Its moral purity and ennobling sentiments make it worthy a place in every family. I wish you increased prosperity. B.

TO COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.—A new preparation called Newton's Prepared Colors for Albumen pictures is for sale by J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. Price, with a bottle of Reducing Liquid complete, with full directions for painting, so that any person, though not an artist, may paint in a most beautiful manner, and very rapidly, the *cartes de visite* and photograph, etc., $3 25.

There has been offered for sale a worthless imitation that will injure the photograph. See that the box obtained has the name and seal of J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, who are sole agents for the United States.

J. E. T. & Co. have also beautiful copies of flowers from nature (photographs) for coloring with these colors, or for copies for drawing and painting, which they will send by mail for 25 cents each. Also, *cartes de visite* of all distinguished persons.

THE Fashion Editor desires us to say that she receives orders from those who are subscribers and those who are not; in fact, she never stops to inquire whether they are or are not subscribers to the Lady's Book.

LETTER from an editor:—

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 8th came duly to hand, and I hasten to reply. My P. O. address is ———; and I already get your valuable magazine in exchange. Could you witness the effect of the intelligence of the receipt of Godey on our better half, you would rest assured that it is one of the "indispensables" of our household. Hoping that we may ever receive your valuable magazine in exchange, I remain, with due respects, Very truly yours, D. F. S.

"HUSKS."—We are glad, though not surprised to find that this story is creating a great sensation. In answer to the editor of the *Madison Herald*, and the same answer will do for all others, the story is copyrighted, and cannot be copied.

"I KNOW I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart.

"No, indeed, John; you have never hugged me yet. You are more sheep than bear."

PARENTS HAVE MUCH TO ANSWER FOR.—At one of our dancing-schools for juveniles one of them was overheard to say to another: "My ma allows me to speak to you here, but I mustn't anywhere else. You all try to imitate me, and you do in some things; but my dresses you cannot imitate, as they are made in Paris." When this child grows older, will she not remember the parental instructions of her youth?

The above memorandum was made ten years since. We came across it recently, and now state that the father of the child above referred to failed, took to bad habits, and soon died. The family is now very poor.

POSTAGE ON THE LADY'S BOOK.—Postage for three months, if paid in advance at the office where it is received, four and a half cents.

Barnum Outdone.—A Berlin letter tells the following amusing story of a hoax:—

"I cannot conclude the present letter without mentioning a little incident that occurred here in the course of the present week, and in which some ingenious rogue has verily out-Barnumed Barnum. A member of the company of players at Callenbach's Theatre was to have a benefit night, and the question was how to get together a good audience, as the usual attendance at that place of amusement, even if doubled, would produce far too slender a sum to satisfy the expectations of a benefit night. Accordingly, some days before the memorable evening, there appeared in all the Berlin papers an advertisement to the following effect: 'A gentleman, who has a niece and ward possessing a disposable property of 15,000 thalers, together with a mercantile establishment, desires to find a young man who would be able to manage the business and become the husband of the young lady. The possession of property or other qualifications is no object. Apply to ——.' Hundreds upon hundreds of letters poured in, in reply to this advertisement. On the morning of the benefit day each person who had sent a reply received the following note: 'The most important point is, of course, that you should like one another. I and my niece are going to Callenbach's Theatre this evening, and you can just drop in upon us in box No. 1.' Of course the theatre was crammed. All the boxes, all the best-paying places in the house, were filled early in the evening by a mostly male public, got up in a style which is seldom seen at the Royal Opera itself. Glasses were levelled on all sides in the direction of box No. 1, and eyes were strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece when she should appear in company with the uncle. But uncles are proverbially 'wicked old men;' and in the present case neither uncle nor niece was to be found, and the disconsolate lovers—of a fortune—were left to clear up the mystery as best they could. The theatre has not had such an audience for years, and of course the chief person concerned reaped a rich harvest by the trick."

Club of $10.

Your Lady's Book has afforded us so much pleasure for the last two years that I have found very little trouble in making up a club. Miss H., *Ohio.*

Let it be distinctly understood that we have no agents for whose acts we are responsible, and we are only accountable to those who remit directly to us. We have no agents that solicit subscribers. Money must be sent to the publisher, L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

Put up the Names.—Why don't all the railroad stations in this country follow the English practice, and have the name of each distinctly and conspicuously put up for the information of passing travellers? In New England the fashion is common, but not in New York, Pennsylvania, and some of the Western States. Why do the latter neglect such a convenience? Is every stopping place supposed to be so well known to strangers that exhibiting its name might be a superfluous accommodation? What complacency! Or is the accommodation of strangers a matter of no consequence? What a business idea! Reform it altogether, gentlemen. Put up the names—put up the names!

A country editor, speaking of a blind sawyer, says: "Although he can't see, he can saw."

Mackinac, Mich.

Dear Sir: Would you like to know the mode of conveyance by which the Lady's Book reaches these almost Arctic Regions? It is by dog-teams. From Saginaw to this place, a distance of over two hundred miles, our mail matter, in the winter season, is brought to us on men's backs, and dog-teams. We have a weekly mail; and each weekly party consists of two men and three dogs, with a long *traine de glisse,* to which the latter are harnessed. This *traine* is generally made of an oak board two or three-eighths of an inch thick, about a foot wide, and eight or ten feet long, with the forward part nicely turned up. On this are strapped mail-bags, and the provisions for the men and dogs. This would sound strange to those who live in well-improved parts of the country. Yesterday the thermometer ranged between four and twenty degrees below zero; and this morning it stood twenty-four degrees below. The ice in these straits, and Lake Huron in this vicinity, is from eighteen to twenty-eight inches thick; no sign of an early opening of navigation.

I hear that your subscribers at this place are much pleased with the Lady's Book. A. H.

We commend the following to the publisher who gives place to the remarkable sayings of children:—

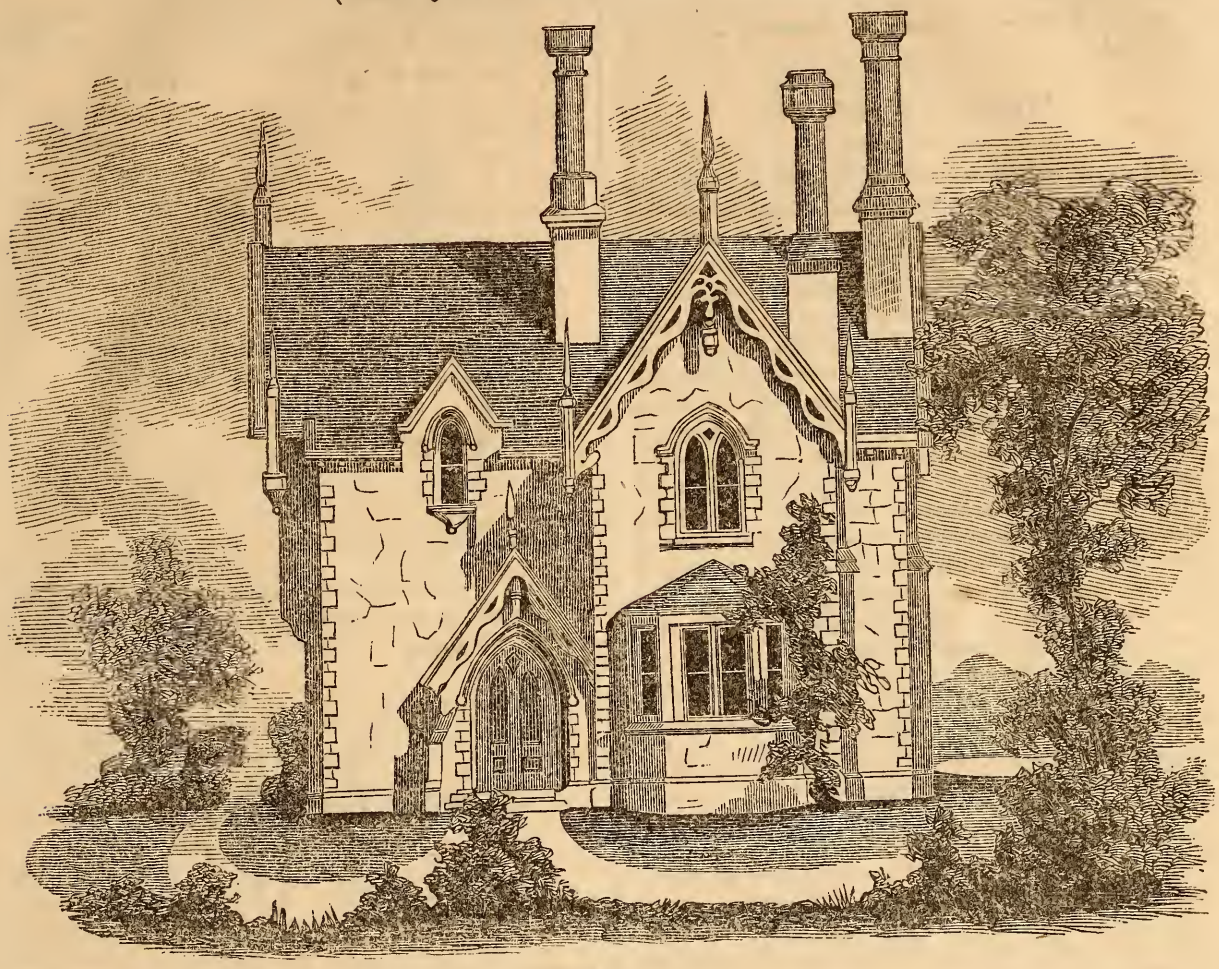
On the Irreverent Use of the Bible.—The introduction of God's Holy Word, when accompanied by a light and trifling remark, is a palpable abuse of its sacred truths. And can any language be too severe, in reprehension of conduct so repulsive, which is not only an offence to all Christian principles, but a gross insult to the Almighty? And those persons who value not the Holy Scriptures for the blessed Gospel which they contain, would do well to reflect upon the remark of a celebrated author, whom the world hath styled "a Colossus of literature," that "A jest drawn from the Bible is the *most vulgar*, because the easiest of all jests." Thus considered, even in a worldly point, it is conduct so perfectly low, that no *gentleman* would be guilty of such coarse profanity, which proves at once a deficiency of intelligence and *common sense.*

"Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Happiest they of human race
To whom God has granted grace;
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way.
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

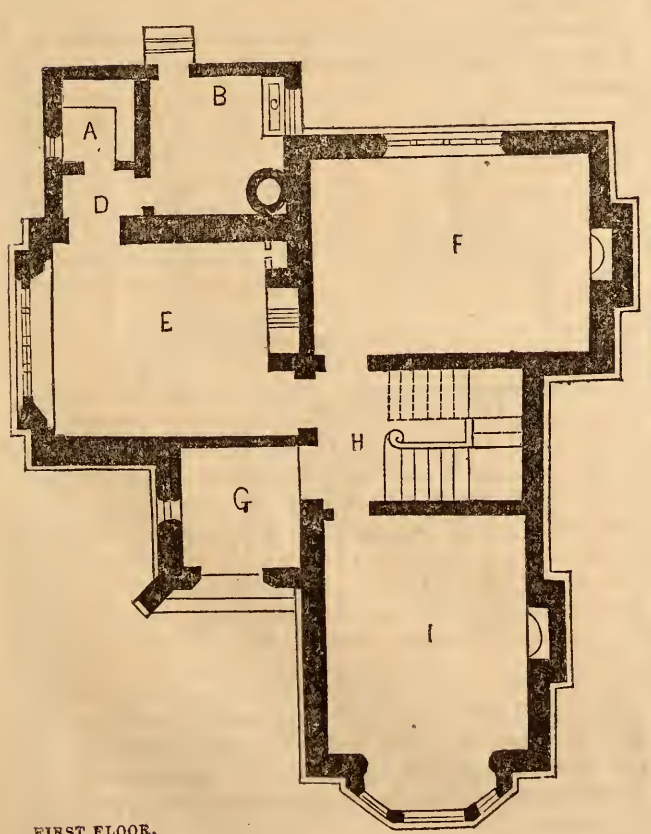
A Rule That Doesn't Work Both Ways.—A mail has been burnt somewhere. Well, we are asked with the utmost *nonchalance* to supply the numbers lost therein. We do so. A steamer is sunk carrying the mail. We are again asked to supply the deficiency. We do so. When money is mailed to us, and a mail car is burnt, or the money lost, or a steamer sunk, we are asked to sustain the loss. Really the rule should be established that we are free somewhere. If we were not obliged to furnish numbers lost, we could sustain the loss by mail, or vice versa. Fix it as you please, we are content; but don't let all losses fall on our shoulders. Sometimes a person in California will send a letter containing $10 by express. It is delivered to us with a charge of $3 upon it, when the same by mail would only cost ten cents. We are asked to supply the deficiency. Do we do it? That question will be answered only on application at our office.

AN OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE.

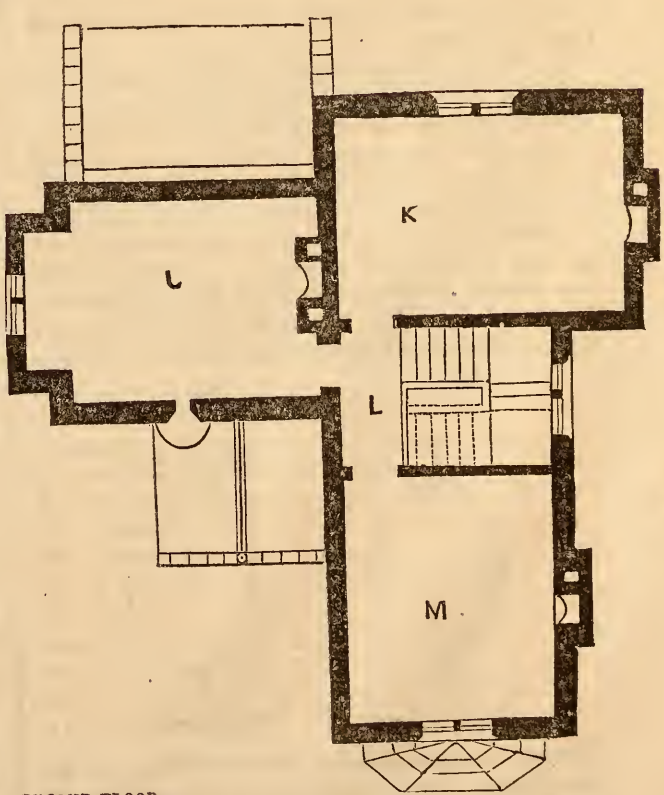
(Drawn by SAMUEL SLOAN, *Architect, Philadelphia.)*



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.



FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.

(For description of Ground Plan, see next page.)

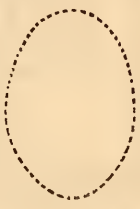
First Floor.—A butler's pantry, B kitchen, C sink, D lobby, E dining-room, F library, G vestibule, H hall, I drawing-room.

Second Floor.—J chamber, K chamber, L hall, M chamber.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

ART IN SPORT.

An almost endless source of amusement, combining at the same time a considerable amount of instruction, may be obtained in the following manner: Take a card or piece of pasteboard, or even stiff paper, such as cartridge paper, and draw upon it the form of an egg—an oval in outline. The dimensions of the oval are immaterial, and the experimenter may suit his own fancy in this respect. With a stout needle, or tracing point, prick quite through the outline, for the purposes of tracing. Some of our readers may be unacquainted with the mode of tracing an outline, and it may be advisable to particularize one method among many. Having pricked out the oval upon the card, get a little red or black lead, powdered, and, placing the card upon a piece of drawing-paper—any white paper will, however, do—rub it over the pricked-out oval, which will be found to be transferred to the white paper beneath, thus:



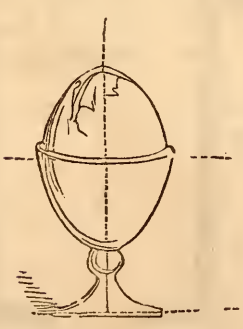
The powder may be applied either with a piece of wool or wadding, or by means of a dry camel's-hair pencil: care should be taken not to let the tracing-powder get beyond the edge of the pricked card, as in that case a soiled, dirty appearance is given to the tracing. The pierced card will serve, if carefully done, for hundreds of tracings, and it is obviously the best plan to take a little extra pains with that in the first instance.

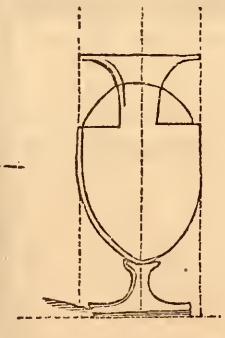
With this traced oval for a basis, any one with a very little skill will be able to form an infinite number of objects.

The best drawing-tool will be found to be an ordinary black-lead pencil.

Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 are very easy results, suggestive also of others. The rules of procedure are the same in all. Leaving the traced-out oval at first in its dotted form, with the pencil you draw a horizontal line, as the basis of your figure. Let this and the other lines, which serve merely as the scaffolding of your figure, be done faintly or in dots. Next, draw a line through the centre of the oval and perpendicular to the first. These will insure your making the object square and properly balanced. After this you may draw lines parallel to the others; but these are not so material, although they serve as guides.

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

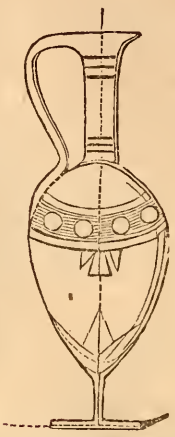




Now the imagination and fancy may step in to produce forms having the oval for a foundation; and not only is a very rational source of amusement opened out, but the opportunity is given to a cultivation of the noble art of design, whether as applied to utility or ornament.

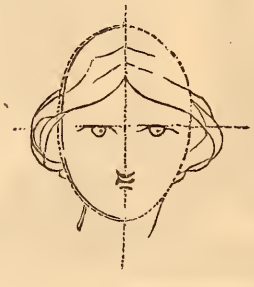
It is obvious to remark that the hand of many an amateur artist will readily be able to form the oval

Fig. 3. Fig. 4.



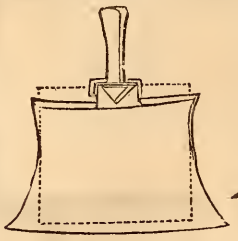
without having recourse to the pierced card: but as this portion of our work is intended for *all*, we have suggested the above mode as sure to succeed under every circumstance.

Fig. 5. Fig. 6.



Following the same plan in every particular, we subjoin some examples of what may be done with the square.

Fig. 7. Fig. 8.



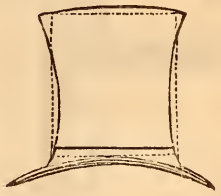


Fig. 9.

The dotted lines (Figs. 7, 8) represent the traced or sketched square and plan lines; the firmer lines suggest objects formed upon that figure. In the same way the thin square outline (Fig. 9) suggests the inner sketch of a church.

SOME HINTS.

In remitting, try to procure a draft, and don't fail to indorse it.

Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia, Pa. That is sufficient.

If a lady is the writer, always prefix Mrs. or Miss to her signature, that we may know how to address a reply.

Town, County, and State, always in your letter.

If you miss a number of any magazine, always write to the publishers of the magazine. If *Arthur's*, address T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia; if *Harper's*, address Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York.

When a number of the Lady's Book is not received, write at once for it; don't wait until the end of the year.

When inclosing money, do not trust to the sealing matter on an envelope, but use a wafer in addition.

Mrs. Hale is not the Fashion Editress. Address "Fashion Editress, care L. A. Godey, Philadelphia."

When you send money for any other publication, we pay it over to the publisher, and there our responsibility ceases.

We can always supply back numbers.

Subscriptions may commence with any number of the year.

The postage on the Lady's Book, if paid three months in advance at the office where it is received, is *four and a half cents* for *three* monthly numbers.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written so that they can be easily made out.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

No order attended to unless the cash accompanies it.

All persons requiring answers by mail must send a post-office stamp; and for all articles that are to be sent by mail, stamps must be sent to pay return postage.

Be particular, when writing, to mention the town, county, and State you reside in. Nothing can be made out of post-marks.

Mrs. A. C. W.—Sent materials for coat November 19th.
Mrs. J. Y.—Sent patterns 20th.
E. M. B.—Sent cloak 22d.
Mrs. W. C. B. S.—Sent Richelieu 22d.
Miss J. A. S.—Sent Chemise Russe 22d.
Miss L. A. F.—Sent Marie Stuart hood 25th.
Mrs. M. K. P.—Sent hood 26th.
F. Y. H.—Sent pattern for infant's dresses 26th.
Mrs. P. B. C.—Sent sleeve pattern 26th.
Miss M. Q.—Sent patterns 26th.
Mrs. S. A. C.—Sent cloak 28th.
Mrs. B. D.—Sent articles 28th.
W. R. M.—Sent Moresco 28th.
Mrs. N. F. S.—Sent Moresco 29th.
Mrs. C. P. L.—Sent Cambray 29th.
Mrs. E.—Sent materials for slippers 29th.
Mrs. O. T. M.—Sent Phœbus 29th.
M. D. K.—Sent chenille 29th.
Miss L. A. W.—Sent patterns December 2d.
Mrs. J. F. B.—Sent patterns 4th.
Mrs. C. M.—Sent hair ring 4th.
Mrs. D. C.—Sent hair breastpin 4th.
Mrs. M. A. K.—Sent braiding 5th.
Mrs. C. P. W.—Sent Moresco 5th.
Mrs. M. W. M.—Sent Cambray 5th.
Mrs. N. B. C.—Sent Cambray 5th.
Mrs. T. R. C.—Sent embroidery pattern 5th.
Miss M. B.—Sent wool 5th.
Mrs. D. C.—Sent articles 6th.
Mrs. T. A. H.—Sent patterns 6th.
Mrs. L. B.—Sent furs, etc. 6th.
Mrs. F. D. L.—Sent silk fringe 8th.
Mrs. K. H.—Sent pattern 9th.
Miss C. L.—Sent pattern 9th.

Miss S. T. O.—We abominate the system of presents at marriages; they are productive of much mischief. We know a party in this city that issued on their cards "No presents received;" and we approve of such announcement. Many persons are invited to the ceremony in the mere hope of receiving a present from them, it being understood that those who are invited to the ceremony are expected to contribute. It is a most beggarly system.

Miss V. R. T.—Several of our papers have annexed to the advertisements of marriages, "No cards sent." This is good. Many persons not receiving a card might suppose themselves slighted, but the announcement explains all.

Mary T.—We should not like to ask such a question of the parties. We presume they *are* engaged, but we have not received any announcement of the fact.

E. D. R.—In the December number for 1862 you will find it.

A Subscriber.—Our receipt was to *prevent* and not *remove*, and so it reads. There is nothing that can remove the marks as they now are.

Mrs. S. H. C.—We do not see why calico dresses should not be as well made as those of a finer material. Surely we furnish trimming enough for any person to select from; and as for bonnets, it is left to the good taste of the wearer to have them fully trimmed or not, to suit their taste or their pocket. There is where the French women excel those of any other country. No matter what the material, the dress fits beautifully, and is trimmed tastefully. Your calico dress can be made after any of the patterns furnished by us, but, of course, not as fully trimmed.

B. A. R.—We cannot advise. We neither know the man or his circumstances.

Miss E. L. A.—We cannot recommend anything to remove freckles, and we have repeatedly said so. You cannot be an "old subscriber" to the Lady's Book, or do not read it thoroughly, or you would have seen our remarks before on this subject. If you use any of the nostrums published, you do it at your own peril.

S. V. O.—Such an announcement was made by the so-called publishers, but unfortunately the magazine never was published.

C. M.—Do not hesitate a single moment. To miss doing a kind action is to miss doing a good one, and how do we know that the opportunity will ever come again? Certainly that opportunity never can return. It has gone to the grave of time in this world, to be inscribed on the great Day Book of another.

Miss R. A. S.—You need not rise from your seat when the introduction takes place.

B. R. K —According to your notion, the ark would not have held many crinolined ladies.

M. V. A.—Before this reaches you, skating will probably be over. The skates you mention we can procure in New York, but not here. Straps are used in addition to the fastenings you mention.

Mrs. E. R.—Cannot tell how you can dispose of them here. No sale now for such articles.

Mrs. B. R. A.—Yes! no more healthy exercise. Teach your children to ride if you can afford it. It is a useful and healthy exercise. As regards your daughter as a beginner, we would say, commence without the second horn. It is somewhat of a circus trick, yet still useful at a more advanced stage.

Mrs. A. L. B.—Nurses in France all wear caps.

E. A. B.—If it is a genuine Rubens, it would probably sell in London for $10,000. We doubt its genuineness.

E. S. D.—We don't purchase hair to make hair-ornaments. This answer will do for about a dozen inquirers.

Miss E. R. G.—A lady of our acquaintance uses the following for her complexion: The last thing, before going to bed, she takes a wash rag saturated with warm water and well rubbed with castile soap. She then folds the rag in two, washes her face—but not applying the soaped side to the skin; added to this, she is an early riser, and takes plenty of exercise.

Mrs. G. V. R. O.—$2 a copy for every copy over two copies. That is, you can get three copies for $6, and every other copy after that is $2 a copy, until you reach the club of eleven for $20, and cheap enough at that.

Miss H. A. S.—You will find it in December number. For your suggestion accept our thanks.

Chemistry for the Young.

LESSON XXII.—(*Continued.*)

538. Does the solution contain *any* metal? Evaporate a few drops in succession over a spirit lamp, on the same spot of a piece of platinum foil. Then, increasing the temperature, heat the solid residue remaining to redness. Either there may or may not be something evolved, according as the alkaline oxide under consideration may be combined with an acid, or the contrary; but, at any rate, a non-volatile and fusible residue will remain, easily soluble in water; therefore the solution contains a metal, and the metal must be kaligenous.

539. The compound of which of the kaligenous metals is it? Not of ammonium assuredly; because the red heat (470) would have dissipated it. Lithium we put out of the field altogether on account of its extreme rarity. Therefore, we must be dealing with potassium or sodium, in some state of combination.

540. The preceding remarks not only apply to solutions of potash and soda, but their salts. Were our researches limited to solution of simple potash or soda, or either of these in combination with carbonic acid, and, indeed, a few other acids, the test of reddened litmus-paper, or yellow turmeric paper, would be an additional proof of alkalinity.*

541. It appears, then, we are dealing either with a compound of potassium or of sodium.

542. Take a small portion of the metal sodium, cut it, and examine the cut surfaces. Remark the difference of color between the metals: one is white, verging on blue; the other white, verging on yellow. Throw a little sodium on the surface of water; the resulting decomposition is exceedingly violent, but combustion does not usually ensue. If, however, the sodium be prevented rolling about—for instance, if it be poured on the surface of some thick gum-water—then combustion ensues. Burn a little sodium in this way, and a little potassium in another vessel by its side; observe the difference in the first of the two resulting flames. Potassium burns with a pinkish flame—sodium with a yellow flame. The same remark applies to all the combinations of sodium and potassium, and serves as a means of distinguishing one from the other. Probably, you are familiar with the yellow tinge imparted to a common fire when table salt (*chloride of sodium*) is thrown upon it. Probably, too, with the ghastly yellow imparted by a lighted mixture of alcohol and common salt. If not, try the experiment in a dark room. This yellow tinge, more or less, is imparted to flame by all sodium combinations; but for chemical purposes, the best way of applying this flame test is by means of a thread, as described at 490.

543. Treat the water in which sodium has been plunged, and which has become a solution of soda, exactly as we have directed for the water in which potassium has been immersed. Remark the general similarity of the two solutions—one containing *potash*, the other *soda* in solution. We now have to distinguish these alkaline solutions from each other.

544. Prepare aqueous solutions of soda and potash, either by the contact of sodium and potassium respectively with water, or by dissolving potash and soda. (It is as well to prepare the potash solution, not using liquor potassæ, both in order to impress upon the mind a fact, and to generate potash and soda solutions of equal strength.) Divide each solution into three portions; call the potash solutions *a b c*, and the soda solutions *a′ b′ c′*. Let the solutions be rather dilute; say 1 of potash (weight) to 20 of water.

545. To *a* and *a′* respectively, add a saturated aqueous solution of tartaric acid. Put *a* and *a′* aside for some hours: finally, it will be observed that crystals have formed in *a*, but none in *a′*. These crystals are bitartrate of potash; in other words—cream of tartar—a somewhat insoluble body. This is one means of distinguishing soda from potash.

546. To *b* and to *b′* add respectively a little bichloride of platinum. With *b* a yellow precipitate falls; with *b′* none. Ammonia also produces this colored precipitate (340); but ammonia is already demonstrated absent. Hence we are dealing with potash. *Hydro-fluo-silicic acid* is also a test for potash. Add some aqueous solution of this acid (511) to *c* and *c′* respectively; with *c* there is a precipitate, with *c′* none. There is one positive test for soda, namely, antimoniate of potash, which throws down crystals of antimoniate of soda. These tests are not only applicable to solutions of potash and soda, but to nearly all soluble compounds of potassium and sodium.

* As the rule, these papers are a test for the *pure* alkalies, but the presence of carbonic acid, and some other weak acids, does not interfere with the result.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Spring and autumn bonnets, materials for dresses, jewelry, envelops, hair-work, worsteds, children's wardrobes, mantillas, and mantelets, will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. 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.

The Publisher of the Lady's Book has no interest in this department, and knows nothing of the transactions; and whether the person sending the order is or is not a subscriber to the Lady's Book, the Fashion editor does not know.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Evans & Co.'s; mourning goods from Besson & Son; cloaks, mantillas, or talmas, from Brodie's, 51 Canal Street, New York; bonnets from the most celebrated establishments; jewelry from Wriggens & Warden, or Caldwell's, Philadelphia.

When goods are ordered, the fashions that prevail here govern the purchase; therefore, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction must be considered final.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION-PLATE FOR FEBRUARY.

Fig. 1.—Light tan-colored French poplin, braided with narrow black velvet, and trimmed with pinked ruffles of violet silk. The girdle is pointed in front, but at the back is merely a narrow band. Underskirt of fine cambric, trimmed with three rows of magic ruffling. Plain linen collar and cuffs, with shell and marquisite pin and sleeve buttons. Back and side combs, studded with coral.

Fig. 2.—Lavender poplin dress, with black velvet figures. Black velvet buttons down the front of the dress. A quilling of alternate pieces of black and lavender silk is placed at the edge of the skirt, and forms a rich side trimming on either side of the dress. The corsage and sleeves are trimmed to match. Fluted ruff and thick undersleeves. White flush bonnet, trimmed with violet velvet, with inside trimming of scarlet geraniums.

Fig. 3.—Black alpaca dress, with two gauffered ruffles on the edge of the skirt. Corsage, with square jockey at the back and fan front, richly trimmed with blue velvet, and made with very deep points. Sleeves trimmed to match. White quilted bonnet, trimmed with blue velvet in the Marie Stuart style.

Fig. 4.—Visiting dress of green changeable silk, trimmed on the skirt with bands of green silk, stitched on with white. Corsage with revers coat sleeves trimmed to match the skirt. Thick muslin set. Bonnet with white uncut velvet front, green velvet cap crown, *point applique* cape, and trimmed with Marabout feathers.

Fig. 5.—Dark cuir-colored alpaca, trimmed with narrow black silk flounces and braided medallions. Corsage made with very deep points, both back and front, and braided revers. The sleeves are trimmed to suit the skirt. Linen collar and cuffs. Coral back and side combs.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

(*See engraving, page* 119.)

Fig. 1.—Cuir-colored poplin dress, trimmed with quillings of porcelain blue ribbon. White felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and gay flowers.

Fig. 2.—Dress of buff merino, braided with black. Plaited white gimp and black velvet neck-tie. Gray beaver maletot hat, with black velvet band and ends.

Fig. 3.—Azurline blue quilting silk dress, with black velvet point and steel buckles. Standing collar, with black neck-tie.

CHITCHAT UPON NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

We have already announced to our readers the colors and styles for mantles, dresses, and bonnets for the present season, and but few novelties have appeared lately.

It is evident that the tastes of our ladies incline towards simplicity for promenade toilet, subdued shades being decidedly *la mode*. But for carriage or evening costume, they are more extravagant than ever.

Among the most elegant silks of the season, is a rich green, with ostrich plumes in embossed velvet thrown gracefully over it. Others with a delicate silk embroidery resembling lace; others again with a pattern seemingly of velvet ribbon carelessly folded, yet forming a most beautiful design. On some of these elegant robes we see the Grecian border woven in black velvet, one half yard in width. All these expensive dresses have the same designs reduced for trimming the corsage, sleeves, and sashes.

The newest *moiré antiques* are studded with velvet spots or figures. Others are striped or figured with satin; but in our opinion, these figured ones do not compare in richness with the plain *moirés* which, being so elegant of themselves, require but little trimming.

A new style of trimming is of leather, about three inches in width, with rows of steel or gilt knobs inserted at regular distances. The leather should either be a good match for the dress, or else a strong contrast.

Leather bows are also worn for the neck. Of the leather points, which are now to be had of almost all colors, we have spoken in a previous Chat.

The latest style of fringe is twisted cord, the lower part of each strand resembling a drop button. It is, as it were, a drop button continued up to a heading. We have seen this in three widths, the widest about four inches.

Deep chenille fringe is also worn. We saw lately on Broadway two costumes made alike, one blue, and the other violet reps. A band of velvet was around the bottom of the skirt. The wearers had talmas to match trimmed with a deep black velvet, and below it a black chenille fringe. There were cords and tassels around the neck, which hung down behind. These costumes were

stylish and pretty. Talmas and sacks, like the dress, are much worn, and generally trimmed with braiding, which is still in favor, and likely to be, as it is easy, pleasant work, and does not require the patience and skill of ordinary embroidery. Arabesque patterns, executed with very heavy mohair braid, are the most fashionable. We give in our fashion-plate some very pretty styles of braiding, intermixed with other trimmings. Another very effective trimming, which can be arranged in a variety of styles, is insertions of black lace sewed over white ribbon, the exact width of the lace. We have seen some dresses with quilled velvet sewed on to give the appearance of a corsage or point, also on the skirt to imitate a sash. This is very pretty, and, of course, more economical.

Many of the dresses are made with a swallow tail jockey at the back, and very deep points in front.

Another style of trimming is the crochet and jet ornaments, now made in so many different styles. We see them graduated for the fronts of dresses, pocket pieces, bretelles, sashes, bows, and pyramidal ornaments for each breadth; and for the centre of the back, reaching almost to the waist, also for the sleeves. Velvet buttons, mixed with mother-of-pearl, steel, gilt and jet, are very fashionable.

Braid, instead of being used as a binding for dresses, is now quilled and stitched in between the facings and the dress. It is decidedly prettier, and also a great protection to the dress. Embroidery is also now used on dresses, and the most elegant is steel beads in black velvet. This style is brilliantly effective, and, though expensive, will be much worn.

The newest merinoes and cashmeres are printed to imitate braiding, and, unless closely examined, the deception is complete. The designs are *en tablier* in pyramids on each breadth, or in cordons round the skirt.

There seems to be a tendency to shorten cloaks; and Brodie's "Spring Styles" will be quite short, though longer than the *Santé en barque*. We saw a very beautiful velvet talma with a deep bordering of feather trimming, which was very stylish. One of the newest designs we have seen was trimmed with ribbons stitched on in "true lover's knots," the flying ends also closely stitched down. A very large bow was in the centre of the back, and smaller ones all round the cloak. All cloak sleeves are now made with a seam from the elbow, and with a turned-up cuff. The collars are small, and, in some instances, stand up like a gentleman's shirt collar.

Narrow bands of sable, mink, and chinchilla form a beautiful bordering for the blue *drap de velours* mantles. They are also handsome for a promenade dress. Plush is much used both for bonnets and cloaks.

Children's coats and hats are frequently trimmed with fur, and for that purpose the Siberian squirrel is generally used. Half capes and small pointed collars are now taking the place of the large fur capes and talmas of last season. The collars are universally worn both by boys and girls. The squirrel lapped for large children, and the ermine for infants, are the favorite furs.

Muffs are about the same size—they may be a trifle larger. We have noticed some very fanciful ones. A white velvet, bordered with ermine on each end; another of white velvet, with a Grecian border in Magenta woven on each edge; still another white one, with a brilliant plaid running through the centre of the muff; others of black velvet were studded with tiny spots in high colors.

The present furore is for muslin bows and scarfs, of which we spoke in our last Chat. The scarfs being more difficult to arrange, and not fitting the neck as neatly as a collar, the bows are generally preferred. We see large bows and small bows, wide bows and narrow bows, long bows and short bows, bows plain and bows highly ornamented. The styles are so varied we can give but a faint idea of them. In general the bows are plain, the ends only being ornamented. Some have straight ends, others pointed, and the trimmings are medallions, tucks, Valenciennes insertions, and lace; also braiding, chain stitching, and rows of black velvet. Some of the bands are straight pieces one yard and a quarter long and a little over a finger wide, with hemmed sides and trimmed ends. Others are double, the seam running down the centre, and graduated in width to the centre of the neck, and the ends pointed.

There is no great variety in headdresses. Detached bouquets of flowers, or bows of velvet, have taken the place of wreaths. The largest tuft is on the centre of the forehead, and the others must be arranged to suit the dressing of the hair. When tastefully arranged, this coiffure is much more successful than the formal wreath. Nets are now only worn for simple toilet, the invisible ones being the most desirable. Knots or bows of ribbon over the forehead or at the side of the head is the prettiest coiffure for a young lady.

The ornamental back and side combs which we have before noticed still continue very fashionable, and are more beautiful every day. The classical designs are in the best taste, most of them being of the Etruscan or Grecian styles. The hair should be arranged in a bow at the back and very low in the neck. The front can be either braided, rolled, or waved.

Tortoise shell is being worked in much more elaborate designs than formerly. The bow combs are very tasteful, and we see whole sets, consisting of combs, dress and sleeve-buttons, pins, earrings, and buckles to match, made of shell, onyx, marquisite, and enamel. The rage at present is for initials, and we see a delicate Grecian border in gilt or shell, with a large gilt initial in the centre; the same design is in marquisite (a fine steel) on onyx. The sleeve-buttons are all made as in Fig. 1 of our Fashion-plate, one large button, with the two small fastenings underneath. Initial buttons are made to order in ivory or colored bone; but the other styles are, we believe, all imported. The more expensive sets have the initials in diamonds; others have a black initial on a dead gold ground. We have seen a number of sets tastefully enamelled on copper, and set round with the tiniest of steel brilliants, which have the effect of diamonds.

Flowers are often imitated in the present style of jewelry, pansies, violets, and daisies being among the prettiest. Some of the pins are a single roseleaf, upon which a dewdrop is represented by a diamond. Onyx and pearl or onyx and marquisite combine beautifully. Fancy rings are also worn by ladies for the cravats worn with the standing collars.

For our skating friends there is a new crochet cap, a turban with pompon and knit feather, something new and pretty, and equally suitable for children. The handsomest skating skirt we have seen is of silk, quilted with white in arabesque design, and those, with the warm woven or knit Garibaldi shirts, make an exceedingly pretty costume.

FASHION.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

Embellishments, Etc.

THE DUET. An admirable engraving.
GODEY'S DOUBLE EXTENSION COLORED FASHION-PLATE. Containing six figures. Surpassing any published either in Europe or America.
CHAIR SEAT. Printed in colors.
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.
LATEST FASHION. Dress of violet silk.
THE BARCELONA. From Brodie.
FIGARO JACKET. Front and back view. Two engravings.
FASHIONABLE DRESSES. Two engravings.
A NEW VELVET COIFFURE. Three engravings.
FANCY HEADDRESS.
LADY'S CARD-CASE.
CROCHET MUFF.
GENTLEMAN'S BRACES IN SILK EMBROIDERY.
BRAIDED SHOE FOR A CHILD.
BRAIDING PATTERN FOR A LOUNGING OR SMOKING CAP.
BRAIDED WATCH-CASE.
BRAIDED CASE FOR SHAVING PAPER.
NOVELTIES FOR FEBRUARY. Fichu, Cap, Cape, etc. Seven engravings.
PATTERNS FROM MADAME DEMOREST'S ESTABLISHMENT. Five engravings.
NAME FOR MARKING.
KNITTED COUNTERPANES.
DOLL'S COLLAR AND CUFF Two engravings.
BAG PURSE IN SILK KNITTING
HERRING-BONE STITCHES. Four engravings.
CORAL PATTERN ANTIMACASSAR IN APPLIQUE.
BRAIDING PALM FOR THE END OF A SASH.
WAISTBAND.
THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.
AN OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE.. Three engravings.
ART IN SPORT. Ten engravings.
BRAIDING PATTERNS. Ten engravings.
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. Five engravings.

Contributors and Contents.

Children's Fashions (*Illustrated*), 119, 213
Music—La Danse d'nne Fee, by *F. Karl*, 120
Latest Fashion (*Illustrated*), 122
The Barcelona, from *Brodie* (*Illustrated*), 123
Figaro Jacket (*Illustrated*), 124
Fashionable Dresses (*Illustrated*), 125
A New Velvet Coiffure (*Illustrated*), 126, 127
Fancy Headdress (*Illustrated*), 128
Lady's Card-case (*Illustrated*), 129, 187
Crochet Muff (*Illustrated*), 129, 187
Embroidery (*Illustrated*), 126, 193, 194
Braiding Patterns (*Illustrated*), 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 192, 194
Gentleman's Braces in Silk Embroidery (*Ill'd*), 130, 191
Braided Shoe for a Child (*Illustrated*), 131
Braiding Pattern for a Lounging or Smoking Cap (*Illustrated*), 132
Braided Watch-case (*Illustrated*), 133
Braided Case for Shaving Paper (*Illustrated*), 134
A Lady's Glance at the London International Exhibition, 135
The Turrets of the Stone House, by *Virginia F. Townsend*, 138
To One who Said, "I will love thee best of all," by *Frederic Wright*, 144
Soiree at Aleppo, *from a Correspondent*, 145
Lines, by *Lemuel H. Wilson*, 147
How to Reach the Heart, 147
The Duet, by *S. Annie Frost* (*Illustrated*), 148
The Casket of the Year, by *Willie E. Pabor*, 151
"Husks," by *Marion Harland*, 152
Widows, 161
Flown, by *Mrs. F. A. Moore*, 163
Cross Purposes, 164
Letters from Aunt Betsy Broomcorn, 171
Lester's Revenge, by *Anna M. Bingen*, 176
The Likeness, by *Josephine Pollard*, 183
Novelties for February (*Illustrated*), 184
Patterns from Madame Demorest's Establishment (*Illustrated*), 186
Name for Marking (*Illustrated*), 187
Knitted Counterpanes (*Illustrated*), 188
Doll's Collar and Cuff (*Illustrated*), 190
Bag Purse in Silk Knitting (*Illustrated*), 191
Various Herring-bone Stitches and Modes of Working them (*Illustrated*), 191
Coral Pattern Antimacassar in Applique (*Illustrated*), 193
Embroidery Pattern for Pillow or Bolster Cases (*Ill'd*), 194
Braiding Palm for the end of a Sash (*Illustrated*), 194
Waistband (*Illustrated*), 194
Receipts, &c., 195
Editors' Table, containing—
Home and its Influences, 199
Woman's Work and its Remuneration, 200
Our Poets, 200
Little Wife, by *George Cooper*, 201
School of Design for Women in New York, 201
Punch on French Fashions, 201
The Sewing-Machine, 201
Health Department, 202
Literary Notices, 203
Godey's Arm-Chair, 204
An old English Cottage (*Illustrated*), 209
Art in Sport (*Illustrated*), 210
Chemistry for the Young, 212
Fashions, 213

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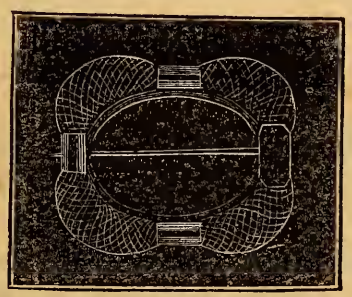


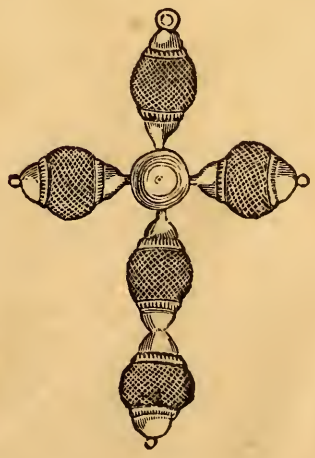

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(Different Notices will be published every Month.)

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