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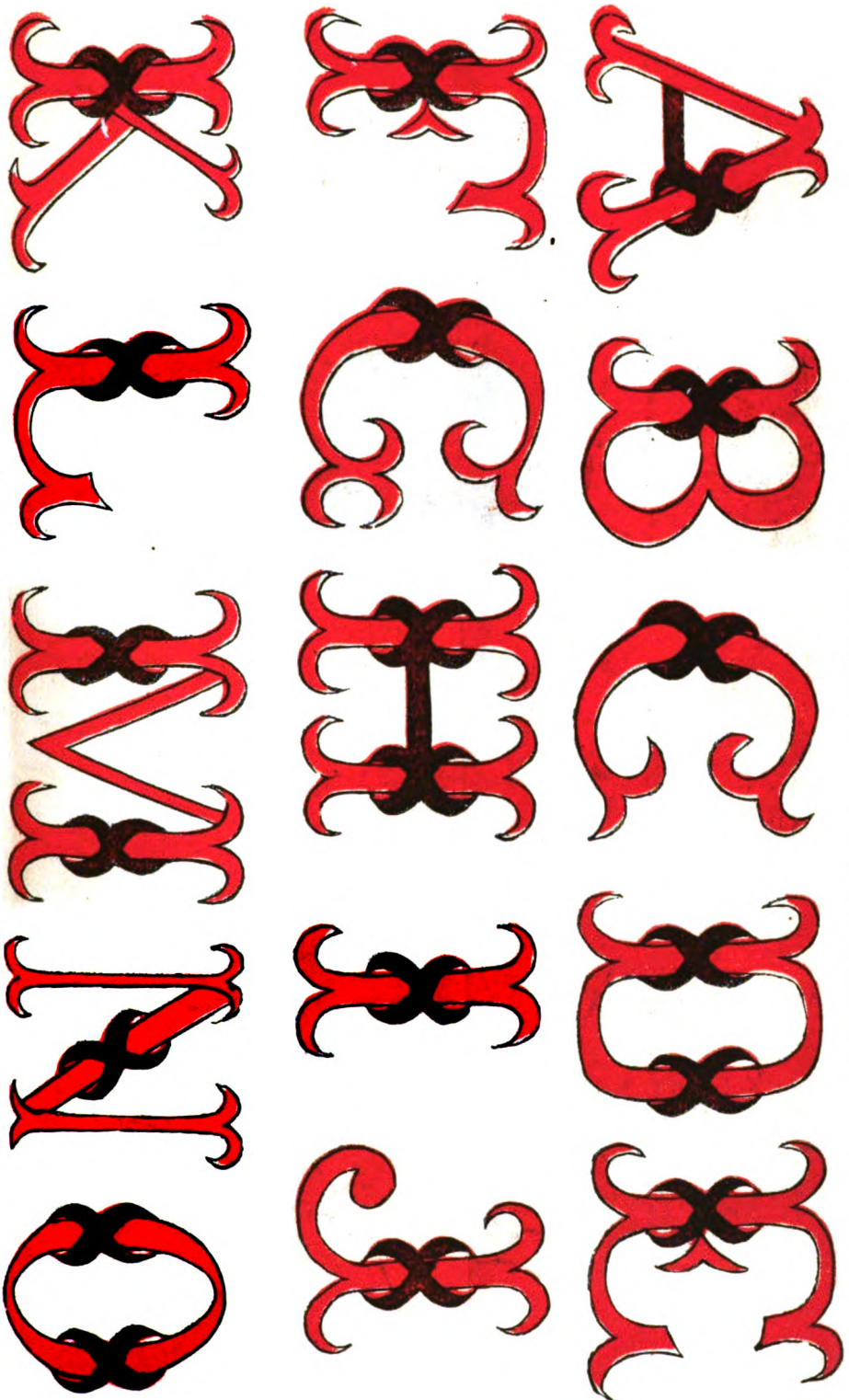
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

389.





Alphabet for Markings: in Colors.





IN THE HARVEST FIELD.



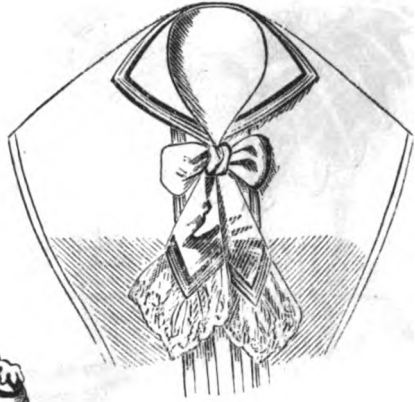
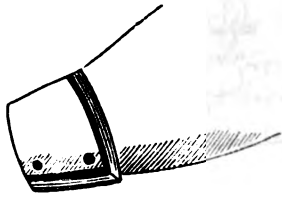


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

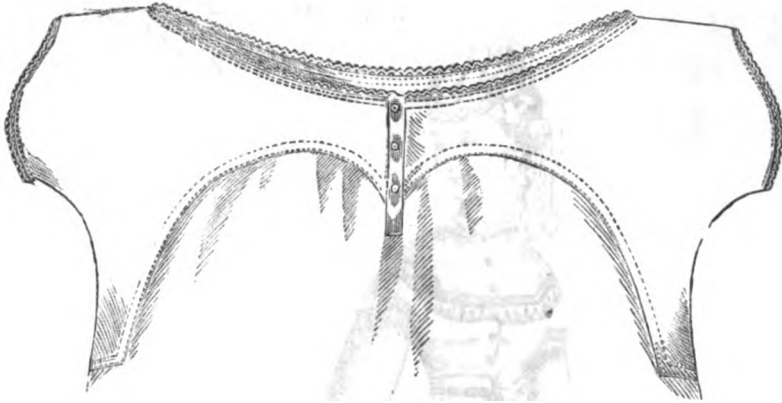
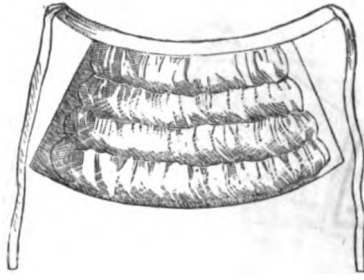




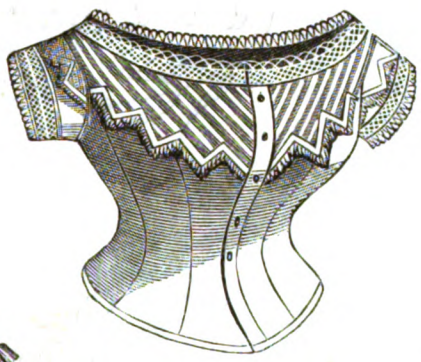
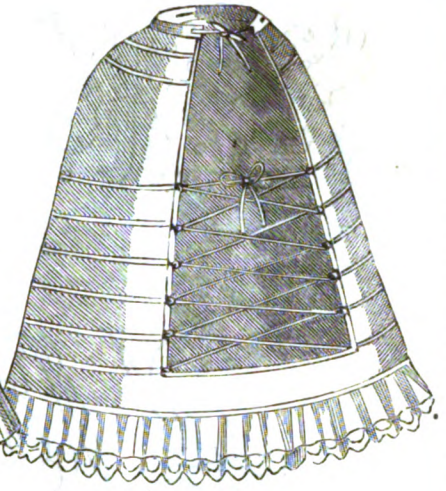
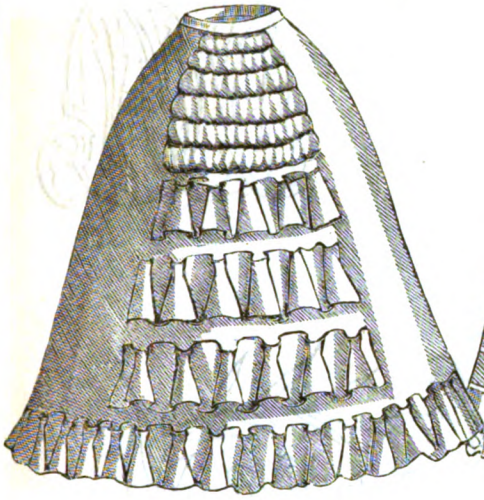
**EVENING-DRESS. BONNETS.**



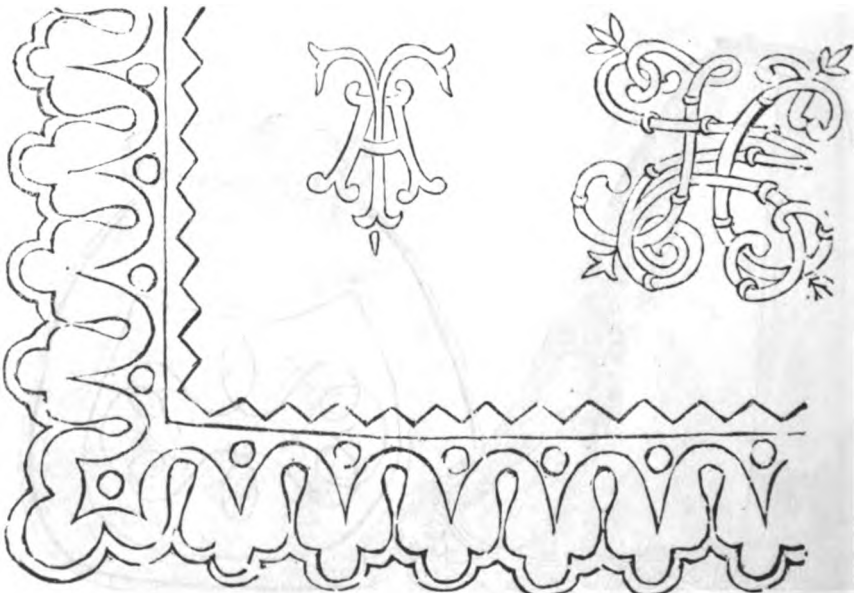
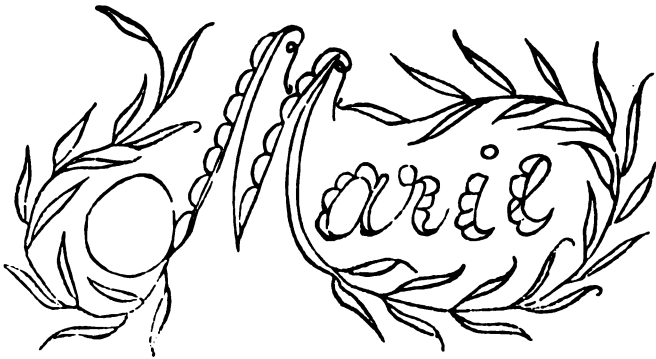
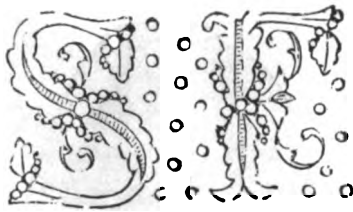
WALKING-DRESS. COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



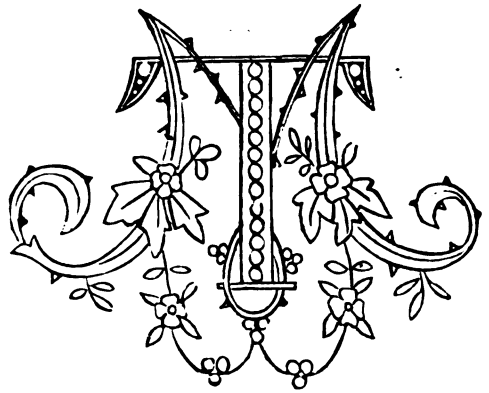
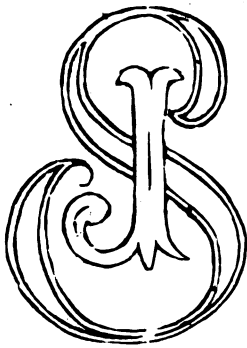
PANNIERS. CHEMISETTES, ETC., ETC.



CRINOLINES. SKIRTS. CORSET BODY. APRON.

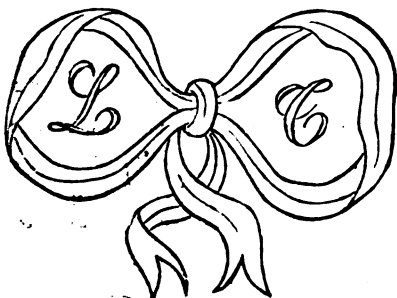


HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. NAME FOR MARKING. MONOGRAMS.



Rose Josephine

Felice



MONOGRAMS. NAMES FOR MARKING. HANDKERCHIEF CORNER. INITIALS.

# UNDER THE SOD.

*Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.*

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. Un - der the sod he is sleep - ing low,

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The piano accompaniment includes triplets of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Un - der the dai - sies and clo - ver; Dead! in the flush of his man - hood's

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a consistent rhythmic pattern of chords and eighth notes.

# UNDER THE SOD.

glow, My ten - der and beau - ti - ful lov - er. Far, far from my

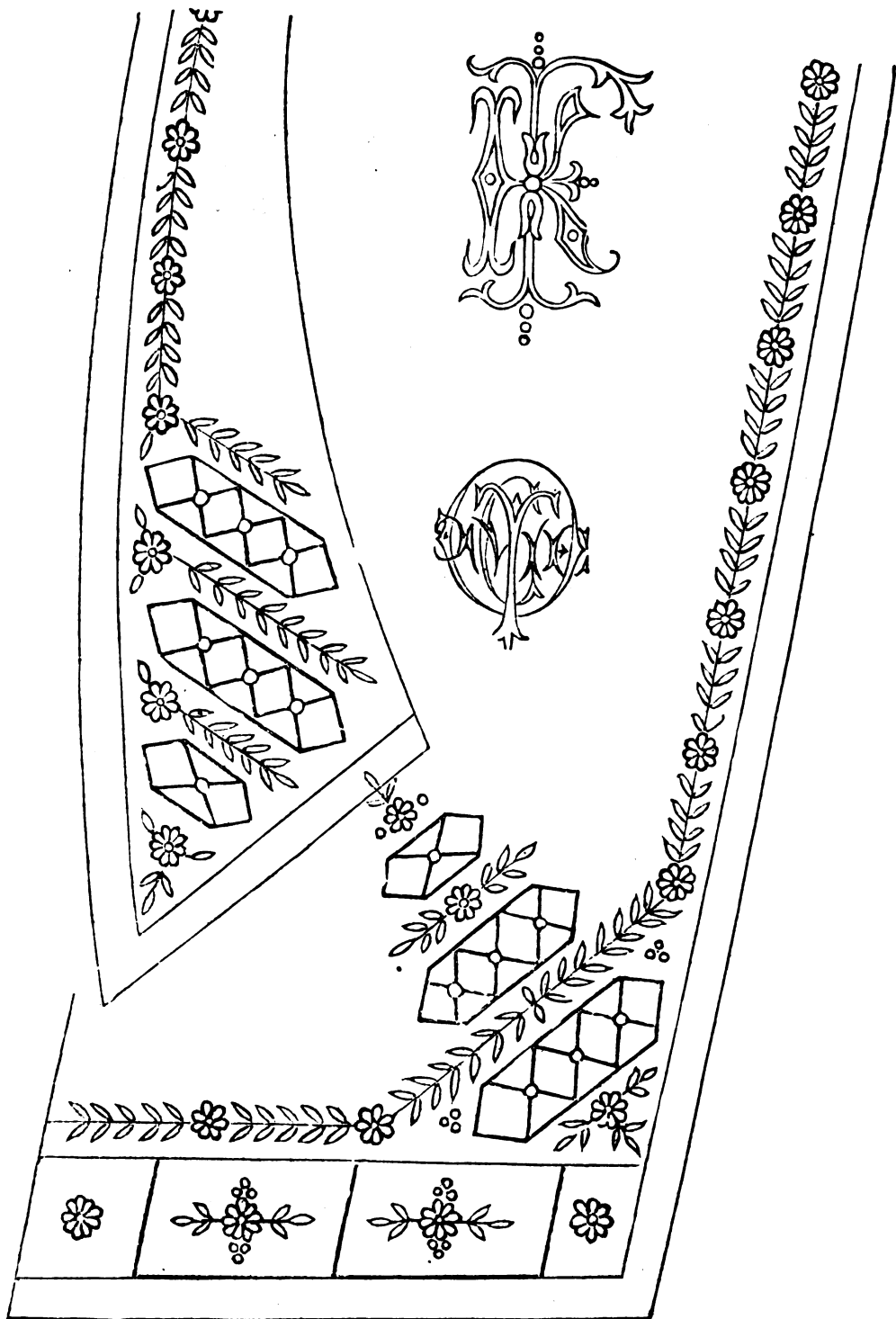
earth - ly sight, Far from the heart that enshrined him, Dwell - ing a -

far in that world of light, O why do I lin - ger be - hind him?

- 2 Under the daisies my true love lies,  
With the pale mould for his pillow;  
Quenched is the glow of his love-lit eyes,  
And dreamless his rest 'neath the willow.  
Fair, fair, with a tender grace,  
The daisy and butter-cup lingers,  
Decking the sod of this hallow'd place  
With tender and delicate fingers.
- 3 Though the bright sun of his life had set,  
When from my presence they bore him,  
Still he is living, and loves me yet,  
And still in my heart I adore him.

- Roll, roll, ye resistless years,  
Gather us quickly, pale Reaper;  
Safe are they sheltered from earthly fears,  
Each dreamless and motionless sleeper.
- 4 Tender and true was thy heart, my love,  
Loyal the troth that we plighted,  
Soon we shall meet in the mansions above,  
And meeting shall be reunited.  
Joy, joy to the wating heart,  
Life and its sorrows are over,  
Soon I shall clasp thee, no more to part,  
My tender and beautiful lover!





COLLAR AND CUFF. MONOGRAMS.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1869.

No. 1.

## THE TWENTY-DOLLAR NOTE.

BY HELEN E. THORNTON.

"Mr dear, what do you think?" said the wife of the Rev. Mr. Vivian, almost in tears. "Jane, whom we thought so much of, is a thief."

"Impossible, my love," was the answer. "Jane, our chambermaid! Whom we have known so long! Whose probity we have seen tried so often!"

"It seems incredible, I know," replied Mrs. Vivian, excitedly. "But there is no doubt of it—"

"No doubt of it?"

"Yes! You remember giving me, as usual, the marriage fee, after pretty Miss Howard's wedding—don't you?" Her husband nodded. "Well, my dear, I was tired and sleepy, for we came home very late, and instead of locking up the money, as I ought to have done, I pinned it, by one corner, to the pin-cushion on my dressing-table. Yesterday morning, when I came to look for it, it was gone. I have searched everywhere, but cannot find it. Now, nobody had been in the room but ourselves and Jane."

By this time, Mr. Vivian himself began to look almost as serious as his wife.

"You are sure," he said, "that nobody else has been in the chamber?"

"Why, my dear, you know we always keep it locked, and that Jane is the only servant who has a pass-key. No burglar could get in."

"You have looked everywhere?"

"Everywhere. Through all my drawers, in the pocket of the dress I wore, on the floor, under the bed, in every possible place. But it was really not worth while looking, for I am positive I pinned the note to the pin-cushion. When I went to look for it, after breakfast, it was gone. Jane had been doing her chamber-work, as usual, while we were at breakfast, and is the only person who could have stolen it."

"Have you spoken to Jane, yet?"

"No. I thought I would consult you first. Hadn't we better have her trunk searched,

secretly? If we let her know she is suspected, she will find some way to hide the note away."

"I am glad you have not spoken to her. It is no little matter to take away a girl's character."

"But the proof, my dear?"

"The proof looks strong, but is not conclusive. Suppose, just suppose, that, after discharging Jane, and so destroying her character, you should discover, some day, that she was innocent. I think I will take a look at the room myself."

"It's really a waste of time, my dear. I have looked everywhere. Still," hesitatingly, "it is but right to give the poor girl every chance."

"I should know the note, if I saw it, anywhere," said Mr. Vivian. "It was a peculiarly marked twenty-dollar greenback, not a national note, but a legal-tender, and stained with ink at one end. The stain attracted my attention particularly. It was as if a thumb, wet with ink, had been laid on the note. The impression was very distinct."

An hour's search, however, only confirmed Mrs. Vivian's story. The note was nowhere to be found. Mr. Vivian had been so thorough in his examination, that he even looked under the lining of his wife's dress. "Sometimes," he had said, "money slips out of a pocket, and gets between the lining and the silk: I knew of a case where a diamond ring was lost, in that way, for weeks." But no note was concealed beneath the lining.

Mr. Vivian desisted at last.

"I cannot believe it," he said. "I will not give up my faith in Jane."

"But who else could have done it? I would not have believed it either. Let us go up stairs and search her room. She is busy in the kitchen and will not know it."

"No, my dear. If we search her room, it is

due to her to tell her, first, of our intention. Let us do nothing underhanded."

"Then shall I call her?"

"I suppose there is nothing else to be done," said Mr. Vivian, wearily, but as if he only half assented to the proposition.

Mrs. Vivian moved toward the door, but before she had reached it, her husband started to his feet.

"Stop," he said. "I have it."

His whole face had lightened up.

"I have it," he said. "My dear, have you never seen mice about? They generally infest every house."

"Mice!" Mrs. Vivian laughed. "Why, my dear, are you crazy? Mice don't eat twenty-dollar notes."

"But have you ever seen mice in this room?" persisted Mr. Vivian.

"I have heard them, at night, occasionally, but I have never seen them. But what can that have to do with the money?"

"I am certain now. I should have searched everywhere, in any event; but now I feel sure the mice have done it. Don't look so incredulous, my dear. A mouse wouldn't eat a bank-note, she would rather have a bit of cheese, but she might think the note would make a very nice nest for her little ones. We must have the carpets up."

"Oh! Mr. Vivian, what do you mean? Take up the carpets, and have the room to clean again, and everything upside down——"

"My dear, I will begin at the most likely place: by the hearth, say. I will take out the tacks myself, and very carefully: there shall be no dust made, I assure you. Perhaps we will not have to look far."

Mrs. Vivian knew, when her husband spoke in this mild, yet decided manner, that there was nothing to do but to yield gracefully. She went, therefore, to a closet, and brought out the tack-hammer.

Mr. Vivian, clergyman as he was, did not disdain to get on his hands and knees, and begin to draw the tacks. He had loosened the carpet for about a yard, when he cried suddenly,

"Ah! here is a mouse-hole, at any rate."

Mrs. Vivian, by this time, began to catch the infection of his excitement. She leaned over him breathlessly.

"I will feel down the hole," said her husband. "The handle of the hammer is thin, and this iron at the end will catch the note, if it is here. Ha! there's a rustle; gently now. Bless my soul, if this isn't the very note."

Sure enough, there it was! A crisp, twenty-dollar bill, with the ink-stain on one end. A bit of one corner was gone, about a quarter of an inch, but otherwise the note was perfect.

"Mistress Mouse found she could not drag the note to her nest, it was too stiff, it has stuck half-way, she has torn off the end, you see, in her struggles," said Mr. Vivian, rising to his feet and triumphantly holding up and shaking the crisp, rustling note.

Mrs. Vivian burst into tears.

"To think," she said, at last, "that I came so near discharging Jane unjustly. I never again will believe my own eyes."

"My dear," answered Mr. Vivian, "we were both to blame. We ought to have had more faith in Jane. It will teach us, I hope, never to be hasty in forming opinions. Especially should we be careful not to condemn others, without, at least, ample evidence."

## THAT JUNE.

BY MARION WINSLOW.

Through cloudy years the glow comes back,  
Of that bright June-day's mellow light;  
I watch the sunlight's golden track,  
The happy swallow's Eastward flight.

Around me floats the azure haze,  
The same soft, fleecy, silvery sheen,  
That robed those happy, careless days  
Of blue-eyed June and sweet sixteen.

We wandered on, dear—you and I;  
Our light laugh broke the quiet air;  
We went, we scarce knew where or why,  
Save that the June-woods were so fair.

Up sunny slopes, through silent glade,  
Along the river's mossy bounds,

Until we reached the woodland shade,  
With all its marvel of sweet sounds.

Oh! humming bee! Oh! singing birds!  
Blue-bells that ring your life away!  
Bring back to me the loving words  
That fled with you that Summer day.

Ah, me! A quiet grave-yard lies  
Just where we walked that golden day;  
And burning tears from countless eyes,  
Have washed the blue-bells' bloom away.

Yet these a little while doth part;  
From these green mounds sweet hopes are born;  
But this sad grave within my heart  
Hath never resurrection-morn.

## A BOARDING-SCHOOL ROMANCE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

MISS DRUMMOND was very much agitated.

So much so, indeed, that she had quite broken the symmetry of the procession on which she prided herself, and advanced hastily from the rear to the middle of the line, dragging by the hand her youngest boarding-pupil, pretty little Minnie Somerville, aged five, whose father died before she was born, whose mother married again, and then died, whose step-father took to himself a second wife; and the poor baby, who now belonged to no one in particular, was consigned to the tender mercies of Miss Drummond, proprietress of Southbrook Seminary.

Dragging this infant with her, and quite unmindful of the lovely calm of a June morning, and the beautiful service in which she had just been engaged, the wary maiden, who had spied danger ahead, made at once for what she considered the weakest portion of her forces, or the portion most liable to attack; gazing, with eyes full of thunder and lightning, at the two daring men-creatures so comfortably propped against a tree, and evidently attitudinizing for the express benefit of these miserable girls—the miserable girls seeming, by some force of attraction, to turn toward them as they walked, very much as heliotropes turn to the sun.

It was quite a picture: the pretty stone-church in the distance, from which Miss Drummond never allowed her flock to emerge until the congregation had all departed; the long, winding walk of elms, clothed with tender June greenness; the "rose-bud garden of girls," two and two, like the animals in Noah's Ark—quite an old rose-bud in front, as old as twenty, who was talking and smiling assiduously to her companion, a stout girl with large feet, and eyes that saw nothing but the two gentlemen; then came a hatchet-faced girl in a huge *sombrero*, and a plain-featured one in a trying turban; and, just about the center, where she made the most show, and attracted the most attention, that dangerous Miss Berks, called by her intimates, "Pansy."

She was one of those girls who are always in the center, place them where you will; and now, as Miss Drummond tried to see her with the eyes of the two young men, the troubled spinster found her most inconveniently lovely, from the bewitching straw hat, with its wreath

of pansies and veil of floating gossamer, to the beautifully-slipped foot, which the minx was just lifting the skirt of her white dress to display. She had mistrusted those great, half-closed eyes, that looked, for all the world like two soft, dark pansies, as soon as she saw them—they seemed to speak of breakers ahead; but these pretty, stylish girls were very ornamental, and the sum per annum for Miss Berks' tuition was not to be despised.

There was a sort of mystery in her arrival—her coming had evidently been very hurried, and the lady who accompanied her, and called herself her aunt, was so agitated as to seem scarcely conscious of what she was saying. What if the young lady had been turned out to pasture in this quiet New England village, because she had proved quite unmanageable to her friends at home?

The idea was not pleasant to Miss Drummond, as she contemplated the two attractive-looking youths who stared persistently at the fair procession, and seemed to be saying, each in his own mind,

"Come one, come all! this tree shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I!"

Dogs, too! the wretches were, doubtless, staying at the hotel, and, perhaps, meant to make a summer of it.

This was a fine state of things! when she had purposely selected this quietest of all country villages as a desirable field for educational purposes because of its very dullness, in addition to its beauty—Southwood being one of those remarkable places that progress backward instead of forward; and all who came to enjoy the shade of its elms, were regaled with stories of former gayeties when there had been a law-school and a boys' academy in the place, both of which institutions were now defunct. Especially was this hard on Miss Drummond's young ladies, who frequently wished that their sojourn at Southbrook happened thirty or forty years ago.

People in predicaments of all sorts think with the rapidity of drowning men; and those, and many more ideas had ebbed and flowed in Miss Drummond's brain, while she was walking through the avenue of elms as close as possible to Miss Pansy Berks.

The gentlemen had doffed their straw hats at the first approach of the fair students, and remained bareheaded until they had passed. That silly Martha Hemp, the fat girl with the large feet, must attempt to pat the little curly dog that frolicked around the larger one—an attempt so awkwardly made, that the young men involuntarily smiled; and poor Martha had bread and water for her Sunday dinner as a punishment for her forwardness.

Just once had Miss Drummond noticed a sudden start, and an expression almost of fear on the pretty features of Pansy Berks; beyond this, however, she seemed quite unconscious of the admiring glances directed toward her. The girls in the rear had behaved remarkably well; and a pert Miss of twelve, who tried to copy Miss Drummond, and was disliked by the school accordingly, even tossed her head and frowned severely as she passed the strangers.

"That girl," thought the troubled preceptress, as Pansy came to the dinner-table in the same white dress, and a very becoming shade of paleness on her rounded cheek, "is entirely too pretty; I wish I had known a little more about her before I received her. I must watch her sharply."

Miss Drummond had cleared her throat, and almost uttered her usual form of address, "Young ladies," when, hastily recollecting that it might be better to ignore the subject altogether, she skillfully turned her intended speech into something else.

The pretty ones, who had immediately appropriated the lawless glances that so troubled the worthy spinster, indulged in stifled laughter at the failure of their threatened lecture; while the plain ones were quite disappointed that their trifling companions had escaped so easily.

At their afternoon siesta, there were such snatches of conversation as,

"Elegant, I think!"

"Which one, the shorter?"

"No; the one that smiled so saucily."

"Splendid eyes!"

"So aristocratic!"

"Which is it to be, Pansy?"

"Do hush! there's one of the teachers!"

"That horrid child!"

"Old drum," etc., etc.

All this went on in one of the rooms, where three or four rose-buds, doffing their dresses, had tumbled upon the beds to "have a good time."

Miss Drummond may have suspected something of this, but you cannot hang a person on suspicion; and she preferred taking her own

nap to wandering about the corridors on an investigating tour. She had, moreover, the comfortable conviction, based upon her experience in the article of girls, that, if not engaged in this particular manner, they were doing something equally objectionable.

The next morning, Miss Drummond received a fresh shock.

Two cards were brought to her in the school-room, with the announcement that two gentlemen awaited her appearance in the parlor. The shock, however, did not come until she stood face to face with the visitors; for, expecting to see respectable fathers of families, who had called with a view to placing their daughters in her care, she had arranged her mouth in "prunes and prism" shape, and entered, with a dignified inclination of her head, to encounter the two worthies who had so boldly regarded her flock the day before.

The cards bore the names of "Frederick Willmore," and "Clifford Willmore, Jr.," brothers, she presumed, (Miss Drummond was fond of "presuming.") and she wondered for which of her lambs they had come to make overtures—such unmitigated brass was equal to anything.

It was plainly written in the lady's face that she recognized her visitors, and that her voice was still for war; the elder of the two gentlemen, Mr. Frederick Willmore, therefore, took it upon himself to smooth her ruffled plumes as soon as possible.

"I hope," said he, with great suavity of manner, and a becoming diffidence in the presence of so superior a person, "that Miss Drummond will not consider our visit premature, nor intrusive, when I have explained its object. I think I have not been misinformed, madam, that you are a devoted worshiper at the shrine of science?"

Miss Drummond looked very hard at the speaker; his phraseology was agreeable to her ear, for science was her speciality, a hobby that she rode to the verge of madness, and she had even been complimented with the *soubriquet* of "the Drummond light;" but she had not expected any allusion of this sort from such a quarter, and, therefore, she looked very hard, indeed, at the gentleman, who seemed to regard her with a mixture of admiration, respect, and diffidence.

He was not at all disagreeable to look at; and although only twenty-three, a slightly bald spot on the top of his head, and an expression of quiet gravity, added at least ten years to his age, and quite destroyed all suspicion of flightiness. His companion was evidently younger,

with a bright, laughing face, and a very manly figure.

Mr. Frederick Willmore informed the lady that they were uncle and nephew; that their object was science, which took the form of chemical lectures and experiments—the nephew was a most useful assistant, and had made some remarkable experiments of his own; and it rested entirely with Miss Drummond whether, for a consideration, uncle and nephew should give her flock the benefit of a scientific lecture.

Miss Drummond listened and considered. Chemicals, with horrid, pale-blue lights, that make every one look livid and dreadful; snapping explosions, and all sorts of sudden and unexpected sputterings and noises, were very dear to her heart—a chance like this had not offered before, and might not offer again; the men were perfectly civil on a near approach—and before the interview was concluded, a lecture had been arranged for that very evening. There was no difficulty about terms; the gentlemen mentioned a reasonable sum, and Miss Drummond, who believed that the imparting of knowledge, as a general thing, was very badly paid, made no attempt at a reduction.

The visitors took a respectful leave, with a promise of punctuality, and grateful thanks for Miss Drummond's patronage.

As soon as it was convenient to say it, the younger gentleman remarked, "You didn't think it necessary, uncle Fred, to offer the old lady a sample of my cologne? or to inform her of the horribly-burned finger I got with that rosin? I have 'made some remarkable experiments,' haven't I?"

Uncle and nephew laughed together at various recollections of this sort; but the former suddenly grew grave, as he said,

"I only hope that I may not blow the whole concern up, to-night! I shouldn't like that, especially with Heart's-ease in the case."

Master Clifford looked unutterable things at the bare suggestion; but when they returned to their quarters, and rummaged their stores of bottles and powders, the evening arrangements afforded such amusement, that the landlord stole up once or twice to investigate the meaning of the explosive "ha! ha!" that reached them below, but stole back again without being any the wiser.

When school was over, Miss Drummond unfolded to her pupils the entertainment in store for them that evening; but took good care not to inform them that the gentlemen they had encountered the day before were to be the lecturers.

The result was a general commotion.

Excitement was so scarce at Southbrook Seminary, that anything like a break in the monotony was hailed with rapture. The men were, probably, fossil remains—such men always were—but, nevertheless, they were better than nothing; and it was perfectly delightful to have something to dress up for. A few timid ones had a horror of the explosions, and threatened to run away if there was electricity; but when the servant-maid, who was questioned, gave a highly-colored report of the gentlemen's appearance, their fears were quite forgotten in the general ecstasy.

"Think of it, girls! those magnificent individuals, whom we admired so yesterday, condescending to go about lecturing! I really believe they are humbugs of some sort—perhaps princes in disguise, come to carry the choicest of us off. You needn't flame up so, Pansy Berks, just as if it could be you! But what have you been doing to yourself, to-night? I declare, you are lovelier than ever—isn't that scandalous, girls? Just look at her!"

And holding her off at arms' length, the mischievous girl enjoyed the flush that overspread Pansy's peach-blow cheeks, contrasting so prettily with the golden hair, that a single knot of lilac ribbon set off to great advantage.

"What business have you with black eyes and golden hair, I should like to know?" continued the rattlebrain. "You've appropriated the charms intended for at least half a dozen of us, and should be indicted for the crime. Pay a fine, you selfish girl! of at least one kiss apiece."

All rushed at her in a sort of tempest of admiration; and Pansy's cheeks burned; and she laughed nervously at the strangling embraces that were showered upon her. She seemed strangely excited that evening.

Then drawers were tumbled out, and trunks overhauled; and heads were tied up with ribbons in a marvelous fashion, as though the owners feared they might come apart. There was a perfect buzz of, "How do I look?" "Isn't that sweet?" "Perfectly lovely!" "What a fright!"

"Young ladies, not so much trifling. Dressing hair should not be the business of life." This was Miss Drummond's voice speaking through the ventilator.

"Easy to talk, when she has just one hair behind, and one at each side! Can't take her long," answered some sauce-box's voice in the dormitory.

Her companions giggled, after the fashion of school-girls generally; and braided, and frizzed,

and crimped—and finally descended, quite a charming bevy, with the “queen rose,” that happened to be a Pansy, in their midst.

The school-room is illuminated; and the youthful-looking lecturers, bowing profoundly, advance to the platform usually occupied by Miss Drummond, and display quite a formidable show of apparatus. A becoming expression of gravity sits upon their faces; and after a short pause, Mr. Frederick Willmore takes the lead, and begins to handle his subject in a very interesting manner.

His hearers wonder that they ever thought chemistry dull; but when he mentions the astounding fact that “A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailfuls of water”—Miss Drummond glances triumphantly around, as though she would say, “Do you hear that? Is it a rational proceeding for a woman to break her heart for forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, and five and a half pails of water?”

There were the usual experiments—the rapid pouring of one glass of liquid into another; powder thrown into flames, queer blue lights, sputterings and explosions; little shrieks from the audience, and queer shadows on their faces—Miss Drummond, in particular, assuming a pleasing aspect, not unlike the Witch of Endor; when suddenly there came total darkness, and a general consternation.

“Do not move, if you please,” said the lecturer’s voice with perfect coolness, “this will be of short duration, and is necessary to produce a particular effect.”

At the same moment, Pansy Berks felt something tightly pressed in her hand; and, shaking all over, she quickly transferred the paper to her pocket.

The lights reappeared by degrees, and with them a queer figure that frightened the timid ones nearly out of their wits. It was difficult to decide what it was composed of, but flame seemed to emanate from it; and seen at first, in total darkness, the effect was quite startling.

Miss Drummond graciously expressed herself pleased with the lecture; and even invited the gentlemen to favor them with a second one. At first they seemed unwilling; but after a little consultation between themselves, they promised a course of varied experiments for the next week, and left their audience in a state of pleasant excitement.

The girls were all raving about the younger Mr. Willmore, the one who didn’t speak, but helped with the experiments. He was certainly very handsome; and there was so much in his

face, it was difficult to realize that he was only a boy of eighteen. A great, six-foot fellow, too, with shoulders that looked capable of bearing the world—and such a smile!

“How he did look at you, Pansy!” exclaimed her rattlebrain friend. “I don’t believe there’s a mite of a chance for any of us!”

Pansy stooped suddenly for something that she had not dropped; her complexion was undergoing as many changes as the chemical lights. The girls thought her a little queer in the matter of the handsome strangers; and it began to be whispered about that she must be engaged.

The next day, Miss Drummond’s procession was out for a walk, and came close upon the lecturers; so close, in fact, that Miss Berks’ veil was blown in the face of one of them, who restored it to her own fair hands with a grateful bow, as though she had done him the greatest possible favor.

Miss Drummond tried to lecture the young lady for not managing her veil properly—she had not seen something suspiciously like a letter, that went with the veil; but it seemed so absurd a cause of complaint, that she made very little of it.

The second lecture came off at the appointed time, and was attended by another eclipse of kerosene. Again, Miss Berks felt a rustling, something slipped into her hand; and again, she put it away for future reference.

And one fine morning, not long after, Miss Pansy was not to be found—she had “folded her tent like the Arabs,” and glided in darkness away. Miss Drummond received a note in a masculine hand, which read as follows:

“HONORED MADAM—I have only taken what legally belonged to me; and at some future time Mrs. Clifford Willmore will make all necessary explanations. Your obedient servant,  
“C. WILLMORE.”

When Miss Drummond had read this over three times, she began to realize that an elopement had taken place, and that those dangerous-looking black eyes had justified all her fears.

Such a scene of excitement as followed this discovery! Scholars and servants were severely interrogated; but Miss Berks had taken no one into her confidence, and none could throw the least light upon her movements. There had been a halo of romance about her from the very first, but this last chapter quite reached the climax—if they only knew which of the two she had run away with!

In a very aristocratic suburb of a large city,

there was a particularly aristocratic street, or "lane," as everything was called there, where nobody who had anything to do with buying and selling ever presumed to establish themselves.

The grandest of all the "places" on this exclusive lane was owned and occupied by Mr. Willmore—father to Clifford, and brother to Mr. Frederick Willmore. It was a beautiful home—picturesque, solid, and comfortable; and wealth and taste had gone hand-in-hand in the designing of the house and laying out of the grounds.

Next door, which was a few squares off, a very pretty cottage, that did not aspire to be a "place," was the residence of Miss Lingle, a single lady of comfortable means, whose solitude was enlivened by a very pretty little niece, with black eyes that made sad havoc with the susceptible hearts of all the boys in the neighborhood. They had comical ways of showing their admiration: such as prowling around the lane in bodies of four or six, watching, at night, for Miss Pansy's shadow on the window-blind; and bestowing gratuities of from ten cents upward on an old colored man who did Miss Lingle's garden chores, for any bits of information respecting the whereabouts or occupations of "the young Missus."

This gang of admirers seemed to take comfort in perching themselves on the fence of an opposite lot, watching the in-goings and out-goings at the cottage, much to Pansy's amusement, who was not at all disturbed by their proceedings, and was quite content to remain a child as long as her aunt desired.

Clifford Willmore, who was at the head of this youthful band, considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having the good-will of Miss Lingle, and being permitted to go in and out at the cottage very much as he pleased. Not a few airs of superiority did he assume on the strength of this; and he had informed his rivals in confidence that, as soon as Miss Pansy was seventeen, he intended to speak to her aunt. They took this very good-naturedly, without abating their own admiration in the least, and looked up to Clifford with equal pride and affection.

He was certainly a remarkable boy, and more manly at fourteen than many men. Those dark-gray eyes of his would flash and glitter with noble anger, or melt with the softest love-glances; and his face was a perfect kaleidoscope of expression. While plunging with the greatest vim into all sorts of boys' sports, he was no less devoted to study; and his course of reading was quite different from that pursued

by boys generally. As he was the only child of wealthy parents, who looked upon him as a perfect prodigy, Master Clifford had his library, and his laboratory, and his printing-press, and whatever else his princeliness might happen to consider necessary to his happiness.

He was not a bit spoiled, however, but was quite as unselfish and pleasant-tempered as though he had been one of ten sons. His uncle, who was only four years his senior, was an excellent substitute for a brother; and when at home from college, succeeded in making the great house very lively.

Mr. Frederick Willmore did not wonder at the boys' admiration for little Miss Heart's-ease, as he called her; and declared that, if they had left him the ghost of a chance, he should certainly go in and try it. He was quite a venerable being, however, in Pansy's eyes; and if that small damsel had been conscious of possessing a heart, she would certainly have bestowed it upon his nephew.

This same nephew had ventured to present his lady-love and her aunt with two bottles of cologne of his own manufacture, of which Miss Lingle kindly said that she had seen worse, and Pansy pronounced it "lovely." Clifford's scientific experiments, however, were pursued under difficulties; and burned fingers, and face, and threatened eyes, frequently testified that his enthusiasm exceeded his knowledge.

He seemed to flourish, in spite of these misadventures; and the years sped on and brought him to his eighteenth birthday, and Pansy to her sixteenth. They both came on the same day; and Miss Lingle gave a very pleasant little party to celebrate the double event.

It was certainly Clifford's duty to be very happy on this auspicious occasion, when good wishes were showered upon him as thickly as nuts in autumn; but he was not happy, and the party seemed to him just the stupidest gathering he had ever attended. A scowl and a smile struggled together on his handsome face whenever he caught sight of his divinity; for Pansy seemed to have suddenly blossomed into full beauty, and floated about like a lovely flower, bestowing pleasant smiles and words upon several brainless whiskerandoes from the city, whom Clifford longed to shake out of their patent-leather boots.

He caught the young lady somewhere in a vestibule, as she was on the wing, and proceeded to administer quite a scolding for her want of devotion to himself. It was a most eloquent, and rather a novel, outbreak; but Miss Pansy, instead of "owning her faults, her



evil behavior," tossed her little golden head, and laughed at him!

He was quite beside himself with anger and jealousy, and resolved to establish a claim as soon as possible to have and to hold this wayward young maiden.

Perhaps, as Miss Lingle sat in the shadow of her red damask curtains, the next afternoon, and listened to the boyish eloquence poured into her ears on behalf of her little niece, her thoughts may have drifted back through the years to some sunny day in the past, when lover's words were uttered not for another, but for herself. Perhaps this gave a tremor to her voice as she answered the boy kindly, bidding him say nothing of the kind to Pansy, who was quite too young yet to listen to love-making—but to wait patiently for a year or two; and then, if Pansy were willing, and his parents gave their consent, why they might think of it.

Miss Lingle knew that, in a worldly point of view, this would be a most desirable match for her little girl, and this very consciousness made her all the more cautious. Perhaps she felt an excess of delicacy on the subject; but she was resolved that neither parents nor neighbors should be able to say that she had tried to secure the heir of the Willmores for Pansy.

Clifford fumed and fretted over fancied slights from Pansy, and plagued Miss Lingle and himself whenever he had a chance; and finally, he took a severe cold by plunging into the river to rescue a small boy of depraved instincts, whose drowning would have been a blessing to his family, and the world at large. Violent fever soon set in; the great house was still and darkened; and the bright, boy-face was seen no more in his accustomed haunts.

Miss Lingle was kind and neighborly, and much troubled about her favorite; while Pansy, in a shy way, felt dreadfully for Clifford. It seemed so unnatural that he should be sick and helpless; but in a startlingly short time word came to Miss Lingle that Mr. Willmore's heir was dying, and she was requested to bring her niece at once to the house.

The poor child was white with terror, as they entered the sick-room; and there sat Clifford, propped up in bed, looking so wan and ghastly, and his great eyes seeking hers with such a hungry look. The fever had subsided; but the physicians said he was dying, and the only thing now was to give him all he wanted, and let him die in peace.

What the young gentleman pleased to want, at this unseasonable hour, was nothing less than

the hand of Miss Pansy Berks. He had raved about it in his delirium; he could die happily, he said, if Pansy were only his wife for a few minutes; and his obedient parents, who would have made an attempt to get him the moon, if he had asked for it, immediately took measures to gratify this more reasonable desire.

Miss Lingle was astonished beyond measure at Mr. Willmore's urgent request that the marriage-ceremony should immediately be performed between the children.

"It can do no harm," said he, without giving her time to remonstrate; "a clergyman will come from town on the shortest notice, and the knowledge that any such ceremony has taken place can be strictly confined to those immediately engaged in it. It need never be known that the young lady is a widow; but I shall provide for her as I would for my own daughter; and the boy has so short a time to live, that it would be cruel to refuse him."

Mrs. Willmore added her tears and entreaties; Pansy was too frightened and sorrow-stricken to offer any objection; and before evening, the boy and girl were pronounced "man and wife."

When Pansy, in obedience to that faint voice, pressed a good-night kiss on Clifford's brow, she never expected to see him again; and tormented with the recollection of various little girlish naughtinesses, in which she had lately indulged, she spent most of the night in crying and bewailing her sins.

But Clifford was alive the next morning, and the next, and the next after that; his hurried nuptials seemed to have had a favorable effect upon him; and, much to every one's astonishment, he was soon pronounced out of danger.

Poor Miss Lingle! her feelings were quite indescribable in this perplexing dilemma; and when she fairly realized that the ungrateful youth was evidently determined to live, after all the trouble that had been taken to insure him a comfortable departure, she pounced upon Pansy in a state of distraction, and consigned her at once to boarding-school as the nearest approach to a Protestant convent.

Dreadful! she thought, to contemplate two infants, aged respectively sixteen and eighteen, actually presuming to call themselves married! (as they undoubtedly were) and dreadful to think of anything like coldness from Mr. and Mrs. Willmore, who, perhaps, would never have countenanced their son's fancy, except in expectation of his speedy death.

So, Pansy, very much bewildered at the turn affairs had taken, was hurried off with great privacy to Southbrook Seminary; and with a

very indistinct idea of what ought to be done under the circumstances.

When the youthful bridegroom was made fully aware that he could not be permitted to see his wife, nor to hear from her, or even to know where she was, he was seized with a fit of virtuous indignation.

Mr. and Mrs. Willmore deeply regretted their haste; not that they had any objection to Pansy in herself—but who wanted a son married at eighteen? They quite approved Miss Lingle's course; and poor Clifford found that lady inexorable.

At this juncture uncle Fred returned from college, "for good and all," and deeply sympathized with his injured nephew. The two had many confidential discussions, and got up various ingenious schemes for the discovery of Miss Pansy's whereabouts. Their efforts, however, were constantly crowned with failure, until one day the old colored man was waylaid with a letter for Miss Pansy Berks, Southbrook Seminary, Southbrook, Conn.

Master Clifford was seized with a sudden desire for traveling, which was hailed by his bewildered parents as a favorable sign; and they immediately prepared the troublesome youth for departure, and generously provided him with no end of comforts and spending-money.

Frederick Willmore was quite ready to accompany him—and the two started for the Lakes, but managed to do them up in an incredibly short time, and then switched off to the New England village.

Their plan was a very ingenious one, and their joint fondness for chemistry enabled them to carry it through without blundering. They were astonished at their own success in obtaining an entrance so easily into Miss Drummond's stronghold; and the letter placed in Pansy's hand, in that moment of darkness, was too moving an epistle to be disregarded.

It urged upon the young bride the propriety of transferring herself without delay from Miss Drummond's protection to her husband's; and the writer strongly hinted at his determination,

in case of her refusal, to catch another fever, and die in earnest.

Pansy was terribly frightened; but she loved Clifford, and she had an idea that, somehow, wives were expected to do as their husbands told them. She didn't really know whether she was married or not; but Clifford and his uncle declared that she was—and it was certainly rather a queer thing to keep a married lady at boarding-school. It couldn't be exactly wicked to run away with one's own husband.

A very dainty, timid little note was lodged in Mr. Frederick Willmore's hands while Pansy disentangled her veil; but the note expressed, though in somewhat obscure language, that "Barks was willin'"; and Clifford threw his hat in the air in a perfect gale of delight. This unusual style of doing things was quite exhilarating—ten times better than being married quietly and respectably; and the two arch-conspirators laid their heads together again on the grand subject of getting Pansy off.

This was all arranged before the next lecture; and the second billet directed the trembling damsel just what to do. Pansy did it; and found herself at midnight whirling rapidly off beside Clifford to the train that was to take her straight back to her astonished aunt and parents-in-law.

It wasn't just pleasant, at first, for the seniors to find that their nicely-laid little plan had been defeated; but Pansy cried, and Mr. Willmore, Senior, had her in his arms before he knew it, and Clifford and his mother came together by the force of mutual attraction—and the two headstrong children were kissed and forgiven.

Miss Drummond had almost resolved to receive no more pretty pupils, and quite resolved to admit no man upon the premises, come in what guise he would, when a very sweet, explanatory letter from the anathematized Miss Berks, mollified her ruffled feelings. She even went so far, in her address to the "young ladies," as to say that, although she must condemn running-away of all kinds as generally prejudicial to the well-being of society, there might be extenuating circumstances in the case of a bride running away with her husband.

## FAIR AND FALSE.

BY FANCY WILD.

BRIGHT as the diamonds are,  
Is her eye of the softest blue;  
She shines as a beaming star,  
But her love and heart are untrue.

And her words, though soft as the skies  
Of the fairest of Summer days,  
Are only deception and lies,  
That leads the fond heart astray.

## BY THE SEA.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was the dullest of dull November days, and Grafton Warner moodily paced up and down the long veranda, and looked out toward the sandy beach; between him and it the South Bay lying turbid and dark under the solemn sky; beyond, glimpses of the white surf dashing up from the sea with a hoarse murmur, as if the waters were discontented as most human things.

It was down on the sandy shore of Long Island, Grafton had joined a party of fellows for a week's shooting of ducks and yellow legs, with even a promise of wild geese; but he had been there several days, and so far the expedition had proved a failure. His companions were not among his intimates, nor did he sympathize much with them, except in the matter of sport. They lived for business or their professions, and knew scarcely more about a life such as Grafton had led, than if they had been cowed monks in a cloister.

It was sober old Richard Royston, who had persuaded Warner to join them. He liked Grafton from boyish associations, and, perhaps, had more influence over him than anybody else. He had known of a scrape Warner was getting himself into, just from idleness and general recklessness, and so had coaxed him to leave town. The other men wondered among themselves why Royston had brought him, and regarded the elegant dandy as a rather sulky, tiresome individual.

Not that Grafton was in the slightest degree effeminate; a good shot, capital gymnast, amusing and witty when he chose, but thoroughly spoiled. He was completely the creature of impulse, and it was a mere chance whether a good or bad one was uppermost. Honorable where men were concerned, utterly faithless with women; more imagination than heart, which, of course, led him always to suppose that he was in earnest; idle, rich, handsome—you can understand that he must have made his fair share of trouble during the twenty-eight or thirty years that he had walked this mortal vale!

Suddenly the ill-shaped, creaking old stage came round the turn of the road and jolted in at the open gates. Grafton looked out through the cloud of smoke he was just puffing from his great meerschaum—his storm-pipe, as it was

called by those who knew his moods—and catching sight of two women, mentally anathematized them as a pair of cats.

Up came the old rattletrap to the steps, and Grafton could do no less than move forward and open the door.

"Why, Mr. Warner!" exclaimed a voice.

Grafton looked. An elderly feminine face, decorated with puffs of gray hair, was staring into his, and he recognized old Mrs. Annesly, whom he had not seen for the last three years.

He knew what was coming, or, rather who—her niece, whom he had not met for the same length of time; whom he had left a girl of eighteen, loving him with all the romance and poetry of that age, and whom he had devoutly hoped not to see again, for his conscience had never been quiet at ease where she was concerned.

He had gone further than mere flirtation with her; had actually been engaged; but he could not trust himself so far as marriage. Moreover, he was so circumstanced at the time that such a step would have left him unpleasantly situated in another quarter, and Grafton had a horror of scenes, like all selfish people.

So he had left Maud Annesly; had told her that fate parted them, and all that pretty nonsense which men talk when they want to break a vow—and she had let him go. She had let him go; but he knew that he had broken her heart, and no memory had ever so mournfully haunted him as the misery in her eyes, the despair in her voice, when she acquiesced in his wish. He remembered how, in her anguish, she had so far forgotten her woman's place as to tell him that she would wait—months, years, patiently, believing him if only he could say that he would return. Then her humiliation, when she found that she had shamed herself in vain; the scorn, the wounded pride for herself, not for him, she had faith in him—yes, it was not pleasant to remember.

And here she was again! What a diabolical chance! Would she faint—make a scene? All these recollections, followed by the last selfish thoughts, flashed like lightning through his mind, while he was helping Mrs. Annesly to emerge from the old cart, and get up the steps.

He turned, but before he could reach the carriage-door, out stepped the younger lady,

flung back her heavy traveling-veil, extended a daintily-gloved hand, and said in the softest, most indifferent voice, "How do you do, Mr. Warner? Really, I believe one would stumble over old acquaintances, if one went to the antipodes, wherever that may be."

And the calm, gray eyes gazed into his with that far-off look which it is so aggravating to meet; and the beautiful mouth seemed divided between a smile and a yawn; and Warner stood absolutely stupid with surprise at this apparition, so unlike anything that he had expected to behold.

The difference between a chrysalis and a gorgeous butterfly! No love-sick, sentimental girl, but a handsome, stylish woman, with the aplomb of thirty-five.

"You seem half inclined to dispute our identity," continued Miss Annesly. "I don't wonder—I feel like somebody else! Aunty, were you ever so tired?"

"Never," returned the old lady. "Where's the landlord? I want rooms—I'm just worn out! Don't tell me the house is closed—I mean to stay. So call him," and she thumped vigorously on the floor with the point of her blue umbrella.

By this time, Grafton began to think that it would be as well to recover himself a little, and not stand there like a great, confused school-boy; so he mixed matters very much by trying, in the same breath, to assure Miss Annesly that he was delighted to meet her, and to offer to find the master of the house for the old lady, glad of any pretext to absent himself long enough to get his head straight.

But at that moment Royston came out of the hall with his honest face in a glow of pleasure, and was warmly greeted by both aunt and niece; and for almost the first time in his life, Grafton had the pleasure of knowing how a man feels when the feminine element present appears utterly oblivious of his existence.

"I want a place to lay my head, Richard Royston," said the old lady. "We've been staying at Patchogue; the landlord behaved like a brute, and I left. Our house in town is all upset, and I will not go to a hotel, and here I mean to stay for a fortnight; so find the man and get me rooms, and be quick about it," and she pounded on the floor again with the ill-used umbrella.

Grafton saw Mr. Yetson out in the grounds, went to call him, and did not return for some time. When he did, the ladies had disappeared, and he found Royston in the little snugery off the dining-room, which, in the empty state of

the house, the party had been allowed to turn into a smoking-den.

"Confounded bore, having a parcel of women tumble in to upset us," grumbled Grafton, flinging himself into a chair.

"Two don't make a parcel," replied Richard. "If they tumbled, it must have been owing to your awkwardness, as you helped them out of the carriage."

"Oh, don't be witty!" fumed Grafton. "I say women are a bore in such a place, and you know it."

"Don't know anything of the sort," answered Richard; "and for you, of all fellows, to make a speech like that is simply ridiculous."

"I suppose I ought to know best how I feel," retorted Grafton, crossly.

"No," said Richard, "I think not."

Then Grafton kicked the burning logs and scorched his boot, and muttered a bad word.

"I would advise you take a nap before dinner," said Richard, "and get your manners in trim for female society again."

"I would advise you to mind your own business, my dear old boy," replied Grafton.

"I don't feel in the mood," said Richard, laughing. "In heaven's name, what makes you so cross?"

The ringing of the first dinner-bell obviated the necessity for an answer; and they both went off to make themselves more presentable.

After all, it was a very gay dinner. Old Mrs. Annesly was witty and odd; the young lady charmed the whole crowd in no time, and Grafton sat looking at her, and wondering if she could be the girl he had held in his arms; and if that proud mouth could be the same he had seen tremulous with emotion; if those calm eyes were the eyes he had watched hang upon his slightest look, or dilate with speechless anguish in that terrible parting hour.

I never have time to give you details, so I cannot dwell upon the events of the days that followed. It was the most heavenly weather—those soft, gray November days, which have such an inexpressible charm, and which exercise over an impulsive, imaginative man so subtle an influence, that he would be very likely to make love to his grandmother, if nothing else in the way of a petticoat offered itself.

I am afraid the shooting suffered in consequence; but the whole crowd found the feminine addition to their number very pleasant; and Miss Annesly possessed the rare art of being able to play agreeable to half a dozen men, and making herself charming to each without even indulging, in look or word, that

the most censorious old tabby could have stigmatized as flirting.

The days went on, but Grafton could not get his senses in order—nothing in the shape of a woman had ever puzzled him as Maud Annesly did. There did not seem to be the slightest memory of the past left in her mind; and whether it was acting or reality, Grafton could not decide. She was perfectly cordial and friendly with him, but there was never, for an instant, the least change in her manner, from what it had been during the first moments of their unexpected meeting.

And the days went on, grew into a week, numbered more than that, and softer and more peaceful each one grew, as if winter had forgotten himself in some distant northern clime; as if the beautiful Indian Summer was to reign monarch till the waning year went out.

A strange season to Grafton Warner—he scarcely recognized himself in this new phase of feeling and experience. Dismiss this woman from his mind he could not; her slightest word or look he could not help watching, wondering always what she felt; if it was true that she had as completely lived past that error in her girlish life as if it had never been.

He saw what a noble creature she had grown into; gifted, carefully educated, generous, noble, and, oh! so beautiful and so womanly, so unlike any other of her sex who had fallen in his way.

And the day came when Grafton Warner was forced to acknowledge that a spell was on his soul, such as had never before been flung over it; when he marveled that in the old days he could have been so blind and mad; when he knew that he loved this woman.

Yes, he loved her, and in all his life before he had never loved any woman. Passions without number—oh! till one would have supposed the faculty of sensation would have been lost; seasons when he would have committed any rash, mad act—but nothing like this. He loved her. Loved her so well, that he saw himself and his life for what they were really worth, and writhed in self-loathing and contempt. Loved her so fully, that if by ten thousand years of penitence, suffering, torture, he could have blotted out his past, and made his soul pure enough to be worthy to stand beside hers, and be loved and trusted by hers, even for one hour, he would cheerfully have gone back to the pangs of purgatory, content, satisfied that he could bear with him into the darkness the blessed memory that her lips had confessed that she loved him in return.

You think this is theatrical, crazy, you young,

untried soul, with the glory of your early youth about you, with all your dreams in their first flush, your soul unstained; but this man was going out of his youth, and so black a hell of recollection and remorse spread between him and the season where you rest, that you can form no conception of it, until, in your turn, life's temptations come, and you, perhaps, yield as he had done.

God help you! God pardon him, and such as he! Thus much let the sternest, the purest say!

He loved her, and he knew not what love was worth, and felt it sacrilege even to touch her hand with his, even to look in her pure eyes with those eyes of his, from whence the trouble in his soul began to look out. He had found his retribution; oh! be satisfied, ye who sit in judgment! Sooner or later it comes; but in spite of your decision, mayhap, heaven sends it in mercy after all.

Of what he felt, hoped, feared, suffered, Miss Annesly appeared perfectly unconscious; yet it seemed to Grafton that everybody near must be reading in his face just what he endured; and he cursed himself for not being actor enough, after all his practice, to suffer and be still.

Luckily he met with an accident. A heavy ladder, that he was helping move, fell and struck him a severe blow in the chest, and a cold added to it, really made him play invalid for awhile, at least to the extent of lying on a sofa a good deal, and swallowing with what patience he might a variety of bitter potions which Mrs. Annesly prepared.

But Maud was kind enough to administer them with her own hand; to sit by him, read to him, play chess with him. The only drawback to his enjoying his physical pain, at least, was the fact that dear old Royston was anxious about him, too, and kept near a greater portion of the time than Grafton thought at all necessary.

One day Maud had been reading *Aurora Leigh* to him, and unconsciously to both, they strayed into a conversation much more earnest than was usual with them.

"And, after all his efforts," said Grafton, "poor Romney Leigh's life was as hideous a failure as if he had never tried to exert his powers for good."

"A failure?" cried Maud, and her eyes flashed, and her cheeks glowed. "No! I can't bear to hear anybody say poor Romney! At least his soul was struggling always to the light, and he reached it, after he had learned that no human will can achieve until it has learned to submit."

"At least he found one heaven," Grafton said,

in a low voice. "A good woman loved him, and he was not ashamed to love her in return."

He was not acting; the words were uttered involuntarily. Then he became conscious of their import, and gave one quick glance to see what effect they had upon her.

The color rose higher in her cheeks, and a brighter glory flashed into her splendid eyes as she answered,

"Reward enough for the failure of his youth, or what seemed failure."

"Reward enough!" Grafton repeated, in a voice so deep and earnest, that Miss Annesly started. He was too thoroughly skilled in women's ways not to perceive that she felt they had strayed further in their talk than she had meant to go.

"We are getting as poetical as Mrs. Browning herself," she said, with a gay laugh.

"It is a comfort to me to know that I have enough left in me to appreciate the beautiful and true," he said, earnestly.

"I could have told you that you had," she replied, with perfect calmness, but evidently meaning what she said.

"That is not just a pretty saying."

"Just the truth—nothing more. But——"

"Don't hesitate—pray go on."

"Certainly. I only hesitated for fear you would think me impertinent."

"As if I could think that!"

"Ah! now you are taking refuge in pretty sayings; that is to avoid hearing the truth."

"Then tell me for a punishment."

"Thanks; but I have too much compassion on poor human nature to have any desire to play Nemesis."

"Then tell me as a warning."

"As if anybody ever heeded warnings," laughed she.

"Don't laugh!" exclaimed Grafton, so irritably that it was evident he was not doing theatricals. "I want you to finish your sentence. But what?"

"I meant to say that it rested with yourself whether you would much longer have the power, even of feeling the beautiful and true."

"How am I to keep the faculty?"

"Ah! my wisdom goes no further than the warning—you must find out the way yourself. Now I shall sing to you."

She seated herself at the piano, and sang in her touching mezzo soprano some lovely words of Tennyson's, which were wedded to music worthy of them, one could not say more.

Grafton Warner lay still, his face shaded by his hand.

The strain ceased. Maud sat with her fingers idly straying over the keys; she heard Grafton murmur,

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead,  
Can never come back to me."

She rose, paused for an instant by the sofa.

"While this life lasts no man need ever echo that complaint," she said, softly.

Before Grafton could look up, she had passed out of the apartment.

He lay there with his senses in a whirl. Did her words mean hope? That it was possible, softened him more than anything else could have done. His whole life came in review before him, as he lay there; his poor, wasted life, that heaven must have meant for better uses, since heaven gave it!

I believe, as firmly as I believe I live, that, after a man begins on the downward path, there are certain seasons offered, when, if he chooses to listen to the inner voice, that higher Power, which seeks to guide us, will give aid. It was a moment like that which Grafton Warner had reached now.

There should be a change, he said to himself. If this woman loved him—oh! he dared not think of that! Even if he must go on alone, there should be a change.

That evening they were all down by the seashore, to watch the moonlight on the surf. Grafton was so much better, that the women permitted him to go, on condition that he would wear more wraps than anything masculine ever put on of his own free will.

Grafton and Maud Annesly were sitting under a sort of rustic arbor, that had been put up during the summer for the accommodation of those who wished to watch the bathers—the rest of the party were straying about on the sands; old Mrs. Annesly, at a little distance, was making sober Richard Royston laugh like a maniac at one of her irresistible stories.

Gradually, as they sat in the glory of the moonlight, with the white surf beating its ceaseless complaint at their feet, Grafton led the conversation back to the talk of the morning. Maud Annesly showed no disposition to shrink from the perilous ground.

He talked more truthfully than he had done to any human being for years. There was a spell on his soul, which seemed to pull him on in spite of himself; and from the very fact that it was truth, his words impressed and obliged her to listen.

He told her what his life had been, how a new hope had suddenly sprung up in his soul; and as he talked and felt that she was moved,

his man's arrogance came back, and he had courage to tell her the rest.

"I love you," he exclaimed; "I love you! Oh! Maud, Maud, forgive me!"

She did not stir. He saw her face in the moonlight turned full upon him, just pale and thoughtful, no other look on it.

"You told a young girl that once," she said. "The girl believed it. I am a woman! Pardon me; I would not say anything harsh, but I know what the words are worth."

"Maud! Maud!" and I do not exaggerate when I say that his very soul went out in that passionate utterance. He gave her no time to speak: he told the whole story—the life of the past weeks, his penitence, his remorse, plead for one word of hope as a dying man might plead for life, yet manly and brave through it all.

"Please stop," she said, at last. "Your friend always; the past I have no need to pardon—I forgot it long ago; but I have no love to give."

"Some other man?"

"Yes."

She made a gesture toward Royston.

"I understand," he said. Then, after a pause, "Well, he is worthy of you—the best man I ever knew. God bless you both!"

He rose from his seat and walked away across the white sands in the moonlight, but though the greatest failure of his life made chaos about his way, he kept in his soul the vow he had uttered to himself that morning: and I believe that with such a promise in the heart, and with heaven overhead, there is hope even for a man gone as far astray as Grafton Warner: at least, let us hope so.

## ONE SMILE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

A DREAMY hush is in the air;  
The morning's rosy sunlight falls,  
Like glory at the hour of prayer,  
On golden streets and jasper walls.  
It is a Father's smile, I know,  
Resting alike on land and sea;  
His shining presence seen below—  
But has He one sweet smile for me?

The skylark sings his sweetest song,  
Sailing the golden-tinted blue;  
The garden-lee feasts all day long  
On flowers that charm the Summer through;  
A Father's smile fills them with cheer,  
And in their gladness makes them free;  
But for a heart surcharged with fear,  
Has He no smile—no smile for me?

Cease thy complaining, oh, my soul!  
The smile that brightens earth and skies  
Till waves of glory o'er them roll,  
Must be a smile for downcast eyes;  
The smile that fills with songs of joy  
The soaring lark and lowly bee,  
Must be for Faith's serene employ—  
Must be a Father's smile for thee!

Oh! burdened heart! cast off thy fears;  
Bid chilling unbelief begone;  
Thy sins have caused thy bitter tears:  
Forsake them, and thy way press on!  
Doubt not; in all thy wealth of love,  
Trust Him, and be forever free;  
His earthward smile will be above  
A Father's Heavenly smile for thee!

## LONG AGO.

BY J. D. FASSETT.

The twilight shadows are gathering gray,  
And the wild wind wails o'er the dying day,  
As I lie and list to the river's flow,  
And the far-off voices, so soft and low,  
Of the long ago.

The shadows thicken among the trees;  
Sadly, mournfully murmurs the breeze;  
And forms glide round me that nevermore  
Shall gladden my sight, for they've floated o'er  
To the unknown shore.

The moon looks out through the mantle of night,  
Flooding the earth with her liquid light;  
And again I live in the rythm and rhyme

Of a peaceful home and a sunny clime,  
In the olden-time.

On the murmuring river the moonbeams dance,  
Guiding the waves as they shimmer and glance;  
And, like ravishing strains from a harp of gold,  
The interludes sweet to a tale long told,  
Come the songs of old.

The dreams are all over, and darkened the sky;  
The winds and the waves wander listlessly by;  
And back to my dreary life, sadly I go,  
To dream nevermore of the bliss and the woe,  
In the long ago.

## A HASTY MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD."

### I.

AT seventeen I left school, ignorant and undisciplined, willful, impatient, and reckless. In Madame Dejazet's elegant establishment we were taught many external, but few inward graces; and when she had done all that lay in her art to improve us, some of the hardest lessons of life were yet to learn.

I was to have remained longer, but suddenly my bankers failed, and remittances stopped. Years before, my father, a wealthy sea-captain, had died, leaving my fortune invested with his old employers, now no longer shipping merchants only, but bankers also. The letter, announcing the calamity, offered to relieve Madame Dejazet of me. This letter was from my father's half-brother, to whom his beautiful villa had been lent at my mother's death, and who now, probably, sought to pay the debt of years by offering me, in my destitution, a home there—a home, alas! how different from the one I so well remembered.

My uncle's wife was a shrewd managing woman, as she had need to be with her small means, and her seven children. No longer the pretty parlors of the pretty house were thrown open for the enjoyment of the dwellers within, but closed and locked against dust and decay, except on grand occasions; while all the other rooms, with their furniture, bore marks of hard usage and careless occupation. The greenhouses were closed, the lawn was turned into a vegetable garden. Ah! bitter was the change.

As soon as the first heart-sick rebellion of feeling had died away, I sought to be useful in my new position. Curbing my impatient disposition, I tried to teach the stupid children, and bore heroically with their blunders and impertinence for a time, till their mother's eager jealousy, and my own superficially-concealed ignorance, released me from the distasteful task.

Then came domestic drudgery, harder to execute, not less hard to endure. Last of all were wild revolt and utter rebellion against destiny, and it was in this mood that Mrs. Samuel Morris bade me leave her house forever, and I obeyed her.

I had stayed there six long months, and was worn-out body and mind. The manifold insults

and annoyances of an ill-bred and ill-governed woman would have been of themselves enough; but when to these was added the constant and urgent struggle of my own undisciplined nature, and my haughty temper and strong will, what wonder that life grew unendurable!

I had begun, too, by this time to find contrasts to my own fate in the children of my father's old neighbors—my own former playmates and companions, who had found me out and flocked about me with welcomes, attentions, and invitations. Glad to escape from the tedious miseries of home, I left it frequently to accept these kindnesses, and found my vanity soothed, and my heart comforted by these warm and faithful friends. I plunged into the gayeties they offered me with reckless and thoughtless eagerness, mindful only of the enjoyment of the present, and the pleasure of being again beloved and admired. Of these attentions, and of my wardrobe, which was still handsome and complete, Mrs. Morris had long been jealous. Her wrath at last reached its climax. A sleighing-party was projected, or rather a series of sleighing-parties, that would lead the gay revellers, who joined it, visiting from house to house for a week or more. Walter Drummond and his sisters were to come for me! Walter Drummond was my knight, my champion, my rescuer on a hundred such occasions—so kind, so handsome, so good to me, that I almost loved him. I had dressed in the gayest spirits, and in my prettiest ornaments and garments suitable to the occasion. Mrs. Morris came in while I was placing others, for all emergencies, in a trunk, which a man below, provided by Walter, was waiting to remove. Sternly she bade me pack all I owned, and if I insulted her by leaving her house at all with people who were not her associates, to leave it forever. I answered hotly. My blood was boiling, and my nerves were tingling with bitterness and anger. Pride, self-will, haughty recklessness and temper would not let me yield. "You shall be obeyed," I said, and packed two trunks instead of one. My anger and determination did not leave me till I had left her house forever, till I had told Walter and the girls, till I had heard their pitying sympathy and warm assurances that their home should be mine.



Then, indeed, I realized what I had done. But it was too late. The woman I had left was inexorable as death; she would never receive me back. Meantime, the Drummonds were not rich, and I felt bitterly what an additional burden I would be in their house. I shrank, too, instinctively from compromising myself with Walter by accepting such a favor at his hands. It was impossible—I did not love him enough to wish to owe so rash a debt to him. But what then could I do? I could not teach—I had been too indolently bred, and my education was too superficial for that, nor labor with my needle; nor did I know any other useful branch of work—yet something I must do. My brain was in a whirl that left me time to see or hear nothing through all our rapid, exciting drive; I was hardly conscious of Walter's tender kindness, or his sisters' endearing sympathy and caresses.

A very gay party was assembled at the house where we stopped. But only a few persons, mostly gentlemen, old friends of my father's and of mine, were in the library, whither Mrs. McDonald, my hostess, conducted me. She and the Drummonds gathered about me, exclaiming at my pallor and nervousness, as they began to remove my wrappings of velvet and fur. I did not like this being made a heroine of, however. I blushed and declined assistance, beginning with trembling fingers to unfasten the white furs from my throat and shoulders. As I did this, my little muff slid from my lap, and rolled across the hearth to the feet of a tall, bronzed, black-bearded man, who stood there intently regarding me.

Hitherto, I had known him by sight only. He was a Mr. Harter, a stranger, who had just bought a beautiful villa in the neighborhood, and was fitting it up with great taste and liberality. Report said that he had been merely a common miner, who had made a fortune in Australia. He picked up my muff and brought it to me with a low bow. Seen nearer, he looked even less prepossessing. His jet-black hair was cropped close to the head, like a private soldier's. A heavy beard and whiskers concealed the lower part of his face; the upper was embrowned and reddened with long exposure to the sun and wind; only a pair of bright, dark eyes, and teeth white and beautiful as pearls, visible when he spoke or smiled, redeemed the rugged features from positive plainness. His clothes were quiet enough in cut and material, yet he did not seem at home in them; and his hands—how dark and long the fingers looked, grasping the silvery ermine and little

blue tassels of my muff! He appeared, in short, just as I had fancied him, a large, almost coarse-featured man of forty, bearing marks of all the exposures, hardships and vicissitudes he had seen; a self-made millionaire, a *nouveau riche*, whom once, from my patrician height, I should have despised; but whom I now felt only humiliated before, as I marked the contrast of his unpretending plainness with my deceptive magnificence.

For by this time my wraps had been removed, and the mirror over the mantle-piece reflected clearly my dazzling white poplin, whose thick, shimmering folds hung long and doubled, as they lay upon the floor, in a train that followed like a snowy wake as I moved. It was cut square in the neck *a la Pompadour*, and trimmed with a treasure of rich French lace; the sleeves were scarcely more than be-ribboned puffs, and arms, and throat, and ears were enriched with beautiful shining sapphires, glittering and blue as dew might look on a flax flower. Only a little while ago—but how long it seemed—I had been vain of these sparkling drops, had matched them against my eyes, and held them near my fair flaxen hair, as Margaret might have done with her jewels, delighted at the envy and admiration they provoked; but now I could scarcely bear the sight of the slender, elegantly-dressed figure, so delicate and so adorned, reflected in the mirror before me.

"Another day shall not see me," I vowed, "masquerading in this pauper splendor, and eating the bread of dependence—sparkling and smiling abroad, and devouring insults and tears at home. Home! I have no home! Shelterless, helpless, friendless, I am cast upon the world to-night as poor, but for these baubles, as the night when I was born. They will support me till I show that I can work. But what shall I do—where shall I go?"

I could have wrung my hands in idle anguish; but this was no time for tears and heroics. The "little sleighing-party" had become a ball. Already the band had struck up a spirit-stirring waltz. Partners pressed round me; invitations, introductions followed; I could no longer delay to join them. My blood rose warmly through my veins as I listened; the lamps seemed to burn more brilliantly, the flowers to smell more sweetly; above all I heard pealing the wild, intoxicating notes of the music in the hall, entreating, defying, alluring. At the familiar sound, doubt, fear, and sorrow fled away; I was myself again, gay, reckless seventeen; and in an instant my feet were skimming

the ball-room floor, and I was laughing lightly in Walter Drummond's grave face.

That was a triumphant night—my last thought it might be; nay, for that reason I would not be robbed of a second. The music had never seemed so sweet and so intoxicating, the guests so happy, the rooms so bright and festal before; and, alas! never had I so prized the delightful enjoyments they offered as now that I must relinquish them. How would it seem to be poor, and leave all these splendors behind? to sink into the ranks of the workers and toilers who uphold this gay society; to be forgotten by these refined and educated women, and these well-bred men? What would life be worth, to the quick-beating blood of youth, divested of this flush of splendor and of joy?

I could not live without it, I felt each moment more truly, as I breathed that enchanting atmosphere of praise and flattery; and yet, it seemed, I must. At every interval in dancing, at every pause in the music, the black shadow of to-morrow haunted me like a ghost at the banquet, and whispered dolefully in my ears.

But pride compelled me to hide my wound, and with the very effort my spirits rose higher. I would not bow to the tempest of trouble whirling over me; I would not see the glances of pity and sympathy cast upon me; I would not understand the compassionate sentences addressed to me—indeed, I hardly heard them. The few hours that still intervened between me and banishment were my own—I chose to enjoy them to the utmost, to reign in them like a queen, and use them royally.

Supper went off gayly. Walter Drummond was my escort, almost lover-like in his attentions, as usual; and Mr. Harter, the self-made millionaire, my neighbor on the other side. He, too, was very kind in his way. He talked to me. I was surprised at his sweet voice and correct intonation. He sent away my champagne, ordering some still, iced-wine of his own servant. I was sure he was right, for he looked at me with a sort of pitying intentness of interest that won me to obedience—and I felt my head already dizzy between triumph and pain.

Other heads, less racked than mine, were dizzied, too, by Mr. M'Donald's generous vintages. When we returned to the dancing-room the band was set aside; a series of Christmas-games began, impromptu tableaux followed—statues, charades. In the last they wanted a marriage-scene—a runaway couple before a village magistrate, or something of that sort.

A fat neighbor of Mr. M'Donald's, snoring

comfortably before the library-fire, answered to the character of the magistrate, and messengers were dispatched to request him to serve. Meanwhile public opinion ran high on the question of the bride—the honor being contested between a dozen young ladies in white. All unconcerned, I was talking in a window-seat to my companions at supper. Suddenly I found my place surrounded.

"Sylvia, you must come—you are in white; it will be just the thing—and Mr. Harter."

"But I am not——"

"Oh! yes you are—the very person! It is the elder of her two lovers she runs away with, you know."

They put a cloak on his arm, and a sword in his hand, and placed my unresisting fingers in his. The squire marshaled us solemnly before him, and the curtain was about to ascend, when some slight altercation arose between the lady managers, and the scene was suspended for a moment. Walter Drummond took advantage of the interval to come to my side.

"Sylvia," he whispered, pressing my arm earnestly, "this thing is very real. The squire is a legal magistrate, and has had too much wine. What will you do if he marries you in earnest, for no license is required in this State?"

But Mr. Harter had heard him and turned. Claspings my hand more closely in his, he looked into my eyes with a sudden sparkle in his own.

"And if he did—what then? Could you take me, Sylvia?"

"Don't jest," cried Walter, impatiently; but his voice faltered.

"It is no jest," said Mr. Harter, quietly, my hand still locked in his. "Sylvia, you hear me? The question is between us. I have heard your story; I think he is right, and I ask you to risk it, knowingly, with me?"

I heard, but could not answer, nor move while he held me so firmly; but I looked at him an instant, half in fear, half in surprise. He had never seemed so nearly being handsome as at that moment. A warm flush colored his dark cheek; his black eyes bent eagerly and anxiously on me, were softened by a pitying and kind, almost a fond expression; his voice was very sweet and low as he spoke. In that light, and in that picturesque attitude and costume, his tall, broad figure showed graceful and commanding. I had not time to reflect calmly. I only thought that here was a shield offered against the dread future. The hand so firmly holding mine could pluck me back from the gulf that yawned before me to-morrow.

That moment of indecision was final and

fatal, for the curtain was rising, and Walter was no longer beside me. We stood alone before the squire, who stretched his fat figure to its utmost height, and pompously began, with what formula I do not know. Mr. Harter, after one glance at my face, stood in his place immovable, and answered whatever fell to his share; I suppose I did the same, mechanically. The bystanders listened and looked, some in delight, some in wonder, the rest simply in horror. I heard low-toned exclamations mingling, "What a dear!" "How sweet she is!" "Just like a bride, with that wreath of roses in her hair!" from a few of the very youngest and silliest. But, "How pale!" "How very natural!" "It seems almost too true!" from the older ladies; and downright murmurs and imprecations among the gentlemen. A dozen sprang forward to interrupt, but Mr. Harter sternly waved them back. When it was over, he strode up to the complacent squire,

"You have made me the happiest man in the world, Mr. Bannister," he said.

Then it rushed over me like a whirlwind what I had done. Was I mad, or dreaming? Were the deeds of this night a real horror? Was this man truly my husband? I had disengaged my hand, and stood alone. It was the cue for the Drummond girls and others, to rush up to me and cry over me, to declare that they never could have believed it, and ask me how long I had been engaged.

## II.

THEY might as well have talked to a statue, for I was in a still frenzy of trouble, and could not heed them—and chilled by my cold, unresponsive manner, they all withdrew. It was time to go home, and we hooded and cloaked, in mysterious silence, in our dressing-room; I, with my trembling fingers and nervous haste, the last to leave it. When I came down, all were in the sleighs. Only one tall, dark figure waited in the hall for me, beside Mrs. McDonald. The icy wind from the avenue sweeping up, flared the lamp-light in his face: it was not Walter Drummond, but Mr. Harter. Could it be true, then? Was he really my husband?

Good Mrs. McDonald took me in her motherly arms, as she bade me good-by, and kissed and blessed me. She was the first who had thought of doing that, and I could have burst into a tempest of tears on her kind breast, but I dared not yield to the impulse. My strength was already fast giving way, and only pride kept me from fainting and falling at sight of that dark, sentinel figure.

In silence he offered his arm. I took it—there was no help. Walter Drummond sat in his place before his sisters, the seat beside him vacant. He had chosen to desert me, I said to myself, in this trial hour. We advanced toward it, though Mr. Harter's own beautiful little sleigh was drawn up on the opposite side, his man holding the pawing horse, who neighed and shook his bells impatiently.

I trembled on his arm—was there to be a collision between the two men? We halted before the double sleigh; but Walter never moved, while my escort lifted me gently into my old place, only kissing the hand he released. Raising his hat, he stood bare-headed in the starlight till we drove off; and then we heard his horse's feet and bells hurrying away in the direction of his own house.

Some tender, gentle impulse of my heart seemed to go with them; and a thrill of pity, in the midst of my own trouble, followed that lonely flight; for there was something knightly, almost, and grand, in the rude miner's chivalry. More than this, I was deeply grateful to him for the act of renunciation.

I was free, it was evident. Periled by my own fault, how sweet seemed liberty now, even the poorest, liberty to toil! Now that I had felt, for one moment, what bonds might be, I willingly accepted the pains and penalties of freedom, and was ready to find them light. And yet—and yet—he had been kind, and he seemed to pity me; the touch of his kiss was still soft upon my hand. Had he been younger and more graceful, I might, perhaps, even have loved him in my friendless and helpless state, my utter isolation from others.

As it was, I could only rejoice, silently, it is true, for nothing was said during our short drive. Our destination was soon reached. The handsome house was blazing with lights from roof to basement; and late as the hour was, the great doors were thrown wide open, and the servants, with the master and mistress at their head, ranged along the broad hall on either side. Here our large company was to be entertained for the night; was to spend the next day, and be present at a great dinner-party that would call all the county together.

I was assigned a room to myself, and hastened to its shelter as soon as politeness permitted; neglectful of the mulled-wine and other refreshments, in which some of the ladies, and all the gentlemen, were indulging, for I feared to encounter any of the mirth or jesting that would be sure to follow; to hear, perhaps, some playful allusions to my mimic marriage, and be

toasted as "the bride." I slept brokenly, and woke with a racking headache, feverish and faint, and absolutely unable to stir. My kind hostess came and took charge of me; all day she held me in the pleasant captivity of the quiet, perfumed chamber, keeping intruders away; and not until dusk did she pronounce me convalescent, or fit to appear at her dinner-party.

I would gladly have evaded this ordeal; but I was really well enough now, and her kindness was not to be resisted. With all her other cares she lent her own assistance to her maid's in arranging my toilet, and took as deep an interest in the result as if I had been her daughter. I selected a rich black dress covered with violet ribbons, and with many pleasantries about my sober taste, she led me down stairs.

"You have been missed among us, I assure you," she whispered, as she paused a moment in the ante-room to shake out her lace flounces. "I have had a thousand questions to answer in your behalf, and Mr. Harter has been waiting impatiently to lead you down."

We were in the room before I could reply, or control the hurried beating of my heart. What could she mean? The floor seemed to whirl beneath my feet as Mr. Harter took my hand, and at the signal for dinner, transferred it to his arm.

I suppose I answered when addressed, and otherwise sustained my part—for the habit of society teaches us so far to control our emotions; but the grand dinner was a Barmecide feast to me, and less. Mr. Harter sat beside me—silent, except for the ordinary courtesies of the table; but by his very presence, manner, and attentions, seeming to establish a claim upon me that I felt unable to comprehend or resist.

He was to be, it appeared, the hero of the evening; for he invited all those present to spend it at his house, and go from Mrs. Martyn's delightful hospitality to his own. "All," he repeated, with a wistful, deprecatory glance at me, "if no one objects."

No one objected; but, on the contrary, his proposal was received with acclamations, and coffee was served earlier to facilitate our departure. As we left the room, Mr. Harter spoke, for the first time, directly addressing me.

"Sylvia," he whispered, "would it be too much if I asked you to exchange that sober dress for something gay and lighter, more like yourself, to do honor to my *fete*?"

His tone and manner were constrained, but there was an indefinable something in both—

an assertion of interest in, and responsibility for me—that made my heart stand still at first, then throb more quickly. An instinct of rebellion urged me to refuse to oblige him; to reply that I should not join the party, and was going elsewhere—but this was quite impossible. Mrs. Martyn had accepted the invitation for all her guests. I could not remain behind, and at this hour—what could I do, where should I go? For this one day fate and fortune had, somehow, prevailed against me—my destiny seemed in the hands of others, and I no longer my own mistress; but the next, I averred to myself, both should be conquered, and I be free as air.

While I hesitated, some one spoke behind us—it was Mrs. Martyn, exhorting such as desired to make any change in their dress, to do so at once, while the sleighs were getting ready.

I went up stairs mechanically. Like one in a dream I put on a gay blue silk, the handsomest I had; a white cloak with a tasseled hood; pearls on my neck and arms, and in my ears. When I returned, Mr. Harter stepped forward; everybody seemed already paired off. Could my old intimates leave me so readily to a stranger? A certain hard, defiant feeling came to me with the pain of this conviction, and taking my escort's offered arm, I walked on proudly.

Mr. Harter's sleigh was again waiting, but this time it was an elegant little affair, drawn by a pair of spirited black ponies, that tossed their pretty heads and champed upon their silver bits with pretty impatience. As soon as they were set free they darted off, leading the way lightly, and with a motion so swift and straight that the shell, with its trailing robes, must have seemed to those behind to be shooting like a bird onward, and imitating its arrowy flight.

It was a lovely moonlight night, very mild and fair, and the mellow rays shone full on white roads and whiter fields. The task of guiding the fairy vehicle seemed so easy and delightful, that I broke the awkward silence by expressing my admiration of the ponies, and requesting to be allowed to drive them for a moment. The fresh air and the rapid motion had so far revived my spirits; but they sank again as my companion relinquished the reins, with the single simple answer,

"Certainly—they are yours."

I would have drawn back, but dared not, and, coward-like, dreaded more than anything else, question or explanation. I drove on desperately in utter silence for miles; Mr. Harter sitting by my side, motionless and speechless, like an Indian. Something in his mute patience

touched my heart, and I was mistress enough of myself to smile, and say a few words of thanks and kindness as I gave up my charge.

The great gates were open for us to drive through, and the dark fir-avenue leading to the house was hung with colored lamps that cast rainbow reflections on the snow. The house itself was ablaze with light, and festal with music. It looked like a fairy palace, with its quaint, beautiful windows crowded with plants and flowers, the glass glittering like diamonds, the birds and blossoms behind them shining in the brilliant glare like colored jewels all along the picturesque, wide front. I thought I was dreaming still as we alighted and ascended the marble steps. In the vestibule Mr. Harter turned, and with unusual softness in his black eyes, took my hand, and welcomed me to "Paradise."

"Paradise," for so public opinion in the neighborhood had named it—and Paradise, indeed, it was, as lady guests, now fast arriving, declared, as they wandered from one to another of the gem-like rooms. I followed, too, on the arm of my escort, secretly reluctant, but reassured by his silence, and the presence of the others. Close beside me, like my shadow, moved Walter Drummond, neither speaking to, nor looking at me, but keeping over all my motions an incessant surveillance, that made me doubly uncomfortable.

We visited the basements, with their wide and convenient offices, the garrets, the chambers, beautifully furnished and appointed: the very roof, battlemented and smooth as a floor. Everywhere were evidences not only of mere wealth and opulence, or large expenditure, but of the taste that knows how to use, and the tact that rightly applies it. There was a harmony and fitness in the whole, not wholly the work of upholsterer or architect. Evidently a skilled hand had guided, an artist eye overlooked their labors—the rough miner dwelt in a house in which not merely a prince, but a poet, might have found himself at home.

We came back to the parlors after a lengthened survey, and dispersed about them, examining the beautiful things they contained. Without any appearance of ostentation or overcrowding, there was a real wealth of objects, famous from association, or rare in art. Mr. Harter kept near me, looking quietly pleased at my pleasure; on the other side Walter Drummond stood speechlessly, with a gloomy frown on his forehead. When I explored with others the treasures of the library-shelves, and found there all my old favorite books, and many more

that I had long desired to see, his face was darkened with an unempathetic sneer; and when I paused before some exquisite pictures and mosaics from Italy, such as my dear father used to bring back from his voyages, to ornament our pretty home, he resented the tears that filled my eyes, and the loving delight with which I bent over them.

"I see, Sylvia, you are like all your sex," he said, "and gradate your admiration by the price of the object to be admired. A cheaper article would have moved you less."

His tone stung me, and I was roused to retort.

"They are rare and precious," I returned, "but they have another value in my eyes. I have seen such only once before, Mr. Drummond, and it is no wonder the sight disturbed me, for they remind the homeless of home."

I said it recklessly, angry at his notice of my weakness, and looked up quickly, in time to see his baffled look, and meet Mr. Harter's eyes. Were there actually tears in them? At any rate, his countenance was strangely softened and beautified by the momentary expression it wore. A little while before, I could have wondered how this common, self-made man, had possessed himself of such treasures of art, as not merely wealth alone, but time, and taste, and training, sensitive perceptions and delicate instincts, were needed to buy; yet since seeing him, for the first time in his own home, where he was at ease and unconstrained, and now moved by another's grief to gentle sympathy and pity, I began to understand how this dark, impassive mask might conceal much that we had never fancied he could feel. He had looked both genial and good while receiving his guests with noble hospitality; and as the duties of a host obliged him to lay aside much of his ordinary reserve, there was a refinement of kindness in his manner, to which even Walter Drummond's sneers could not blind me.

He regarded me now a moment in silence, and turned to speak to Mrs. McDonald, who with her husband drew near, I fancied, at a sign from him. The group we formed was somewhat apart from the others, who were intently examining the various curious and beautiful objects the room contained; and I understood that we were going to see something not yet exhibited, as I put my hand reluctantly in Walter's extended arm.

### III.

OUR conductor paused before a little white door, at the end of a suite of rooms we had lately examined, opened it, and disclosed a

beautiful "boudoir," or parlor—I prefer the English word—furnished entirely in white and blue. A white carpet covered with wreaths of light-blue violets and forget-me-nots; window-draperies of lace lined with silk, and furniture of damask and satin-wood; all blue and white, like the dress I wore, were reflected in the mirror above the marble mantle. There were books, and birds, and flowers, pictures, and music, and a sparkling fire lighted in the grate; but the room had no occupant till the others stood aside to let me pass.

I put my hand in my kind old friend's, and we went in together. A little sofa was rolled before the fire, and she drew me upon it, with her arm about my waist. Walter Drummond stood beside us like a sullen guardian; and opposite, Mr. Harter leaned his elbow on the mantle, and looked at the group we made. I trembled when his eyes met mine, for I somehow knew that the beautiful room had been furnished for me that day, and that he was going to ask me to occupy it as its mistress. Yet when he spoke, it was something very different that he said.

Addressing me directly, as if there had been no other person present, in a hurried but most straightforward manner, he gave me the plainest history of himself, concealing nothing, and excusing nothing that it was needful we should hear. Perhaps few lives could have borne the test of so close a chronicle—no word was said in his own praise or favor, no effort made to gain sympathy or win credit; I never listened to such a frank confession. "You and your friends should know," he said, "what the man is who is about to ask so much of you. To report alone you cannot trust, as I will prove to you; nor solely to the opinions gathered from testimony like this," for he had offered a pile of letters and documents to Mr. McDonald and Walter Drummond, which the young lawyer was examining with keen, inimical eyes, the elder with anxious and cautious observation through his spectacles. These, it would seem, were satisfactory, for the careful scrutiny ended in their being tendered back with many assurances to Mr. Harter, who received them with a smile.

"After all, these papers," he said, "tell you less of my life and character than I will tell you, or than common rumor has already told, and told mostly wrong. It is said that I am a man of low birth and no education, whose fortune has been gained by a lucky accident, and who is not wholly worthy of all he aspires to possess. The last is the only truth.

"If my education has been neglected, it was

my fault alone, and not that of my father, an accomplished surgeon, spending always more than his large income in gratifying elegant and artistic tastes. From my birth I lived among luxuries, never, I fear, entirely paid for, and fancies gratified at an extraordinary sacrifice. My time, and that of my brother and sister, was spent at the best schools and academics. In my first college-year, my father died, leaving two motherless children, a rough, healthy, active boy, and a delicate little girl.

"His library, horses, carriages, and house, were swallowed up by his debts; the beautiful pictures and statues were sold; the scientific, literary, and artistic treasures he had so carefully collected, were widely scattered, and after their sacrifice, much was still left unpaid. I saw the very end of the ruin and destruction, put my sister in the only place where I hoped she would be kindly cared for, and went to sea before the mast, to support her.

"The schedule of my father's debts in my pocket, and the memory of the little life dependent upon mine, urged me to energy and industry. I was away for years, following fortune wherever others had seemed to find it—in India, Japan, and China, on the Pacific Coast, in the Black Sea. At first I heard often from home—during the latter part of the time, not at all; but I was neither stimulated by tidings, nor unnerved by their absence—the stake was too great for that. I continued steadily to forward letters and remittances, and at last was able to come home. Neither letters nor remittances had been touched—my sister was lying near her father and her brother; and her grave, thick-grown with grass and daisies, looked as old as theirs.

"I spent the sum that was to have brought us together, and given us again a happy home, in paying the last remaining debts of my father. Then again, poor, homeless, friendless, and forlorn, I went away to seek relief in the ceaseless struggle of existence at the very ends of the earth.

"The gold fields of Australia had just been discovered, and I repaired there with thousands of others. Alone, motiveless, with nothing to lose, and comparatively indifferent to gain, fortune singularly favored me. From a mere miner I became a proprietor, a merchant, a millionaire—and here only report will not have belied me, while it says all my earnings were honest ones. Weary of the rough colonial life, and of an existence devoted to selfish gain and accumulation, I remembered the education of my boyhood; and now that I was able to gratify those dormant tastes and tendencies, I traveled

widely, collecting curiosities of art and beauty, that would have delighted my father's heart, but gave hardly a throb of pleasure to my own; for to what end should I gather treasures or riches? No one on earth sympathized with my success, or shared my happiness.

"Tired of drifting about the world, I came back at last to my native country, with the purpose of establishing for myself a place to which I might return from time to time, and, perhaps, rest wholly in at last. My bankers sent me here; and I have found much occupation and healthful pleasure in arranging and founding it. Yet, now that it is finished, I am more than ever conscious of the want in it, and in myself—the void that money cannot fill, or art supply, and which alone can make it what it is not, but should be, yet what others, with far less pains and toil, have been so blest to win—a home.

"I have seen," he went on, his hand trembling a little in its rest upon the marble, his dark eyes still lifted, "in Arabian deserts, tents of poorest structure, in western prairies rude huts of log and clay, that were happier houses than mine, for the voices of children, the laughter of women, the busy life of household cares and household joys and sorrows, filled them all day long. There were united affections, undivided interests, hearts that beat and brains that planned to the same good and cheerful end; there was poverty lightly borne for the sake of the love that sprung from it—and there would riches have given tenfold the pleasure they can ever give to me, because they would have gladdened many lives in blessing one.

"In my home," he said, "which they ignorantly call 'Paradise,' birds sing and fountains rustle; but there is silence, for no voice I care to hear can speak to me. The flowers grow with none to pluck them; the rooms are empty and dull; the beauty and the luxury you so admire, to me are but fairy illusions, for my eyes see them as the worthless dross they are. Poor in the midst of riches, I want something better than they can offer, better than my life has hitherto known, without which it is useless, insensate, dead. I want to give my future an aim, my heart a new existence of hope and joy, my house a mistress. Sylvia, will you come?"

He moved nearer, and looked and spoke as if unconscious of any presence but my own.

"When first I saw you I admired, as all must do, but never thought of loving the sparkling hall-room beauty, with whom I, a dull, plain, middle-aged man, could have nothing in common. Then, with others, I heard the story of your sad losses, your domestic trials; finally, of

the crisis which left you as utterly homeless and forlorn as I had been at your age. Too well I remembered my own efforts and sufferings, yet I had been a vigorous boy, you were but a delicate and helpless girl. I resolved to be your defence against ill-fortune. How, I did not yet perceive, but I hoped to discover a way. Last night, all through the gay festivities, I watched your face, and read in it all the tortures of anxiety, regret, and fear you suffered. While I pondered, vexed and bewildered by my own helplessness, distressed by the sight of your repressed anguish, a sudden chance threw in my way an opportunity to accomplish all I had desired in your behalf, and more. Temptation took a form so fair and dazzling, that if I was selfish in yielding to its dictates, believe me, Sylvia, I did not know it till too late! I swear to you that, until I held your innocent hand in mine, until I heard your voice pronounce the words that pledged you, unconscious, to so much, I never thought at what a cost to you my resolution of saving you must be fulfilled.

"Your hesitation, your half consent in the face of urgent warning; the look with which you seemed at once to doubt, and fear, and trust; your continued presence at my side, and the touch of your passive fingers, emboldened me to a step which all my life I must regret or bless. Forgive me if I knew, even as I challenged it, the fearful risk incurred. With the beating of your pulse on mine, I recognized the mysterious tie between us. I felt the tempest that shook your soul, and I realized more fully than you could do all that must follow, yet I was selfish enough to permit the ceremony to go on, for in that moment pity and admiration disappeared; a love was born in my heart, so deep and fond, that I fancied it could avert all, atone to you for all.

"And, Sylvia, I am selfish still, for I love you, and I wish for you still—I want you for my wife. I would bring your beauty to bless my ugliness, your brightness to cheer my gloom, your blooming youth to adorn my stern, middle-age. I can give you little in return for so much; but all I have and am is yours, and there shall be no bound to my affection or my care for you.

"On the other hand, if the sacrifice is too great, the thought of all it involves too painful and irksome; remember that my wealth, valueless but for this, shall break the nominal tie between us with a breath, while in its name I shall bestow on you what will keep the woman I love forever safe from poverty and dependence. Choose then freely, for in either case your future

is assured and clear, and by my hurried yielding to a moment's impulse I shall have done you no wrong. If you justly refuse to regard its consequences as binding, the old friend at your side, to whose kindness I owe this interview, will take you to her house, which will be yours until a happier one shall open to receive you, and your girlish heart be given to a better mate than mine. Choose then, Sylvia, unencumbered by thoughts of the past, or fears for the future in this crisis of your fate. Pray heaven to guide you, and decide the happiness or the misery of your life."

Walter Drummond came to my side as Mr. Harter ceased—his face was flushed, his manner excited and eager. He, too, spoke with an absolute oblivion of the presence of others, but how differently!

"Accept his offer, Sylvia," he urged. "Take the reparation he tenders, and which he owes you, for thus, in your ignorance and helplessness, linking your name with his; repudiate that hasty action—let him repay you and release you."

I saw Mr. Harter's lip curl, but he listened patiently.

"It was wholly my fault," I said, "and I will take nothing."

"You will take my advice," he insisted, "for I love you, Sylvia, and I know that you love me—our interests are one. The claims of our long friendship, and our constant associations—often sought by you—our community of tastes, feelings, and sympathies; our congeniality in youth, even in personal attributes, prove it impossible that you should submit willingly to the fate that threatens you. Had I feared such weakness on your part, such daring on that of others, I would have spoken before and set your heart at rest. Come with me, then, and trust your case in my hands; a little time and patience will set you free, and you shall be my wife, the daughter of my parents!"

Strangely enough, this bright prospect could not move me; I was growing cold and dull, and his sharp sentences fell faintly on my ears. Torn and weakened by long excitement; always unequal to the crisis through which I had to pass; swayed by many conflicting emotions, and hardly understanding the wish of my own heart, which Mr. Harter had generously besought me to follow, much less the arguments by which Walter Drummond appealed to my reason, I was incapable of answering either. I only knew that the younger man had been my friend, possibly my lover; but that I could never wish him to be dearer or more near—his friendship sufficed me,

perhaps, even less—for since he claimed me so boldly, I shrank from him with an invincible repugnance. His rapacity and want of delicacy, albeit for my sake, disgusted and mortified me deeply; his reading of my thoughtless encouragement in times past was humiliating to hear; his judgment of his rival's forbearance and generosity, of his noble motives and deeds—both narrow and mean. Although I could not have put my hurried thoughts, my confused sensations into words, I felt an instinct of aversion so strong, that if my choice must lie between the two men, I knew now that he, at least, could never be my husband.

"Do you consent, Sylvia?" he impatiently demanded, annoyed, I suppose, at my silence and stolidity. "Will you do as I have said?"

"I cannot," I faltered.

"Ah!" he sneered, "then wealth and luxury are, indeed, as powerful with you as I had thought them. I know the temptation is strong; with a million of money, what a setting might not your beauty receive! Truly, it would be pleasant to reign like a queen in this charming little palace, and to find every whim gratified as soon as formed, like the Beast's fair bride in the fairy tale. Better, no doubt, to you than to be the wife of a poor professional man, absorbed in the struggle of the world. Forgive the error, but I thought your nature impassioned, not frivolous, and fancied love might be something to you!"

I could have answered his sarcasm with tears; his anger with passionate avowal: my heart ached with such an empty, longing pain under his words. "It is much," I could have said; "it should be all, if you but offered anything so sweet and so divine. But this that you bring me is not love; pique or admiration it may be, vanity and self-interest it surely is. No pure or gentle feeling so dictated softens your hard glance, or speaks in the milder modulation of your tones. Even your friendship, once so prized, I doubt, if it wears this form and holds this language. True love is modest, generous, and gentle; I have seen it to-night for the first time, and recognized it by those attributes in the man you so despise. If it is this you would have me seek, how can I turn from him and follow you?"

I could have said all this, I mean, could I have had strength to pronounce it, or even to arrange my thoughts in collected form—but the words remained unspoken, the meaning unexplained, for, in truth, I was fast sinking into insensibility. I heard Walter's voice impetuously, almost angrily, urging me to answer, and



Mr. Harter, in a tone that thrilled me even then, proving how severely, by that long suspense, his partial endurance had been tried, repeat once more, entreatingly, its formula, "Sylvia, choose!" and then I heard no more. My heavy head sunk lower and lower to Mrs. McDonald's lap, and all worldly trouble swept by me like a wave.

When next I raised it, two faces only were bending over me—two faces that had nothing in common but a look of anxiety and dismay. One was young, smooth, refined, even passably handsome; once it had been pleasant and welcome to me in its kindness; but under this new phase of vision, it seemed hard, and eager, and cold. The other, with rougher lineaments, but softened and warmed by a feeling almost divine,

bent above me with pity and tenderness like an angel's. Love alone, most gentle, most compassionate, purest, and least selfish of earthly passions, had eternalized that older and more rugged face, till it wore a beauty the youthful one never knew. I could not reason, nor think, nor weigh and ponder, had I felt disposed; for a time sense and memory were in abeyance, and I realized only that a shadowy trouble overhung me, from which I sought protection. By a blessed impulse of instinct, I stretched out my hands, not to the wealth with which Mr. Harter might fill them; not to the husband I had wedded in haste by a contract which pride compelled me to ratify; but to the love in that kind face and noble heart, that has been my rock of refuge ever since.

## LEAVE ME NOT!

BY J. B. GARRISON JONES.

LEAVE me not! leave me not! thou art my star!

Without thee my life would be dark;

I fly to thy bosom when sorrow-clouds lower,

As the dove to the sheltering ark.

Leave me not! leave me not! others are kind,

But the light in their eyes is less true;

The Heaven of their love is o'erclouded by storms,

While thine's ever sunny and blue.

Leave me not! leave me not! thou art my joy;

I have poured all my heart's garnered store,

In one measureless flood of deep love, at thy feet,

And the angels could give thee no more.

Leave me not! leave me not! mournful thy bird

Would fold her bright wings, didst thou go;

And her songs gushing sadly, would tell but the tale

Of an o'erburdened heart in their flow.

Leave me not! leave me not! thou art my life;

By thy side I am nearer to Heaven;

The hopes of long years, and the laurels of fame,

For thy fond faith have gladly been given.

Leave me not! leave me not! canst thou forsake

The heart that to thee fondly turns

With a worship as deep as the Chaldean knows,

For his star in the broad Heaven that burns.

Leave me not! leave me not! shadows and clouds,

And a lone, weary pathway were mine;

The flowers droop and die when their light turns away—

Like a flower I have lived but in thine.

Leave me not! leave me not! by the days that are past,

Though the world is both weary and wide,

The dreariest lot, and the saddest of homes,

Were the sweetest, if shared by thy side.

## TO MY WIFE.

BY D. A. BIBB.

My heart is filled with quiet joy,

More high than that of childhood's day;

The thoughtless gladness of the boy,

Which time and sorrow swept away,

A nobler feeling doth replace,

Whene'er I gaze, beloved, upon thy placid face.

And I rejoice that few beside,

See there the beauty which I find—

For thus thou art still more my bride,

Thy life with mine more intertwined;

I stand the more from men apart,  
Thy lover, and the loved of thy devoted heart.

And since we have not wealth to tempt

Attention from the false and vile;

And since I know thy soul exempt

From earth's ambitions as its guide,

I feel, beholding other's care,

As though I were a dweller of another sphere.

But late I scorned myself, and all

My fellow denizens of earth;

Thy smile released me from a thrall,

Thy kiss bestowed a magic birth;

Thy tears, like rain to drooping trees,

Refreshed my withering soul, and brought it strength  
and peace.

And now, like one inclosed within

A crystal fortress, safe from harm,

I look forth on the shapes of sin

That lure men, by their baleful charm,

To shame and woe, that would not be.

If each one loved some fellow-soul as I love thee.

## THE STORY OF MAGGIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM VOLUME LV., PAGE 439.

### CHAPTER XI.

THE artist had finished his work, and gone to Boston to get that and other things ready for the exhibition. Webster had breathed his last, and been "buried with the mourning of a mighty nation."

The melancholy days of autumn were fully come. The ground was already strewn with the brilliantly-dyed leaves the winds had torn, the worms had eaten; and which, on this account, were the first to fall. There were long, comfortless storms, (comfortless, that is, to the heavy-laden,) when, all the nights long, the wind was out, sighing, moaning; and Maggie, awake on her pillow, her eyes wide open upon the darkness, lay still as death, and heard every sound. She wept a great deal, tear after tear, sometimes a great rain of tears, going drop, drop, drop, on her pillow; but she made her weeping soft as possible, that she might not waken Anna. And, in all those hours, through all those weeks, she did not once wake her, or know her to be awake, so sound was her innocent, safe slumber.

By day she governed herself as well as she was able; tried to be cheerful; tried to laugh, and not look so large-eyed and haggard. She really believed, she said to herself before her mirror, that she did look haggard. Oh, dear! oh, dear! And then again her heart took up the lamentation of *Ænone*:

"Oh! mother *Ida*, many-fountained *Ida*,  
Dear mother *Ida*, hearken ere I die.  
Oh! happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
Oh! happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?  
Oh, death, death, death! thou ever-fleeting cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this earth;  
Pass by the happy souls that love to live;  
I pray thee pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul, that I may die."

It happened, I hardly know how, that Major Waters drank much worse that fall than he had ever done before; and I think that, in his mind, Maggie's increasing sadness, and altered looks, were attributed to her uneasiness and disapprobation on this account. He, therefore, became every day more rigid and sarcastic toward her. Whatever dissatisfaction Mrs. Waters or Anna might show, met only sullen indifference, or, at most, the bang of a chair, or door; while, if he only saw Maggie paler, graver than usual, his irascibility knew no bounds of decency,

but broke out with, "Don't you think you're a handsome, pleasant-looking girl, Miss Meg? That is what they all call you, I believe; Webster, and all; that popinjay of a painter, and all; handsome—our handsome daughter."

And then it was certainly horrible for Maggie to bear, when, caught by recollections of poor Alice and her mother in "*Dombey and Son*," he went on, chuckling to see with what misery it filled her, "Handsome, she's my handsome gal; she's our handsome gal, mother—our han'some gal," taking up his hat to go out.

Did she not wish the floor, the earth—oh! if the earth, kind mother earth, would open her ever-friendly bosom to hide her away from men.

At other times, she went away to attic or garden, somewhere where her mother and Anna were not likely to come, and there gave herself up to unrestrained sobbing. When the fit passed a little, she felt that, perhaps, she would die if she suffered a little more; it seemed to her that she would. At any rate, the strength of her youth was gone; the summer of her life, the joy and gladness, were ended. Moaning, she said that if only her father would be kind to her, it would give her a little strength, courage. Whatever else he might be, even if he were ten, a hundred times further gone in his habits of intemperance, she would be glad to be taken to his arms and comforted, supported—for she had never, never loved him as she did then. The love she, as a child, felt for him was as a drop to the full flood. And then to have him so hard, so unkind toward her; and again the tears and sobs came. But she had no strength, and they soon passed; and she sat like one stunned, looking out into the trees shining with wet, swinging and tossing in the wind.

By-and-by, she began to say to her mother and Anna that she could not stay at home, her father was so harsh toward her. She would die, she told them. But she thought that if she went to Manchester, where great-aunt Hester was in her house alone, now John was gone, she would feel better; and, perhaps, he would miss her, when she was gone, and understand how cruel he had been to her. She forbade their saying anything to him about these reasons, as, in the state he was then, it would only irritate him

more, and make him say new things to her; and what she wanted, she told them, was not to hear one more unpleasant word spoken in her home; she did not want to have one more to think about now, or after she was gone.

It caused them many misgivings. The mother's heart ached with pity for her child. So did Anna's; and Charley was so brotherly in his attentions, so helpful, as to seal her gratitude forever. She could praise him now in a way to satisfy even Anna, and so to cement the sisterly bond as to make it hard for Anna to give her up.

"It is hard to have you go, sister Maggie," she would say; "but I think myself it is the best thing you can do. I think it is more likely to stop father where he is than anything else; and so does Charley. After you have been gone a day or two, we are going to take the time when we used to be singing our Sunday-hymns, (he has always seemed to like those, you know,) and tell him that you went because you suffered so. If that don't stop him, I don't know of anything that will. But I think it will; and Charley does, too, because he sees what we all know, that you are, after all, the one he always has loved most, and always will. But do you think you are able to go?"

"Yes," with sobbing voice, Maggie answered.

Seeing how she felt, Anna refrained from saying anything more about her going; but busied herself helping her, packed the trunk herself, because when one was going away, and was sad, that was the hardest thing to do.

She wrote to great-aunt Hester, telling her that her sister was coming; and that, of all the sisters anybody had, she was the dearest, best! always doing something for others, or wanting to; the best dispositioned girl in the world.

"I'm happy!" Maggie kept saying, as the train bore her on, past the brown meadows, past the leafless elms, past the last fields she knew; and she said so, thinking of her father; of the resolute hand put out to keep Charley back, (when the latter would strap her trunk and see it off to the near station,) and afterward working with its mate, to strap it himself and see it off; thinking of the stumbling steps, made to stumble this time by the tears in his eyes blinding him; of the dear chin quivering as he looked into her face at parting, and many times before that day. "I'm happy!" she said; but, for all that, she had, nearly the whole journey, to keep wiping the tears behind her veil.

## CHAPTER XII.

GRAT-AUNT Hester told Maggie she believed the Lord sent her, because he knew how lone-

some she and puss were; fixing her in her best arm-chair at her pleasantest window, the one that looked upon the handsomely-curtained, plate-glass window, the balconies and ever-green trees of the Browns—and leaving her there while she went out to make her tea.

Maggie herself sitting in quiet, with her eyes on the white hands using the needle within the window of the house opposite, and on the beautiful children running with kitton and dog outside, felt as if the Lord had sent her. She wept, but without distraction; and her mind was busy with the problem of her future. She got her writing materials out, and wrote a letter; and after tea, while aunt Hester was engaged with her dishes, went out to post it.

Lying beside aunt Hester, sitting the next morning where she could see and hear her about her work, and talk with her, she rested as never before in her life she had rested; for never before had she felt so worn, in such need of rest.

When it was time for the northern mail to be in, she went out to call at the post-office, saying to herself that she did not suppose she would find anything for her, although she might, perhaps; because, before she came away from home, Anna said, "We will send you all the letters Charley gets from Mr. Butler. You must see them, they are so well worth reading. And if any more of his nice things, if they are books, or pictures, or Art Journals, come, we will send them for you to see; but if they are fruit—pears that melt in your mouth, like those he sent yesterday, I am afraid they will melt before we can get them to you. Too bad you are going!"

She found a package with Charley's elegant, bold superscription. Catching it eagerly, she hastened home; hardly heard one word aunt Hester said, when she replied, speaking a great way from the mark; and so the kind old body, after looking at her wonderingly a few times, and as often transferring her glance to puss sleeping beside her, settled down to her thoughtful hemming.

Late in the afternoon of that day, Maggie dressed and went out to walk, having asked aunt Hester the nearest way to the Amoskeag Falls bridge; and at four o'clock, five, she might have been seen, she and a gentleman, who had left the upward train at the Amoskeag station, walking with slow steps, back and forth, among the pines on the island. Occasionally they leaned against the dark stems as if to rest; but soon moved, again walking back and forth. If one had been near enough, one would have seen that their faces looked shocked, sad beyond

description; that she, if used to weeping when so sad, did not weep then; and if one could have seen her heart, one would have learned that it was because she would not let him see one sign of suffering it was possible for her to suppress; his anguish was so great, it so far transcended hers.

Reclining again awhile as if to rest, gather strength, they left the island, recrossed the bridge, both bridges, and from there it was not a very long way to aunt Hester's; for her house was in that beautiful portion of the city called up-town. At a street-corner near, after a long hand-clasp, a long look in each other's face, they parted.

Maggie was glad, when she entered, to find aunt Hester sitting in the dim light of her coal-fire only. She told her so. "Good aunt Hester!" she said, "I'm glad you enjoy sitting in the fire-light. I like it dearly."

They sat and talked of different members of the family—especially of John and Herbert in their far-distant homes; and aunt Hester, who was famous for "looking on the sunny side," said many of her jovial things, hearing in return no sound of laughter, hearing only the gentle, pensive answers, inquiries, which seemed to her strange in one so young.

### CHAPTER XIII.

MAGGIE, in the succeeding days, tried to brighten; walked in the clear air, and even in the storms, the cold wind and the snow felt so good on her forehead, to get a little of the color of health into her cheeks; tried not to open her eyes to such width; standing before aunt Hester's great old-fashioned mirror, wished she could for a little while look and appear as she used to, for his sake, he felt so bad. She would die for him, if that would make him forget her, (after he had been up once more,) and be as happy as if he had never seen her. To die would be a little thing to do for him, if it would make him happy.

We know, nearly the whole adult world, both sexes, knows what kind of desecration goes on in married homes all over our land, under certain circumstances of pride, ambition, love of pleasure, so-called, under pleas of poverty, and little mouths enough already to feed; and what, outside this abused relation, goes on under the dread of shame, disgrace. They know, we all do, that the mighty wrong is becoming every year more and more common; that even among Christian men and women, health and virtue are, in its consummation, thrown to the winds,

with tears, perhaps; perhaps the woman weeps, but she does her deed, nevertheless.

"It is over, and she is safe!" so the woman said, going outside to speak to one, a gentleman, who for hours had been slowly pacing the side-walk in the dark. "Over, and she's safe!" When he bowed his head low, and was gone.

She sat next day in aunt Hester's arm-chair, too weak to hear many words from aunt Hester; although, whenever the excellent woman came to bring her tea-and-toast, to see to the fire, or to her shawl, she gave her a few smiles, worth a million of words, aunt Hester thought; they were such happy smiles! such happy, happy smiles! So, out in the dining-room, she talked to her cat, half-attentive, half-asleep in a cushioned-chair near her—a habit she had acquired out of her social nature and half-solitary life.

"The sickest-looking child you ever saw, Miss Puss, she was when Mrs. Holt came in. Well she came just when she did. She's a woman all Manchester knows for her goodness to the sick; could do everything; get the doctor—your and my doctor, puss, and he's the best man and the best doctor in Manchester—and all I could do was to keep the teeth from chattering out of my head, and pile in coal and wood, and rub my hands, so that I might get warm, and, perhaps, know something, do something. Ah! your mistress is getting older and older. She used to be the warmest, spryest, when there was the most to do; now she isn't any better than a frozen log. Mrs. Holt had to do all for the poor girl. She shan't go out any more in the evening and in the storm; going out, if it snows ever so hard, blows ever so hard, facing it—she shan't do it any more. When she gets well, if she tries it, you must hold her tight with both your claws, and with your great white teeth. You know how, puss. We, between us, must hold her, keep her in, or her father and mother will be requiring her life at our hands; at my hands, pussy, at your paws and your white teeth."

She was talking low. She did not expect anybody to hear her but puss; and puss was such a sleepy-head. She had a good mind to box her ears to wake her fairly, and make her understand that it was a thing of some importance she was saying to her. But Maggie heard her, and laughed.

"Laughing? You laughing?" said aunt Hester, coming in; "it's worth more than all the money John and Herbert both will get while they are gone, to hear you laugh like that—"

why! and to see you look as you used to, too."

"Do I?"

"Yes you do; and you haven't once before since you've been here. I've looked at you a hundred times; and sometimes it seemed to me, for a minute, that it was somebody else, sent here to cheat the old woman, because John was off in Kansas. Your being sick has made you well. It is so sometimes, I've heard folks say."

After she went out, Maggie could not resist the desire she felt to see herself looking as she used to. When she reached the mirror, and saw for herself that the haggard look was all gone, that softness reigned in its stead, that her eyes looked natural, and that, although paler than she used to be, a bright-red spot had its seat on her cheeks—she could have wept for gratitude; because now, when he came in to see her, (he was coming at four o'clock, the note brought by Mrs. Holt, in the course of the day, had told her,) he would feel better about her.

She wished she could be rid of the great shawl, the dressing-gown, and be dressed as he used to see her. He was going back to Boston in the last train; and they were never, never to meet again, if they lived ever so many years. She wished she could look as if she were as well as she used to be, as hap— only, the sobbing breaths with which she left the word half-uttered, faintly expressed the sorrow that must evermore lie on her heart. Evermore, after she had shown him this once how she looked like her old self, so that he might go away rid of a portion of his anxiety and remorse on her account, must her heart lie hidden in its penitence and grief. Evermore, with every breath of her changed life, would she pray to be forgiven, to be received at last, pure, among God's angels; even among those that came nearest the throne, nearest the beloved feet, in the host that came up "through much tribulation."

Merciful thoughts of God, of the Saviour, of life—of life here, and life on the other side of death—were in her mind; thoughts increasing in clearness, strength; thoughts rising as if on wings to the mercy-seat, bringing back swift messages of pardon, peace.

After a few hours of this tough conflict, when she looked for her suffering she could not find it; could find only the love that, in her own breast, and over all the earth, seemed swallowing her and all the world; the dear world! the dear, groping, stumbling, sinning world; but the world where "the Lord reigned," and would, in his appointed time, bring everything into

willing obedience to his loving, wise requirements.

She must speak to him of these things; must let him see how, thinking of them made her happier, (no sobbing, half-utterance of the word now,) happier than one year ago she would have believed the whole world, and heaven itself added to it, could have made her.

So she went to the mirror no more, not even when the minute to bring him had come. But she sat wrapped in her shawl and dressing-gown; gave him her hand, smiled, told him how much better she felt, and to what content she looked forward, and to what usefulness; how kind she meant to be to everybody, because there was so much suffering, of one kind or another, in every heart; how kind she would be if she saw anybody, man or woman, going wrong; how she would help them to be saved, just by her tenderness toward them. She longed to see her dear father, she told him. She meant to show him how she loved him when she went home, and this would be in a few days now; told him what sacred things home, duty, life, seemed to her; implored him to feel this, and to do his best for his home, and to bring his wife, who really had capacity, into a higher, holier life. If he found he could not, he must not allow himself to be fretted, made really unhappy; for One reigned, and he must leave her in His hand, doing his part patiently, faithfully; and, for the rest, doing his best—"your best!" she said, at his art; and he must be kind to every poor creature he saw.

At parting she stood before him as a being glorified. He could have worshiped her; but he went away worshiping God—a better worship.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE Saviour was most tender, loving, true, as He ever is, if we knew it. Out of the bitter travail of this young soul did He bring her forever into His fold, to be Himself, forevermore, whether she lived or died, her shepherd.

But death was not far off. Although she did not know it, I suppose the spirit was already disrobing itself of its clay vestures; was even already robing itself anew for the world of light; and that this was why the ills, even the shame of her body, faded away from her consciousness, as the darkness fades, and must fade, before the light of a resplendent morning.

"I shall go home in a few days," she said to herself, and to aunt Hester. "By Saturday I shall be able to go, good aunt Hester."

She wrote to tell them at home that she had

been sick, but was better. She wanted to get home, she wrote, to let them all see, father and all, how much better she was, how happy she was. She was so happy she could not express it in words, if she tried all the rest of the days of her life; but they should all see, father and all, father above all, how she loved them, how she loved the Father of the whole universe, and how happy she was.

Knowing that her last letter from her home, and especially the long silence since, had made her brother Herbert uneasy about her, she wrote to him, a long, loving letter, telling him what hope she felt for their poor father, and for everybody; urging him to take a great deal of pains to be kind to such as had lost their way, and had none to help them find it.

#### CHAPTER XV.

"SHE looks like death. I declare, she does look like death; but I don't like to wake her and see what it is."

So, on the following morning, muttered old aunt Hester, slowly shaking her head, slowly going about to prepare her and Maggie's breakfast. "If I know what death looks like, and I guess I do. Oh! but what is your mistress troubling her old head about, puss? Puss, wiser-headed than her mistress!"

She could not, however, resist the inclination she felt to go softly, every few minutes, to look at the young girl sleeping with such heavy rings round her eyes, with eyes so sunken, mouth and cheeks so drawn.

At last she moaned, and with difficulty and agitation waked out of her heavy slumber.

In reply to aunt Hester's inquiries, she could only look up piteously, heavy-eyed, drawing hard breaths, saying, "Oh! I don't know. I don't know what does ail me, aunt Hester. You mustn't be frightened; but I do feel so—so sad. I never in all my life felt so sad—never, never! It aches so here, aunt Hester!" tremblingly rubbing her heart with her finger-points; "and you know how happy I was last night. I thought it was going to last forever; but it is gone; God is gone—I can't find him; he is gone—gone."

And then once again rose that cry, heard eighteen hundred years ago on Calvary—heard many times since, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me? If—if—" if mother was here, if father, and Anna, and Herbert, were here, she was going to say; but afraid of alarming, or, in some way, wounding aunt Hester, she suppressed the utterance, and felt the longing settle back on her heart, as it were, a great

load, hard, indeed, in her weak, dark state to bear.

But aunt Hester read the wish and the heart-ache. Arranging her pillows so as to bring her head higher; she patted her cheek, was shocked to find how cold and rigid it felt; covered the great fear with a pleasant smile, a pleasant, "There, you dear! you patient darling! Let me go into the kitchen a moment."

Now in Maggie's former visits at aunt Hester's, she had seen Mr. and Mrs. Brown at church; and from aunt Hester's windows and garden, through the trees and beautifully-flowering shrubs, and in the walks of the Browns' yard, had seen the good, cheerful parents sitting in the piazzas, or under the trees, reading, or talking, and often looking to see what the children were doing; had seen the children, beautiful fairies! running up to them with some wonderful pebble, or bit of moss, or to drag them by their fingers, or skirts, to see some flower, some butterfly, or, perhaps, some worm or bug, exquisitely colored; or, while the mother sat plying her faithful needle, had seen the father with the children at play, with ring, ball, kite, or shuttlecock; and had heard him say to her, "Come, Brownie—Effie, leave off pricking your fingers, and come and play with us wise-heads;" had seen her come, perhaps; had heard her voice, so beautiful in speaking to him, or to the children; and had said to herself and to aunt Hester that she was an angel. Since she came this time, looking to see her go out through her gate, she had, with tears in her eyes half-blinding their sight, said that she looked like a good angel; that if she was alone in the world, without a friend to go to, she would go to Mrs. Brown and tell her all, and be comforted by her.

Remembering it, and herself sharing Maggie's excellent opinion of her neighbor, aunt Hester threw on hood and shawl, and hurried across to bring her; and she came.

Looking into the poor girl's large, troubled eyes with her large, calm, inspired ones, she saw Maggie settle at once into peace. Her eyes no more wandered or shone with half-delirium. She did not weep—tears were not for her, lying there at such ending of her earthly life; about to cross over to the other side, where she would meet her God, her Saviour. Ah, yes! there again was "the name above all other names," the dear name, that brought the sudden rain of tears to put out the fires of remorse and dread. He, on the cross, tortured, forsaken, crying out in His great agony that brought the sweat, as it were great drops of blood—was not He the one

to be with her then in her dread hour, to turn it into one of peace, even of triumph, through Him, through His agony in His last hour? With what clearness she now understood the intention and uses of that death, that whole blessed life; how her tears ran, and yet how great was her comfort! Verily, if such things could once in awhile be said in our pulpits, (and out of them, when lay members meet to talk over matters,) as Effie Brown heard, at intervals, that morning, through that day, and that night, until the beautiful dawn of the next-day morning, from the lips almost done with earth. I think those who heard could not fail to understand that there is something in this Christ, this cross, this agony and crying out, that they as yet understand but dimly, and that it certainly behooves them to look into.

At intervals, I said; for the physician was sent for, and came—a humane man, who had his brows knit with anger toward the world, so filled with wrongs and dangers for such as Maggie; but at the same time had on his features the light of a heavenly compassion for his patient. In a few rugged sentences, wrung out of him by Maggie's request, and by his own burning sympathies, he let Mrs. Brown see the whole matter.

"A sudden sickness, with fever and threatened delirium;" this was all Mrs. Brown told Maggie's family in her hurried morning dispatch. It was about all the physician told them when they came; all they were ever to know; for this was Mrs. Brown's command to physician and nurse.

The mother, the father, (his heart broken,) came on the next train; Anna, and one whom the dying one little expected, Herbert, came later.

Herbert knew the world better than our poor, truthful, innocent Maggie did; and he had besides, quick, refined intuitions, which were nearly equal to the gift of prophecy. He was, therefore, uneasy about Maggie, even before the last, so greatly changed letter, and the long silence afterward; and it was this that started him off on the long, tedious journey.

He reached home on the day before; and each particular he heard there went to build up his alarm.

In the rooms, at aunt Hester's, his misery and dread stifled him. He could endure what he saw, and especially what he dreaded, only by going out often, and letting the keen north wind strike with hard blows his forehead, his breast.

One time, on returning, at the side door he saw talking with the nurse, a gentleman with a

face like a dead man's for pallor, and with such anguish depicted in it as it had never before entered into his heart to conceive. He saw Mr. Brown come over from his own house, take the gentleman's hand and held it clasped in silence; saw Mrs. Brown appearing from within to join them.

Convinced from these particulars, that, whatever the circumstances of the case were, they were known to the Browns, he, upon their entrance, wormed a little out of them; and for an hour was like one gone mad; could not see the poor one; did not, until, going out to find Mr. Butler at his hotel, the latter showing him his face of misery, assuaged Herbert's rage and pain by something like this, out of Mrs. Brown's "Drama of Exile:"

"Were ye wronged by me,  
Hated, and tempted, and undone by me—  
Still what's your hurt to mine of doing hurt,  
Of hating, tempting, and so ruining?  
This sword's hilt is the sharpest, and cuts through  
The hand that wields it;"

then they wept together, like two brothers, in each other's arms; and Herbert was trying with his might to comfort the other.

And now could he hasten with swift feet to see his darling; could kiss her again, again and again, calling her by all the dearest names he could find in his heart, that was overflowing with them; could tell her that he felt all this love for her—a love, he told her, compared with which the old affection was as a feather, because he knew how she had suffered. He had seen him, (speaking it softly at her ear,) and he had told him all.

Upon this profounder became her gratitude and peace. Only—only one moment she was shaken, in giving Herbert the last message for him.

She died as her birthday was dawning; and Herbert, remembering what she had said of the day in one of her letters to him, brought flowers, when they had "laid her out," to crown her with them; and a simple evergreen-wreath, such as he had so many times seen her twining, to hang on the wall above her.

The parents and Anna went up next day; Herbert remained to go up with "the body."

Another, a haggard man, muffled high, went up on the night-train, left the cars at the upper station; and when the villages were asleep, went down the country road, and to the house where, through the curtains, a light shone dimly, and lay there with his heart and forehead to the snow, so prostrate was his spirit, so goaded. Tearing him limb from limb would have been as nothing to it, he said within himself, lying there, cursing the day on which he was born.

Old aunt Hester and the Browns went up on the day of the burial.

What Maggie's minister felt, standing in sight of the white robe, the flowers, the white, white face, the folded hands, on which lay an air of such heavenly repose as to keep him inwardly weeping, was that life had gone too hard with her, as it does with thousands upon thousands of tender souls, and had worn her out. So he said about the right things concerning the dear one, concerning life, properly so-called. If he had known all that one there could have told him—the stranger sitting at the still one's feet, constantly weeping beneath her veil—I doubt if he could have spoken at all, the fate would have seemed so cruel.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

From this time Herbert returned to Kansas no more, but had his home and business at Manchester, (as John had, who returned soon after;) and Herbert and Mr. Butler were friends, in the best meaning of the oft-perverted term. The latter began to paint "the human face divine"—the human face as yet undivine; painted such a Magdalen as you never saw, unless you have seen his—and such a Christ! His paintings, as all the world saw, were chiefly of sorrowful women, hungry women, women burdened heavily in body, women with no burden perceptible, but, in looking, you felt how drear the weight was on their spirits.

I hardly know how it was with Mrs. Butler, but I think if we were to ask any of her acquaintances about her, they would shrug their shoulders, and answer, "Oh! I guess she's Mrs. Butler still. I guess you would find her so!"

Not a weed can the mother, or Anna, or Charley Edgerly, (Squire Edgerly now,) ever find on the grave of Maggie; the father, a good, sober man now, picks the first leaves of them all. But they and Anna's children, one of whom they call Maggie, may often be seen laying flowers upon the grave, hanging wreaths

upon the stone. And not once do they omit it when her birth and burial-day comes round, even if paths must be opened through the deep snow-drifts to admit them to the spot. Then it is, "Aunt Maggie, aunt Maggie!" At no time is her name heard so often among them as in that season when with joy they are already welcoming the approaching seasons of Christmas and New-Year.

"There are the elms aunt Maggie used to think were so beautiful—and they are," the children say, nothing but their hats and their glowing faces showing above the sleigh-robos. This is on Christmas or New-Year mornings, when their father, making best use of that pause in his busy life, is taking Anna and the children out for a drive in the frosty air. "And there's the hill where she and mamma, and uncle Herbert used to go after berries, with the little baskets we've got now. Only we don't use aunt Maggie's," they add, with lowered tones. "That hangs up with a beautiful wreath on it—a beautiful wreath the beautiful Mrs. Brown made."

In Mrs. Brown's garden, in the summer, in her conservatory, in the winter, blooms one plant she cherishes more tenderly than all the rest: it is the rose that used to be Maggie's.

In aunt Hester's rooms, (which are hardly lonely now, with "her two great boys," as she calls John and Herbert, coming and going, and with Irish Ellinor at work in kitchen and dining-room,) the quaint-hearted old lady sits at her knitting or her hemming, and saying to her cat, "You knew her, puss. You've lain more than once, with your sleepy head on your paws, in her lap, dozing and purring in great comfort. You never had such frolics with anybody as you had with her one time, when you were a kitten, and she was a young girl, as full of play as a kitten. This is what makes the boys like you so; what made Herbert bring home that handsome necklace to you the other day? We all make a queen of you, you see: but you mustn't think it is all on account of your being so amazing clever, for it isn't."

#### THE WIFE'S SONG.

I live to-day on yesterday,  
Since my true-love's away;  
The morning red, so bright o'erhead,  
Ere long will shade to gray;  
But naught mind I, or clock or sky,  
Too long the minutes stay.

I live to-day on yesterday,  
Since my true-love's away;  
He whistled long his parting song,

Full sweet was his delay;  
Aton he put his sandals on,  
And vanished in the gray.

I live to-day on yesterday,  
Since my true-love's away;  
But, hark! I hear him caroling,  
"Sweet wife, be always gay;"  
I hear no more, at the open door,  
He kisses my words away!

D. E. A.



## FOURTH OF JULY IN JONESVILLE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

DEAR MR. PETERSON

A FU daze before the 4th Betsey Babbet come in to our house in the mornin, and sez she. "Have u heard the nuze?" "No!" sez I pretty brief for I was jest putten in the ingreiances to a 6 quart pan loaf of fruit cake and on them occasions I want my mind cool and unruffled. "Aspine Todd has concluded to deliver the oration" sez she "Aspine Todd! Who's he?" sez I coolly. "Josiah Allens wife," sez she, "hove u fergot the sweet poem that thrilled us so in the Jonesville Augur a few weeks sence?" "I haint been thrilled by no poem," sez I with an icy face pourin in my melted butter. "Then it must be you haint never saw it, I hove got the poem in my portmoney and I will read it to ye," sez she not heedin the dark frown gatherin on my eye brow. "Some think," she contintude "that he has read my poems in the Gimlet, and in this delikit and cautious manner is makin overtoors fer my freendship and oacquaintance. I dont know, I am sure, I dont say it is so; but I will say, when I read the poem I had feelins I never had before—and if fate is threwin of us together—but to return to the poem, if there is enything I dote on it is a poem that the common masses cant understand. and this is so beautifully misty—so sweetly vague,—but I wont keep you from the treat eny longer," sez she, and she begun to read—

### A QUESTIONIN SAIL SENT OVER THE MYSTIC SEA

BY ASPINE TODD

So the majestic thunder bolt of feeling  
Out of our inner lives, our unseen beings flow  
Vague dreams revealing  
Oh is it so? Alas! or no,  
How be it—Ah! How so?

Is matter going to rule the deathless mind  
What is matter? Is it indeed so?  
Oh truths combined;  
Do the 'magaloi theoi' still tower to and fro—  
Now do they move? How flow?

Monstrous—æeriform, phantoms sublime,  
Come with your Cadmien teeth, and my soul gnaw,  
Through chiliasms of time;  
Transendantely and renorslessly gnaw,  
By what agency? Is it a law?

Mournful, enormous, shadows immense,  
Why do ye leer at me, oh so mockingly,  
Through vapors dense;  
Who is the phantom? How does it see?  
How strange! Alas! to be—to be.

Perish the vacuous in huge immensities,  
Hurl the broad thunderbolt of feeling free,  
The vision dies:  
So billie the bellowing surf upon the mystic sea,  
Is it indeed so? Alas! Ah me.

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"Haint it deep," sez she as she finished readen it. "Deep," sez I, "I wish" sez I, lookin keenly into her virgin face, "I wish it wuz deeper." I didnt say where I wished it wuz, but she read the dark meaning of my brow as I struck the choppin knife impressivly down on the raisins in my choppin bowl, and she said no more, and started fer home, in a few minutes.

The celebration wuz held in Mr. Peedicks sugar bush, and was a very good place. I was on the ground in good season, when I have to go through jobs that I dread, I am for lookin em straight in the face, takin em by the forelock, and grapplin with em at once. I dont believe in Pick nicks and celebrations, especially for old married folks, but Josiah was determined, and the children didn't give me no peace, so I went, and as I said I was one of the first on the spot, and as for vittles, if I do say it there was'nt any better than mine, nor more ov em accordingly.

Pretty soon the folks began to come, and kept a comin. I had'nt no idee there could be so many folks skairt up in Jonesville. I thought to myself, I wonder if they'd flock out so to a prayer meetin. But they kept a comin, all kinds of folks in all kinds of vehicles, from a 4 horse team down to peacible lookin men and women drawin baby wagons, with 2 babies in most of em. The United States in the form of young women with their names on blue sashes, was drawn into the grove with 6 horses, Vermont and Rhode Island settin in front with the driver. They looked pretty as pinks, only New York fell in getting out, and spraint her ankle, and went lame all day.

One great double wagon trimmed with cedar, and so full ov men, women, and children that it seemed as if some ov em must spill out—had a flag with "We Come," printed on it in great letters. I thought to myself, that haint nesary, dont we realize only too deeply that you have come, and that you keep a comin.

There was a stagin built of boards in most the center of the grove and most all the leadin men of Jonesville, as they come went up on it, and sot down.

It was most noon when Aspine Todd walked slowly on to the ground arm in arm with the Editor of the Augur. If the eyes that was

leveled at him, was muskets he would have been a dead man so quick he never would have realized what hurt him.

Countin 2 eyes to a person and the exceptions are triflin, there was at least 700 and 50 eyes aimed at him as he walked through the croud. He looked as if he knew it, but was determined to live above it. He was dressed in a new shinin suit of black, his complexion was light, his hair which was just turned from white, was combed straight back from his ferhead and hung down long over his coat collar. He had a long moustashe, about the color of his hair, only beering a little more on the sandy, and a couple of pale blue eyes with a pair of spectacles over em.

As he walked up the stagin behind the Editor of the Augur the band struck up playing "Hail to the Chief that in triumph advances."

The Editor of the Augur come forward as soon as the band stopped playin, and sez he "Fellow citizens of Jonesville, I have the honor and the privilege of presentin to you the Oriter of the Day, Aspine Todd!"

Mr. Todd imegiately come forward, and made a low bow.

"Bretherin and sisters of Jonesville," sez he, "friends and patrons of Liberty, In rising upon this acriter, I have signified by that act, a desire and a willingness to adress you. I am not here fellow and sister citizens, to outrage your feelings by trifling remarks, I am not here male patrons of Liberty to lure your noble, and you female patrons, your tender, footsteps into the flowery fields of useless rhetorical eloquence; I am here, noble brothers and sisters of Jonesville, not in a mephitical manner, and I trust not in a mentorial—but I am here to present a few plain truths, in a plain manner for your consideration. My friends we are in one sense but tennifolious blossoms of life—or if you will pardon the tergiversation—we are all but minorating tenuirosters, hovering upon an illnition of mythoplasm."

"Jess so" said old Peedick, who was settin on a bench rite under the speakers stand, with his fat red face lookin up shinin with enthosaism, (and the brandy he had took to honor the old revolutionary hero's) "Jess so, so we be."

Aspine looked down on him in a troubled kind of a way for a minute, and then he went on.

"Noble inhabitants of Jonesville, we are actinolic beings, each of our soles like the acalphia, radiate a circle of prismatic tentacles, showing the divine irridescent essence of which composed are they."

"Jess so!" shouted old Peedick, "jess so."

"And if we are content to moulder out our

existence, like fibrous reticulated polypus, clinging to the crustaceous crusts of custom, if we cling not, like soaring prytaes to the phantoms that lower their sceptres down through the murky waves of retrogression, endeavoring to lure us upward in the scale of progressive being—in what esential degree do we differ from the acalphia?"

"Jess so," sez old Peedick, looking round defiantly on the audience, "There he has got you, how can they?"

Aspine Todd stopped agin, looked down on Peedick, and put his hand to his brow in a wild kind of a way fer a minute, and then went on—

"Let us, noble bretheren in the broad brotherhood of humanity, let us rise, let us prove ourselves superior to the acalphia——"

"Yes, less," sez old Peedick, "less prove ourselves"

"Let us shame the actinice"——

"Yes Jess so, less shame him!" sez old Peedick: and in his enthosaism he got up and holered agin, "Less shame him!"

Aspine stopped agin, drank several swallers of water—and then whispered a few words to the Editer of the Augur, who imegiately came forward and sed—"Although it is a scene of touching beauty to see an old gentleman, and a bald headed one, so carried away with his feelings, so in love with eloquence, and to give such remarkable proofs of it at his age, still as it is the request of my young friend, and I am proud to be permitted to say 'my young friend,' in regard to one gifted in so remarkible a degree; at his request I beg to be permitted to hint—that if the old gentleman, the bald headed old gentleman of age—whom I respect—I admire—I confide in, if he will, if he can, concal his admiration, supress his applause, the bald headed old gentleman in the linen coat will confer a favor, on my gifted young friend, and through him indirectly to Jonesville—to America—and the great cause of humanity throughout the length and breadth of the country."

Here he made a low bow and sat down.

Aspine continue his piece without any more interuption, till most the last, he wanted the public of Jonesville to "drown black care in the deep waters of oblivion, mind not her agonizing throes of desolving being—let the deep waters cover her black head—and march onward." Then the old gentleman forgot himself and sprang up and hollered—"Yes dround the black cat—hold her head under—don't mind her screamin, there'l be cats enough left in the world—less dround her."

Aspine finished in a few words and sot down

lookin gloomy and morbid. Imedately after the oration, Doctor Bombus was called on to make a few remarks. He is a large portly fair lookin man—with a gold headed cane—he rose with his face shinin like the new moon—and sez he

“My friends this is a proud day for Liberty, Jonesville has took her by the hand to day, and Jonesville duz nothing by the halves—My friends, I don’t want to boast, I scorn boasting—but my friends where in the broad illimitless universe, will you find another country like ourn? where milk and honey flows spoutainously for the refreshin of the nations, Milk and honey do I say? Merely them? Have wo not gushing fountains of petrolium—oceans of coal oil, enough to float all the envious nations of the old world in, curreants of spoutainous gas, upon which our emblem, our proud eagle can rise and glare defiantly down upon the prostrate monarchies. Then look at our mines, of gold and silver and iron, enormous enough to make chains of to lash the tottering dynasties of the old world to the chariot wheels of our young republic, and draw them like slaves along on the onward march of empire—that thunders on as the poet observes—‘On blackest steed—with hoof of iron, and bit of speed.’ Never! Never! was there a country like ourn, and like a pearl softly nestling in a bed of rare roses lies Jonesville, the gem, and pride of that country. Nestling down among her environing hills, that stand like sentinals around her, warning off with thier granite fingers the vicious and the vile, rises she. Never was there such a climate as hern, combining so liberally the hardiness of the frigidis, with the soft sweetness of the tropics. Never was there such a soil, such land, (Doctor Bombus has a good many lots for sale in Jonesville) never was there such soil. Who wouldn’t own a home in this elysium, what is filthy lucre compared to these advantages.” Here he stopped and looked at his watch, “I see” sez he, “that I am devouring to much of the valuable time of the far famed and glorious 4th of July—inestimable casket which wraps up the sparkling twin jewels of Independence and Liberty—I am devouring time which men of abler-bodied intellects, might employ perhaps with more flowry rhetoric, but not—not my friends, with more pure—with more disinterested—with more patriotic motives. My friends I will close, in the words of another, I care not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.”

As soon as he set down, Lawyer Nugent got up, and said, that “whereas the speaking was

foreclosed—or in other words finished—he motioned they should adjourn to the dinner table, as the fair committee had signified, by a snowy signal, that fluttered like a dove of promise above waves of emerald—(he meant a towel hung upon a tree) that dinner was forthcoming—whereas, he motioned they should adjourn *sine die*, to the aforesaid table.”

The dinner was good, but there was an awful crowd round the tables, and I was glad I wore my old lawn dress, Tirzah wanted me to dress in silk, but I jst put my foot down on that at once, and I was glad I did, for the children was thick, and so was bread and butter, and sass of all kinds, and jell tarts; and I haint no shirk, I jst plunged into the heat of the battle as you may say—waitin on the children, and the spots on my dress skirt would have been too much for any body that couldn’t count 40, to say nothin about old Peedick steppin through the back breadth, and Betsey Bobbet ketchin hold of me, and rippin it off of the waist as much as  $\frac{1}{2}$  a yard. And then a horse started up behind the widow Tubbs, as I was bendin down in front of her to get something out of a basket, and sho weighin above 200, was percipitated onto my straw bonnet, jammin it down almost as flat as it was before it was braided. I come off pretty whole in other respects, only about 2 yards of the ruffin of my black silk cape was tore off by 2 boys who got to fitin behind me, and bein blind with rage tore it off, thinken they had got holt of each other’s hair. There was a considerable number of toasts drank. I cant remember all of em but among em was these.

“THE EAGLE OF LIBERTY—May her quills lengthen till the proud shadow of her wings shall rest on every land.”

“THE 4TH OF JULY—The star which our old forefathers tore from the ferocious mane of the howling lion of England, and set in the calm and majestic brow of *E pluribus unum*—may it gleam with brighter and brighter radence till the lion shall hide his dazzled eyes, and cower like a stricken lamb at the feet of *E Pluribus*.”

“THE JONESVILLE ACADEMY—Well of deep love, disseminating its sparkling waters over parched and thirsty intelects; may it never dry up.”

“DOCTOR BOMBUS—Our respected citizen, he who tenderly ushers us into a world of trial, and professionally, and scientificolly assists us out of it—may his troubles be as small as his morfeen powders, and the circle of his joys as well rounded as his pills.”

“THE PRESS OF JONESVILLE—The Gimlet and

*the Augur.* May they perforate the crust of ignorance, with a gigantic hole, through which blushing civilization can sweetly peer into futurity."

"THE FAIR SECT—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of thier countrymen, may them that love them flourish, and may them that hate them, dwindle down as near to nothing as the bonnets of the aforesaid."

That toast was Lawyer Nugents. Aspine Todds was the last.

"THE LUMINOUS LAMP OF PROGRESSION—whose sciaetherical shadows falling upon earthly matter, not promoting seiolism, or sieicity, may it illumine humanity as it tordigradly floats from matters aynous wastes to minds majestic and oppyrous climes."

The Editor of the Gimlet then rose, and sez he, "before we leave this joyous grove, I have a poem I wish to read you. It is dedicated to the Goddess of Liberty, and is transposed by another female, who modestly desires her name not to be mentioned any further than the initials B. B.

Before all causes East or West  
I love the Liberty cause the best,  
I love its cheerful greetings;  
No joys on earth can e'er be found  
Like those pure pleasures that abound  
At Jonesville Liberty meetings.

Before all people East and West,  
I love the Liberty men the best,  
Thier accents mildly spoken;  
Can harmless make the poisoned bowl,  
Build up the wounded, and control  
The hearts that's almost broken.

To all the world I give my hand,  
My heart is with that noble band,  
The Jonesville Liberty brothers;  
May every land preserved be,  
Each clime that dotes on Liberty,  
Jonesville before all others.

The pick nick never broke up till most night, I went home before it broke—and if there ever was a beat out cretur I was, I jest dropped into a rocking chair, and sez I, "there neednt be another word sez—I never will go to another 4th as long as my name is Josiah Allens wife."

"Mother you haint patriotick enuff," sez Thomas J., "you dont love your country."

"I dont know what good it duz the nation, to have me all torn to pieces," sez I "look at my dress! look at my bonnet, and cape, any one had ought to be a iron clad to stand it—and look at my dishes," sez I.

"I guess the old heroze of the revolution went through more than that," sez he. "Wall I haint a old hero" sez I. Sez he "You can honor em, cant you. "Honor em" sez I, "I wonder what good it has done to old Mr. Layfayette to have my new earthen pie plates smashed to bits, and a couple of tines broke off of one of my best forks. What good has it done to Thomas Jefferson" sez I, growin excited, "what good has it done him to have my lawn dress tore off of me by Betsy Bobbet. What benefit has it been to John Adams, or Isaih Putnum to have old Peedick step through it," Sez I, "what honor has it been to George Washington to have my straw bonnet flatted down tight to my head. I am sick of this talk about honorin, and liberty, and duty," sez I. "folks will make a pack horse of duty, and ride it to circuses, and bull fights if we had em— You may talk about honorin the old heroze, but if I live to another 4th I will honor em to home, and try to live till I have done honorin of em."

And when I say a thing, Mr. Peterson, I mean it.

## TO A BRIDE.

BY N. M. JOHNSON.

Years have fled since thou and I,  
Wandered by the river side;  
While the star-gems of the sky,  
Brightly glanced within the tide.  
Many a tale had we to tell  
Of the past—its smiles and tears;  
Then Hope, with her magic spell,  
Bade us speak of coming years.

Thou wouldst wish for human love;  
I would seek for earthly fame;  
Each too oft delusive prove;  
Fame at best is but a name.  
I have gained my wish, in part;  
That brief tribute hath been mine;  
But for one devoted heart,  
Gladly would I all resign.

Memory wanders far to-night,  
Seeking for that pebbly strand,  
Where, beneath the moon's soft light,  
We lingered, hand-in-hand;  
Thus we lingered, hand-in-hand;  
Dreaming of the coming years,  
Nought of fear had we to tell;  
Yet our eyes were dim with tears—  
We had met to say, "Farewell!"

Years have passed since thou and I,  
Wandered by the river side;  
Love hath lit life's Summer sky—  
Thou art now a happy bride.  
May that sky be ever bright;  
Peace and joy attend thy way,  
Till for thee earth's shadowy light,  
Brightens to the eternal day.

# MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME LV., PAGE 469.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE woman who had given Dame Tillery so much anxiety sat in the chamber she had so resolutely possessed herself of, waiting for the dinner ordered an hour before, and consuming the time as she best might with oppressive and exciting memories, which became peculiarly vivid and harassing in that place. With the royal chateau almost in sight, it was impossible to forget the time when its inmates were almost her slaves; when the daughters of France, in all their royal pride, had been compelled to receive her with honors, while all the assembled nobility of the court witnessed her triumph. Even the haughty and beautiful queen who reigned there now, had, as Dauphiness, submitted to her companionship at the royal table.

No wonder the woman walked to and fro in the mingled triumph and arrogance of these thoughts. If they brought some relief to her vanity, they were also full of bitterness, for never again could such honors and power return to her. Even now, with the scenes of her former grandeur in sight, she felt herself to be an intruder in that commonplace house, where the lowest mechanic in the town had a right to come. She knew well enough that one glimpse of her through the window might bring a mob about the house who would be glad to hunt her down. People who would formerly have considered it an honor to be soiled by the mud from her carriage-wheels, would, she felt sure, be among the first to hoot her out of town, and follow her with all sorts of coarse revilings. She knew this well, and felt it keenly, for, depraved and despotic as this woman had been, she still possessed some good impulses, and had not yet outlived that first great want of womanhood, a desire to be loved.

For once in her life, Madame Du Barry was possessed of a noble object. She had never liked Marie Antoinette in the days of her supreme popularity; but as years wore on, and troubles gathered about the throne, this woman's sympathies grew strong in her behalf. She had tasted too deeply of the sweets of power not to feel for those who were struggling that it

might not be wrested from them. Perhaps some memory of the old monarch, who had been more than generous to her, had aroused a loyal feeling for his grandson. In a wayward creature like her, it is impossible to give any act an undivided motive; but that day she had come to Versailles in a spirit of noble self-sacrifice, and was anxious to give back to the heirs of Louis the Fifteenth a portion of the wealth his prodigal hand had bestowed upon her. In the mockery of her own royal state she had become deeply enamored with the prerogative of kings.

Filled with these generous ideas, anxious to fulfill them, she walked the floor to and fro, waiting impatiently for the return of her messenger, who had found his way to the palace. The dinner was brought in, but she could not force herself to eat. The very atmosphere of the place excited so many emotions that she could neither conquer nor fling them off. For the time this woman was both loyal and munificent.

A noise in the street brought her as near the window as she dared to venture. She looked out and saw two females approaching the hotel. One was Dame Tillery, who swept her portly figure forward with a pompous swell of importance calculated to dazzle the citizens who had seen her sail through the palace-gates, where the guards saluted her with all honor; for up to that point the young Duke de Richelieu had accompanied the party. The other was Marguerite, modest, quiet, and so preoccupied with her own great happiness, that she scarcely heeded the crowd that gathered after them, or cared that Dame Tillery was making herself so absurdly conspicuous with her gorgeous compilations of dress, and by the solemn spread of her great fan, which she used as a screen or baton, as she wished to lay down a law, or keep the sun from her face.

Du Barry broke into an immoderate fit of laughter as she saw the landlady thus coming through the streets of Versailles in all the inflated glory of a reception at court. A keen sense of the ridiculous, and a coarse relish of fun, had been one of the principal charms this woman had carried with her through life. It

was, in fact, this contrast with the elaborately elegant women of the court, which had formed the chief element of her power in former years. Neither time nor misfortune had dulled this broad sense of enjoyment; she had thrown herself into a chair, and was laughing until the tears rolled down the rouge and tiny black patches on her face, when Zamara, who had undertaken to convey a message to the palace, came in and paused at the door, astonished by this outburst of hilarity.

Madame composed herself a little, and wiped the tears from her laughing face.

"Did you see her, my Zamara? Did you watch her progress down the street, wielding that green fan, kissing her hand to the crowd? Oh! it was delicious! Come here, marmosette, and tell me your news. I have not had such a laugh in years; in fact, that heavy climate of England would take the laugh out of Hebe herself. It is an enjoyment, and I feel all the better for it. Now tell me all about it."

"I have failed to reach the queen. These people were in the way, so I brought the letter back."

"Oh! that is bad! It will compel us to wait another day in this dismal place—and that I can hardly endure!" exclaimed the countess, losing all desire to laugh. "How unfortunate!"

"But that is not the worst," answered the dwarf.

"Well, what can be worse than two long days in this hole, let me have it, if that is not enough? I have learned how to bear evil tidings, as you know, rogue—so out with your news."

"Madame will, perhaps, remember a man whom she once summoned from his home in Germany—a learned physician—"

The countess put a hand up to her forehead, and seemed to search her memory; all at once she looked up.

"You mean that Dr. Gosner, with the ring?"

"Yes; that is the man."

"Well, what of him? He was sent to the Bastille; I remember it all. It seems to me that I intended to let him out; but the king died, and then all my power for good or harm ended. Of course, there was no one to intercede for him. The Bastille makes quick work with its inmates. Of course, he died."

"No, my mistress, he still lives; and the young girl you saw yonder with Dame Tillery has his release in her bosom. To-morrow he will be the lion of Paris. All France will know that a word of yours took this man from his family, and shut him up in a dungeon deep below the sewers of the street, where his best

companions have been the toads and creeping things from which human nature revolts. In this dungeon a good man, a learned man, has grown old in misery. He will come forth with hair like the drifted snow, weak and tottering, perhaps imbecile; and the people, who hate you, will cry out, 'This is the work of that monster, Du Barry. She kills souls! She had no mercy! She——'"

The countess uttered an impatient cry, and clapped both hands to her ears.

"Stop, Zamara—stop, if you have not resolved to kill me. All that was so long ago, I had almost forgotten it. Can men live so long under ground?"

"Not often; but some lives defy nature, and all that outrages it. Another man has spent half a lifetime in those hideous vaults, and come out at last to exasperate the people. This will complete their frenzy. Gosner will appear in the clubs, in the market-places, everywhere. His white hair will madden the people like a hostile banner; his white lips will tell the story of his wrongs. This will drive tears from the women, clamors of rage from the men. They will demand the author of this cruelty, and he will pronounce your name."

Madame shrunk back in her chair, white and craven with fear; the dwarf had drawn his picture with terrible force. Shuddering, she acknowledged its truth, and cried out,

"What can I do, Zamara? How can all these horrors be averted? They know that I am in France. I cannot leave; I cannot exist in that horrible England. Oh! why will all one's little errors keep upon the track so long? I had forgotten this but for the ring—you remember the ring, Zamara?"

"Yes, my mistress. It was only to-day that I saw it coiling around the queen's finger. They tell me it never leaves her hand."

"I placed it there. It was only by the ring I remembered this man Gosner at all. It was to get that I obtained the *lettre-de-cachet*. You know how I hated her then. She scorned me so, it was natural; but when the king died how forbearing she was, how generous. No insults reached me from her; all my estates were left; she crushed me beneath the grandeur of her magnanimity. Then I repented; then I would gladly have taken that fatal serpent from her finger. I remember well what he said of its power, to every hand but his it would bring disgrace and sorrow. Without it, all these evils would fall on him. I took it from him and gave it to her. See how his predictions has turned out, Zamara—from that day to this he has Jan-

guished in a dungeon; while she, who wears the ring, has seen her great popularity vanish from the hearts of the people, and all the power of the throne began to crumble beneath her feet from the very hour that she mounted it."

"I have often thought of that," said Zamara, who was now more than formerly the companion of his mistress. "When I heard that he was alive, a great terror seized upon me, for I saw great danger to the queen in his release, greater danger to yourself. The people will know that you cast this learned man into prison without even naming his crime; they will believe that the queen kept him there through all these long years."

"When she did not even know of his existence!" exclaimed the countess. "See how just this great monster, the people, is!"

"Just! It is a ferocious wild beast, with no higher reason than the instinct of rage and greed—a wild beast that may easily be goaded into madness."

"And the release of this man may do it—I see that, I see that!" cried the countess. "But how to avoid the peril? The populace had almost forgotten me; this will arouse the old hatred afresh. Ah! if I had but one friend!"

Poor woman! this was a mournful cry from one who had seen a whole nation at her feet; but of all that host of abject flatterers, this Indian dwarf, the creature of her bounty, the plaything of her fancy, the scoff of her former worshipers, alone stood faithful to the end. This it was that wrung the cry from her heart.

The dwarf stood near her, troubled and anxious as a dog waiting for orders. At last he drew close to her chair, a gleam of partial relief came into her face as she looked into his.

"You have thought of something," she said.

"What is it, my friend?"

"Mistress, this man must not come out of the Bastile."

Zamara spoke almost in a whisper, and looked warily around, as if afraid of being overheard.

"But how can we prevent it?"

"You know the superintendent?"

"Yes. When he was young, I obtained for him a subordinate place in the prison," answered the countess.

"That is a pity!"

"But why?"

"Gratitude does not often stretch back so many years—it has neither the life or grasp of revenge. I would rather this man owed you nothing."

A low, bitter laugh broke from the countess as she replied,

"Never fear, the man will have forgotten it." "Then our task is easier. I do not know how it is to be done. Give me a little time for thought. Will it be possible to keep this young girl here till morning?"

"Not of her own free will, if she has her father's pardon, as you say, in her bosom. I have never seen so much happiness in a human face. She is very lovely. Ah! it is a terrible thing to break up all this joy!"

"But more terrible to be driven to a strange land, or torn by a mob," answered Zamara.

"I know—I know. Oh! why did I not let this poor man alone! He would have done me no harm. Now, I think of it, the girl looks like her father; his face was almost as fair as hers, his eyes of the same tender blue. It is strange how clearly I remember them—and she is so happy?"

There was irresolution in the woman's words, and in her heart. Disappointment, trouble, and ingratitude, had broken down her arrogance and humanized her conscience. She felt a yearning desire to protect this young girl in her happiness, and give her wronged father back to his life.

Zamara saw this, and trembled. He understood better than she did the danger that lay before them. Before he could urge the conversation further, Dame Tillery came into the room, followed by a maid-servant, who carried a tray, on which were some delicate trifles, and a plate of fresh figs, for madame's desert.

The good dame burst into a torrent of exclamations when she found that the first courses of her dinner was untouched, and became pathetic in her entreaties that madame would just taste the fresh fruit, and delicate cakes, which was to have been the crowning glory of her meal. The countess consented to taste the fruit, but only on condition that Dame Tillery should, in the meantime, help dispose of the viands which had been so long neglected.

Dame Tillery was not so elated by her reception at the palace as to lose any portion of her fine appetite. "It was a shame," she said, "to allow such delicious patties, and that lovely pullet, without mentioning the delicate salad, to be taken back ignominiously to the kitchen. They might be a little cold; but, even then, any one must understand that a cold dinner at the Swan was worth a dozen hot ones at any other public house in Versailles. She would just cut a slice from the breast of the pullet; perhaps seeing her eat would give madame an appetite."

Here Dame Tillery put away her outer garments, set her fan in a corner, and drawing a

chair to the table, soon buried it under the amplitude of her skirts, while she squared her elbows and carved the pullet with professional dexterity, stopping now and then to nibble a dainty bit from her fork.

"She had known people," the dame said, "who lost their appetite the moment a great honor or a grief came upon them; but, for her part, she was well used to such things, and took them quietly. Now there was the little girl down stairs, who absolutely refused to take a morsel of dinner, just from the excitement of having spoken with the queen; while she, who was, in fact, the person who had introduced her to their majesties, was ready for a hearty meal, and felt even increased appetite from all the honors that had been showered upon her."

Du Barry sat quietly peeling the purple coat from a fig while Dame Tillery was speaking; but her quick mind was at work, and the expression of her face revealed a new idea.

The sensual nature of this woman had, for many years, prevailed over her intellect. But one noble feeling had found root in her heart, and aroused the sympathy of her faculties. *She was grateful.* When we say this, it is to acknowledge that a noble capacity of goodness still lived in this woman, as lilies spring up, pure and snow-white, from a soil prolific with impurities. Thus it was that she had come to Versailles on an errand which would have been pronounced noble in a better woman.

But while she seized upon every word calculated to help out her object, quick animal sympathy awoke her slumberous appetite. As she saw with what hearty relish Dame Tillery devoured the savory chicken, and filled her mouth with the delicious salad, she placed the half-peeled fig on its dish, and held out her plate for some of the more substantial viands, which the good dame seemed content to monopolize.

"Ah, that is pleasant!" exclaimed the landlady, heaping some of the white meat and savory dressing on the plate. "To dine alone is always desolation to me; but as madame has found her appetite, my place is no longer here. I only sat down to save the credit of the house, which would have been in peril had a dinner gone down to the kitchen untasted. Permit me to open a flask of wine for madame."

"Yes, certainly," answered the countess, laying her plump hand on the landlady's arm, "but only as my guest. I cannot permit a person who has been honored by a presentation at the chateau to serve me except as a friend."

Dame Tillery flushed like a peony, and fluttered like a peacock under this compliment.

"There," she said, drawing the cork from a wine-flask with the prong of a fork. "It is not often this wine sees the daylight; but on a day like this, and with guests that may be considered as old friends."

"You know me, then?" exclaimed the countess, turning pale wherever the rouge on her face would permit of pallor. "You know me?"

"I confess that I knew madame from the first minute."

An impulse of gratified vanity conquered the caution that Du Barry had resolved to maintain.

"Then I cannot have changed so much; years have not entirely swept away the beauty which— which——"

"Oh!" interrupted the dame, so full of vanity herself that she had no thought for that of another. "It was the little dwarf. He has grown old, and has wrinkles; but no one can forget him, especially those who hated him so."

The painted woman, whose pride had plumed itself for a moment, sunk back in her chair with a heavy sigh; but continued despondency was not in her nature. She drank off a glass of the wine Dame Tillery had poured out, and resumed the conversation.

"It is not known that I am here, I trust. Zamara has been in the street but once, and then he was dressed like a child," she said, anxiously.

"No, the people have not yet discovered him. If they did, his life would not be worth the half of that fig."

"Do they, indeed, hate us so?" questioned the countess, really frightened. "Poor Zamara! he is the only faithful friend I ever knew. In killing him they would break my heart; but you will keep our secret?"

Dame Tillery laid a broad hand on her broader bosom.

"From every one but her majesty, the queen," she said, solemnly; "from her I can keep nothing, being, as one might say, one of her council. When I go to her majesty to-morrow morning——"

"To-morrow morning! Will you have access to the queen then?"

"Of course," answered the dame, "an especial interview. When we came out of the audience-chamber to-day, that little roly-poly lady, Madame Campan, followed after us, and bade me return again on the same hour to-morrow. 'It was the queen's order,' she said. No doubt her majesty was disturbed by the way in which the demoiselle down stairs, and that man from the city, put themselves forward—I assure you their audacity was abominable. One could scarcely



get an opportunity to look at their majesties, much less say a word."

"And you will see her to-morrow?" murmured the countess, taking up the fig again, and burying her still white teeth in its pulp.

"To-morrow, and the next day, if I wish. Is there any one who doubts it?"

"I certainly do not," answered Du Barry, removing the fig from her mouth, and stripping away the last fragment of skin with her fingers.

"On the contrary, I was about to ask a favor."

"A favor! Ah! madame knows my weakness."

"As you just now hinted, it would not be safe or possible for me to attempt an entrance into the chateau; but it is of great importance that I should send a message to—to her majesty."

"Her majesty! You?"

The countess waved her hand with a dash of her old impatience.

"A message which you can carry, and be sure of a kind reception, with a rouleau of gold from my hand when it is delivered. Is it understood between us, my friend?"

Dame Tillery smiled, shook her head, and repeated, "Ah! madame knows my weakness!"

"Then it is understood," replied the countess, rising. "Pray see that Zamara is neither allowed to famish, or to expose his presence here; but first tell him to bring my traveling-desk, he will find it among the baggage. Good-day! good-day! I am sorry you are compelled to leave me so soon; but, of course, the citizens, who have been gathering around the door, will be impatient to hear about this visit to the chateau. I can understand that, and you describe it so well."

These words carried Dame Tillery out of the room, quite unconscious that she had, in fact, been summarily dismissed. The moment she was gone Zamara entered, bearing a little ebony traveling-desk, which he opened and placed upon the table before his mistress.

"Madame," he said, anxiously, "they are going; before dark they will be in Paris with the order for that man's release."

"But they cannot present it before morning; no man living can gain access to the Bastille after three o'clock. Besides, Zamara, it goes to my heart to disappoint the poor child."

"If you do not, it will take your life," answered the dwarf.

Du Barry arose and began to walk the floor. It was hard for her to go back into her old, cruel life, just as some dawns of compassion had made her understand how sweet goodness was. But with this woman existence was everything—she had enjoyed it so much; and with

her fine constitution had years and years to come. This man had, doubtless, become accustomed to his dungeon; or, if he must die, it would be a relief. If she could only save him without hurting herself, how pleasant it would be to let that poor girl depart with all her warm hopes undisturbed. But, after all, nothing like what the child expected could come to pass. She would not find her father, but an old man, weak, blind, dazed, to whom this world would be a bitter novelty. The strength of manhood never could return to her victim, though a thousand daughters stood ready to lavish tenderness upon him. What was a life like this compared to hers! Even if democracy did not accomplish her death, it was sure to drive her back to England, a country which was like a prison to her. No, no, she had concluded.

"Zamara."

The dwarf approached her.

"Bring the dress in which I came back from England."

"Madame shall be obeyed."

"Order the groom to have a horse saddled."

The dwarf bowed.

"Say to that abominable woman that I am weary, and have a headache which nothing but rest and quiet will cure; on no account must any one approach my room."

"I will set a guard at the door, mistress."

"That is well. Now bring the dress; it was left in your keeping."

The dwarf went out almost smiling. He knew that his argument had prevailed over the scruples of the countess, who walked the room in a restless fashion still, but stern and settled determination in her face.

Directly Zamara came back, carrying a heavy bundle in his arms.

"Shall I prepare to attend, madame!" he questioned, anxiously.

"No; the people would recognize you on horseback, and I must ride with speed. Follow the directions I have given, and keep guard at the door; be vigilant and cautious."

"Does madame find it necessary to say that to Zamara?"

"Perhaps not; but there is danger here—great danger; a word, a look, might betray me. You have examined the house, and know all its entrances?"

"All; there is a back door leading to the stables. No matter how fast it may be locked, you will find it ajar at any hour between this and to-morrow morning."

"Always on the alert! always anticipating my orders!" said the countess, patting him on

the head. At least, I have one faithful friend left."

Zamara lifted his dark eyes to the face she bent over him—they were full of tears.

"There, there! we must not be children," she said, giving the little figure a gentle push. "Go and order the horse to be saddled."

The dwarf disappeared, and instantly the door was bolted after him. When he came back, announcing himself with a respectful knock, a groom, undersized, and with the air of one who had at some period of his life been a lady's page, stood upon the threshold.

"Is the passage clear? Will no one see me go out?"

"Everything is clear."

Zamara glided away as he spoke, and the groom followed. Through a back door, only used by servants, across a yard strewn with worn-out vehicles, empty boxes, broken bottles, and refuse lumber, he led the way into the stables, where a horse stood caparisoned for the road.

The groom lifted himself to the saddle, and bending down, whispered,

"No sleep; watch and listen till I come back."

Zamara smiled till all his white teeth shone again; then laying a tiny hand on his bosom, he bent low, muttering,

"Did Zamara ever sleep when his mistress was absent?"

These words were lost in the clatter of hoofs, as horse and rider passed out of the stable. There was nothing about this groom to draw particular attention; he might have belonged to any nobleman at this time in Versailles, and thus have passed unquestioned. A few turned to look at him as his horse trotted leisurely through the town, wondering to whom he belonged; but no one became really interested, and he passed away into the country unmolested.

Some three or four miles along the road to Paris he saw two persons on horseback just before him—a man and a woman, who seemed to be urging their unwilling steeds to unusual exertion.

The groom touched his beast with the spur, and in a few minutes brought himself alongside of the travelers.

Marguerite, when she saw a stranger so near, drew the hood of dark silk over her face, and made a fresh effort to urge her horse forward. Monsieur Jaque turned in his saddle, looked keenly at the new comer, and once more gave his attention to the road.

"Rough roads," observed the groom, addressing Jaque.

"Very!" answered Jaque, glancing at Marguerite with a sense of relief, as he saw that the hood had been drawn over her beautiful hair, and almost concealed her face.

"Going toward Paris?" continued the groom.

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Then, perhaps, you will not take it amiss if I offer to bear you company in these disturbed times; there is safety in numbers."

"We travel but slowly," answered Jaque, little pleased with the proposal, for every moment that he spent alone with Marguerite was a grain of gold to him. "You seem better mounted than we are, and will find it hard to keep to our dull pace."

"I think not; these rough roads fret my poor beast all the more because of his spirit; besides, the country between Versailles and Paris is not always free from highwaymen. I trust you have nothing very precious about you?"

Marguerite raised a hand to her bosom and gave the groom a terrified glance from under her hood. The most precious thing on earth lay close to her heart—that order for her father's release.

Jaque gave no answer to this adroit question, but allowed the groom to talk on while he listened in sullen silence.

After a few more efforts to be sociable and enter into conversation, the groom rode on, but now and then took a sweeping circuit back, keeping the two travelers in sight until they entered Paris. After that, he followed them at a distance, saw them dismount, and took note of the residence in which they disappeared. This object attained, the groom turned his horse and rode toward that portion of the city in which the Bastille stood, dark, grim, and terrible to look upon.

## CHAPTER XII.

"MAMMA! Mamma! I have come! He is saved!"

A woman started up, still and white as a ghost, from the dim shadows that had settled around her. She would not believe the joyful news. The very sound of a voice cheerful and ringing as that which startled the stillness of the room, had a thrill of mockery for her. She had been so long used to disappointment that joy fell away from her unrecognized.

"Mamma! dear mamma! do you understand? I have spoken to the queen, the beautiful queen, and the king; so kind, so gentle! Oh, mamma! his goodness is unspeakable! To-morrow, one more night, and you will see my father!"

The woman gave a deep gasp, flung out her arms, and fell to the floor insensible—the whitest living thing that joy ever prostrated.

“Oh! it has killed her! What can I do? What can I do?” cried the poor girl, appealing piteously to Jaque.

“Give her air! Give her water! We broke up the pain of her suspense too suddenly,” answered Jaque, lifting the lady in his arms, and laying her on the bed. “She was strong to battle against sorrow, but this good news has almost taken her life.”

Marguerite flung open the windows, and brought a cup of water, with which Jaque bathed that white face; but it was very long before a faint breath proclaimed that the locked heart had commenced to beat again.

“Mamma! Mamma! Can you hear me?”

The woman turned her great eyes wistfully upon that eager face.

“Let me tell you slowly, mamma. Do not try to take it in all at once, but word by word.”

All at once Madame Gosner sat upright, but she seemed like a person coming out of a dream. She swept the hair back from her temples, threading it through her fingers, whispering,

“There is white in it. He would not know me.”

Then she turned slowly toward Marguerite, and questioned her. “You were saying something about *him*?—or is it that I have dreamed?”

She said this mournfully and in doubt, not yet having come out of her bewilderment; but as her heavy eyes were uplifted to the girl’s face, they kindled under the glow of happiness which met them in every beautiful feature.

“Is it true? Did they give us hope?”

“Mamma, I have an order for his release.”

“No! Tell it me again. I do not believe it—of course, I do not believe it, such words have mocked me so often; but you look as if it might be—and this man. Ah! it is Monsieur Jaque; tell me, monsieur, and I will believe you. Is there really a hope?”

“Dear lady, have a little patience, try and compose yourself: To-morrow your husband will be here!”

“And you say this? To-morrow! Oh, mother of God! how I have prayed, worked, suffered, and now my heart refuses to receive this great joy. It is so used to sorrow—oh, my friend! it so used to sorrow.”

“But a brighter day is coming,” said Monsieur Jaque.

“I cannot believe it. God help me, I cannot believe it.”

The poor woman lifted both hands to her face,

and, all at once, burst into a storm of tears. Thus she sat rocking to and fro, while the ice in her heart broke up and let the sunshine of a mighty joy shine in. When she lifted her face again it was wet, but radiant. Marguerite threw herself upon her knees before the transfigured woman.

“You are beginning to believe, I see it in your face, I can feel it in the heaving of your bosom, in the trembling of your hands. Mamma, mamma! it is true.”

“I know; but to-morrow seems so far off. Could we not go at once? After so many years they might cut off an hour or two.”

She appealed to Monsieur Jaque, who shook his head.

“I should feel sure then?” she said, piteously.

“Be sure, as it is; no one would deceive you.”

“He might—I mean the king.”

“Not so. Louis is a kind man, lacking somewhat in the courage to act; but there is neither treachery or falsehood in him.”

Madame Gosner drew a deep breath, and a look of forced resignation came to her face.

“It seems but a little time,” she said, “and I have waited so long; but these few hours seem harder to bear than all the lost years.”

“But they will soon pass.”

“Yes; and he will be here. You have seen him, monsieur? Tell me, has imprisonment made him old as sorrow has left me?”

“It was an old man that I saw in the dungeon.”

“Yet my husband should have been in the prime of life; and I, when he went away, monsieur, I was not much older than Marguerite, and so like her.”

Monsieur Jaque glanced at the lined and anxious face of the middle-aged woman, from which perpetual grief had swept away all the bloom, and hardened the beauty into a sad expression of endurance. Then his eyes turned upon Marguerite, more lovely a thousand times than he had ever seen her before; for the happiness of success had left bloom upon her cheeks, and lay like sunshine in the violet softness of her eyes. The contrast struck him painfully. Was grief then so much more powerful than time? How many women in France even then suffered as she had done? Was this to be a universal result? Would oppression in the end destroy all the sweets of womanhood, by forcing a sex, naturally kind and gentle, into resistance wilder and fiercer, because more unreasoning, than men ever waged on each other?

These thoughts disturbed the man. In admitting the unnatural influence of women into their

revolutionary clubs, had they not already begun to uproot all that was holy in social life? In order to gain liberty, were they not giving up religion, and trampling down all the beautiful influences of home-life? He looked at Marguerite where she stood, in all the gentle purity of young maidenhood, wondering if she could ever be drawn into the vortex of those revolutionary clubs in which he was a leading spirit. Why not? Others as young, as lovely, and as good, had followed the cry of liberty and equality into places quite as dangerous and unnatural. Might not the time arrive when in the turmoil and disorganization of a government which France was beginning to hate, even he might seize on any help, and urge her, and creatures innocent and enthusiastic like her, into the surrender of everything that makes a woman's life beautiful, in order to obtain that political liberty which France never knew how to use or keep.

Monsieur Jaque sat moodily in a corner of the room, and thought these things over as Marguerite knelt by her mother, and told her in detail all that had happened during her sojourn at Versailles. He saw that the narrative was more to convince the mother that her husband's release was a reality than all his reasoning could have done. Once or twice he observed a faint smile quiver across that firm mouth, while Marguerite caught the infection as flowers meet the sunshine, and laughed while telling Dame Tillery's mishap. Jaque felt the influence of this low, rippling laugh, a sound he had never heard in that gloomy place before, and thought to himself how naturally happiness brought back all the soft, sweet traits of womanhood in these two persons.

"No, no!" he said, "from the strongest to the weakest, women should be the creatures of our care and protection. It is unnatural that they should struggle and fight for us—more unnatural that we should assail them. Thank God that this great happiness will rescue this noble woman from the vortex toward which she was drifting! The moment her husband is free, I will myself take them across the frontier. In their old home they shall find rest while the storm bursts over France."

"Monsieur Jaque!"

Jaque started up and went to the door, which had been slightly opened. It was the voice of Mirabeau.

"Come out, I would speak with you in your own room," said the count, abruptly. "It seems to me you are never at home now."

"But you know where to find me," said Jaque, good-humoredly.

"Yes, always with these women. I think the girl has bewitched you, my friend."

Jaque made no answer, but his face flushed crimson as he unlocked the door of his own room, and stood back for Mirabeau to enter.

"Well, what have you that will give me pleasure!" demanded the count, the moment they were alone.

"Nothing, my count; but I fear much that will anger you."

"From that woman? Well, speak out. It will only be another rejection of the power that could save her."

Mirabeau refused a seat, and kept walking rudely up and down the chamber like a wild beast in its cage. While Jaque hesitated how to tell his story best, he turned fiercely upon him.

"Well, my friend, has the Austrian struck you dumb?"

"No, count; but I can scarcely relate my interview with a hope that you will understand it as I did. The words were discouraging enough; there was something in the king's manner that convinced me of his wish to accept your help."

"No doubt. He has some little discernment; but the woman is guided entirely by her prejudices. Tell me what she said."

Jaque did tell him word for word; but he said nothing of the look of scornful pride that made each syllable so bitter. Mirabeau paused in his walk and listened.

"And this was all?" he said, when Jaque paused. "Why, man, this is better news than I expected—the woman leaves a loop-hole for the future; the stubborn pride would not all come down at once, but it is yielding. We must not speak discouragingly to my father, or all his generous plans may freeze up again. He has set his proud, old heart on making me the sovereign of the monarchy—and so it may be, Jaque; so it shall be."

"But the people—who shall save them?" questioned Jaque, a little sternly; for, with all his fond admiration of the man, he could not blind himself to the sublime egotism of this speech, or the selfishness which inspired the man.

Mirabeau turned suddenly; the grand ugliness of his face was illuminated by a smile.

"Will you never understand, my friend? When Mirabeau has saved the monarchy, he will, in fact, be king. This haughty queen once at his feet the creature of his power, subdued by his genius, as many a woman, proud and self-sufficient as she is, has been, who shall dare oppose any reform he may decide upon for the consolidation of his power, or the benefit of the people? Mirabeau is already made sovereign,

by his own will, of the great revolutionary movement, which has terrified the Austrian into something like civility. A few months more and she shall implore his aid, seek his council; make his father the happiest man on earth, and give this irresolute, good-hearted king the quiet he so much craves."

"But the people—the clubs—the women of Paris? Remember how they worshiped Necker, yet he failed to satisfy them."

"Necker!" exclaimed Mirabeau, with infinite scorn in his voice. "A man of money, a financier, whom the insane populace expected to bring corn out of the parched earth by magic; failing in this, he had no resources within himself by which to win the discontented back again; but it is different with Mirabeau. His voice is persuasive, his will potent, his power over multitudes supreme; with his foot upon the throne, he will reach forth his hand to the people, and sustain their rights. You, my friend and foster-brother, shall be a connecting-link between Mirabeau and his old followers. Thus he will control the court, the assembly, and the populace."

"That would be a glorious combination, if it could be carried out," said Jaque.

"If," repeated the count; "can you doubt it? Think what the pen and the eloquence of one man has accomplished already. Ah, Jaque! this idea of reaching the people through newspapers and pamphlets, was an inspiration of liberty. This is a power which we have learned how to wield with force, and which can be used in behalf of the throne as well as for the people."

"But not against the people, at least with my poor help," said Jaque.

Mirabeau turned upon him angrily.

"Will you never understand that it is by the power of the people alone the monarchy can be sustained?" he said, in his rough, dogmatical way. "There is but one man living who can bring these great elements in harmony; because it requires the union of two extremes in the same person; a nobleman who carries in his

own person the traditions of the past, but whose life and sympathies have been with the people. A man God-gifted with eloquence both of speech and with the pen; in short, a being who concentrates in one existence two distinct and opposing characters. Does France contain more than one man of whom you could say this, my friend?"

"No; France has but one Mirabeau."

"Then have no fear, my friend, for on all sides our prospects are brightening. This coalition once made, and our good father opens his money-bags, then all this harassing anxiety about finance will be at an end. You did me good service with the old gentleman, my brother, though he did wince now and then, as the conviction was forced upon him that we were in fact, as well as in sentiment, equals before the people, in defiance of the blue blood of his ancestors. It was amusing to see how the old man's prejudices rose against this simple fact. He did not comprehend that the people glory in having persons of the old pure descent advocating their cause; while that old buffoon, the Duc de Orleans, has seized upon the idea, and even now is using it against the king. If this old renegade only had brains, he might prove a dangerous man. As it is, he is sure to make some stupid blunder, from which even that clever woman, De Genlis, cannot save him; so the best wisdom is to leave him to work out his own ruin. This prince has ambition, and nothing else. Now tell me all that passed at Versailles."

Mirabeau had by this time exhausted his excitement, and sat down to listen. Monsieur Jaque informed him, in a few brief words, of all that had passed during the hours of his absence. When he had finished, the count arose and took his hat from the table.

"Let us go and pay our respects to Madame Gosner," he said. "It will be pleasant to congratulate her."

Monsieur Jaque arose reluctantly, and the two men went out together.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE LETTER.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

It came to her heart, when its hopes, all crushed,  
Had faded away like the morn's first blush;  
It came when the bright tears had gathered slow—  
Those bitter tears which the lonely must know;  
When the shadows had gathered around her path,  
And clouds hung over the cherished home-hearth;  
When pleasure had fled, in that trying hour,  
It was then it came with its magic power.

It brought to her heart the dear memories old,  
And wakened that heart that had grown so cold;  
It came as light to the erring one,  
Who in doubt and darkness had struggled on;  
As a sunny ray in some darkened cell,  
Where none but the wretched and hopeless dwell.  
Oh! those precious words had a magic power,  
They were full of strength in that lonely hour.

## VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

THE advent of summer begins to make people think of watering-places. Already, ladies in our great cities are talking of Saratoga, Newport, Sharon, Long Branch, Cape May, and the White Mountains. As a matter of health, those who live near the sea are benefited by going, in summer, to the hills or to the interior, while



therefore, we give a pretty bathing-dress and some appropriate watering-place toilets. A pretty bathing-dress is very rare, but the one we give is really elegant. It is made of striped blue-and-white serge, and trimmed with blue of a darker shade. The "bottines" are of canvas, bordered at the tops with blue, and have flexible leather soles. At the back of the cap, to which a couple of blue streamers are

those who reside in the interior, away from the ocean, derive new health and spirits, from spending a few weeks beside the "bolsterous deep." At least, this is what the physicians say: and such is also our experience, for it is change of air that is required, more than anything else. As appropriate for this time of the year,

generally attached, is an oilskin-bag designed to hold the bather's back-hair.

Our second engraving represents a very stylish evening-dress of pink poult de soie, shot with white; it is trimmed round the bottom with a flounce of Honiton lace, headed with a ruche of pink satin. This dress is looped up

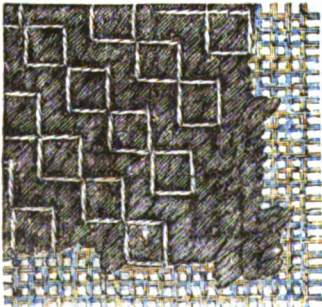
in front and train-shaped at the back; a large bow of pink satin is placed half-way up the skirt. Underskirt of white satin, trimmed with a gathered flounce and a bouillon with a heading, the whole of the same material. Opera-cloak of black satin, lined with crimson, or any other suitable color, trimmed with gold cord as seen in the engraving. This opera-cloak will be a suitable wrap, when going out to an evening-party, in summer.

Next we give an in-door toilet, with quite a new style of trimming, and one equally charming for a dress of black silk, or for one of colored silk. The train alone is formed by four flounces, gradually decreasing toward the waist; the first flounce is finished off on each side by a rosette; the flounces are headed by a puff; the front part of the dress is quite plain, with a row of silk buttons. Plain, high bodice; coat-sleeves, trimmed with small flounces. The top one is placed upward; it is, indeed, remarkable, that this summer, trimmings on the shoulders are all placed with the headings upward, and not falling back upon the sleeve, as it used to be last winter.



These, in addition to what we give in the front of the number, are the most noticeable of the new dresses for the month. They are all favorite styles in Europe.

#### DESIGNS IN BERLIN WOOL FOR BAGS, SLIPPERS, ETC.



## NEW PATTERN FOR A NIGHT-CAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

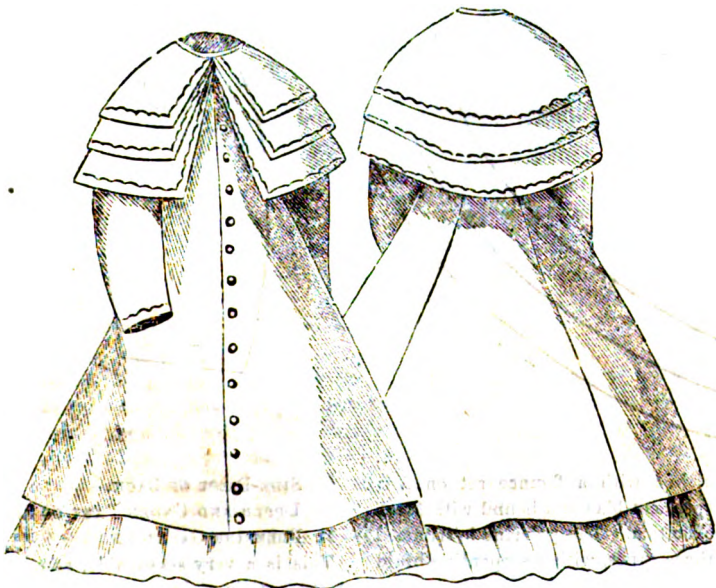


We give here an engraving of a new style of Night-Cap, as it appears when being worn. Also an illustration of it, when off the head, so as to show how it may be made.

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## BASQUINE FOR A YOUNG MISS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

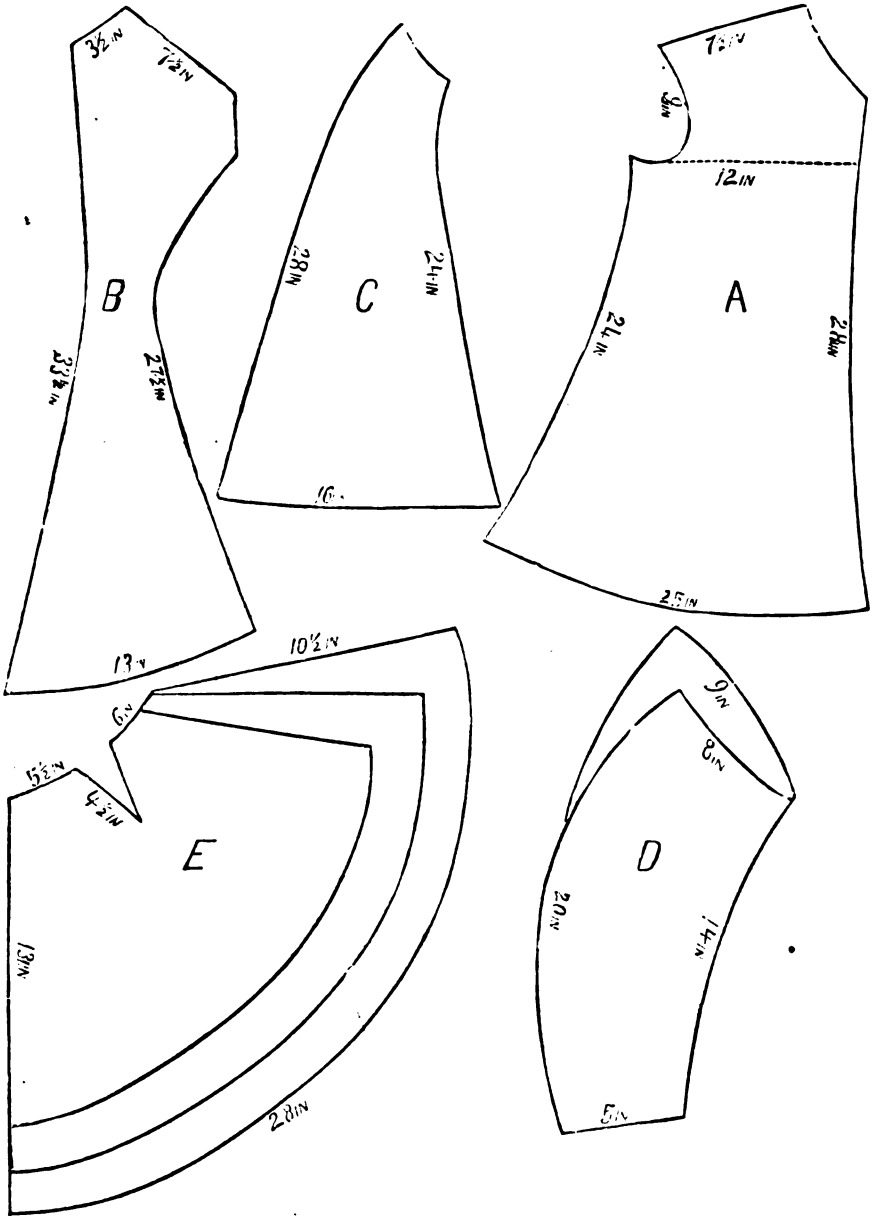




This is a Basquine, with a Pelerine Garrick, for a young Miss of twelve or fourteen years of age. In the design, we give a back and front view complete. The bottom of the bas-

On this page we give a diagram by which to cut out the basquine.

- A. HALF OF FRONT OF BASQUINE.
- B. HALF OF BACK OF BASQUINE.



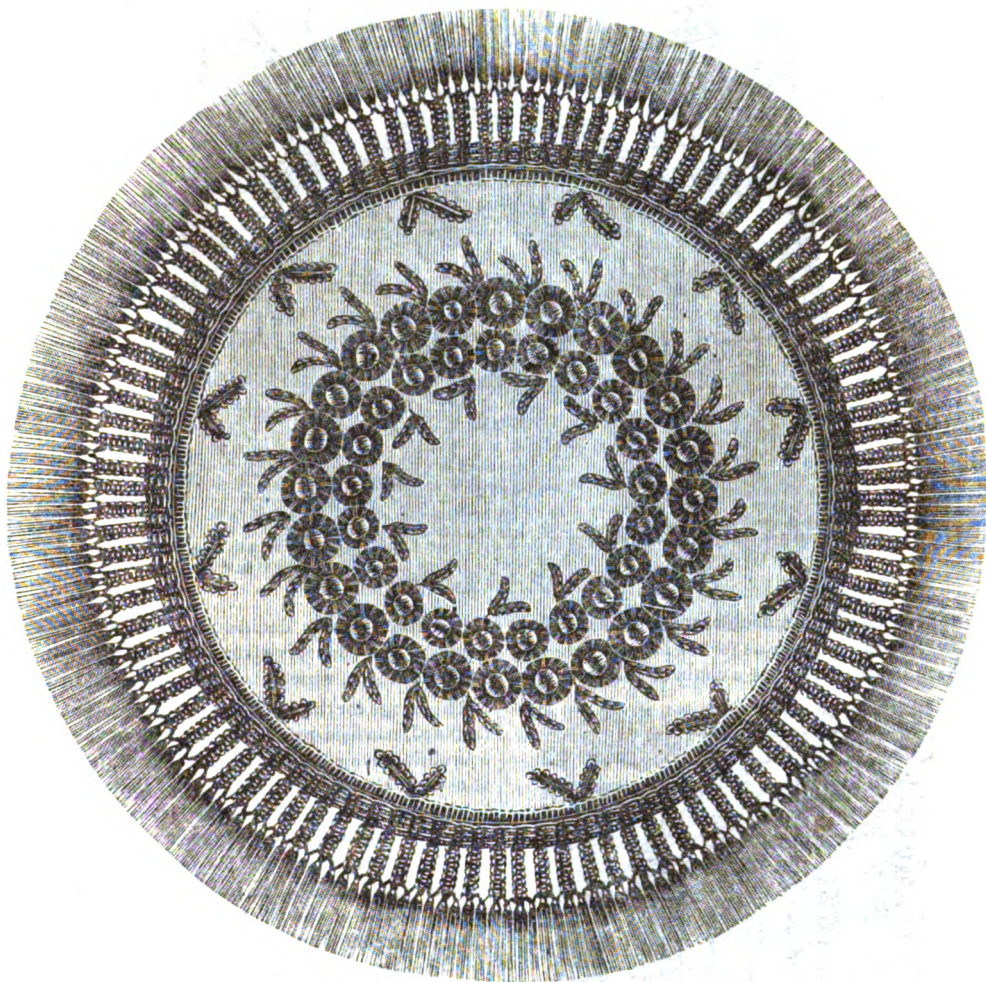
quine is finished with a flounce set on four inches in depth, cut bias and bound with black satin on the bottom. The pelerine is trimmed to simulate three capes, with a serpentine braid above a binding of black satin.

- C. SIDE-PIECE OF BACK.
- D. UPPER AND UNDER PART OF SLEEVE.
- E. PELERINE GARRICK.

This is a very reasonable, as well as a very pretty, article of dress.

COVER FOR MUSIC-STOOL,  
IN CROCHET APPLIQUE ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Coarse net, boar's-head cotton, No. 30, red marking cotton, black ingrain silk.

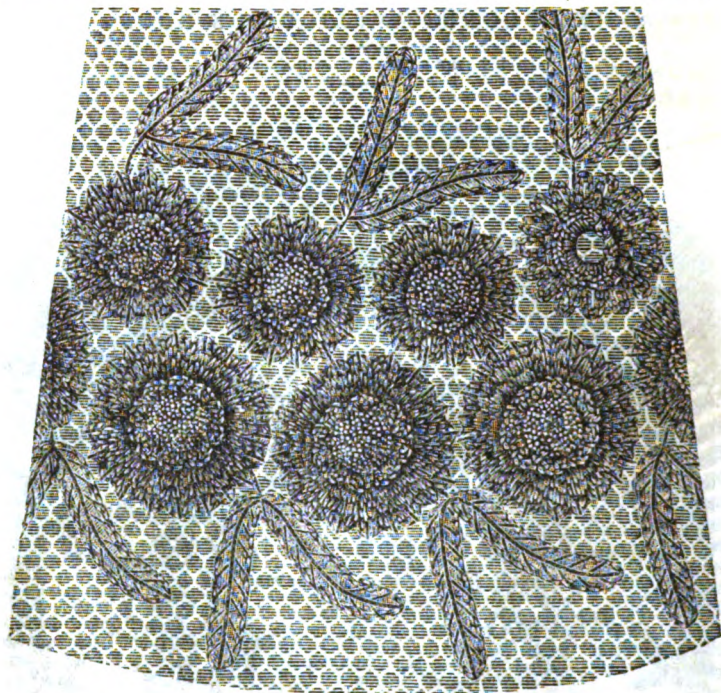
No. 1 shows the entire cover much reduced in size; No. 2 a part of the wreath in the proper size. The net foundation measures twelve and a quarter inches.

For each of the large flowers ornamenting this round, commence with one hundred and eight stitches, close the last twelve in a ring, and crochet round them twenty-four double. Previously to working each stitch draw the loop always through the fourth following stitch of the chain, hanging free at the ring, so as to lay in curled picots at the ring.

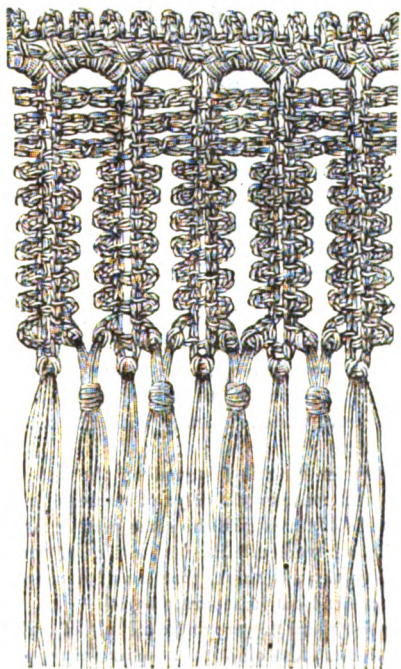
2nd row: One double again in each double of the ring, working through the whole stitch, and between them seven chain, in order to form one of the outer picots; by these the finished flower is afterward fastened firmly with red stitches on the net.

The inner ring is fastened on the net with white, and consists of a calyx of stamens formed with tufts of thread, in the same manner as the well-known woolen balls, with skeins of thread of thirty threads thick, tied round at regular distances and cut in separate balls.

For the small flowers make a chain of eighty-one stitches, close eight of these in a ring, work



round them sixteen double, and inclose the chain in the same manner as for the larger ones. For each double leaf make a chain of twelve or four-



teen stitches, work double round them. The slightly bent shape is given in sewing them on with black silk, which also forms the veins.

The fringe for the outer trimming, represented in No. 3, consists principally of crochet picots containing five chain, and one double in the first of these. Crochet always eleven of these picots in one row; then reckoning the last as the point of one of the bunches of fringe, work upon the remaining ten, ten more picots back, looping each middle double-stitch in the chain taken up by the double of the picot of the first row; six chain form the joining to the next fringe bunch, the three first picots of which are joined on by single instead of three chain to the three upper picots of the finished fringe. When the fringe is sufficiently long, join it by the last pattern to the round, crochet five double round the six chain at the joining of the separate patterns; and for the upper conclusion work a picot row, containing alternately one picot and one double in every other stitch of the preceding row. The fringe measures five inches in length, and the tufts are two threads thick, tied on as shown in the design; and the heading is carefully sewn to the edge of the net, as shown in No. 1. The little leaves extending from the fringe are ornamented with picots; the larger contains six, the smaller four picots on each side.

# HANDKERCHIEF-BOX, WITH PIN-CUSHION TOP.

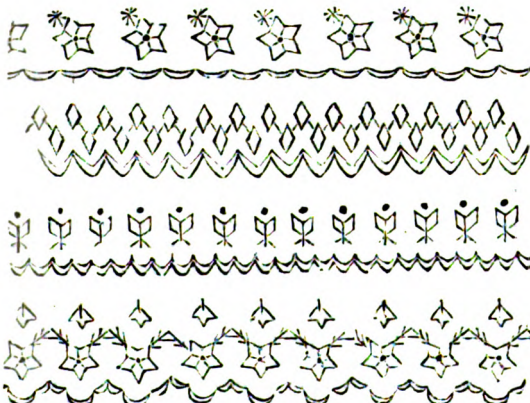
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS box is made of deal, and measures ten inches square, and three inches and a half deep. The inside of the box, and the outside of the lid are covered with quilted blue glace silk; five squares in Cluny are fastened on the cover. On the outside of the cover, where the outer and inner coverings are joined together, sew on fine blue silk braid; make a loop in front, as seen

in illustration. The sides of the box are covered on the outside by a quilling of blue satin ribbon. Round the edge of the outside and inside sew on a ruche of narrower satin ribbon. Fasten a button in front to correspond with the loop. At the sides the lid is fastened on the top by means of narrow ribbon. The top forms a pin-cushion.

## EDGINGS.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

INTRODUCTIONS AT PARTIES, even at dinner-parties, are ceasing to be the fashion. At least, in many houses, both in Philadelphia and in New York, it has been the custom for the past year not to introduce people. The new fashion comes to us from abroad. We notice it in order to condemn it. People who live permanently in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, and who go out much in society, generally know each other, at least by sight, or know something about each other, which answers all ordinary social purposes. They arrive, at any rate, at some superficial knowledge of the exterior of the chief men and women whom they meet, and learn to know them, as it were, by heart. But, after all, to know who every one is, is quite impossible even for such devotees; and to visitors, to whom all the world is not known, the effect produced by the habit of non-introduction must be perfectly bewildering.

Besides the visitors from the country, there are also people with whom the claims of society are not made matters of paramount importance, but who yet desire, occasionally, to enter into the world. Both these sets of people are lost at an evening-party under the present arrangement. Unless they recognize one or two friends, they have no one with whom they can converse. After all is said, too, about the pleasure of seeing one's friends, it must be allowed that we go into society with the hope of seeing new faces and getting to know fresh people, rather than with the intention of simply meeting all the people with whom we were quite well acquainted before. Of course, it may be said that people who meet in society and know that there are to be no introductions, ought to take it for granted that all the people present are persons whom they would like to know, if they do not, and that conversations should go on accordingly. They ought to do so, indeed, but practically they do nothing of the kind; and one result is that in the intercourse of society people really make fewer, instead of more numerous, acquaintances than under the old system.

Ladies are the chief sufferers by this plan. There are not many among them who, finding themselves in a society where few or none of the members were personal acquaintances, could summon up heart of grace to approach and enter into conversation with others. It is very well to say they might, but the fact is they do not. Besides, it spoils the zest of conversation not to know to whom we are speaking; to have no special mode of address, and no ready means of identification of our interlocutor with any one of the people whom we desire to become acquainted with, and whom we know to be present. At dinner-parties, especially, this habit of not introducing persons is particularly absurd. You sit, perhaps, for two or three hours, at the side of a lady whom you do not know, and who, for all you can tell to the contrary, may think you impertinent if you address her. Really, this habit of imitating foreign customs, when they have no applicability to our own social institutions, is going too far. Fashionable Americans are fast becoming—we must use the phrase, though we do not like it—unmitigated snobs.

TEA IN RUSSIA is made by putting the tea-leaves into a tea-pot, and pouring boiling water over them. After standing two minutes, the beverage is poured out into glass tumblers placed on glass saucers, and is sweetened with sugar and flavored with a slice of lemon. No milk is used. Being left to stand longer than two minutes is supposed to impair its flavor, by bringing out the coarser qualities of the leaves. Made this way the tea has a clear and sparkling appearance when poured out into the tumbler.

RUNNING UP STAIRS is as healthy a method of exercise as can be taken. It sends the air to the remotest branches of the windpipe and to the air-cells, distending them to their fullest capacity, and thus greatly promotes lung development, and wards off consumption from the narrow-chested and sedentary. Such a feat, performed at three regular times every day, together with some pumping operation, would cause a physical development of the chest in a few weeks, or months, at most, which actual measurement would mathematically demonstrate; having the advantage over gymnasiums and out-door rides or walks, in that it can be attended to every day, rain or shine, cold or hot, and without costing any money. It is to be hoped that many an invalid and sedentary reader will note the suggestion and practice upon it. By beginning slowly, and daily going faster, you can soon ascend the stairs, two at a time. Of course, the exercise will not suit all, especially all women; and it is especially hurtful to people with heart-disease. But most persons will find themselves greatly benefited by it, if taken with discretion.

BECOMING BONNETS, strange to say, are worn by very few women. One can see in almost any store the sort of bonnets which would suit to a nicety; but they are either left unbought, or are worn by women for whom they were never intended. When a man goes into a bonnet store, and examines the various devices which are exhibited around him, he wonders that a woman is ever seen with a bonnet in which does not set her face off to advantage. But a dark woman will stick a monstrous green bonnet upon her head, or a fair woman will wear red, or a sallow woman yellow, and never think that she is doing herself an injury, and the public, who are obliged to look upon her, a wrong. The ribbons or trimming are often in shocking contrast with the color of her dress. It may be said that some people have no eye for harmony of color, but those who do possess the gift seldom have the courage to follow their own ideas. They take what is recommended to them in the store.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.—In the front of the number, we give the first half of an Alphabet for Marking, printed in colors. The rest of the Alphabet, with numerals from one to ten, will be published in the August issue. Work the outlines in chain-stitch with black sewing-silk; fill in with Turkey red working-cotton in satin-stitch; stuffing the letter well before doing the over-stitch. Work all the black in chain-stitch, making the solid parts by working the chain-stitch close. This is the only Magazine, remember, that gives these colored patterns.

A VALUABLE SECRET.—The unpleasant odor produced by respiration is the source of vexation to persons who are subject to it. Procure some compound spirits of ammonia, and place about two table-spoonfuls in a basin of water. Washing the face, hands, and arms with this, leaves the skin as clean, neat and fresh as one could wish. The wash is perfectly harmless, and very cheap. It is recommended on the authority of an experienced physician, and it ought to be tried, at least, by all those whose persons are so offensive in this respect.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE to subscribe for this periodical. "Home is not home," a lady writes, "without Peterson's Magazine."

FORGIVE, BUT ALSO FORGET.—To remember injuries is not Christian-like. Forget, as well as forgive.



## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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FIVE HUNDRED SEITS.—Miss S. H. Alexander, of Newborn, Va., writes:—"We have had our Wheeler & Wilson machine for ten years; have made five hundred suits of heavy cloth upon it, quite a number of tents—which is very heavy work—a quantity of family sewing, from the finest material to the coarsest, and never spent a cent for repairs. I have seen a great many other machines, but would not now exchange mine for any other."

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BOTH A NECESSITY AND LUXURY.—The Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat says:—"The writers for 'Peterson's Magazine' are of acknowledged merit, standing foremost in their rank as first-class American authors. Such a periodical cannot fail of being a success, for it is both a necessity and a luxury."

## MUSICAL CORNER.

HOW TO SING BALLADS.—After all, it is the well sung ballad that gives the most universal pleasure in the home circle. It is the ballad that moves the sympathies and enchains the attention of the majority of hearers. Few amateurs can hope to sing Italian music in a manner that shall satisfy ears accustomed to the singing of the great operatic "Stars;" but those who, by the aid of taste, feeling,

and expression, can succeed in giving full interpretation to an English, Irish, or Scotch song or ballad, may rely upon finding attentive and delighted listeners even among the most zealous of opera habitués.

Vocal solos may be divided into two classes—songs and ballads. Songs may be sacred or secular; but they do not, of necessity, embody a story. It may even be questioned whether they must, of necessity, be expressed in words. The song of the nightingale calls in no aid of language; but it is a song, and one of the best of songs, nevertheless. The famous variations to Rode's air, the glory and delight of florid vocalists, though executed upon the open sound of A, with never a word in it from beginning to end, is in the same way a song. A Song, however, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is an expression of feeling or sentiment in verse, unalloyed to any dramatic or narrative interest. A Ballad, on the contrary, embodies some story or legend. To take two instances, familiar to every reader—Wallor's exquisite lines, beginning "Go, lovely rose," offer one of the best specimens of the *genus* Song, while Professor Kingsley's well-known "Three Fishers" may fairly stand as our representative of the Ballad.

The first step toward singing a ballad should be a careful study of the words. These should be considered from every point of view, and read *aloud* with every effort to give them full expression, either by retarding or hurrying, raising or lowering the voice, in accordance with the sentiments of the story. When the best interpretation—or, as it is technically called, the best "reading"—of the poem has been decided upon, the singer has then to study the resources and capability of the melody, and to practice till she succeeds in singing the words with precisely those same dramatic and sensational effects of utterance which she employed when reading them aloud. But to do this is by no means easy. It is often difficult to pronounce a harsh-sounding word on a high note. It sometimes happens that the very word which should be delivered with most power falls upon the weakest note of the singer's voice. Grating consonants must often be softened down. Vowels must sometimes be made the most of. Sibilants, above all, require the most dexterous treatment. For these, and a hundred similar emergencies, the ballad-singer must be always prepared. The art of taking breath is also of considerable importance. Only the merest tip would, of course, take breath in the middle of a word; but to avoid this one error is not enough. The singer must be careful never to take breath in a way that breaks the flow of a sentence, or interrupts the sense of the words. The poem, whether read or sung, must be respected above all else; for to sing, be it remembered, is but to recite vocally. A good singer punctuates by taking breath judiciously. There are, of course, passages in some ballads where, in order to give the effect of strong passion, such as hope, terror, joy, despair, the singer finds it necessary to let the breath come and go in that fluttering, intermitting way, which, in cases of real emotion, is caused by the accelerated action of the heart. Again, there are occasions when the voice seems to fail from emotion, and where the words are interrupted by pauses, or broken by repressed sobs. Effects of this kind, when skillfully indicated rather than broadly expressed, give immense charm to the rendering of a pathetic ballad; provided always that they are not indulged in too frequently.

The efforts of every singer should be bounded by the capabilities of her voice. She should know her own voice thoroughly, its strong and weak points, its shoals and quicksands, its utmost limits. Those who attempt to strain the voice beyond its natural compass inevitably sacrifice expression and accentuation to an unwise ambition. The consciousness of effort is fatal to that self-possession, that ease of delivery, and that freedom of thought, without which it is impossible to express delicate shades of meaning, of

the fluctuations of emotion. Nor is this all. The singer who attempts to force her voice beyond its own natural limits, can only gain compass at the expense of sweetness and strength. For every high or low note unduly acquired, [the whole middle register is made to suffer. Her voice, thus impoverished, is also less durable. It becomes, ere-long, thin, quavering, and unreliable, and finally deserts her some years sooner than it would have done with fair play and commonly careful treatment.

Finally, every singer should be able to play her own accompaniment. Granted that she has a mother or sister always at hand, trained to the work, thoroughly familiar with every song she sings, and prepared beforehand for every shade of expression; still there must come occasions when this *alter ego* is missing, and when the singer must either play for herself or trust to the tender mercies of an unaccustomed accompanist, or be silent altogether. That she should be able to play for herself is, of course, the one thing needful and desirable; and if she cannot do this, she had far better choose the latter alternative, and not sing at all. She may, however, rely upon it, that (excepting only, perhaps, the professor whose pupil she is, and who, having taught her the song, is competent to lead her) she is, at all times and under all circumstances, her own best accompanist. No one else can so well know when to lean up her voice by playing loudly, when to play softly, when to hurry, when to loiter. No one else can be in such entire sympathy with her. There is, of course, a class of songs (as the Italian bravura or the more florid sacred song of Handel) in which the singer can only command sufficient breath by standing upright, and having nothing else to do or think of but attack and overcome difficulties of elaborate execution; but our business on the present occasion is with the Ballad, and not the operatic *scena*.

### THE GARDEN.

**THE PLEASURES OF GARDENING.**—It is not to be denied that there is great satisfaction to be derived from the skillful labors of others, and much gratification obtained by having a regular gardener; but let those who have gardens, and yet cannot afford this luxury, comfort themselves by the thought that the actual enjoyment of gardening, as of most other pursuits, is greater in proportion to the pains we have personally taken in it.

The love of work for work's sake is not common, but something resembling this is undoubtedly one of the sources of much healthy enjoyment. Show us a person who does like work, of whatever nature, mental or mechanical, who puts his heart and his mind into it, and who is not satisfied unless he has done it as well as he can, and we will show you a happy man or woman.

So, among the many advantages a garden brings with it the gratification of this healthy love of work is not the least; where this love is not, the sooner it is acquired the better, and few pursuits help on the acquisition so well as gardening. If it extends from this pleasant occupation to more serious and naturally irksome work, so much the better. The same rule applies to dull, dry, uninteresting work of every kind. The true plan for making it pleasant is to endeavor to do it (whatever it is) as perfectly as possible. No one was ever yet interested in work who did it any way; for not only is the result of such careless labor most unsatisfactory, so that it is often labor lost, but the work itself is insufferably tedious. But set to with a will, resolve and endeavor to do it neatly and completely, to make your work look well, to make it finished work, and, whether you will or not, you will feel an interest in it while doing it, and a pleasure in contemplating it when done, utterly unknown to the slovenly worker.

"In all labor there is profit." It may be added, that in

almost all labor there may be pleasure, if we do it well and are not overtasked, for then, alas!

"Labor dire it is and weary woe."

There is a certain charm to most people in the mechanical part of their work; they like doing it, they cannot tell why, even where it is so purely mechanical as to leave the mind free to follow its own fancies. The fingers seem to feel pleasure in being employed; and no one who has ever tried the experiment can deny the fact, that, when suffering under anxiety, aye, or even in sorrow, they have found more relief of mind from some work of the hand than they could derive from attempts to occupy and employ the mind. Any gardening work takes a high rank among the efficacious means of soothing and occupying a harassed mind; and it would be ungrateful, indeed, to Him who "gives us all things richly to enjoy," not to acknowledge His goodness in thus making work so often an alleviation of our cares, and also in granting us the means of recreation and relief that such pleasant labor confers. I have rambléd off from the subject of our garden to the delights of hearty work, but I will allow myself the pleasure of an extract to my subject.

"Yes, we should all have our work to do; work of some kind. I do not look upon him as an object of compassion who finds it in hard manual labor, so long as the frame is not overtasked, and springs after rest with renewed vigor to its toil. Hard labor is a source of more pleasure in a great city, in a single day, than all which goes by the especial name of pleasure throughout the year. We must all have our task. We are wretched without it."

### OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

#### BARON BRISSE'S RECEIPTS.

**Valenciennes Rice.**—Heat half a pint of good olive-oil, or half a pound of fresh butter, in a sauce-pan, until a slight vapor arises; then throw in half a pound of large rice and some pieces of veal or poultry, or even clams, taking care that the fragments are of small dimensions. Add chopped onions, tomatoes, and sweet peppers, if you have them, a pinch of powdered saffron, a little chopped parsley, salt and pepper, and a clove of garlic, if you like it; leave it ten minutes, then pour about a pint of water in the sauce-pan, and cover it up. The rice will soon swell, and after half an hour or three-quarters at the most, the water will have disappeared. Then throw all into a colander, skim off the oil which has not been absorbed; turn out the rice, which will now be of a fine yellow, upon a dish, place this dish in a hot oven a moment to brown the surface, and serve it, accompanied with lemons, which each guest may use at his pleasure.

**Fried Clams.**—Melt a lump of butter in a sauce-pan; stir in a little flour; add a little raw ham, hashed, some slices of onions, two or three chopped mushrooms, pot-herbs, and a head of cloves; moisten with broth, and put over the fire; let it stew half away; pass through the colander, warm it over, thicken with the yolks of two eggs, withdraw it from the fire, and keep this sauce, which should be pretty thick, hot. Take the clams from their shells and dip them one by one in the warm sauce; put them to cool separately; fry them carefully, one by one also, until they are nicely browned; pile them up on a dish and serve. A garnish of fried parsley is the best ornament for this dish of clams, which I can recommend to my readers.

**To Improve Macaroni.**—While the water is boiling in which the macaroni cooks at its ease, and at the moment you think it is done, throw into the sauce-pan a large glass of cold water, and take it immediately from the fire. This fresh water has the effect of hardening the paste of the macaroni and renewing its consistence.



*Fresh Codfish a la Hollandaise.*—After having emptied and scraped the cod, wipe it, put a handful of coarse salt in the interior, sprinkle both sides with fine salt, and let it lie thus several hours in a cool place. Before cooking, tie the head, make some incisions in the back, put it to soak in fresh water, place it afterward in a fish-kettle, pour boiling salt water over it, and put it on the fire until it comes to a boil. Withdraw the fish-kettle without allowing it actually to boil, and let it keep at this temperature for three hours. During this time boil twenty potatoes in some of the liquor. To serve, put the fish on a dish, back upward, peel the potatoes, surround the fish with them, mingled with parsley, and send it to table accompanied with a sauce-boat of melted butter seasoned with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, and lemon-juice or a dash of vinegar.

*White Sauce.*—This is fine for asparagus or artichokes. Put in a little sauce-pan three or four raw yolks of eggs, six tablespoonfuls of olive-oil, (or butter,) salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg; heat some water in a sauce-pan larger than the first, and when it is just too hot to bear the hand, dip the former into it, and stir the eggs and oil briskly with a wooden spoon. This sauce should never get much more than tepid; if the surrounding water is hot enough to cook the yolks, they will, of course, not mingle with the oil. When intimately mixed, take out the sauce-pan and serve the sauce.

*Waffles.*—With two fresh eggs, half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of sifted-sugar, two slices of butter, melted in a little milk, and some drops of orange-flower water, compose a batter well mixed, containing no lumps, and which ropes in pouring. Heat your waffle-iron, grease it inside with butter, fill it with the batter, close it and return to the fire, browning the waffle on both sides. After being assured that it is of a good color, take it out and keep hot until the moment of serving.

*Fried-Bread.*—Slices of toasted bread, dipped in milk or wine, and fried in honey, are excellent. Then, instead of calling them "fried-bread," they are *torjias*, an excellent Spanish delicacy, I can assure you. Please understand there is neither butter nor lard. Simply melt the honey in a pan, and when it is very hot, put in the bread, which is served hot also, after becoming nicely browned, and without sugar, recollect. Lovers of honey can take notice.

#### PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

*Rhubarb-Jelly.*—Take a sufficient quantity of freshly-gathered red rhubarb to fill a large jar; it must be thoroughly washed, but care must be taken not to pare it. Cut it into pieces of two or three inches long, and when the jar is quite full tie it over with paper, and either set it in a slow oven, or place it in a sauce-pan of boiling water till the juice is all drawn out of the rhubarb, then turn it out into a sieve and let the juice drain through; measure the quantity, put it into a clean stew-pan, and boil it up quickly for a quarter of an hour; then add one pound of loaf-sugar for every pint of the juice, and keep stirring it, taking off the scum as it rises. After the sugar is added, let the whole boil for thirty-five or forty minutes, and then pour into jars or moulds. If these directions are attended to, the jelly will be as stiff as apple-jelly.

*Candied Orange and Lemon-Peel.*—Peel the fruit so that the peel remains in halves. Take equal quantities of the peel of Seville oranges, hweet, or sweet oranges and lemons, and throw them into pretty strong salt and water for six days. Boil them in clear spring water until they are tender, and spread them on a sieve to drain. Make a syrup of one pound of loaf-sugar to a quart of water, and boil the peels in it until they look clear. Make a syrup of two pounds of loaf-sugar to a pint of water, and boil the peels in it over a slow fire until the syrup candies about the stew-pan and peels. Remove them from the syrup which remains, place them before the fire, strew fine sugar over them, and when they are dry put them away in a cool, dry store-room.

*To Preserve Fruits without Sugar.*—Currants, damsons, and plums, are excellent. We have kept these two years, and they have been as good as though just gathered from the garden. Boil the fruits in the usual way. Have ready jars or wide-mouthed bottles, which have been held over a vapor, caused by throwing a little flour of sulphur on your stove; then, while the vapor is still in the jar, fill up with the fruit as hot as possible, till within three inches of the top; then stick three little wax vesta matches into the fruit, leaving the phosphorous ends standing up about an inch, when the bladder is damped and ready to use, set fire to the matches, and tie over quickly while still burning; when the air is exhausted the fire dies out. We have never known fruit done in this way to fail.

*Excellent Receipt for Bottling Fruit.*—To nine pounds of fruit put five pounds of white sugar, when it comes to a boil. Boil ten minutes. Be careful to stir the fruit as little as possible, not to bruise it. Pour into an earthenware vessel to cool. When cold, put in wide-necked bottles, cover with a bladder. Gooseberries, black currants, red currants, and raspberries, mixed, made last year, you can hardly tell from fresh fruit. The receipt for currants, currants and raspberries, and plums of all kinds, are specially recommended.

*To Candy Fruit.*—Take one pound of best loaf-sugar, dip each lump into a bowl of water, and put the sugar in a preserving-kettle. Boil it down until clear, and in a candying state. When sufficiently boiled, have ready the fruits you wish to preserve. Large, white grapes, oranges separated into small pieces, or preserved fruits, taken out of their syrup and dried, are nice. Dip the fruits into the prepared sugar while it is hot, then put them in a cold place; they soon become hard.

*Peel Preserved in Syrup.*—Choose and prepare the peel as for candied orange and lemon, and make them a syrup with the proportion of two pounds of sugar to a pint of water. Let the peels boil in this over a slow fire for half an hour. Then pack them close in a jar, pour the syrup over them, and tie the jar down with a bladder. We can answer for this being capital for using soon, but we do not know whether the syrup will keep through the summer.

*To Preserve Pine-Apple.*—Cut the pine-apples into slices about half an inch thick, put them into a jar, make a syrup, using half a pound of sugar to a pint of water, and let it simmer quietly till dissolved. Let it stand a day, and then pour it cold over the fruit; after a short time take it away, and let it simmer again, having added a little more sugar. Repeat this process three or four times, and the last time pour the syrup boiling over the fruit.

*To Preserve Siberian Crabs.*—Boil a pint of water and one pound and a half of refined sugar till it is very clear, skim it, and let it become cold. Pare the crabs, and to this quantity of syrup put one pound of fruit, and simmer slowly till tender. Remove each apple separately, and pour the syrup over when a little cooled, and add orange and lemon-peel boiled tender.

*Cherry-Marmalade or Jam.*—Take out the stones and stalks from some fine cherries, and pulp them through a coarse sieve; to every three pounds of pulp add half a pint of currant-juice, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; mix together, and boil until it will jelly. Put it into pots or glasses.

*Cherry Cheese.*—Take twelve pounds of juicy cherries, stone them, and boil them for two hours, till they become a little cloggy, but take care that they do not burn. Then add to them four pounds of fine sugar, and boil another hour.

#### PICKLES AND CATCHUPS.

*To Pickle Lemons.*—To pickle lemons for veal or boiled chickens take two hard, good lemons, cut them into quarters, take out the pipe, put them into a side-mouthed bottle, add a teaspoonful of salt, and cover them over with good vinegar; they are ready for use next day.

**Beet-Root.**—Beet-root, when pickled, will keep as long as any other kind of pickle. Wash it perfectly clean, but do not cut away any of the fibres; boil in a large quantity of boiling water, with a little salt, for half an hour; if the skin will come off easily, it is done enough. Lay it on a cloth, and with a coarse one rub off the skin. Cut it into slices, put it into a jar, and pour over it a hot pickle of white vinegar, a little ginger, pepper, and horseradish sliced. Cover close. When first taken from the ground, beet-root may be kept for winter use by placing it in layers of dry sand; the mould must not be removed from about the root.

**To Pickle Onions.**—In the month of September choose the small, white onions, take off the brown skin, have ready a very nice tin stew-pan of boiling water; throw in as many onions as will cover the top. As soon as they look clear on the outside, take them up as quick as possible with a slice, and lay them on a clean cloth; cover them close with another, and scald some more, and so on. Let them lie to be cold, then put them in a jar, or glass, or wide-mouthed bottles, and pour over them the best white wine vinegar, just hot, not boiling. When cold, cover them. Should the outer skin shrivel, peel it off. They must look clear.

**To Pickle Cucumbers.**—Get very small cucumbers, wipe them clean, and lay them into stone jars. Allow one quart of coarse salt to a pail of water; boil the salt and water until the salt is dissolved; turn it boiling hot on the cucumbers; cover them up tight, and let them stand twenty-four hours. Turn them into a basket to drain. Boil as much of the best vinegar as will cover the cucumbers; wash out the jars, and put the cucumbers into them. Turn on the vinegar boiling hot; cover them with cabbage-leaves, and cover the jars tight. In forty-eight hours they will be fit for use. Pickles of any kind are good made in the same way.

**Pickled-Mushrooms.**—Take small button mushrooms, cut off the stalks, and wash in cold water, rub them with flannel, and throw them into fresh water; see they are quite clean, and put them into a sauce-pan in cold water; boil them eight or ten minutes, strain them, and lay them in the folds of a dry cloth; take a quart of vinegar, quarter of an ounce each of white pepper and allspice, a teaspoonful of salt, and a blade or two of mace; let the vinegar and the spices boil; put the mushrooms into a jar, and when all is cold, pour the vinegar and spices over them. Fasten them down close.

**Tomato-Catchup.**—Take ripe tomatoes, (the small, red ones are preferable,) wash, but not skin them, and thoroughly boil one hour, and then put them through a hair-sieve, and to one quart of juice add one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of black pepper, half of Cayenne, half of nutmeg, one of good mustard, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt. Boil three hours, and then to one quart of juice add one pint of pure cider vinegar. Boil half an hour longer; bottle hot and seal up. This catchup will keep for years, and not require "shaking before using." A porcelain kettle should be used.

**To Preserve Tomatoes for Winter and Early Summer Use.**—The most economical mode for family purposes is to put them into wide-mouthed jars, holding two, three, or more quarts, according to the size of the family. The tomatoes, previously to their going into winter quarters, are merely cooked without seasoning of any sort, and put, while hot, into the jars, which should be filled full, and the corks driven home tightly and tied down. Preserved in this manner, they will keep as fresh almost as when first picked.

**Tomato-Marmalade.**—Take fine, ripe tomatoes, cut them in halves, and squeeze out the juice. Put them in a preserving-pan, with a few peach-leaves, a clove of garlic, some slices of onion or shallot, and a bundle of parsley. Stew them until they are sufficiently done, pulp them through a sieve, and boil them down like other marmalade, adding salt. Put them into small jars, pepper the tops, and pour clarified butter over. Eat it with fish, etc., or stir the contents of a small pot into the gravy of stews or fricassees.

**Balsam Tomato-Sauce.**—Slice tomatoes in a jar, and sprinkle salt over every layer of slices. Place the jar in a warm place by the fire, stir the contents pretty often for three days, and let it remain untouched for twelve days. Press out the juice, and boil it with mace, pepper, allspice, ginger, and cloves. There should be two ounces of spice to a quart of juice, the pepper and allspice greatly predominating. At the end of three months it should be boiled up with fresh spice.

**Pickled-Eggs.**—The eggs should be boiled hard—say ten minutes—and then divested of their shells; when quite cold, put them in jars, and pour over them vinegar, sufficient to quite cover them, in which has been previously boiled the usual spices for pickling. Tie the jars down tight with bladder, and keep them till they begin to change their color.

## FASHIONS FOR JULY.

**FIG. I.—DINNER-DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED GRENADINE** over a silk slip of the same color; the skirt is quite plain, the body cut square, and the sleeves puffed at the elbow, where they are finished by a fall of lace. White cashmere mantlelet, with a hood, embroidered in gold, and lined with gold-colored satin.

**FIG. II.—SHORT DINNER-DRESS OF CANARY-COLORED SILK,** trimmed with seven narrow flounces; over-dress of thin, white spotted muslin, looped up over the same. The sleeves are short, and waist low of the silk body, and long and high of the white body.

**FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF POPPY-COLORED SILK.**—The skirt is quite plain. The canmargo pannier is trimmed with a ruffle, headed by a ruche of the same material, and looped up by a large bow. At the waist is a large sash bow without ends. The low body is finished by a ruffle of the silk.

**FIG. IV.—DINNER-DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR.**—The front width is made *en tablier*, and trimmed with quillings of green silk; the deep flounce commences at each side of the front width and is headed by a quilling of green silk; the high waist, sleeves, and pannier, are trimmed to correspond.

**FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE CHANGEABLE SILK.**—The lower-skirt is trimmed with four deep puffs. The upper-skirt and body are in one; the body is worn open over a chemisette; the skirt made quite long, and open in front, over a kind of apron trimming, and ornamented with a puffing and narrow frill.

**FIG. VI.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE CHAMBERY GAUZE,** with a pink satin stripe. The upper-skirt is rather long in front, and made in the Watteau style at the back; and both skirts are trimmed with black lace.

**FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.**—The under-dress is of blue poplin, made quite plain with a high waist and long sleeves; the upper-dress of white-iron baze, has short sleeves, low, square waist, and is looped up by large blue rosettes; a piping of blue or deep white fringe finish the trimmings.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—We also give this month the latest styles of bonnets, collars, and sleeves, patterns for night-dresses, chemises, panniers, or *tourneures*, as they should more properly be called, which are made of crinoline, or muslin and whalebone, to make the dress set out properly at the back.

Fashion, after having made vain attempts to bring back the scant, narrow toilets of the First Empire, attempts which good taste reproved, after having tried successively and simultaneously several other styles, is now completely devoted to the Louis XV. style, to the models of the time of the youth of Marie Antoinette, of graceful memory.

And so we see nothing but skirts and tunics looped up into puffs, gathered flounces, pinked-out ruches, and bows with large loops. All materials which can be draped well are fashionable; this is easy to understand with the puffs

and loopings-up of modern toilets. Two ancient materials are come back to us, and have not even changed their names; they are *chaly* and *mousseline de laine*; chaly, a very soft woolen material, forms graceful folds; mousseline de laine, much lighter, will be worn with under-skirts.

Almost all pretty, delicate colors are equally fashionable. Gray is much seen, there are lovely gray tints, fresh and delicate. Gray grenadines, in particular, are quite pretty, and compose complete toilets at once simple and *distingue*. One also employs with great success, for draped dresses, black English *brillantine*, a soft material, thicker than grenadine, which can be draped in perfection, falling in beautiful soft folds.

Some variety is being introduced in walking-dresses; for the numerous forms of mantles, sacques, etc., of black silk, white muslin, grenadine, etc., which the French call *confections*, are somewhat replacing the *costumes*, which are the walking-dresses with sacque, skirts, waist, all made of one color and material. These *confections* will give a much greater variety to the dress; and for young ladies, nothing can be prettier than fichus, basques, mantles, etc., of white muslin, trimmed with knots of ribbon ruffles, or white grenadine over colored linings.

The wide sash is sometimes replaced by bows of different materials. If the costume be of satin and taffetas, the bows are of the same, even if of two colors; this is only when the colors are a deep shade. The bows are placed in rows—four at the top, five or six in the next, and the last row is formed by bows of a different shape, forming a kind of fan.

Cherusques, or wide fan-shaped trimmings of gauze or lace, recalling somewhat the Elizabethan frill, are often worn to complete the low bodies. Hitherto they have been merely worn as evening-dress, but it is said they will be fashionable with the spring toilet.

We find the dinner and evening-dresses are made, for example, opened in front, with a rovers of very wide lace, the same lace forming the cherusque.

Two of the most admired dresses recently worn in Paris were quite simple. The first, worn by the Princess Metternich, was what is called a *robe nuage*, consisting of skirt upon skirt, and all of white tulle; the last, or upper-skirt, was studded with small streaks of silver; a tunic of white tulle, trimmed with a plaiting to match, opened *en tablier* over the dress. The sash was made of Havannah-brown watered silk, and the ends were very long. Three rows of splendid diamonds encircled the Princess' throat; and a spray of diamonds, with a brown feather, besides the long tail of a bird of Paradise—all of that peculiar shade of brown called "Havannah"—formed her head-dress.

The other dress was worn by Madame Leopold Lelan, and was a striped steel-gray dress, with a deep flounce round the edge of the skirt; upon this flounce there were roses with flexible stalks, so carelessly arranged that they had the effect of being scattered upon it from a basket, and, notwithstanding the informality of arrangement, the effect was exceedingly happy.

SHAPES OF BONNETS are unaltered; the only variety is in the trimming. One of the prettiest we have seen is a black lace bonnet, ornamented at the side with blue feathers; one of the lace lappets passes under the chin, and is fastened near the left ear with a white rose-bud. Many of the new bonnets are fastened thus at the side, the other lappet being thrown back over the shoulder.

HATS are of all shapes, to suit all styles of faces. The *Watteau*, which is flat and wide, and drooping both back and front, is very becoming to some, but not to all faces. Others are in the Louis XIV. style, with large feathers thrown back. For certain countenances this style of hat is infinitely more becoming than the little flat toque, which is without distinction and style.

The new mode of arranging Indian cashmere shawls has quite brought them into fashion again, and exceedingly cle-

gant they appear after their long banishment from "things that are worn." Without cutting them in any way, they are fitted to the figure and fastened with an *agrafe* of silk gimp of every color in the shawl. If the shawl is long, it describes at the back a small pointed hood, which is ornamented in front with *appliquees* of gimp; it has *revers* entirely of gimp, and terminating with long tassels. If the cashmere shawl is square, it has quite another aspect, being made up into a *casaque*, with plaits at the waist, and wide sleeves. The lining need is shot silk. Nothing drapes the figure better than a soft cashmere; but to arrange a shawl, so as to look like anything but a shawl, without using the scissors, requires no ordinary skill. It is only at Worth's, and at a few of the large houses, where it is attempted.

SHOES are to be worn in and out-of-doors. Those for out-of-doors are of morocco, made to come up well over the instep, and fastened at one side with a steel buckle—just the same shape, in fact, as men have always worn. For in-doors and evening wear, kid and satin shoes are fashionable of the old shape, only that high heels are indispensable; very large bows are worn, which come up high over the instep. In order to make these set properly, an additional flap of leather or satin (according to the material of which the shoes are made) is inserted at the top of the shoe on the front of the foot. The flap should be of the following dimensions: two inches and a half deep, at the bottom three inches wide; at the top four. They are curved a little in two very shallow scallops, the point coming in the middle of the foot, and should be bound round like the shoes. The bows, which are sewn on them, are made as follows: They are four inches long, three inches wide at the bottom, and three and a half at the top. They are placed on the shoes an inch and a half from the top. At both top and bottom the rosettes are rounded. The narrowest part consists of six loops of ribbon arranged downward round the bottom of the rosettes; above that a circle of five loops, with the buckle in the middle; then seven rows of loops packed as closely together as possible, and arranged upward, so that the part of the rosette which rests on the instep is very thick and bunelny, and that nearest the toes much flatter. It is an exceedingly becoming style to the foot. The variety of buckles worn is endless, and those which once belonged to our graceful grandmothers are now called into play, to adorn them—let us hope, notwithstanding all that modern grumblers may say—no less graceful grand-daughters.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF PINK BAREGE, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The lower-skirt has three narrow ruffles; for the upper one is pushed up a good deal at the back, and is trimmed with a ruffle which extends up the front and around the neck of the low body. A white muslin under-waist, with long sleeves, is worn with it.

FIG. II.—WHITE MUSLIN DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt has one rather deep ruffle, headed by two small ones. The upper is short, trimmed with a ruffle, and kept up with rosettes of green ribbon. The waist opens in front over a chemisette, and that and the short sleeves are trimmed with bows of green ribbon.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The under-skirt is made with a full pleating of the same around the bottom. The upper-skirt opens in front, and is trimmed to correspond with the under-skirt. The pleating of the upper-skirt does not extend all the way around the bottom of it, gathers it up in a puff at the back about three-fourths of the way down. The sleeves and waist are high and plain, and a square cape, trimmed with a plaiting, is worn over the body.

FIG. IV.—KNICKERBOCKER SUIT OF GRAY CASHMERE, TRIMMED WITH BRAD, for a little boy.

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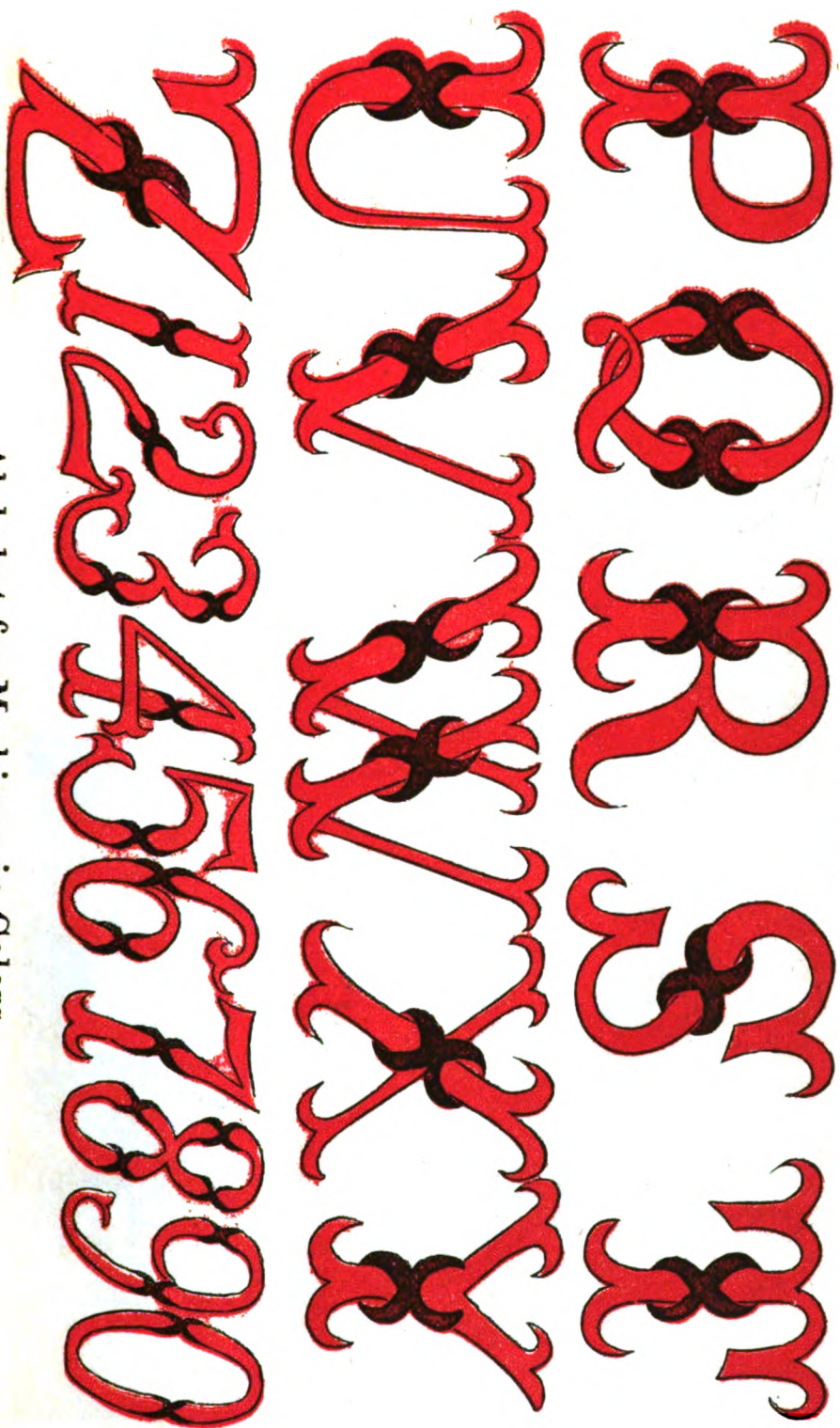
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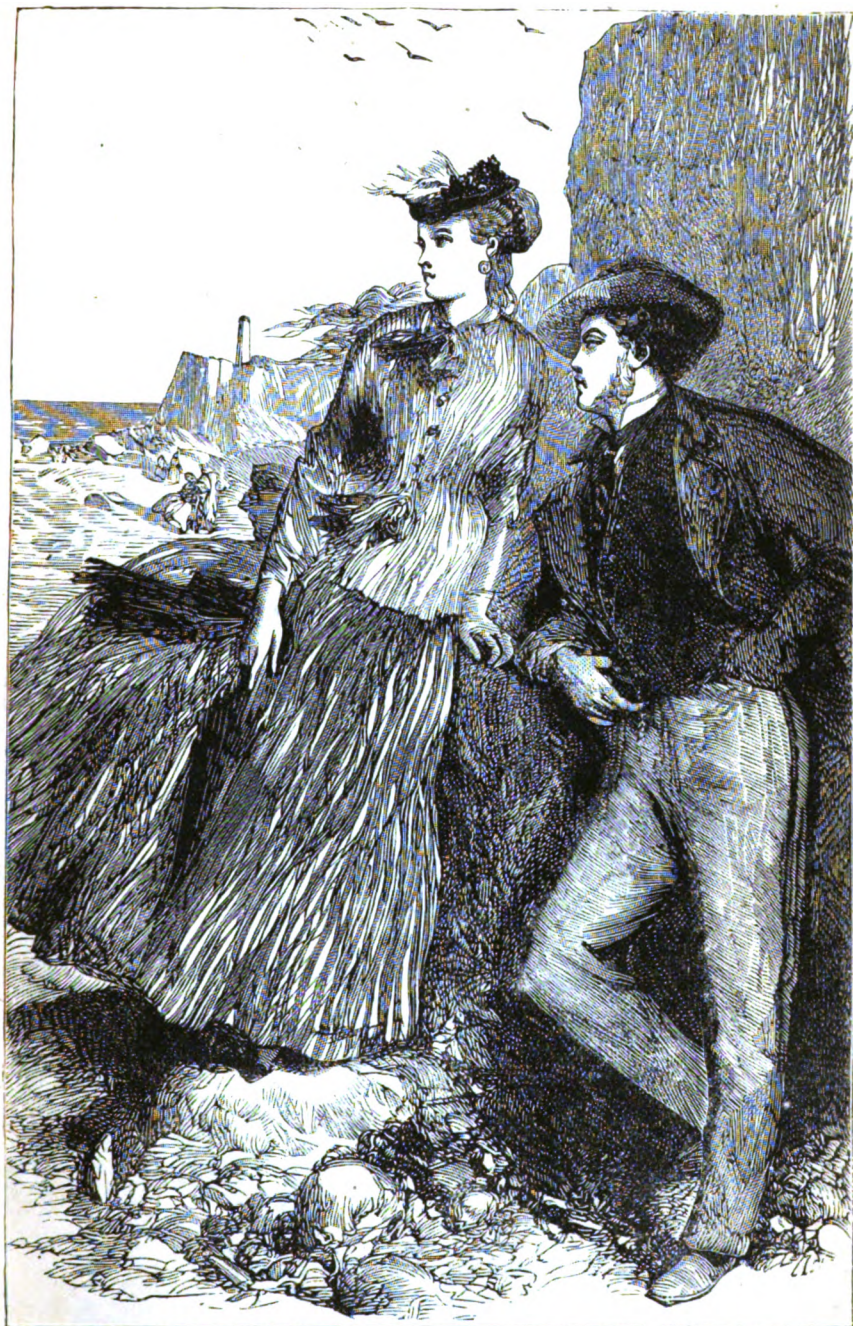
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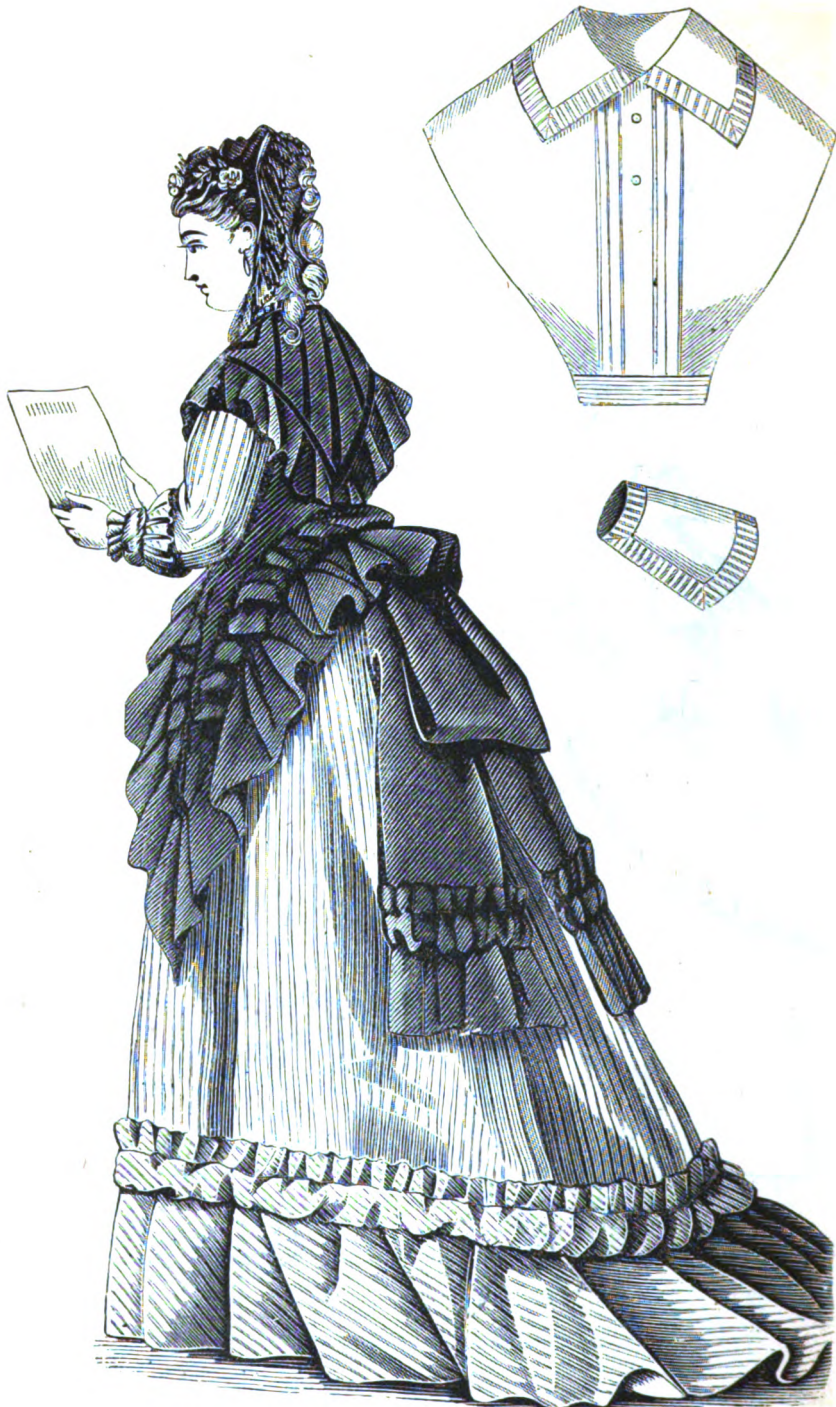


OUR PICNIC BY THE SEA.





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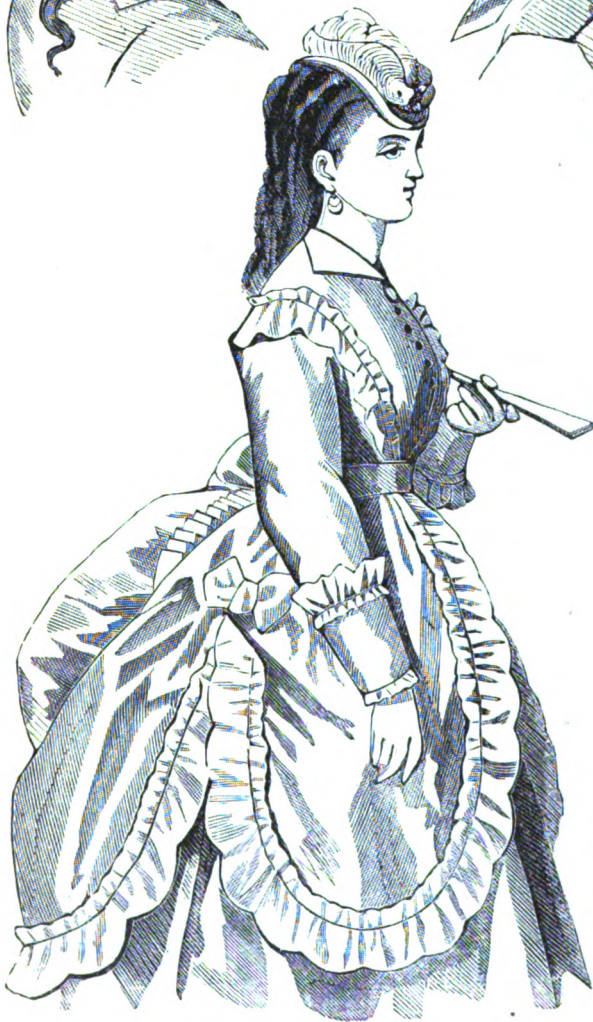
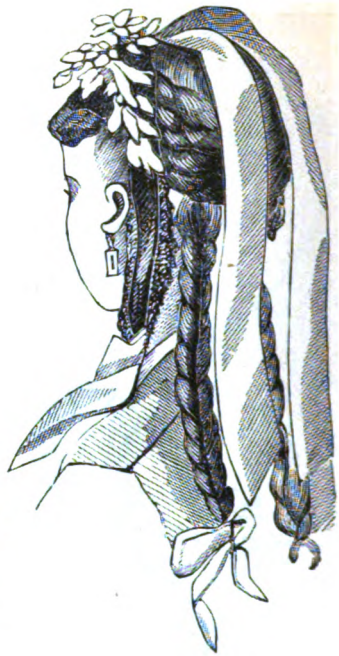


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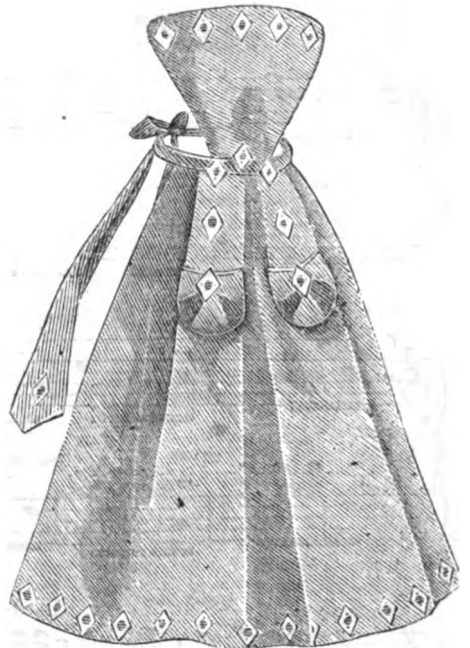
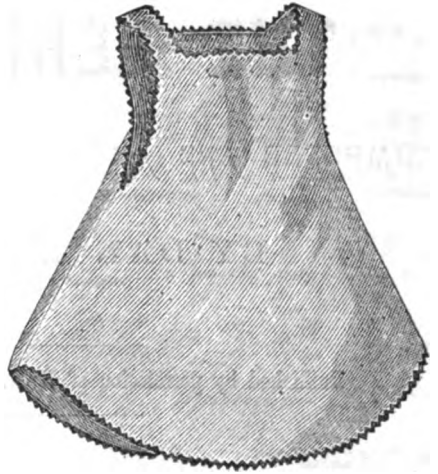
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BY DANIEL A. DRESHER.

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PIANO.

*Allretto.*

The first system of music is for piano. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music begins with a treble clef staff containing a series of eighth notes. The bass clef staff contains a series of chords. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (piano).

*Sra.*

The second system of music continues the piece. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music continues with eighth notes in the treble and chords in the bass. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

*Sra.*

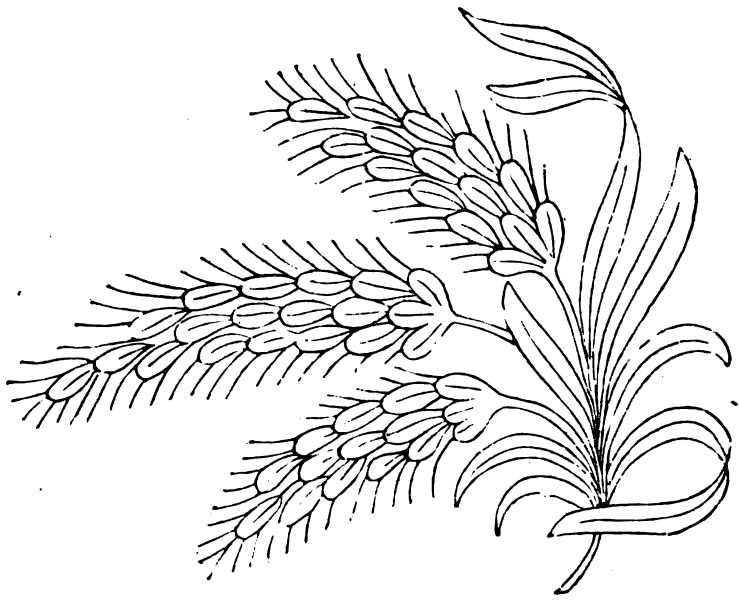
The third system of music continues the piece. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music continues with eighth notes in the treble and chords in the bass. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

The fourth system of music continues the piece. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is 2/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The music continues with eighth notes in the treble and chords in the bass.

THE LEHIGH POLKA.

The image displays a musical score for a piece titled "THE LEHIGH POLKA." The score is arranged in seven systems, each consisting of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The music is written in a style characteristic of 19th-century sheet music, featuring a variety of note values, rests, and dynamic markings. The notation includes many beamed notes, suggesting a lively and rhythmic melody. The paper shows signs of age, with some darkening and wear, particularly at the bottom edge. The overall layout is clean and professional, typical of a printed music manuscript.

Marguerite



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# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1869.

No. 2.

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BY NELLIE AMES.

ADAPTABILITY may be a desirable quality to possess. A man or woman, with this organ large, (we speak of it phrenologically,) can be summed up thus: from fair to brilliant conversational powers, fond of a joke, interested and wide awake on all subjects of general interest; glowing with fervor about the last sermon, or last dance; delighted with the minister, and on the most friendly terms with the dancing-master; or, as St. Paul forcibly puts it, "All things to all men."

Now to be able to do this heartily and whole-souledly is a proof of great adaptability. To be ready to descend, at a moment's notice, from a lofty spiritual plain, from the realm of sublimated ideas, and enter into an animated discussion with some prosy, practical old fogey on State rights, or reconstruction; or sing "Champagne Charlie" to a musical genius who can't bear opera; this is the acme of adaptability, and with the majority of individuals these traits of character command the highest respect and admiration. The writer was once foolish enough to believe that such qualifications were only other words for unselfishness, a willingness to be interrupted, broken in upon, a desire to make one's self agreeable at the expense of comfort and inclination—but was compelled to change her opinion, doing so very reluctantly, however. To begin with from my earliest recollections, the person who embodied these various accomplishments was always the one to whom I was immediately attracted; people who were in the least reserved, who could not be wise or simple, sad or gay, talk theology, or sing a comic song, as the occasion demanded, were not companionable; not that I possessed, to an eminent degree, this rare versatile gift; but my admiration knew no bounds, particularly when I came in contact with a gentleman of this description. Such an one would I marry, or none at all; and although in no haste for the

marriage-ring to encircle my left hand third finger, yet realizing that matrimony was the goal to which all ambitious maidens should aspire, and perfectly aware how much of odium and contempt attaches itself to the life of an old maid, I naturally fell into the not uncommon habit of scrutinizing the characters and physical attributes of men with a view to a probable change of name. I was not easily satisfied either. Not a few to whom I was introduced I immediately detested, and generally for this reason; they were too diffident, too undemonstrative, seemed to be wrapped up in an impenetrable armor of reserve; and gentlemen of this description I never took the least pains to be agreeable to, forgetting that the eagle, king of birds, makes his eyrie away from the untrodden paths of men; forgetful that the lily, purest and most beautiful of flowers, hides itself in almost unapproachable spots; unmindful of the fact that the most lovable and exquisite natures are those which shrink from the obtrusive and vulgar, and which ordinary magnetisms cannot attract. But who among us has not taken many a lesson from the same teacher? How many have wrecked their little barks against the Scylla of ignorant ardor, to be dashed again with still more force against the Charybdes of bitter disappointment? To moralize in these days of advanced ideas and spiritualistic theories is, perhaps, a little stupid, as our most brilliant minds have about decided that mortals have as little to do with their own management, through life, as with their own births—but less exalted individuals may, perchance, think differently; so, for the benefit of those who foolishly imagine they may be just partially responsible for the mistakes they commit in life, I willingly give them a leaf from my own personal history. The pleasantest episode of my life was meeting Ned Williams. However I might have been fascinated and dazzled with



the brilliancy and versatility of other men, yet all feeling was naught compared to the delight I felt at this new acquaintance. In him I found united all the graces I had so ardently sought; and which proved the fallacy of my young friends' prophecies, when they declared my hero was only to be found in Utopia. He came, he saw, he conquered! Without any reserve I was won.

The happy, happy day when we first met was one long to be remembered for its beauty; for the sun rose without a cloud to veil his face, and cast such earnest, ardent glances on both hill and hollow as to dimple everything in nature with a smile; then the brook caught the infection, and told of love to all the nodding, blue-eyed gentians on its banks; and not content with that, wild rover as he was, kissed and murmured words of tenderness to all the little snowy pebbles at its feet, which stopped its course to receive the sweet attention. Then the daisies on the hillside, with their hearts of gold, which all night had drunk intoxicating draughts of dew, were reeling and nodding on the hillside in a most disgraceful plight. In vain the wind would try to lift them up, that the sun might not perceive how madly they had reveled all the night before; they would be foolish and obstreperous still, kissing and hugging in a way quite shocking to their little Quaker neighbor, the blonde-faced clover. Butter-cups were there, in which the sunshine slept when weary of his tasks in painting fruit and flower. Even the priests and priestesses of the woodlands forgot, for a time, their vigor, and dropped their emerald hoods and cowls, as if they stood in the presence of some living saint. Oh! how wildly intoxicating were the emotions which this glorious harmony wafted to my soul. In an ecstasy of delight I nodded the pleasure this introduction afforded me, and without a thought of danger quaffed deeply of the exhilarating beverage. Dark eyes looked fondly into mine; a warm, shapely hand imprisoned the little fingers which had long wearily fluttered for just such confinement. Merry, romping girls danced by, and made the woods echo with their rollicking noises. Ardent swains sighed their heart-jingle into appreciative ears; but we heard nothing, saw nothing but ourselves. Laugh all you who may at love at first sight; but the light which first dawns upon and feeds the dark, hungry soul, is the most exquisitely dazzling of all lights. It is sunlight, moonlight, starlight combined. It is the odor of rose, lily, and mignonette! it is the pure juice of the grape; the bright sparkle of champagne;

the music of the spheres! in short, heaven itself. But why dwell upon such delights? Is every heart-pleasure necessarily fleeting? Must a joy be born, and like the love a mother bears her darling, when the infant is laid in the longing arms, be chastened and subdued by care, heart-ache, and keen disappointment? Is a love, like the beautiful things in nature, born to die? Shall it always be that the tree which blossoms the fairest, bears the most luscious fruit, make itself keenly enjoyable, for a brief season lose its glorious foliage, and without a shield from the wind, brave both storm and tempest? My experience says—yes. Nature and mind are analogous. Love is fleeting; and the more ardent, the more evanescent. Ned Williams? Long ago I forgave him; for, after all, the man was no more culpable for loving and reliving, loving especially, and loving generally, than the butterfly is to blame for sipping the honey from shrub, daisy, and rose. God made him a butterfly—and who dares say that in exhausting the dew from the lovely petals he does not fulfill the mission he was sent to perform? Well, Ned and I were engaged; for a long time no cloud overspread the horizon of our love! My affection was strong, earnest, and unsuspecting. Did my betrothed leave me for a party, where he had promised to enliven the company from his unequalled fund of entertainment, I was certain that he only went to oblige the people, not because he desired to, or was happy away from me! Did he attend a young lady home from church, or spend an occasional evening without me, it was all right, because Ned did it, and Ned loved me, and was as true to his allegiance as was ever olden knight to the lady of his choice. I never dreamed of any other side to the picture. Oh! ye blind, deceitful god! how I have watched ye from a safe distance ever since. Summer was passing, and our picnics, for the season, were nearly over, when a stranger came among us. Nellie Wayne, bless her sweet face! Why I did not suspect from the beginning that any butterfly, Ned, must of a necessity be attracted to her, I cannot imagine; and more than this, understanding so thoroughly my own woman's nature and capacity for loving, why I did not know that Nellie must fall desperately in love with Ned? But the god kept me blind until the last. One more picnic was proposed, and in honor of Nellie. We were to go down to the sea-shore, a few miles from our village, and there spend the day. I don't know how it was that I came to wander away alone on that occasion; but Ned was singing a comic arrangement of *Costa Diva*, and

someway I did not exactly like to hear Ned even twist this glorious melody into mirth-provoking renditions; so, thinking deeply, and expecting my lover to join me every moment, I wandered alone by the side of the ocean, until I came to a little sheltered nook between high rocks, which looked so tempting, that I sat down to rest. The breeze was blowing fresh and cool. The surf rolled in, breast high, breaking on the shining beach in front of me, with a noise almost like thunder. In the distance, the lighthouse, perched on its tall cliff, rose, lofty and gray. The birds were drifting in shore, far overhead, screaming as if to announce a coming storm. Far and near, the wide beach, below the cliffs, was covered with members of our picnic, some gathering sea-weed, some reclining where the sand was dry, some walking. In my little nook I could see all this, myself unobserved.

Suddenly I recognized Ned's deep sonorous tones; and soon after Nellie's musical little jingle. Even then I was not surprised. They drew nearer, and stopped, just on the other side of the bit of rock which formed one of the walls of my sheltered nook. I looked through a crack, between this huge boulder and the cliff behind it, and saw Ned and Nellie, the wind blowing the latter's plume, and hair, and dress about, as she gazed out seaward. The thick screen effectually concealed me. I kept very quiet, intending to jump out and surprise them, by-and-by.

"But, Nellie!" I heard my darling say, in those same low, earnest tones, which had so often flooded my soul with their melody, "I love you."

"But, Ned," came slowly from Nellie's lips, as she still looked seaward, "you are engaged to Sophie Alliston!"

"Not a bit of it, my dear girl; you never were more mistaken in your life. Sophie is a charming girl—I may say a very lovely girl—but then not a word of marriage has ever passed our lips."

That was true; strange I had never thought of it until now.

"Can you love me, Nellie? Will you love me?"

I heard no reply; but I saw that Nellie's curly head reclined, for a moment, on Ned's shoulder, as he drew her toward him. I rose noiselessly and walked away in the opposite direction, dizzy, weak, my eyes full of tears. But, half an hour later, when the truants returned, I was carelessly weaving a garland of leaves for my hat, and chatting gayly with a circle of friends.

"Why, Sophie, where have you been all this time—Nellie and I have been hunting you all over?" said Ned, without a cloud upon his handsome face.

"Yes, dear?" was my quiet reply. Then I added, "But let me whisper a little word in your-ear, good Ned!"

The dear fellow dropped playfully on one knee, and looked up at me, like a knight of old romance regarding his ladye-love.

"Ned," I said, coolly, "I think we have both enjoyed this summer; and now that it is about over, this seems to me the appropriate time for you and I to forget the past, and seek elsewhere for the joy we have tried to persuade ourselves we had found in each other."

Ned looked just a little disconcerted: but it was only momentary.

"But we can always be friends, Sophie?" he asked, looking down at the hat I was trimming.

"Always, Ned."

I gave him my hand to shake in token of friendship and good-will; and thus ended my first love-lesson. Strange, too, as it may seem, I shall always preserve a warm niche in my heart for Ned. Yet may a kind Providence protect me from ever again possessing a lover whose character is marked with the one most desirable of all traits, adaptability.

Nellie is a happy wife, but she did not marry Ned Williams; and the last I heard of the latter was, that he was making desperate love to a young New York widow.

## ONE DEPARTED.

BY FRANK MAURICE FIELDING.

As few could mourn, I mourn for thee,  
Yet silently, as bitterly!

In grief that speaks no word,  
That breathes no sigh, that sheds no tear,  
With any living witness near,  
Whose wail is never heard.

Oh! beat and loveliest one, couldst thou  
But gaze into my lone heart now,  
And read its hidden woe,

Thine angel heart would be distressed:  
Within thy grave thou couldst not rest  
While I was suffering so!

Rest calmly, sweet one, knowing not  
The bitterness of my hard lot,  
Nor how I mourn for thee!

But if thou e'er didst doubt my love,  
My secret tears of suffering prove,  
How dear thou wert to me!

## DEATH IN LIFE.

BY AGNES JAMES.

"For love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."

THE soft September sunlight fell with a mellow evening radiance upon the gray walls and broad terraces of Hautlieu. The old chateau itself was sombre and frowning as a prison, but its parks and terraces were very lovely in the fair light of evening. The brilliant flowers glowed in their marble vases, the fountains tinkled musically in their wide basins, the shadows of the great oaks lengthened and deepened on the emerald grass.

It was the sweetest, idlest, dreamiest of weather, and the great chateau seemed to have fallen "asleep in its noontide of splendor," and to be slumbering still, so profound was the quiet that reigned within and around it.

But one living figure appeared amidst this lovely scene. Up and down the terrace glided a lady, passing through shadow and sunlight with bowed head, and loosely, listlessly, clasped hands. Her rich dress of pearl-gray silk, with gay trimming of scarlet velvet, swept in a gorgeous train over the grass. Rare, filmy lace covered her white neck and arms, and the sunlight that fell upon her, lingered, quivering and glowing, in the hearts of the blood-red rubies that hung in her ears, fastened the lace on her bosom, and encircled her slender throat and rounded arms. These were the "Hautlieu rubies—priceless, peerless; drops of restless, undying flame, and their wearer was the young Marquise de Hautlieu. The "Child Marquise," they had called her at court, whither she had gone not six months before, just from her convent school, glowing with the roses of youth, health, and high spirits, radiantly beautiful—a young girl of sixteen, and the bride of a man of sixty years.

She was the only child of a gentleman who had dissipated an immense fortune by a series of wild extravagances, and had died, leaving his widow and daughter in utter destitution.

Madame de Beranger, a gentle, timid woman, bowed down with grief and despair, saw no refuge but the convent-walls for herself and her child; and it was with untold emotions of gratitude and joy that she listened to proposals made to her by the Marquis de Hautlieu, a powerful and wealthy friend of her husband.

These proposals were for the hand of her

young daughter, not yet fourteen, but already renowned for her beauty, her intelligence, and her sparkling vivacity. Mademoiselle de Beranger was placed in a convent, by the marquis, for the completion of her education, and her mother, meanwhile, lived in the enjoyment of every luxury the wealth and respectful affection of the marquis could supply. To the young Vivienne he was kind and gentle as a father; to Madame de Beranger as thoughtful and devoted as a brother. So the child was very happy when, after two years in the convent, she came to court with her gray-haired husband—as happy as a bird set free; and the stately gardens of the palace echoed with her clear laughter and singing, and the sound of her flying footsteps.

She set all decorum at defiance; she shocked the grave mistress of ceremonies into speechless despair; and the decorous court-bred beauties pursed up their rosy lips, and looked unutterable scorn and wonder. But the gay cavaliers raved about her sparkling hazel eyes, her bronze-brown waving hair, that almost swept the ground when in some wild, childish race or game she had shaken it from its fastening, and it fell glittering around her, about her cheek, with its soft, peachy bloom, her little, lovely figure, her tiny foot, and her wonderful white hand. Even the king smiled at her wildest pranks, and gazed admiringly into the beautiful, bewitching face, that, with such demurely smiling lips and dancing eyes, craved pardon for some breach of court-etiquette.

"There is nothing one could not forgive, madame, to such loveliness as yours," said the king, with a gracious inclination—and the little marquise swept a laughing courtesy, and glanced around with saucy triumph in her bright eyes.

This was in the old, old time, when the French monarch was a grand, stately, wicked old man; when the French court was brilliant as it was corrupt, and when there was scarcely one amongst the beautiful and witty ladies of the court whose fame was spotless and pure. But "the Child Marquise," in spite of her gay coquetry, and her scores of admirers, passed unscathed through the ordeal of court life. She laughed, and flirted her fan, and tossed her

pretty head, as she listened to the flattery and compliments of her admirers; but there was a point at which the young girl would grow suddenly cold and stern, when her eyes would flash angrily, and her lip curl with scorn, as she uttered a few vividly indignant words, and swept away, leaving the man who had dared offend her, humbled and bewildered by her rebuke. Then she would fly to the side of her husband, and press her rosy lips to his withered hand, and look up smilingly into his eyes, as a child looks into a father's face. She sincerely loved the old man, and he loved and trusted her, until the sad day that Leon de Saint Evremonde came to court, with his rare, brilliant, deep-blue eyes, and his long, fair hair, his grace, and courtesy, and bravery. He was a cousin of the marquis, and, therefore, entitled to pay greater attention to the young marquise than any other gentleman at court; but, to the surprise of every one, after the first few weeks of pleasant, friendly intercourse with his beautiful kinswoman, Saint Evremonde appeared carefully to shun her; and when they met unavoidably, a visible coldness and restraint marked their manners toward each other. The whole court wondered, for no one had ever before failed to admire the young Marquise de Hautlieu, and Saint Evremonde, though only a lieutenant in the King's Guards, and totally without fortune, was eminently accomplished and fascinating; and many a lady of rank and fortune would gladly have bestowed her hand upon the noble young soldier. That these two charming young persons should appear to select each for special avoidance and dislike, excited the surprise of all, and the suspicion of the old marquis. With the keen eye of jealousy he noted every action and word of Saint Evremonde, every movement and glance of his wife. Why should Leon stand aloof with eyes bent on the ground, when other gentlemen crowded around Vivienne with smiling homage? He could talk and smile gayly enough with every other lady in the court—why not with her? What was it that deepened the color in the cheeks of both, and made their hands tremble as they were forced to touch, for an instant, in some stately dance? Only a madly jealous man could have seen these things; but the marquis did see, or imagined he saw them. That his wife had been pure, and lovely, and loving as an angel hitherto; that Saint Evremonde was like Bayard, a chevalier, "*sans peur, et sans reproche*," formed no bar to his suspicions and his rage. True, nothing had occurred which he could possibly wrest into a cause of quarrel

with his cousin; and no one but himself dared to entertain a thought against the fair and spotless character of his wife. So much the deeper and subtler must his revenge be; and for his own sake, no one else must suspect the truth.

Without a word of explanation, he suddenly ordered his wife to make preparations for leaving Paris, and taking up her residence at Hautlieu.

Vivienne was surprised and distressed by the command. She pouted a little, and entreated like a child for a short delay. Briefly and sternly the marquis refused to grant an hour's respite.

Surprised by his harsh tone, she looked up into his face, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Pardon me, monsieur; I could not mean to offend you, who are always so kind, so good," she murmured. "I will cheerfully go with you anywhere."

And she bent down with the old sweet caress, taking his hand in both hers and pressing soft kisses upon it. But he shook off her light touch, and pushing her fiercely and roughly from him, he left the room.

Vivienne was utterly confounded by his conduct. For a moment she stood bewildered; then she threw herself weeping on a couch, and was only roused by the sound of her mother's voice, asking permission to enter the room. Vivienne's first impulse was to spring up and run to sob out her grief upon her mother's bosom; but then came the quick thought, "He is my husband. I have no right to speak of this, even to my mother."

So, with a hasty hand she dropped the heavy curtains over the windows, wiped away her tears, and as she bade her mother enter, she quickly loosened her long hair, and showered it about her face, hiding completely her flushed, tear-stained cheeks. Madame de Beranger did not discover in the dim light anything unusual in her daughter's appearance; and she began immediately and eagerly to speak of the pleasure she anticipated in a quiet residence at Hautlieu with her child. She, too, had been requested by the marquis, but with great ceremony and deference, to prepare for the journey—and she hastened with delight to obey.

There was no time for farewells. The marquis went alone to the palace, in the evening, and announced their intended departure.

There were many regrets expressed. The king himself was graciously pleased to lament that the court was about to lose one of its brightest ornaments, and the courtiers murmured their participation in his majesty's

sentiments. Only Leon was silent, and the marquis, fixing his piercing eyes upon him, saw that his face was white as marble, and his lips close-set and ashy pale.

Still more profoundly convinced of the truth of his suspicions, the marquis returned to his fair, young wife, and at midnight they set forth on their journey, with flaring torches, and numerous out-riders. As the cumbrous coach rolled through the city-gates, a man, muffled in a cloak, started from the shadow of an arch, and stood for a moment near. His face was invisible, but something in his figure and carriage recalled Saint Evremonde's to the mind of the marquis. Vivienne had been leaning forward, gazing from the window. Perhaps the red glare of the torches fell just then upon her face, but it seemed to her husband that a deep flush came hotly to her cheeks for an instant—the next moment she sunk back in the carriage with a sigh, and soon many miles lay between the travelers and the gates of Paris.

The life at Hautlieu was pleasant, indeed, to Madame de Beranger. She was fast becoming a feeble invalid, and once established in a large, sunny chamber in the chateau, she rarely left it, save for a slow walk upon the terrace with the aid of her daughter's arm. Vivienne devoted herself to her mother. She read, and sang, and talked to her, or she sat quietly embroidering by her side, and listened with ready smiles to Madame de Beranger's praises of her exemplary son-in-law, and her thankfulness that heaven had given so kind a protector, so noble a husband to the daughter whom she felt that she must soon leave.

And Vivienne listened, and kept steady silence about the awful change which had befallen her husband. She would not disturb the tranquil happiness of her mother's life by the knowledge that her life had become one long torture; that day and night she felt herself watched with suspicion, and hated by her husband; that no words of kindness, nothing beyond the barest, coldest courtesies of life were ever addressed to her by the marquis; that the chateau was a prison, beyond whose walls she was not permitted to stir without an attendant, whom she knew was a paid spy; and that her tears, her prayers for an explanation, and her entreaties for the pardon of her unknown offence, were met with cold, contemptuous sneers, or stern commands of silence. It was horrible, this consciousness of being forever watched. She had discovered that when the marquis himself was not with her, she was under the surveillance of a person whom she specially disliked, and

who as heartily hated her. This person was Monsieur Duroc, the secretary of the marquis, at whose expense Vivienne had once indulged in some childish merriment, and who, in spite of her sincere apology, had always secretly hated, while openly flattering, the marquise.

Now she was conscious that this man was set to watch her. Into whatever room or saloon of the chateau she might enter, save her own private apartments, she was almost sure to see a figure stealing noiselessly as a shadow between her and the sunlight, and the white face and black eyes of Duroc would gleam out as he bowed obsequiously, and glided to a seat in a distant corner of the room.

When she walked in the grounds, Duroc glided as near her as etiquette would permit. Even now, on this sweet September evening, as she sauntered on the terrace beneath the windows of her own apartments, she was not sure that the evil eyes of Duroc were not fastened upon her from some secret turret window, or other lurking-place.

Ah! unhappy "Child Marquise!" Her cheek no longer glowed with bright roses; her eyes sparkled no more; her step had lost its airy buoyancy, her voice its joyous ring. Sad, pallid, yet lovely as a dream of heaven still, she walked with bowed head in the dying sunlight, and the "Hautlieu rubies" lay like drops of blood on her fair bosom.

She was walking there, waiting till she should be summoned to meet her husband and a guest whom he had told her to prepare for. Guests were not unfrequent at the chateau, and the marquis entertained them with great magnificence, his lovely young wife always presiding at the entertainment with quiet grace and dignity. No one guessed the deep sadness of her heart, and to none on earth would she reveal it.

While she paused beside a vase of glowing geranium, and mechanically gathered one of its blossoms, her husband's voice startled her. Never had it sounded so harsh and cold.

"Madame," he said, "Monsieur de Saint Evremonde has arrived, and is waiting for you in the grand saloon. Will you go and receive him?"

A faint color came into her cheek—a color so faint that it might have been a reflection from the rosy sunset clouds, and into her eyes flashed a strange brightness, while the hand that she laid upon his ceremoniously proffered arm trembled with repressed emotion. The marquis said not a word, but led her into the grand saloon. There, by a distant window, stood a gentleman, who advanced to meet them, bowing low—a tall,

fair man, with cold, steel-gray eyes and glittering white teeth.

Vivienne turned with a bewildered look toward her husband, who said in measured, distinct tones, "Madame, this is my cousin, my nearest kinsman, Monsieur Philip de Saint Evremonde, the elder brother of Monsieur Leon de Saint Evremonde, whom I believe you met in Paris."

Ah! she knew now who it was. Philip, the half-brother of the noble young Leon—Philip, who was the coldest, cruelest, most remorseless man in France. She shrunk back, shuddering from his extended hand; but in a moment recovering herself, she advanced, laid her cold palm in his, and with a dignity that was almost hauteur, pronounced a few formal words of welcome.

"Madame, I fear, would rather have welcomed my brother," said Saint Evremonde, in a soft, languid tone, gazing at her with his cruel eyes slightly closed, yet expressing an amount of half-insolent admiration, that brought the quick Beranger blood hotly to her cheek. "Ah! I am very unhappy in not having met my fair kinswoman before. May I not hope my past negligence will be effaced from memory by the devotion I shall manifest in future, madame?"

Vivienne met that evil, half-sneering, half-admiring glance with the cold, steady glitter of her scornful eyes, and she answered with increasing hauteur,

"Monsieur may be assured that his negligence has not offended me, and that he need make no atonement."

Philip bowed as if her haughtiness had been the blandest, warmest welcome, and said, in the same silky tones, "Such graciousness, madame, is beyond my desert. I may hope, then, in time to hold as high a place in your esteem as that occupied by my fortunate brother?"

Vivienne's rapid glance had flown, for one instant, from the fair, cruel face before her to that of her husband, who stood silent and motionless beside her, his keen, dark eyes fixed upon her, his thin lips wreathed with a cynical, malicious smile.

Good heavens! Could he see and endure the insolent gaze with which Saint Evremonde's cruel eyes were fastened on his wife's face? Could he hear the taunting accent with which the young man spoke, the evident meaning with which he uttered his brother's name? Ah! six months ago, how his eyes would have flashed, and his sword sprung from its sheath, to punish such insolence! What did it mean? Was he mad? Had he no sense of honor, or of pity

left? That sneering smile, those mocking eyes, told the young wife that her husband was no longer her protector; nay, that he was her bitter enemy, and looked on with pleasure while her cheek burned, and her eyes flashed with insulted dignity. She was alone, with those two cruelly smiling faces bent toward hers, and Leon's name throbbing in her heart. Leon, who was so noble, so pure! How dared that bad man even utter his name?

A thousand tumultuous thoughts had rushed thus through the mind of the marquise in the fleeting moment, during which she had paused after Saint Evremonde's question; but last, and strongest of all, came the conviction that she was to battle alone with these two men, who seemed trying to look into her very heart, and to find the means by which the deadliest torture could be inflicted upon her; and then a sudden resolve nerved her frame, and glittered in her eyes.

Her beautiful face changed, and brightened, and softened. A smile parted her lips: her figure lost its air of haughty dignity; and with her old careless grace, she swept a laughing courtesy, and answered lightly, "Monsieur does me too much honor. He may have in my esteem any place that he can win."

Then, with the same air of ease and gayety, she went on to ask him questions about the court he had just left, and her numerous friends there, including his brother as one of these; and hearing with apparently merely a polite interest that Leon had that week left Paris, having been appointed captain in a regiment going to the seat of war.

She listened, and asked careless questions, and passed on to other things. They need not know, she scarcely dared acknowledge to herself, the deep interest she felt in hearing anything concerning the young soldier. "And yet," she reasoned, "I am surely not wrong in wishing all good for my husband's kinsman—it is but Christian charity. It can be nothing else, for Leon disliked and shunned me—I know not why. I did not think at first that he hated me."

She thought of those sweet, happy days, the fairest in her life, when Leon first came to Paris, and they strayed together through the enchanted gardens of the palace, she thinking, poor child! that she had found a friend and brother in her young cousin, and learning to love and trust him with all her innocent heart. Then he had changed suddenly, and grown cold and distant; and there were no more walks in the gay gardens, no more quiet talks, and she

had not won him back, though she tried her sweetest arts; and since then life had seemed very dull and cold, "because she had lost her friend."

She was thinking of this in a pause of her conversation with Philip—thinking very sadly, and she was glad that the little sigh that stirred her bosom was not heard, because the marquis was just then speaking to his guest, and summoning a servant to conduct Saint Evremonde to his apartment.

A little silence followed the departure of Saint Evremonde, which was broken by the marquise, who had been gazing abstractedly from the window, watching the last gleams of rosy light fade from the clouds.

"Monsieur," she asked, "will your cousin's stay with us be a long one?"

"A very long one, probably, madame," answered the marquis, coldly. "Are you not pleased to have him here?"

"Of course, monsieur; it is my duty to be pleased with whatever pleases you," was Vivienne's quiet answer.

"Your duty? Yes, madame; but you have been known to fail in your duty," said the marquis, in a tone of suppressed anger. "Do you think I am blind, Madame la Marquise?" he continued, in a lower, yet infinitely more terrible tone. "I know that you gave a cold and haughty greeting to my cousin; that you expected to see another in his place; that you asked eager questions about that other, and became suddenly gracious and smiling that you might hide the interest you feel in him. Yes, you dared speak of him in my presence—of him, the traitor! And you, madame, can you deny that you love him, that—"

"Monsieur! You are speaking to your wife!" cried Vivienne, throwing off the hand he had laid, with an almost savage grasp, upon her white arm. She confronted him with proud, steady eyes, that did not fall before his, and with a brow as calm as his was wrathful and stormy.

"You are a good actress, madame," he said, with a sneer. "I am speaking to one who dared forget that she was my wife. I watched you, madame, you and your lover, when you little dreamed that I did so. I saw your heart won from me by that fair-faced, treacherous boy; I was not deceived by your sudden pretended coldness and avoidance of each other. Madame, you need never hope to deceive me, or to escape my revenge."

"Monsieur—oh! my husband! You have deceived yourself," she cried, with a sudden

change of voice and expression. Her eyes filled with tears, and her white hands went out toward him with a tender, appealing gesture: and in the fading light he saw her sweet face turned toward him with a look of supplication and sorrowful love.

"Monsieur—oh! believe me, I am innocent of all that you accuse me of. I have loved no one better than you; I have pretended nothing. Oh, my husband! love me again, I beseech you!"

"And be again deceived?" sneered the marquis. "No, madame. Leon Evremonde loved you, and loves you still. I am not duped now by your protestations, or your show of affection to me. Spare yourself all this trouble, and remember that my revenge will come. You cannot escape me."

He was gone from the room, leaving her there, white and trembling, clinging to the stone frame of the window for support, and vainly trying to shut out from her mind the vision of that dark, threatening face, the sound of those low, terrible tones. "You cannot escape me!" The words sounded on and on, and in her ears like a death-bell.

How helpless, how wretched she was! What was the revenge he was preparing for her imagined crime? Was there no help on earth or in heaven for the young girl trembling in the power of bad and unscrupulous men, and knowing no way of escape?

With flying steps she sought her mother's room, and as she gazed upon the face of her parent, who lay sleeping gently in the soft light of a swinging lamp, she vainly tried to persuade herself that this was a refuge for her. Alas! she knew that if they were determined to destroy her, even here, in her mother's presence, they would plunge the knife in her fluttering heart, and watch her life-blood ebbing away with cold and cruel eyes.

For this was in the old, old times, when such hideous crimes were committed, and went unpunished. The dark, old chateau had already witnessed many a deed as horrible as this—and there was no escape for her.

Sitting there beside her mother, with the lamp-light shining on her fair face and rich dress, with the Hautlieu rubies glowing on her bosom, her thoughts went back again to the palace gardens, to Leon, and to those sweet days of the past—"so sweet, so sad, the days that are no more." Through all her terror and despair there thrilled one thought which was strangely sweet, though meant to be the keenest stab her cruel husband had inflicted. "Leon Evremonde loved you, and loves you still," the

marquis had declared in his jealous madness. In her childlike innocence she had failed to interpret aright the conduct of the young soldier, but now she understood it; now she knew why he had seemed to change; why his brilliant eyes had ceased to meet hers with a smile; why his voice had no longer thrilled on her ear in low, eloquent tones. It was because he loved her, and honor bade him leave her.

Leon had discovered the danger in which they stood, and had nobly withdrawn himself from her society that she might not see his love, and learn to love him in return. It was this secret love, then, that prompted him to conceal himself under the dark archway of the city gate, that he might bid her farewell on the night she left Paris.

Ah! it was true she had never loved any one better than her husband, or thought she never had; but she turned, with relief, from the thought of the stern and jealous marquis, who seemed to care for her love no longer, to the remembrance of her graceful, ardent, young kinsman, who was so gay, so gentle, so brave, and who loved her still. In the wonderful sweetness of this thought she had almost forgotten the horror and danger that had seemed closing around her, when the voice of one of her attendants recalled her to the present. Her husband had sent for her. She started up, reproaching herself for allowing her thoughts to dwell so long on one who should be nothing to her, and resolved to banish every remembrance of Leon from her heart.

The marquis met her with his usual cold formality—Philip with the same insulting admiration; and the evening wore away tediously enough to the young marquise, who was forced to counterfeit the ease and cheerfulness she could not feel, to hide her fears and suspicions from the watchful eyes of her husband and his guest. At last midnight approached, and the guest was rising to retire to his chamber, when the marquis suddenly proposed that Saint Evremonde should go with him to see a famous picture, which hung in the chapel adjoining the chateau. They set out, Duroc, the secretary, accompanying them, and carrying two tall, wax candles to light the way.

"Madame, will you not go with us?" inquired the marquis of his wife, in a tone which was a command, and Vivienne followed, trembling with a strange, vague terror. Through the great entrance-hall they passed, through a wide, well-lit corridor, then into narrow passages, which stretched away, black and chill, in the distance; past suites of unused and closed

apartments—on, on, down the echoing passages, where the sweep of Vivienne's silk dress on the stone floor started her with its ghostly sound; where the flickering candles seemed to burn dimly, and the arched walls to be pressing closer to her at every step. Then came a narrow stairway, a heavy oaken door, which opened with grating hinges, and the chapel was reached. It was low-arched, and dark, and silent; and in the picture they had come to see, the uncertain, wavering light showed them only the white, agonized, yet triumphant face of a dying saint—a young and lovely woman tortured to death by a mocking, reviling, heathen mob.

They turned away from the picture, and the marquis, beckoning them to follow, led the way to a door opposite the one they had entered.

Vivienne hesitated, and ventured to observe, "Monsieur, you forget, perhaps, that this door leads to the vaults of the chapel?"

"I forget nothing, madame. I desire you to follow me," said his stern, pitiless tones; and Vivienne was forced to obey. With limbs that almost refused to bear her, she followed the three men into the dismal chamber the marquis had opened. It was a small, vaulted room, dimly lighted in the day by a single grated window, and communicating by a flight of stone steps with the vaults below the chapel, where lay the tranquil dust of all the proud men and women who had once lived and loved, and hated, and died, in the great Chateau de Hautlieu.

Vivienne entered the gloomy cell, and the heavy door closed behind her. For a moment she leaned against the cold, damp wall, faint with terror and apprehension; then the blood of the brave and gentle Berengers animated her with sudden courage, and she glanced fearlessly and calmly from one to another of the three men who stood beside her.

The burning dark eyes of the marquis gleamed upon her from beneath their heavy eyebrows, as he stood haughtily erect with folded arms.

Saint Evremonde leaned with careless grace against a column that supported the arches of the roof, his fair, insolent face and half-closed eyes turned toward her with an evil smile.

Duroc had placed the lights within a niche in the wall, and stood now bending a little toward her, as a beast of prey crouches before springing on its victim. His eyes, too, dark and baleful, were fixed upon her, and his right hand seemed to her to be stealing to his bosom, as if seeking some deadly weapon.

She felt that all was over, the hour of the marquis' revenge had arrived. There was no



sign of pity or faltering in any one of the cruel faces before her, no gleam of human feeling in the eyes that fastened themselves upon her face.

She was beyond the aid of human help, her wildest shrieks could not penetrate the walls that shut out the chapel from the cbateau, and her tears and prayers could avail nothing with these three unscrupulous, cruel men. She must die if they willed it, but she would die as became a Beranger. So she stood there, calm and still, her eyes shining with a steady glow, the lace on her bosom, and the blood-red rubies that fastened it, scarcely stirred by her breathing; one little hand pressed against her heart, as she counted its slow, strong throbs, and waited.

"You are pale, madame. You are frightened, perhaps, by the gloom of this place," said the soft voice of Saint Evremonde, startling her as the hiss of a serpent would have done.

"No, monsieur, I am not so cowardly as to be frightened by shadows," said Vivienne.

"I am sorry you do not seem pleased with this room, madame," suddenly observed the marquis. "I have had it furnished for a special purpose, and trusted you would like it. Could not a person, given to religious meditation, spend many hours here with comfort and profit?"

Vivienne glanced around the room, and saw that it, indeed, contained several articles of furniture which had at first escaped her notice. There was a low couch, covered with a pall of black velvet, an oaken chair and table, and high up on the wall gleamed a silver crucifix, shining with a faint, mysterious radiance in the light of the flaming tapers.

A terror worse than that of death seized upon the unhappy young marquise. It was evident, then, that they did not intend to take her life by violence, but to leave her a prisoner in this horrible place, to die a lingering, agonized death by starvation, or, perhaps, to exist for years, shut out from the light of the sun, and the sound of voices.

Oh! it were better, more merciful, to plunge

a dagger in her heart, and send her soul into the future, with one sobbing, quivering shriek from her dying lips.

But her husband's eyes were on her, and she must speak, in spite of those choking throbs of her heart.

"Monsieur," she said, gently, "a pure conscience, and a devout spirit, could make one happy, even here."

"I am glad you think so," madame," said the marquis, with a grim smile. "Come, messieurs, let us return to the salon."

Duroc lifted the candles from the niche, and the marquis opened again the heavy door, and motioned to Philip to pass through it; but, with a formal bow, Saint Evremonde signed to the marquise to precede him.

Was she, then, to go back to life again? The reaction from despair to hope, however faint, almost rendered her incapable of motion; but, with an effort, she returned his courteous bow, and passed over the threshold.

She could not believe in the reality of her escape from this shadow of death. She walked like one in a dream, expecting yet some horror to start out upon her from the shadowy arches of the chapel, or to meet her in the long, dreary passages leading to the salon.

But they were passed in safety, and Vivienne was at last permitted, worn out with terror and fatigue, to seek her own apartment, and pour out her thanks to that heaven which had protected her in the midst of danger. And yet she felt it was only a respite, not an escape. There had been a purpose, she well knew, in taking her to that vault. Suddenly she started from her knees. She had divined the fell design of the marquis. Sooner or later she was to be incarcerated in this awful cell, and by a refinement of torture, she had been acquainted with her sentence in advance, so that its terrors might be before her, night and day, intensified by the uncertainty as to when the blow was to fall. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LINES.

BY FLOY FLOYD.

WHEN, borne on memory's airy wings,  
My thoughts go back to thee,  
I know that twilight to thee brings  
Thoughts of the past and me;  
It brings the words so fraught with pain  
To both—we may not meet again.

And yet, though bitter is the thought,  
Perhaps 'twas best to part,  
Ere cold distrust had banished love,

Or time had chilled the heart;  
For now we only know we met  
To love, to part, but not forget.

When twilight's sombre shadows creep  
O'er life's declining day;  
When burst our souls their prison doors,  
And break their bands of clay,  
At last united may we soar  
Through worlds of light, for evermore.

## IN PURSUIT OF A PARSON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

My name is Anthony Morris. I am an artist by profession, and a successful one; whether thanks to my talent or my good luck, I leave to those amiable critics, my friends, to decide.

I might be older, and the innocent and ribald jokes of a callow, younger brother lead me to believe that I might be younger: but I suppose when a man chooses to relate a few of his little experiences, he is not bound to set down his age, so I will not reveal my years exactly, but go on with my story.

I have had my pitfalls, but I have escaped them, thanks to keeping my wits about me. I don't pretend to dislike woman, nor to set up for a hermit. I have met with a bereavement—I have lost a friend, and the species is becoming rarer every day.

I have lost a friend—that's his picture yonder, back of the big easel, with a broken pipe and the stem of a wineglass suspended over it by a black ribbon, as a sorrowful memento where he is concerned, and a dismal warning to such lucky birds as still remain on the list of freemen.

I have lost a friend, and I could better have spared a better fellow. I never thought him perfect, and I never pretended to. I am proud to recollect that I did my duty by him, and never failed to point out his little errors, such as crooked temper, writing verses, and being weak in the head where the female tribe were concerned; but, for all that, I was fond of him.

He usually told the truth, except about himself; and when he was not in his cross mood, or his cranky mood, or his poetical fit, or possessed by his dumb devil, or scampering after a petticoat, he was as reasonable an old dog as one could wish to see; if he happened to be in the humour of using such common sense as had fallen to his share.

But he is gone—I shall never see him again. It is a little sad to me to think I shall never meet that careless face any more; never hear that somewhat reckless and unmanageable tongue, which had a trick of telling things that other people only think; never laugh in listening to his laugh, which was sure to ring out on the most improper occasions—never any more; and, the worst of it is, that I cannot even say a *requiescat in pace* when I think of him and his mournful taking off.

It was not that our friendship ended in a quarrel. No, I was faithful to him to the last, stood by him up to the final moment. I did my duty, and I never shall have to reproach myself where he is concerned.

Not the slightest badge of outward mourning is permitted me, save those warning relics that hang over his picture yonder: Owing to the prejudices of an ignorant, superstitious world, my lips are sealed against emitting so much as a sigh in reviewing his fate, except in the society of the gradually narrowing band of select spirits that still frequents my snug old studio.

I said never any more should I meet his careless face, or hear his unchecked laugh—never. But, ah! in place of that, I know that some time in the future there will appear before me a care-lined countenance, a stiff, Puritanical figure, like a wooden image of virtue, innocent of the smell of pipes, guiltless of gorgeous scarfs and disreputable breakfast-coats, and he will claim to be the friend I have lost, and in the eyes of the world I shall have to acknowledge him as such; but here, in the reticence of my sanctum, I shall refuse to accept this sententious animal, trying to conceal a subdued air under an affectation of seriousness and dogmatic assertion.

You know now what has happened to him—he is married, married! It were idle, and would be too painful to speculate upon the depths of degradation to which he may sink, after having made the first fatal plunge into a gulf deeper than that wherein Curtius sank, and without the consciousness of duty fulfilled, which supported the sallow old Roman.

I may live to see him deprived of a latch-key; grown familiar as a man-milliner in the looking up of dresses; accustomed to rushing about with footstools, nay, with that peculiar, one-sided appearance I have so frequently observed in married men, and which I solemnly believe to be owing to the fact of their having to sleep on the hard edge of the bedstead, instead of being permitted a rightful share of bolster and mattress. Worse even than that may lie beyond—I may go to make a duty visit, perfectly conscious that I shall be regarded in horror by his legal owner as a tempter and lost spirit come up out of the Pandemonium of his past life; and while

I am trying to make small-talk and propitiate his lawful jailer, I may see him trotting a red-faced atom on his knee, submitting to have his mustache pulled by two lean claws; yes, maybe four—there may be twins, for what any reasonable being can tell—for, as I said, after the opening degradation, one never knows how far down, into what depths of humiliation and despair lost humanity may descend.

But here I pause, unable to pursue the subject further. Mine is a bachelor-pen, and blushes at the bare idea of thus reaching forward into futurity, and dragging out of its awful maw any such spotted, shrieking, kicking, indistinguishable, and appalling possibilities, as may become actualities in his case.

It was an astonishment to me—I will admit that, all the more readily that it seldom happens that anybody can surprise me now-a-days; but Damon did, I am bound to confess.

I knew his weakness—I knew how easily he was bamboozled and made, figuratively, to stand on his head by those descendants of mermaids and the syrens; but I never thought it would have come to this.

After all the warnings he had had, too; after watching with me to see one hapless wretch after another allow himself to be deluded out of our band, with the fatal noose around his neck! Being always the harshest in his judgments, the most unsparing in his sarcasm, when at odd times they crept back to make us surreptitious visits, bearing the marks of the halter so plainly about their necks, grown lean, and careworn, and melancholy-voiced under their bondage, or else trying to carry it off with a jaunty, insolent air of triumph, getting red-faced and lazy, and with no more poetry in them than would go to the choosing of a good dinner.

How unmerciful Damon was; how he liked to make them trip if he possibly could; and what a horror and disgust he was to all the spouses of his former friends.

The vile jokes he was accustomed to play! The time Jo Harmon sent him word to go to his tailor and dispatch a pair of pantaloons, and at the same time to fulfill several commissions for Mrs. Harmon; and Damon pretended to make a mistake, and directed the breeches to madam, and a corset to Jo, accounting for that last by saying he mistook the word *courage*, and coolly adding in his note that he hoped the things fitted and suited the lady.

There was no end to his evil jests and performances; and many is the time I have warned him that some horrible fate would befall him if he persevered in his shocking career—but I

never looked for anything so hopeless and irreparable as this! I might have endured his running off with another man's wife and not been surprised; but to see him live to run off with his own—oh! shade of every old bachelor that ever frowned upon matrimony, aid me to chant the harrowing tale.

One of the last men we had seen go was Alf Chauncy—poor, handsome Alf; but everything connected with his *faux pas* (or don't you use that word where men are concerned?) was so romantic that it appealed to all the blank verse Damon and I had in us, and we bore it with tolerable patience.

Alf fell in love with pretty Marian Lacy on board an ocean steamer, and the steamer caught fire, and he saved her life, and they and a party of the saved were out in a small boat for days, and got so short of biscuit that they began to cast hungry eyes at Marian, as looking the youngest and tenderest among them. But they were picked up in time, and Alf fell mad in love with her, and even Damon and I rather applauded it in his case, for there are exceptions to all rules.

But this was only the beginning of their romance. They quarreled outrageously—I believe most people wait until they are yoked for that—and at last Alf came moaning and tearing his curly hair into this very studio, and did a five act melodrama for Damon's and my benefit; and we essayed to comfort him with apples, and stay him with flagons, but he was hard bit, and a most dismal old time we had of it with him.

It had got to be summer, and we were just getting ready for a trip to Moosehead Lake, and we carried Alf off with us, though he said he preferred the bottom of the river, or the silent tomb, or some other eligible planting-place of that sort. But we held him fast and took him with us; and at the last moment, without knowing why, Damon would go to the Adirondac Woods instead, and I had to give in to his obstinacy, as usual.

We were there for nearly two weeks, and Alf got so that, on ordinary occasions, he could conduct himself like a civilized being. Of course, he was liable to his attacks, but we got used to them, and never minded when he was moved to rout out of bed in the middle of the night to bay the moon, like a watch-dog, or indulge in other Bedlamitish proceedings, which are apt to be somewhat confusing to lookers-on, however soothing their effects may be upon the mind of the sufferer.

But I am bound to say that we bore with his whims and vagaries with a patience that was

beyond all praise; and it somewhat astonished me in Damon, for he was about as uncertain and gusty a young gentleman as you could meet in a day's march, and not at all inclined to submit uncomplainingly to anything that bored him, or interfered with his own pleasure.

We met a party of Boston men, acquaintances of Alf, and we united forces. I said nothing, being a quiet man, but I was perfectly convinced that ill-luck of some sort would speedily overtake us. Mother Cary's chickens are not more certain forerunners of evil to sailors than my prophetic soul felt that those modern Athenians would be to us.

Of course, the few words of expostulation that I attempted made Alf and Damon more determined to have them. You know enough of human nature not to be surprised at that; so I smoked my pipe, and took refuge in silence, for fear Damon should go off into one of his "moods," which would be rather more unendurable than Alf's love-sickness.

And the catastrophe came. Alf and one of the Boston men were in a boat together, and Boston would carry his gun cocked, like a fool, though I shouted to him a dozen times from my boat that he would meet with an accident, for he kept shifting the gun about, and making feints of firing at ducks, but was never ready.

"Let him alone," said Damon, who happened, at the moment, to be savage about something; "he'll only kill himself, and that will be a blessing!"

"But he may shoot Alf," I ventured to say.

"I hope to the Lord he will," growled Damon; "I'm disgusted with everything and everybody! Nothing goes right; we ought to have met them before this."

"Met whom?"

"Oh! mind your business!" quoth Damon, and I did, and was silent. Then he was vexed at that, and muttered that if he was me he wouldn't make a dumb beast of himself, and I thought I wouldn't; so I hazarded a remark about Ruskin and the clouds, and Damon said irreverently,

"The deuce take Ruskin! I don't want any of his stilled trash at second-hand."

Altogether, the morning was an uncomfortable one; and just as we reached the place where the guides, who had gone on in advance, had arranged we should stop for dinner, that Boston man got into a new frenzy about some ducks. He stumbled over an oar; bang went the gun, and down went Alf like a hit pigeon.

There was dreadful confusion, of course. We got ashore and ran—the guides ran; the Boston

man, having done all the mischief he could, stood howling like a bull of Basban, declaring that he had murdered his friend, and begging somebody to put an end to him, which I would have done with the greatest pleasure in life, if I had had leisure to spare from Alf to attend to the blundering, ill-regulated animal.

We thought at first the poor boy was dead, but he opened his eyes after a little, and we got his coat off, and discovered that he was wounded in the arm, but badly; and what with its being about an artery, and our not knowing how to manage the confounded thing, he nearly bled to death before we could row him out to the hotel near the lower Saranac Lake.

The Boston man kept on making a whole menagerie of himself till Damon lost patience; and what between anxiety for Alf, and rage at the man, I never heard any poor fellow take ten minutes of such abuse as that child of the Hub from my excitable friend.

"Talk about Cain," howled Damon, when he got fairly under way, "why Cain was a gentleman and a Christian compared to you! I swear by all that's good, I'll have you lynched the moment we reach Baker's! I wonder we don't drown you now! Shut up, you scarecrow! Can't you even let the poor fellow you've murdered die in peace, you concentration of a whole troop of ravens, you?"

The best of it was, he was so mad he had no idea how funny it sounded. I laughed, so did the guides, and poor Alf, too, until he started the bleeding worse than ever, and by the time we landed him at the hotel he was a very bad case, indeed.

Luckily there was a young surgeon there with a party, and he found what I suppose he would not if he had staid at home, an opportunity to exercise his skill; and after the wound was dressed, he assured us there was no danger if fever could be kept down.

Then, while Damon and I were alone in the parlor discussing the matter, the door opened, and we became a scene in a theatre at once, for who should rush in but pretty Marian Lacy, calling out,

"Is he dead? Is he dead?"

I was so overwhelmed with astonishment that I did the attitudinizing; but Damon, who could have talked if he had been dead a week, soothed her, and performed hero's friend for her benefit in fine style. I can't make a pretty story out of it to please you; but the plain facts were that Marian had come up to the Woods with some friends, and Damon knew it, and that was why he whewed us off there, meaning to

effect a meeting and reconciliation between the lovers

Of course, you know what happened, being familiar with romances and love matters. Pretty Marian and her old-maid aunt (who looked like an umbrella with a frizzed wig set on it, and always moved with a creak, as if her machinery was out of order) stationed themselves by Alf's bed and watched over him as only women can. I am always willing to speak a good word for the sex whenever I can do it conscientiously—heaven knows they need it sorely enough!

The fever did set in, and Alf had a terrible bout, and death made a fierce old struggle for his prey; but the surgeon, and the nursing, and Alf's constitution, were too much for him, and they beat him off at last.

Finally, the day came when handsome Alf woke up out of his delirium as pale as a ghost and weak as a baby, and the first sight that met his eyes was Marian's dear face bending over him, and Marian's sweet voice assuring him that it was not a dream.

So everybody was glad, and Damon relented enough to let me write to Cain, as he had christened the Boston unfortunate, and put him out of his misery; for the poor fellow had been forced to go back to Boston, (what a fate!) and was daily sending us imploring and penitent letters to inquire about the wounded man—his victim, as Damon insisted on calling Alf.

Alf got so he could be dressed and sit up in the sun; and one day Damon beckoned me mysteriously, and I crept toward the veranda, and I saw a very pretty picture. Alf sitting back in his easy-chair, and Marian half on her knees by his side, and his arms were about her, and they were looking in each other's faces—*heigho!*

"What a pair of fools!" whispered Damon; but I knew he was pleased for all that.

I was so softened by what had happened, that when we got back to town, and Alf sent us word in a few weeks to be ready for his wedding, I forgave him and her, and was quite satisfied about them; but though that wretched Damon had done his best to bring them together again, he was terribly severe on both. When I attempted to say that for once I approved of what was going on, and that I really believed the pair would be happy, Damon flew out at me in the most violent way, and abused me worse than he has ever done in his whole life, which is saying a good deal, for he was very unreserved in the expression of his sentiments even on ordinary occasions.

"Pleased!" quoth he, knocking the ashes out

of his pipe fiercely. "A good thing! you great unaundering ass! I know how it will end. I've seen one good fellow after another go over the bay; here's Alf—it'll be you next! You'll let some woman make a blind bat of you; and first you know, you'll be tied, hand and foot, scratched, fondled, teased, deceived, made to quarrel with your relatives, to hate your mother, to stop smoking, to be humdrum, bewitched, be-kissed, befooled, bedeviled—married! Ugh! Shut up, you great cormorant, you!"

I declare, he fairly alarmed me, and I could not speak to a woman for a month after. From the date of Alf's marriage, Damon went on worse than ever about marriage, and was set down as a more hopeless case than before, by everybody that knew him. His heretical opinions absolutely were too much for me sometimes, and the mothers of families regarded him as a species of ogre, who would probably devour the youngest and tenderest of their offspring, without remorse, if only he found an opportunity.

Well, I am coming to the finale. Damon had been out of town; he was gone a good while, and though he wrote to me occasionally, his letters were so vague and unsatisfactory, that I felt confident he was deep in some sort of mischief, though what the nature of it might be I never dreamed.

He came back in the autumn, and, would you believe it? I discovered a change in him, so marked, that, for the life of me, I could not tell what was up. I scarcely ever saw him, yet, when we met, he was as friendly as ever; so I could not think that he was angry. He had always vague excuses, which threw no light on the matter, to offer for his inability to visit the studio. As for the old-time bachelor-parties, he stoutly refused to go to any of them, and one day had the impudence to take me to task for an abandoned Bohemian, which came with a very poor grace from him, though he was so brazen about it that he quite took my breath away; and it was not until he was gone that I remembered how I might have turned the tables on him by recalling a little of his own past, if I had only kept my wits about me during his tirade.

Time went on; vague whispers reached me, grew, spread, took shape and form. I heard of Damon at all sorts of proper places, and never alone; and, most suspicious sign of all, it was invariably the same female that hung on his arm.

I looked about the old studio, and felt disconsolate. I remembered Dick, and Jo, and Alf, and the troop of jolly, good fellows was

had gone, one after another, into the mysterious realm of matrimony—that dark bourne from whence no bachelor returns, and I wondered if I was to sit by and see another, the most outrageous and fickle of the whole set, follow in the wake of those unfortunates.

I said nothing; I waited, I kept to my work and my pipe—time enough to speak when my forebodings became a reality. They did that a few weeks ago. I was sitting at my easel yonder, one morning, thinking no evil of anybody, wishing no harm even to the most savage critic of my new picture, not conscious that I had been particularly wicked, so as to need any great shock or discipline, in fact, at peace with the world in general, and rather easier in my mind in regard to Damon, from some little hints that had reached me.

Ting, ting, went my door-bell. Then the door opened before I could rise, and in rushed Damon, with as much fracas as if he had been the noisiest ward in a mad-house.

He shook hands with me six times, asked the same question over and over, began sentences and did not finish, upset my paint-box, trod on the dog, broke a pipe, and finally burst out with,

“Old fellow, I want you to do me a favor. Of course, I tell you, because you are such an old friend; but it’s all being done in a great hurry, so you’ll not be vexed at my silence. She’s the dearest creature, and I am the happiest old dog—”

I didn’t hear any more, though I was conscious that his voice rambled on at high-pressure rate, while my brain whirled, and I felt as dazed as if somebody had hit me a peck on the back of the head with a sharp stone.

“What is it? What do you mean?” I asked, feebly.

“Ain’t I telling you!” he cried, shaking me, and laughing like a maniac, as he was, of course. “Wake up, you old bat! Don’t you hear? I’m going to be married!”

“Married!” I repeated.

“You couldn’t be stupider if you’d been buried,” quoth he. “Now get your wits back, you dear old musty bachelor, for I’m in an awful hurry, and there’s lots of things you must do for me. Married day after to-morrow. Oceans to do! On my way down town! Want you to find a parson, and all that! Hurry up!”

Upon my word, that was all I got out of him, though he talked enough, heaven knows. He pushed me into my hat, dragged me down stairs, bade me hasten, and, above all, not to blunder; and it was not until he had jumped into an

omnibus, and was gone, that I remembered he had not even told me what clergyman to seek.

I meditated as well as I could in my confusion, and finally remembered he was an Episcopalian, at least I had heard him say his family had always been Episcopalian, so I determined to seek a clergyman of that persuasion.

It was beginning to rain. I had no umbrella. The mud was deep; find a carriage I could not—so away I trudged. The first parson I caught had a funeral on hand at the hour I needed him; the second had his own wedding to attend; the third was laid up with the gout; the fourth affected to think the whole thing a sell on my part, and said disparaging things of my personal appearance, and declined to talk with me.

I pinned one at last; he seemed a very good sort of chap, though we made a blunder at starting. He got the idea, somehow, that I had come about the burial of a relation, and commenced condoling with me; and I, thinking he had sensible ideas in regard to matrimony, did not discover what he was driving at for some time; but after that, we settled matters very amicably.

Well, I found Damon again in his room, up to his eyes in packages and letters, (by-the-way he was burning a rare lot,) trades-people and bills.

“It’s all right,” said I; “at ten o’clock on the fatal morning he’ll be ready for you.”

“Ten o’clock!” shouted he. “Tony, you always were a fool, and I knew it; but I did think you would try to make what wits you have of some service to a friend at a time like this—it’s very little you can do.”

I looked at my muddy boots, thought of my tired legs, of my ill-luck, my jurnies, the abuse I had suffered from the unbelieving parson, the testiness of the gouty one, the confusion of the about-to-be-married one, the mistake in regard to my errand of the one I had secured, but I only said, mildly,

“What have I done wrong now?”

“Everything!” howled Damon. “Unless I do everything myself, it’s all wrong. I told you eight o’clock—we have to catch a train.”

Yes, I positively set off through the mud and the coming dark to find my parson again! He was not at home; the only time I could be certain of catching him, his landlady said, would be at his breakfast, at eight o’clock, and he lived good two miles away from my domicile.

I dared not trust to leaving a note—I had promised Damon to see him in person. Sympathizing soul! if there be such left on this abandoned old footstool, I was so afraid of over-

sleeping myself that I slumbered sitting up in my big chair, got the nightmare, and bumped my head against the table.

But I was up and out in time, and found the parson, and got it straight at last, and he tried to console me for all my trouble by saying,

"It might be worse; you might be going to be married yourself."

"God forbid!" said I, fervently; then remembered that he was a clergyman, and apologized.

But he laughed heartily, and said,

"It was so evidently heartfelt that I really think it was not irreverent."

What an awful day I had of it! Damon sent for me, and I had to go. First, he reviled me for my bruised forehead, and vowed that I had been on a spree, and that it really was enough to ruin a man's character to present a friend with such a mark on his face as there was on mine. Then he read me a brief but dreadful lecture on the enormity of my conduct generally, and figuratively spat upon me (as the foulest reproach) the name "fusty, musty, crusty old bachelor."

There was a world of things to do—he always was the worst fellow for leaving matters to the latest moment—and when he was not reviling me, he was praising his intended, or telling me what a happy dog he was, or pitying me for being a disconsolate old crew.

I may have been guilty of my little errors in my life, but whatever they have been, certain it

is that the purgatory I endured that day ought to have atoned for them; and the most provoking thing was, that, whether he reviled me or pitied me, or talked about our old friendship, it was so evident that he was ridiculously, idiotically happy, that he was no more sensible of the horror of his position than a blind man would be of a precipice.

Friend, the morrow came. I was up at early dawn—at the church precisely at eight. Would you believe it! only that one can believe anything of a man capable of falsifying all his old sentiments as Damon had done! Late the evening before it had been decided to have the ceremony nearly half an hour earlier, so that as I entered the chapel the clergyman was just concluding the performance; and the little group of relatives, who had felt it their duty to get up and be present, glared at me as if I ought to be ashamed of myself—and I really felt conscience-stricken, though for what I could not have told.

That is all! The last of them is gone—the band of old bachelors is definitely wasted to a single span. There hang the pipe and glass: here I sit and recall the by-gone days, and see the ghosts of good fellows sitting about, and hear them laugh and talk, and the past grows so real that it is only with an effort I rouse myself to the mournful truth that they are all gone—lost! Damon latest! Sold, betrayed, buried—no, I mean married!

## WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY MRS. EMMA DIX.

Who placed ye here, bright memory flowers?  
Sweet emblems of fair Summer hours,  
Within this Sacred Book?  
Had ye a mission to fulfill,  
To call again with magic skill,  
Some fond or gentle look?

Perhaps ye decked a mother's pride,  
When time on rapid wing did glide,  
Crowning her life with joy;  
Sweet token of some happier morn,  
That blushed above its tiny form,  
One day without alloy.

Mayhap a bride, with modest grace,  
Had twined ye 'mid the fleecy lace  
Shading her maiden brow;

What hopes ye brought, sweet memory flowers,  
Of other days and fonder hours,  
Fair records of a vow.

Maychance bedecked some dear loved one,  
Fit emblem of the life just done,  
A fair, and bright, and blest;

Soothing the pathway to the tomb,  
A gentle flower in early bloom,  
Seeking its joyous rest.

Fair, smiling flowers, once bright and gay,  
Withered hopes of a happier day,  
Speak, and tell me all:  
My childhood seemed as bright and fair,  
Its faded dreams can well prepare  
The soul to obey its call.

I'll place ye back; ye long have lain,  
Some joy or care, some grief or pain,  
That long hath slept unthought:  
Mayhap the one who placed ye here,  
Is floating in another sphere,  
By God and angels taught.

Sleep on, sweet flowers, the tears will start,  
When memories crowd within my heart,  
An orphan's sad and lone;  
The best beloved, each kindred tie,  
Like your bright joys, must fade and die—  
Our brightest days have flown.

## THE STORY OF A BLUE VEIL.

BY HELEN MAXWELL, AUTHOR OF "PERFIDIOUS PLANCHETTE," ETC.

ONCE upon a time—to commence my story in the good old way, and what other way could be half so pleasant?—once upon a time, then, I was seated, book in hand, on the Cliffs at Newport, enjoying the damp, exhilarating air, watching the graceful ships, some gleaming white, others gray and shadowy, gliding calmly through the blue sea, trying to count the little dots of sailboats that looked like flocks of seagulls, and listening to the surf as it broke with a soft splash against the rocks, or ran swiftly, curling and frothing, over the sands. I was alone, and rejoicing in my mimic isolation within sight of home. There was no one near to whom I must make myself agreeable, or behave prettily. I could clamber down the rocks, if I chose, take off my shoes and stockings and dabble my bare feet in the water; or I could read my novel, and gaze out at sea and indulge in pleasant, dreamy fancies. In short, I could do as I liked, and I was happy.

It was a great thing to escape from the gay party of which I was a most appreciative member. They were all busily engaged in the race of fashion—receptions, balls, and drives on the Avenue; flirtations, hops at the Ocean House, and an occasional tea-party to the Glen. Sometimes I ran away from it all, and declared my determination to have a day to myself. So, despite the formidable list of unpaid visits my aunt held before me, or the entreaties of my cousin Redwood (a very nice boy!) to go with him to a croquet-party, I put on my hat, and with "The Initials" in my hand, walked quickly over the lawn to the Cliffs.

I hunted out a favorite nook of mine in the rocks, and there I sat down and plunged into my book. What with my interest in the quarrels of Hildegard and Hamilton, and in the enjoyment and self-congratulations before alluded to, several hours passed quickly away.

I was just becoming disagreeably conscious of the fact that it was near time for luncheon, and I should be favored with a gentle scolding from my aunt if I was late, when I was startled by the shrill barking of a dog close to me. I turned hastily, and caught a little "black-and-tan" in the act of running off with my blue veil! He was "worrying" it as he ran, dashing at it, giving it a shake and toss, bounding on a few steps, then rushing back, seizing it and scam-

pering off in a perfect ecstasy of play. A few moments more and there would have been nothing left of my poor veil. I tried coaxing, but with no effect; so, at last, I started off in full chase. The little fellow flew ahead of me, the veil streaming behind him. Every now and then he would stop, panting, drop his prize, and watch me till I was within a few feet of him, then seize it again, and on we would go.

Before I knew it I found myself on the well-kept lawn at the back of a pretty cottage. There lay my veil on the steps, and the little thief was already lying down in the sun, with his eyes drowsily half-shut, looking as innocent and unconscious as if he had not given me such a tiresome race.

The cottage was the very picture of comfort; a wide veranda ran entirely around it, and the long, open, lace-shaped windows gave glimpses of charming rooms. The veranda was scattered with books and papers, and a large reclining-chair of bamboo stood temptingly placed at the corner of the house where the view of the sea was the best. At the other end a hammock was hung; and though I had at first thought there was no one within sight, as soon as I looked at the hammock I found I was mistaken. A pair of legs, clad in very immaculate white duck trousers, hung over the edge; and a wide, straw hat, with a black ribbon around it, was placed in such a position that I knew it must cover the face of the same person to whom the legs appertained.

I was in doubt as to whether that individual was asleep, or only lazy, and, therefore, hesitated somewhat before I ventured to approach near enough to recapture my veil. At last I crept forward *a pas de loup*, but scarcely had reached the steps, when the legs, after a premonitory flourish in the air, came down with a stamp, and a tall, fair, broad-shouldered man stood before me. It was too late to retreat, and I commenced some hurried apology for my intrusion.

"Allow me," he said, picking up my veil. "That mischievous little dog has been giving you some trouble, I see. Naughty Pug!"

Pug half-opened his eyes, and responded by a feeble thumping of his tail on the steps. He showed no contrition.

"What a tramp he must have led you," con-



tinued the gentleman, looking at my face, which, I dare say, was red enough after my run.

"Oh! not so very far," I answered, politely, and holding out my hand for my veil.

"I am afraid there is not much left of this frail, little thing," he said, without giving it to me. "Pug's teeth are very sharp."

"It was really not worth the trouble of chasing him for it; "but I thought every moment I should catch him."

"Pug runs fast. Little nuisance!"

"I won't trouble you any longer." And again I held out my hand for the veil; and again he showed no disposition to give it to me.

"You'll never be able to wear it. How tired you must be! Pray rest yourself, before you resume your walk."

"No, thanks; you are very kind. If you will please give me——"

"I really must insist upon your resting. Sit here a moment till I bring you a glass of water."

I tried to refuse, but it was of no use. This eccentric person had pulled a chair up, and had very politely put me into it. I was provoked enough; but there seemed nothing to be done but wait patiently till I was allowed to depart with my veil in peace, or pieces. I should have liked to have run away, but I was positively ashamed to go, now, without the morsel of gauze which had so foolishly brought me there.

Presently my host returned with a glass of iced claret and water, which he gave me.

"And now Pug must be punished," said he. "Come here, sir!"

"Oh, no! please!" I interposed, hastily, "don't punish him."

"Well, since you beg for him, I'll let it pass, this time."

So Pug was forgiven, and he showed his satisfaction by turning over on his side with a deep sigh, stretching out his little legs and going fast asleep.

As soon as I could I arose to go.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have made so much trouble for such a trifling thing," I said, civilly, and looking suggestively at the veil which my host still held in his hand.

But he deliberately folded it up with great neatness and put it into his pocket.

"I shall have to keep this as a trophy," he said. "Pug is a little thief, I confess, but still I consider it fairly my own."

The cool impudence of the thing took away my breath. But I perceived it would be entirely useless to object, so submitted, but rather sulkily. I went down the steps with all the dignity I could muster, making a very stiff bow

for adieu. The wide, straw hat was flourished in return; and I went on my way.

After all it was an adventure! But I concluded it would be best not to mention it at home, for I knew I should get well scolded by my aunt, and well teased by the other members of the family.

Redwood received me with enthusiastic accounts of his croquet-party. For ten minutes I listened, "red ball, green ball; another fellow—booby! Such a pretty girl."

"What did you say, Redwood? A pretty girl! Who is a booby? What a pity!"

"No, nonsense! But there is no use telling you anything about it—you are in one of your moods."

"I am not; but you rattle at such a rate. Go on, and tell me about your pretty girl."

I received a description of an angelic creature, who wore a tarpaulin hat, and had the "littlest foot!" After which Redwood obligingly retailed various small compliments he had heard paid me. "You see, Tony, everybody thinks you are a jolly, nice girl—and so you are."

(My name is Antoinette, and I regret to say that my cousin Redwood has abbreviated it to Tony.)

"There is hardly a girl in Newport you couldn't cut out, if you only chose to try."

"*Merci du compliment.* But as I don't choose to try, there is no danger of a defeat."

"There's Philip Enderdale. He's awfully in love with you, for he told me so himself; and he has the nobbiest dog-cart on the Avenue. But you never will drive with any of the fellows."

"The only 'fellow' I will drive with is my cousin Redwood."

"You are all right to me, Tony, I'll say that for you. What shall we do with ourselves this afternoon?"

"I'll drive you in the phaeton, if you like; and as it is three o'clock now, let us have our luncheon and be off."

We found my aunt in the dining-room. She gave a deprecating glance at Redwood, who was certainly making an awful racket, whistling the Hilda waltz out of all time and tune.

"My dear boy, a little less noise, if you please. Antoinette, will you try and be home early, so as to give you ample time to dress? We have dinner-company to-day."

"Yes, aunt," I replied, meekly, but with a sigh—for dinner-parties were my especial detestation.

"We have your uncle's old friend, Gen.

Mulready, and Mr. Fauntleroy, who has just returned from India."

"Too bad, our drive has to be cut short for two old seeds!" Redwood exclaimed, impatiently.

"What you can possibly mean by 'old seeds,' Redwood, I cannot imagine," said aunt, with severity. "But Gen. Mulready is a noted man, and Mr. Fauntleroy both young and agreeable. Don't let me hear you use slang again."

"All right, ma'am. Tony, if you are ready, we might as well make the most of what time we have."

I agreed; and we were soon rolling along in the little basket-carriage.

We had left the Avenue, and were driving slowly on the new road, when I saw my acquaintance of the morning rapidly approaching on horseback. He drew rein as he met us, and seemed almost inclined to stop; but I gave him no chance, for, acknowledging his bow in as slight a manner as was possible, I touched the ponies with the whip, and we were quickly separated; but not before I had seen him half-draw from his breast-pocket my blue veil!

"Oh, ho! Miss Tony!" cried that aggravating boy, Redwood, "what's all this? A strange swell bows to you, and flourishes a blue veil! Very extraordinary! Is it possible that my quiet Tony has her sly flirtations, like the rest of the world?"

"How absurd you are, Redwood!"

"Who is it, Tony? Come, tell a fellow. Why you are actually blushing!"

"I never saw the man before this morning!" I exclaimed. "I don't even know his name; and I am not blushing in the least."

"Oh! yes, you are, Tony, worse than ever! there is no use denying it. You might as well confess; I'll promise never to tell."

"There is nothing to confess, you most provoking boy. I lost my veil, and he found it, I suppose, *voilà tout!*"

"Of course, I know better; but I'll say no more, as you are so evidently teazed."

As if that was not worse than anything else he had said. Teazed, indeed! There was nothing left me but to tell him the little adventure of the morning, which I did as briefly as I could, only enlarging upon the especial dislike I had taken to the stranger.

Redwood, of course, was immensely amused, and considered Pug little short of an angel. He could talk of nothing else for the rest of our drive, and hazarded many wild theories as to who my *inconnu* could be.

When I descended to the drawing-room, before dinner, I found only the family assembled

as yet. My uncle and aunt Lewin, Redwood, and one or two cousins from the cottage adjoining ours. Before I opened the door I heard a great deal of laughing, and when I made my appearance it was the signal for a fresh burst.

"What's this I hear about a blue veil, and a '*beau jeune homme*,' eh, Tony?" shouted my uncle.

I gave an angry look at Redwood, who had been faithless enough to betray me; and who had, of course, made a very ridiculous story of it all, exaggerating to suit himself.

"I cannot tell what you have heard, uncle. Redwood has, probably, invented something very absurd, with very little foundation."

"Oh! come now, Tony, I like that! I told the tale as it was told to me, only adding our meeting on the new road."

"Tony, Tony! I never should have suspected you!" said my uncle, laughing again, and enjoying the joke on me of all things.

"By Jove! what a jolly little dog! I wonder what he would take for him?" soliloquized one of the cousins.

My aunt looked up, severely.

"Antoinette," she said, "I hope this will be a lesson to you. In future I shall not allow you to walk alone, but shall insist upon your maid accompanying you."

Again I glanced at Redwood. He saw that he had made more mischief than he intended, and gave me a deprecating look. But I was not to be mollified, and was really angry with him.

The door opened to admit Gen. Mulready. This made a diversion, and I went off by myself to a window. Redwood meekly followed me.

"Tony, dear, forgive me this once. I only meant to chafe you a little."

"I shall never tell you anything again, Redwood—never!"

Mr. Fauntleroy was announced. I still stood looking out upon the lawn, and did not turn my head; but I heard the sweep of my aunt's dress as she moved forward with *empressment*.

"So glad to welcome you home again."

"A thousand thanks, my dear madam."

I turned hastily, thinking I recognized the voice; nor was I mistaken—it was Pug's master, sure enough! Redwood looked meaningly at me. "Say you forgive me, Tony, and I'll not peach," he whispered.

"You are forgiven, then."

My aunt called me.

"Antoinette, I wish to present Mr. Fauntleroy to you. General, I will take your arm."

As we made our way through the long parlors into the dining-room, Mr. Fauntleroy had no

opportunity to speak with me, for my uncle walked beside us, and kept him engaged in talk. It was not until we were seated at table that he turned to me.

"What a particular little lady you are; you barely recognized me when I met you this afternoon."

Fortunately, he spoke in a low tone, and to me alone; but I was in terror lest any one should hear.

"You will know me another time, perhaps, now that I have had the advantage of being presented to you by your aunt?"

"I shall be very glad, of course," I commenced, rather indistinctly; and then, gathering courage, whispered hurriedly, "only, please don't talk to me as if you had known me before."

"Oh! that is to be a secret between us, is it? You may depend upon me not to betray it."

The dinner passed off pleasantly enough; and the evening was spent in strolling about the lawn and cliffs, lounging on the wide veranda, and listening to the band at the Ocean House, which we could hear in the distance, playing most ravishing waltz-music. Redwood and I tried a *deux-temps* on the parquet-floor of the library; but I liked better sitting in the dark bay-window, and dreaming, as waltz-music always makes me dream, half sadly, half joyously, of past events, every throb of the marked time thrilling me like a touch.

Redwood and the two cousins talked, and laughed, and even tried to dance together, the clumsy creatures! Gen. Mulready and uncle Lewin walked steadily up and down the veranda, smoking and talking politics. My aunt and Mr. Fauntleroy, sitting apart from the rest, whispered confidentially, and, in a manner, flirted, as it seemed to me.

It was midnight before there was a movement made to break up. Gen. Mulready was the first to leave. Mr. Fauntleroy, after having hunted me out, and made his bow, returned to my aunt, and stood, with his light overcoat thrown over his arm, some little time in conversation. Presently I heard her make a laughing remark about something that she saw peeping from one of the pockets of his overcoat.

"Eh! What's that?" said my uncle, "a blue veil? What the deuce do you do with a veil?"

"Perhaps Mr. Fauntleroy found a veil necessary in India," suggested my aunt.

"A blue veil!" shouted one of those wretched, sharp-eared cousins; "that reminds me of Tony's loss."

"True enough!" cried my uncle, seizing the

idea in high delight. "This completes the story—it's as clear as daylight! We have found out your *inconnu*, Miss Tony!"

Mr. Fauntleroy tried to disclaim, but it was no use—uncle Lewin enjoyed the joke too much to listen to him, even; and my aunt, to make matters worse, apologized for me, and bemoaned my obstinacy in walking out alone.

As for me, I slipped out of the window, and ran away to my own room; for I confess that, being "chafed," as Redwood calls it, is not at all to my taste.

A month passed, and although Mr. Fauntleroy was constantly at our cottage, he took so little notice of me, and I always showed such an evident inclination to avoid him, that soon they all, even uncle Lewin, ceased to make teasing allusions to my unfortunate walk. Redwood went out with me now, and made himself so nice and amusing, that I should have found it lonely without him. We entirely deserted the Cliffs, and took to rambling over to the second beach.

Mr. Fauntleroy was a great deal with my aunt. He was invariably on hand to accompany her to morning receptions and evening parties, for her dancing days were by no means over, and she was still a very handsome, young-looking woman. It was difficult to realize that Redwood, the great strapping fellow, was her son.

I went out very seldom myself, and only when there was a point made of my going. I was not shy, but I did not care to go, simply because I did not amuse myself. I had partners enough—Redwood took care of that; but I found them stupid, and with only brains enough to dance the *valse a deux-temps*. They bored me, and Redwood complained that I was hardly civil to them, which I think was very probable.

I found, one morning, to my great disapprobation, that we were to give a ball. Redwood was in high delight, and busied himself in preparing all sorts of nonsensical things for the *cotillon*. Mr. Fauntleroy planned the decorations and arrangement of the room. I was employed in filling in cards of invitation. And as for my aunt, she was so *affairee* that it amused me to watch her. Here and there, and everywhere, having long and important consultations with her own butler, and various other dashing personages, who seemed to pervade the house; making anxious inquiries of the gardener as to the number of camelias he had in the greenhouse; giving audience to a wonderfully fat, old French cook, who, with his white apron and cap, and round, red face, was the ideal pre-

siding genius of the *cuisine*, and looked as if he had lived on *bon bons* and *meringues* all his life.

I was informed that it was necessary that I should look my best—for you must know this was to be a very grand ball, indeed! So a charming little tulle dress, fresh from Paris, a floating mass of flounces and shining strips of white satin, was chosen for my *parure*. When the evening arrived, I acknowledge to having been pleased with my own reflection in the glass. I ran to display myself to my aunt with more vanity than I thought was in me. She was still in the hands of her maid, and hardly dared to move for fear she should disarrange something; but, somehow, she managed to “take me in,” and expressed her most complete approbation.

“You look quite lovely, dear; I am proud of you,” she said.

I bent over her ever so lightly, and gave her a little kiss of thanks, and then ran down stairs to have a look at the rooms.

The musicians were already grouped in their especial corner, and were making the most discordant and hideous sounds tuning their various instruments. There was to be a band, too, on the lawn, away down near the Cliffs, and I could just hear the wail of the French-horn in the distance. This jumble of sounds was anything but agreeable, and I put my hands to my ears that I might not hear.

Flowers were everywhere, in vases, pyramids and garlands—the fragrance was delicious. I made the round of the rooms, picking up any fallen leaves I saw, and rearranging a flower here and there. On a favorite little table of my own, which stood in the bay-window of the library, I spied a lovely bouquet of double violets and tube-roses. “For me, of course,” I said to myself. “What a dear, thoughtful boy Redwood is!” I picked it up and found a note attached to the ribbon. The handwriting was strange, and I broke the seal with considerable curiosity. There were very few words.

“DEAR MISS ANTOINETTE—Pray accept my flowers, and do me the honor to dance the cotillion with me this evening. I have ascertained from your cousin that you are disengaged, so feel a delightful certainty that you cannot refuse me.

“Always yours very sincerely,

“GERARD FAUNTLEROY.”

I declared to myself that there had never been anything half so disagreeable or presumptuous, and almost made up my mind to give up dancing for the entire evening. But I had taken the ball-

fever, and was already longing for a waltz; so I concluded to make the best of it, and tried to be gracious, and thank Mr. Fauntleroy for his bouquet when, later in the evening, he hunted me out in the crowd.

It was a pretty ball, and I enjoyed the cotillion immensely. Redwood was delighted with me, and told me that I was the handsomest girl in the room.

“What did I tell you?” he said, in a whisper; “By George! there is not one here who can compare with you. I am more than half in love with you myself. As for Fauntleroy, he’s gone! done for!”

I called him a silly boy, and thought it. Mr. Fauntleroy was very attentive and nice, but not in the least lover-like; and when I looked at him, I could not fancy his ever being in such a sentimental position, he was so big, and bland, and indifferent.

The band was playing the Wild Fang; but I was getting lazy, and thought the exertion of a galop would be too much.

“Suppose we take a turn on the piazza?” suggested my partner. “A breath of air will be a relief after this hot room.”

He found a light shawl for me, and we made our way through the brilliant crowd out upon the dim, cool piazza. Then he pulled up a couple of low, easy-chairs, and we were soon chatting quite cozily, like old friends.

We found it so pleasant, and I was just tired enough to feel a disinclination to move, but a certain charm in listening to the music, the slide of the dancers’ feet on the waxed-floor, and the continuous, lively hum of many voices.

“I shan’t dance again,” I said. “I think it much nicer here.”

“Yes, I find it much nicer,” responded my partner.

“I am afraid you are indolent, Mr. Fauntleroy. I noticed you did not dance at all before the cotillion.”

“Did I not?” he said, indifferently. “I believe you are right, though. Too much of it bores me.”

“Have you been bored to-night?”

He laughed rather oddly.

“Miss Tony, you are the last person I should have suspected of being a coquette.”

“And I am not a coquette,” I said, hastily, and repenting of my silly question.

Redwood here rushed out upon us, breathless, “I have been looking for you two everywhere. We are going to have the last figure, and there won’t be enough without you; and Fauntleroy, I won’t have you making love to

my Tony. I intend to marry her myself, one of these days."

"Redwood!" I exclaimed, angrily; but he ran off laughing.

Mr. Fauntleroy laughed, too.

"Redwood is a sharp-sighted boy," he said.

I left my chair, and moved toward the nearest window, feeling provoked and mortified with both Redwood and myself. As for Mr. Fauntleroy, I hated him worse than ever.

He stopped me before I had taken three steps.

"Stay one minute," he said. "Is the idea that I am in love with you so very disagreeable?"

"Please let me pass, Mr. Fauntleroy?"

"Tell me first."

"It is very disagreeable, then. I don't like you."

There was so much pettishness in this reply that he only seemed amused.

"I like you very much as it happens, and I intend that you shall like me."

"You cannot force me."

"Yes, I shall force you, if necessary. You had much better promise me frankly to try."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing. Don't tease me any more, Mr. Fauntleroy. I wish to go."

"You shall go, little girl. Good-night!"

"Are you not coming in again?"

"Yes; but I want to bid you good-night here."

And before I could prevent him, he had pressed two or three quick kisses on my hand.

I felt the blood rush into my face, and I tried to withdraw my hand, but he held it closely within his arm till we reached the dancing-room; and then, slipping his arm around my waist, whirled me off in a waltz without giving me a chance to refuse.

The ball was over. The musicians packed their instruments in odd, gloomy-looking boxes, or swathed them in green-baize bags, and departed. The ball-room was strewn with bits of ribbon, lace, and withered bouquets; and the toys, false-faces, flags, bells, and countless little things that are used in a German cotillion were piled together in most perplexing confusion. The supper-room was a most dismal and dreary spectacle; and for the rest of the house, below stairs, you could scarcely move without stumbling over saucers of melted ices, glasses of Roman punch, or plates of salad.

Our little family-party were glad to bid each other good-night, or rather good-morning, for the day had begun to break, and betake themselves to bed. For myself, I found it impossible to sleep, for, try as I would to think of some-

thing else, my thoughts would revert to Mr. Fauntleroy, and I found myself repeating, over and over again, everything he had said. He had said very little, to be sure; but after Redwood's speech, and after those eager kisses on my hand—my face grew hot when I recalled them—everything had a significance to me.

Is it not a very odd thing that a girl may know a man for months, see him constantly, yet never give him a second thought? But let some one put it into her head that he is in love with her, when *voilà!* she can think of nothing else; and, ten to one, she will like him from that minute.

One may not absolutely love: but a woman cannot help having a certain *tendresse* for a man who is in love with her.

Several days passed without our seeing Mr. Fauntleroy. I looked for him vainly on the crowded Avenue, and was secretly a little disappointed when evening after evening slipped by without his making his appearance.

Redwood had taken it into his head to be jealous—and very disagreeable he made himself in consequence. After having considered Mr. Fauntleroy's attentions to me a good joke, he suddenly took a fancy that I was "smitten," as he elegantly expressed it—and from that moment I had no peace. He worried and fumed, and followed me wherever I went, till I heartily wished Master Redwood could be induced to bestow a portion of his time upon some of his numerous *inamoratas*.

One morning my aunt came to me with a note in her hand. "From Mr. Fauntleroy," she explained, giving it to me. "He has been in New York for the last fortnight."

The note was an invitation for us all to spend the next evening with him, and a request to my aunt to matronize the party and receive his guests.

"You will go, I hope, Antoinette, and not let your absurd dislike to Mr. Fauntleroy interfere?"

"Yes, aunt, I will go." I replied, and was rather ashamed of the pleasure the invitation had given me.

Redwood at first declared that he would not go to that "prigs" house; and reproached me for having been weak enough to accept.

"But what else is to be expected of a girl?" he exclaimed, in deep scorn. "After declaring you hated the man, you turn about and fall in love with him—though I did think better of you, Tony."

"Now, Redwood, you know you are making yourself very absurd," I said, severely.

"Oh! of course. Everything I do now is absurd. I have been fond of you for two years, and now you drop me for that man."

"Redwood, if you *will* be a bore, I shall go and leave you."

"No, don't go, Tony. Only promise me you won't have anything more to do with Fauntleroy."

"I will make no promises."

"By heavens! if you flirt with him, I'll shoot him."

I laughed. Redwood immediately dropped the heroic and became pathetic.

"At any rate, tell me which you like the best—him or me?"

"I like you the best, of course. Don't be silly, please."

"Then, Tony, prove it by giving me a kiss."

As Redwood was in the habit of kissing me morning and night, as if he had been my brother, this request struck me as being particularly nonsensical.

"I'll give you twenty," I said, "if you will agree to take yourself off, and leave me to myself for the rest of the day."

"I won't have your twenty kisses," was all the reply I got; and Redwood flung himself out of the room.

By evening he had changed his mind in regard to the "prigs" invitation, and went with us.

We found only a small party, but the guests particularly well selected. Mr. Fauntleroy made a capital host. He opened countless portfolios of engravings and cabinets of curiosities for our inspection; and he asked the right people to sing at the right time. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves, and feel perfectly at home in the pretty, tasteful house.

The evening was nearly spent, when I wandered off by myself from room to room, until I reached a cozy little study, with low, carved, well-filled book-cases, shaded light, and table temptingly covered with books and magazines. I selected a deep, soft chair and a favorite periodical, and prepared to enjoy myself after my own fashion.

But it was not long before I was interrupted. I heard Mr. Fauntleroy's voice speaking in the next room, giving some order to a servant, and in another minute he had entered the study.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I fancied you had gone down to the Cliffs with your cousin."

"No; I discovered this cozy little place, and I have made myself comfortable, as you see."

"It is where I spend most of my time," he said, seating himself near me. "I like to see you here."

"Pray, what are all the people doing?" I inquired, wondering how I could get away.

"I am sure I do not know. We will hope they are amusing themselves, and will continue so to do without us."

"Don't you think it would be better to join them?" I arose as I spoke.

"Stay where you are, if you please, Miss Tony," and I was put gently into my chair again. "So you think this is a cozy room? It opens here, you see, upon the lawn, and there into a conservatory—the flowers thrive all the year round. When I am home many a winter morning have I spent here, with only my dog for a companion. By-the-way, where is Pug?"

He whistled, and presently came a little pattering along the piazza, and a scratch at the closed blinds. Mr. Fauntleroy pushed them open sufficiently to admit the dog. "Here is an acquaintance of yours, Pug."

Pug recognized me at once, and even showed some pleasure at my presence, for he selected a portion of my long skirt, which fell in a heap on the floor, and curled himself comfortably upon it.

"Luxurious little beast! He takes your being here as a matter of course, and makes use of you immediately."

"He does quite right," I said, leaning down to touch the dog's head. "I like you, little Pug, in spite of the shabby trick you played me."

"You have forgiven him, then?"

"Oh, yes!"

"And his master?"

"I shall forgive you when you return my veil."

"When will that be, I wonder? It depends upon yourself."

"Upon me? Then it will be to-night."

"To-night, if you like. You have only to agree to my conditions."

"What are they?"

"I am afraid you will make difficulties. But I warn you, beforehand. I am an obstinate man, and will have my own way in the end."

"Tell me."

"In the first place, then, I am to have this in exchange," and he touched my hand.

"Of course, that's nonsense."

"Indeed, it is not. I must imperatively have you in exchange."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Very much in earnest."

"Tell me the second condition."

"You consent to my first?"

"No," I said, trying to laugh. "How am I to believe that you really wish it?"

"Look at me."

I raised my eyes to his face; his eyes were full of tenderness and passion. He looked flushed, eager, excited, entirely unlike what I had known him.

"Do you believe it now, Tony?" he said, drawing me to him.

"I believe you, sir," I answered, saucily; "but I think it very presuming to take my consent for granted. Please take your arm from my waist."

He only held me the closer.

"But the second condition, Mr. Fauntleroy?"

"It is this," he said, and he kissed me again and again, so passionately, so hurriedly, that I could scarcely breathe.

Some one was at the door; I heard a step, and breaking from Mr. Fauntleroy, I sprang up, my face burning hotly, and saw Redwood.

"I fear I intrude. Mother is waiting for you, Tony. Deceitful girl!" this last under his breath.

Mr. Fauntleroy seemed much amused at the scene. He gave me his arm, which I took in a very shame-faced way.

The parlors were emptied. Everyone had made their adieu to my aunt, wondering what had become of their host.

Aunt stood ready cloaked in the hall.

"Why, Tony!" she cried, pleasantly, "what had become of you?" And then a look passed between her and Mr. Fauntleroy. She was satisfied with their mute exchange, and said,

"Redwood, bring your cousin's cloak."

Redwood obeyed sulkily, and was about to put it on my shoulders, when it was taken from him by Mr. Fauntleroy, and folded closely about me.

"We will see you to-morrow?" my aunt asked, as we stepped into the carriage.

"At one o'clock, if you will permit me. I don't know how to thank you, dear Mrs. Lewin, for doing the honors of my house. Tony shall do it for me at some future day."

"I am delighted, Antoinette," said my aunt,

as we drove off. "You have really, for once, shown yourself a most sensible girl."

"How, aunt?"

"In accepting Mr. Fauntleroy, who, besides his great personal attractions, has both money and position."

"I did not accept Mr. Fauntleroy for money or position," I said, somewhat angrily, and, for the first time, realized for what I had accepted him—the one all-powerful reason.

Redwood remained in gloomy silence in his corner of the carriage. When he assisted me to descend at our own door, he looked so extremely black that I tried to make friends with him.

"Don't be angry with me, Redwood. Indeed, if I had known what was to happen, I would not have gone there this evening."

"You don't care for him, then?" said Redwood.

"Oh! as for that, I think I do—a little. Please, don't shoot him, Redwood."

I am afraid I heard my cousin swear. He tried to leave me, but I persisted in leaning on his arm as we went up stairs.

"You know, Redwood," I said, coaxingly, "it was not my fault—it was my blue veil."

"Oh, Tony!"

"Say you forgive me, and some day I'll give you your favorite croquet-party, and you shall make mad love to her. Kiss me good-night!"

"Oh, Tony!"

"And you won't shoot him?"

"Pshaw!"

We were friends again; but Redwood was extremely dignified with Mr. Fauntleroy, and has only just begun to like him.

So next summer I shall have the pretty cottage and its master all to myself. Should you go to Newport, and take a Sunday-evening stroll along the Cliffs, you will, probably, see me reclining in the bamboo-chair, Mr. Fauntleroy at my side, and Redwood swinging in the hammock. And should you chance to see Pug, look out for your blue veil.

## AMONG THE HILLS.

BY P. C. DOLE.

Have you seen my cottage among the hills,  
Where brooklets ripple, and sunbeams stray  
Among dancing leaves where the robin trails,  
With untought gladness, its roundelay?  
And glad and blithe on the dappled green,  
My merry children go tripping light,  
O'er bright-eyed blossoms looking between  
The tufted grasses all fresh and bright;  
Where love is sinless, and guile is not,  
And the star of peace shines o'er the spot?

Have you seen a form that awaits me there,  
When the day is done, and my cares are o'er—  
A lovely woman, with silvered hair,  
Who watches for me at the open door?  
And her voice is sweet as the Summer wind,  
And her smile is bright as a sunlit sky,  
And a soul whose powers were formed to bind,  
My spirit with joyous melody.  
Have you seen my Eden among the hills,  
Where all my being with rapture thrills?

## KNOWING ONE'S OWN MIND.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

"**THERE can be but one answer, Mr. Stuyvesant—I beg that you will not think it necessary to pursue the subject,**" and the speaker, Blanche Courtenaye, turned her pretty head resolutely away with rather too studied disdain upon her features.

"**Assuredly not, Miss Courtenaye; it seems that I have already been too long the sport of your caprice.**"

He paused for a moment, and resumed with repressed emotion,

"**I had thought, Blanche——"**

"**Thought,**" interrupted Miss Courtenaye, "thought, I suppose, that Mr. Frank Stuyvesant's irresistible smiles had had their proper effect, so that he had only to make known his wishes to be promptly accepted."

Now this was so nearly what he had thought, that Mr. Stuyvesant had nothing to do but take up his hat and depart, with outward composure, but extreme inward dejection.

Blanche stood for a moment where he had left her, then walked quickly up and down the room.

"**He thought I was to be easily won,**" she said, under her breath. "I am thankful for the strength of mind which enabled me to overcome that foolish fascination. Poor Frank! he loves me, I believe, but he has not the intense and concentrated nature which must win my love. He wanted me to think it over, he said, as if I did not know what I was doing—fancy not knowing one's own mind!" and her color rose at the bare idea of such imbecility.

She stopped before the mantle, unlocked a tiny gilded casket which stood there, and took from it a little faded bunch of violets. She gazed long and thoughtfully on them, then tossing them abruptly upon the burning coals, left the room.

Truth compels me to state that Miss Courtenaye was much spoiled, but not, by any means, as cross and unreasonable always as we have seen her to-day. The only daughter of wealthy parents, with not a wish ungratified, she was disposed to underrate those very satisfactory possessions, and imagined that perfect happiness resided only in a diminutive house, kept, however, with that "exquisite taste and simplicity" which we all know is so easily attained, even with the most limited income. Blanche

wished for, of course, the necessary accompaniment of a hero, poor, proud, but of an "intense and concentrated nature."

Poor Frank, unfortunately, had none of these desirable endowments, as his misfortune was to be rich, and of an unusually bright and happy temperament, not in the least resembling the sombre individual whom alone Blanche considered worthy of a young girl's fancy.

"Mr. Stuyvesant paid a long call," said Mrs. Courtenaye, as her daughter took her seat at the luncheon-table.

"Yes," replied Blanche, shortly.

"What a universal favorite he seems to be," continued her mother; "so different from that uninteresting Goddard."

Mr. Goddard was a man after Blanche's own heart, melancholy and romantic enough to please any young lady who had seen Booth play Hamlet.

"Mr. Goddard is a man of decision and character, while Frank Stuyvesant thinks of nothing but his ties and his curls," replied Blanche.

It was rather an effort to abuse Frank, and ungrateful, to say the least.

Mrs. Courtenaye glanced curiously at her daughter, but said no more; and Blanche went off to prepare for her usual long afternoon walk.

Mr. Stuyvesant and Miss Courtenaye were no recent acquaintances. They had met, during the autumn, at one of those fascinating country houses, which are such well-known squares to unsuspecting youths and maidens; that careless mingling of light-hearted idlers, the informal breakfast, followed by a lounging morning. All the walks, rides, and drives, which fill up the hours, possess fatal allurements.

These country amusements had not failed to work their charm upon our two young people. Among the groups scattered over the lawn, lazily enjoying the midday autumnal sunshine, you would be sure to see two very much absorbed individuals under some spreading evergreen, or frost-touched poplar. Blanche invariably crowned with scarlet maple-leaves, or decked with fantastic garlands, the spoil of the morning's ramble. Or, if a madcap riding-party scampering over the hills and dales, the two horses which bounded abreast bore the same jocular pair.



A month of this unrestrained intercourse had passed, when Miss Courtenaye returned to her city home, and Frank to the delights of Wall street. All things would, probably, have gone on smoothly and successfully then, had not the evil genius of lovers stepped in, taking the form of Blanche's mamma, and sundry well-meaning aunts.

These anxious relatives met her with a series of smiles, and nods, and hints, to the effect that dear Blanche was really going to make a sensible choice at last. Not one of those Tennysonic, Byronic, good-for-naught sort of men, for whom she had an unfortunate predilection, but a good, dutiful son—a man of property.

Now if there was one thing more than another that Miss Courtenaye abhorred, it was the idea of making a "sensible choice."

No one had told her, when they were at Rushbanks together, that Mr. Stuyvesant was "a good match"—indeed, she had never thought of him as a "match" at all; and now, to be told that she was going to act like a prudent girl! it was altogether too much. So she perversely resolved that they should see that she was not the commonplace creature they wished her to be. Therefore, when Mr. Stuyvesant presented himself, sure of a blushing welcome, he was received with an air of indifference which Blanche assured herself was not in the least feigned.

Weeks passed by. Blanche spent evening after evening at crowded assemblies, whilst receptions, calls, and the usual routine of a New York girl's life occupied the days.

No matter where she went, Frank was never seen—inensibly she fell into the habit of glancing around eagerly at each new festivity in search of his brilliant blue eyes. Mr. Goddard, the earnest and profound, in vain discoursed on narrow souls and contracted aspirations. Blanche thought some topics more lively would, perhaps, suit her taste better, and sighed, though she knew it not, for Frank's ready wit and laugh. After an entertainment of unusual brilliancy, Miss Courtenaye sat before her toilet-table, removing slowly her pretty ornaments, in which, with her glittering silver gauze shining in billowy waves, she had danced and sparkled to the undoing of many a boastful heart. Blanche was thinking little enough of those hearts now, and resting her soft cheek upon her hand, she fell into a long, and somewhat dangerous reverie, when we consider that its subject was the man whom she had rejected a few weeks before.

Her room was furnished luxuriously, and strewn with various nick-knacks, which her

fancy had, from time to time, placed there. Carvings and pictures without number; a wild coast scene, by Kensett, shaded her mantle; two clay statuettes of her favorite Rogers held a distinguished position; and for her peculiar satisfaction and comfort a cuckoo clock of delicate workmanship hung on the wall.

Blanche's meditation was suddenly broken by her little cuckoo bouncing out of his box, and announcing three o'clock with startling distinctness. Perhaps the little bird thought his mistress dull company, for he darted back without a single unnecessary note.

"Well, there are more things in heaven and earth than falling in love!" ejaculated Miss Courtenaye, and, rising, she completed her preparations for the night, and, alas! that I should record it, was asleep in five minutes.

Broadway, we all know, is enchanting in the brilliant sunshine of a winter's morning. A trifle muddy under foot, a trifle dangerous from the possible breaking of a derriek on one of the unfinished buildings, and the possible descent of fifty pounds, or so, of stone on your head; but certainly bright and entertaining from the jostling throng of hurrying business men; younger ones in neat toilets hastening to their similar destinations, but taking time to give considerable attention to the pretty girls, who also had urgent business awaiting them; but within the vain precincts of Stewart's, among these last named was Blanche, sweet and fresh as usual, with just the smallest look of expectation on her face, as she bowed and smiled repeatedly at the acquaintances coming and going.

The little flower-girls in vain held up their violets for her notice—from some reason violets had lost their charm. They had been her favorite flower, and Frank's offerings had many times garnished her belt. Perhaps the little blue blossoms recalled painful memories.

"Poor Frank!" thought Blanche, "I wonder where he is now; traveling, perhaps, feeling bitter to all the world. I should like to know—"

Just as she reached this point in her reflections, a quick step sounded behind her, and Mr. Stuyvesant himself went by, barely lifting his hat as he passed. In one moment he was gone, but not before Blanche had time to observe that he never looked handsomer or more untroubled in his life. Half a square below, Miss Courtenaye saw her cousin, Lillian Dashwood, and—Could it be? Frank, stopping, with an air of interest to join Miss Dashwood's morning saunter.

Blanche half paused in indignant surprise. Could it have been with Lillian that he had

passed all those evenings, when she had remarked his absence from houses at which he had been formerly a favorite guest? The thought was entirely new. Lillian was young, but pretty—so pretty.

"A glorious morning, Miss Courtenaye," said a voice at her elbow; and Mr. Goddard, looking unstylish and uncommonly plain, accommodated his steps to hers.

"Good-morning," she returned, rather coolly, for Mr. Goddard looked so out of place on that animated promenade, that she did not feel in the mood to talk solemn sentiment, especially with that merry couple just in sight.

Frank was always clever and entertaining; and there he was, seemingly as much occupied with Miss Dashwood, and forgetful of her as if she had been married a dozen years. It was trying, certainly; but she managed to pass them a few minutes afterward, looking rosy, flattered, and entirely content with her escort.

Mr. Goddard was shaken off with some difficulty by Blanche declaring that she had an important assignation with her milliner. He departed regretfully, but Blanche was not left long alone. As she entered the maze of hats, caps, and bonnets, a young woman with a great deal of pannier, quillings, and rustling silk, accosted her with eagerness,

"Why, Blanche, you are the very person I want to see; do come over here and help me to choose my bonnet for Hortense Bryce's reception."

Blanche walked soberly to the table, where a smiling Frenchwoman was exhibiting bonnet after bonnet to catch the capricious notice of the lively purchaser. Miss Etta regarded the frail structures with discriminating eyes, keeping up an incessant chatter to Blanche.

"Oh! never, madam!" as madam held up a captivating creation of brightest Metternich green, "don't suggest such a thing for a moment. There is only one complexion in town that could stand that with equanimity—Lilian Dashwood's; that reminds me, Blanche, they say Frank Stuyvesant has eyes and ears for no one else. I am glad the redoubtable Frank is caught at last—they used to accuse you, didn't they? There, madam, that pink; I think I like that better than any, only bring those roses a little further forward. Blanche, there is Nina Levering—how she does get herself up! Come, let us hurry out before she sees us."

They descended the steps. As they reached the side-walk, as fate would have it, Mr. Stuyvesant and Miss Dashwood arrived at that point simultaneously with themselves. Miss Etta

instantly had something that she must say to Lillian, so they stepped on in front, leaving Blanche to a *tele-a-tele* with Frank.

"You are very gay," he said, turning his eyes fixedly upon her.

"Oh, yes!" she said, with a laugh. "I have been going incessantly for the last month, and I am so excessively fond of going out."

"Yes," he replied, with bitterness. "You are only contented with constant adulation from all; the dullness of accepting the homage of but one heart is not much to your taste."

Blanche turned away her face, whilst her eyes filled with tears; but words, light and mocking, rose to her lips.

"Good-morning, Lillian; good-morning, Mr. Stuyvesant," and Miss Etta retook Blanche's arm to cross the street.

"Stop, Etta, there's mamma; I will call the coachman and make her take us in. One does feel so desperately tired in the morning."

That evening Blanche could find nothing to interest her. She played one or two of her favorite waltzes of Chopin, but her fingers refused to pay their due attention; her embroidery got into a snarl; her book was stupid beyond measure; and she could find no other occupation than that of listening nervously for the door-bell, which rang, however, only to admit her father. At last came a sharp pull. Blanche looked up eagerly as the drawing-room door opened, but it was only her brother Jack who entered.

"Ho, Blanche!" he cried, patting her shoulder, "you look pale, little girl. Shall I take you to drive to-morrow with my blood-grays?"

"Oh, do, Jack! We will go to Central Park."

"And call for Lillian Dashwood on the way," added her brother.

"Violets, Lillian?" cried Blanche, the next morning, suspiciously stopping to bend over a Sevres dish as she followed her brother through the parlor of her cousin's house.

Her pretty cousin greeted Jack first—Blanche was sure it was to avoid answering her.

During the drive she mused bitterly on the inconstancy of man, and the utter folly of looking for truth, or enduring affection from one of the masculine gender.

"Of course, *he* gave her the violets, and it was only a month ago that they were all for me, my especial flower, he called them. Not that it makes the least difference to me to whom Mr. Stuyvesant gives his attentions—but one likes to believe in a person's profession." Then her conscience asked her if it was not natural and right that Frank should cease to care for her.

When they were at Rushbanks she had certainly showed an undoubted preference for his society above all others; and then, when he told his love, she had refused it with scorn. What was there left of the young girl of his imagination? No wonder that he had turned for consolation to the gentle creature now sitting before her. Lilian looked unusually pretty; the cold air enhanced her brilliant bloom, and her golden locks almost sparkled in the sunshine. She was talking animatedly to Jack, and Blanche thought jealously how those blue eyes might have looked into Frank Stuyvesant's, and charmed him into forgetfulness of her own brown cheeks and chestnut eyes.

They were returning now, just passing the reservoir into Fifth Avenue, when the spirited horses took fright at several eager equestrians, and plunged and reared frantically. In one moment the light dog-cart was overturned, and Blanche thrown violently out, stunned for the moment. When she opened her eyes a well-known arm supported her, a well-known face bent over her, and Frank's voice called to her in passionate accents.

Coloring deeply, she hastily disengaged herself from his arms, and without giving him a look, hurried toward her cousin.

Jack had taken good care of Lilian, for she was standing by, laughing, and shaking the dust from her profusion of fair hair, which tumbled over her shoulders in defiance of comb and hair-pins. When Blanche turned, Mr. Stuyvesant was looking on, with an indifferent face, at the righting of the dog-cart.

"Let me help you," he cried, laughing at Lilian's futile attempts to straighten several sally bedraggled plumes—and he bent forward and whispered something which made Lilian blush and toss her head.

"Come, Frank, jump in old fellow, and let me show you how my grays can step out," said Jack Courtenaye, helping his cousin to her seat, whilst Blanche sprung in, scarcely touching Mr. Stuyvesant's assisting hand. Frank glanced at Blanche, but she turned away her head.

"I thank you; no, not to-day," and, lifting his hat, walked rapidly away.

They drove quickly home, Lilian thinking it a famous adventure; Blanche, absorbed in the recollection she had seen, of ardent eyes so close to her face, and brown curls almost touching her own darker locks.

The following day was Sunday. In the afternoon Blanche stole off alone to Calvary church. The evening prayers quieted her restless heart, and stilled for awhile her self-reproaches. The

service was ended, the echoes of the sweet voices had died away. Blanche made her way down the aisle, feeling at peace with all the world. When she reached the door, she started back dismayed, for there was an ominous patter on the stone-steps, and torrents of pitiless rain struck terror to the hearts of umbrellaless-worshippers. Blanche had hardly time to think of the probable fate of her little pink bonnet, when some one stepped forward and formally offered his escort and umbrella. Her heart bounded; she knew the voice and form, but she merely bowed, and put her hand within the proffered arm.

Together they stepped out of the vestibule and on to the street, and silently the first block was passed. For her life Blanche could think of nothing to say. She stole a glance at her companion, but encountered such sparkling eyes, that she did not dare look again. When they reached her own door, Miss Courtenaye contrived to say,

"I am very much indebted to you." For which Mr. Stuyvesant bowed and departed.

"I tell you, mother, Lilian Dashwood is turning out a regular beauty," said Jack Courtenaye, at breakfast, next morning, indolently stretching his arm to reach a round of toast.

Mrs. Courtenaye adjusted her breakfast-cap before she replied.

"Such a complexion and such hair would make any one pretty. Lilian has, besides all that, great good sense. I do not think any foolish notions will interfere with her acceptance of a good offer, if she has one."

"Frank Stuyvesant seems to be pretty far gone—don't you think so?" said Jack, turning suddenly to his sister.

Blanche felt in her heart a despairing assent; but she answered quite steadily that they were well suited.

Jack's remarks were interrupted by the entrance of the servant with a little pink billet, which he laid by Miss Courtenaye's plate.

"From Lilian," said Blanche, answering her mother's questioning look, "asking Jack and me to pass a quiet evening with her, as no one but herself is at home."

"Of course, we'll go," said Jack, quickly; to which his sister made no demur.

"How charmed I am to see you," cried Miss Dashwood, meeting her cousin that evening at the hall-door; "but where is Jack?"

"Oh! he said he would leave me, and walk to the corner to finish his segar."

"Come right into the parlor, Blanche, I will take your wraps up stairs. You must do without

me for a time; you know I am taking care of the house during mamma's absence," and she disappeared, closing the door after her.

Blanche, without looking around, seated herself by a small buhl-table, laden with heliotropes and tuberose, and bent over to inhale their sweetness. At a slight noise she glanced up, and Frank stood before her. Startled and confused, she tried to murmur some commonplace words of greeting; but when her eyes met his, the words died upon her lips.

"Blanche," he cried, impetuously, "scorn me and reject me, but I still dare to love you. Do what I will, your face haunts me at all times; the mere sight of you is enough to overcome all my pride, and set me to dreaming mad, impossible, heavenly dreams——"

"Frank!" interrupted a beseeching voice, and a little hand was stretched toward him. I do not know what he read in her face, but in a moment he was by her side. Catching her hand, he whispered,

"Blanche, dear Blanche! can it be that my earnest love is not in vain?"

The little hand was not withdrawn; and kneeling by her, he heard the words so sweet and dear to him.

So much there was of explanations, and murmured repetitions of the old, old story, that Lillian's very deliberate opening of the drawing-room door, was a sudden shock.

"Oh, Lillian!" cried Blanche, springing up, "what have you been doing this long time?"

"Merely entertaining Jack," replied the young lady, composedly. "Jack thought he heard you and Mr. Stuyvesant quarreling, and was afraid to enter—so I took him into the library. But I see very plainly that I have not been much missed; Mr. Stuyvesant looks as though he might spare me a little longer."

Blanche laughed shyly, and strove to keep back the tell-tale color that overspread her cheek.

"Never mind, Blanche, dear!" said Lillian, consolingly; "don't you suppose I am truly glad to be rid of the task of consoling a despairing lover? On the strength of being your cousin, I was supposed to know the secret and hidden motive of every word you spoke; and, after all, my painstaking interpretations were sure not to suit him."

"Hush, Lillian!" cried Blanche, laughing.

"Yes; you may laugh, but it's quite true; and one day, when Jack brought me in a bunch of violets, somebody else fell into such a gloomy meditation over them——"

"That you were forced to enter into a whispered conversation with your cousin to avoid disturbing it," interrupted Frank—but Lillian was gone.

What a happy pair walked home beneath the gaslight that evening; so absorbed in one another, that, as Jack afterward remarked, they would not have stopped short of the Battery if he had not been near to suggest more moderate exercise.

## ON THE COAST.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

HUSH! Hear ye not the surging sea?  
The Storm King shouteth in mad glee.

The winds roar fierce, then moan and sigh;  
A lurid glow lights up the sky.

Who is it on yon rock-bound coast,  
Her tangled tresses backward tossed?

Her wild eyes peering with strange light,  
Far out into the awful night?

Unmoved she stands, with dauntless form,  
And braves alone the wrathful storm.

With fiercer cries the tempest raves,  
Still higher rise the foam-capped waves.

Strange sounds are borne upon the wind,  
And mists of spray her vision blind.

White as a snow-flake is her cheek;  
Oh, God! what means that fearful shriek?

She rushes forward to the beach;  
A wreck is drifting out of reach.

Revealed by yon red lightning's blaze,  
She watches it with straining gaze.

The billows jeer with gusty mirth—  
What care they for her all on earth?

Ah! see that form against the sky;  
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Oh! must he die?

He stretches forth imploring hands;  
Transfixed with horror wild she stands.

There, tossed on danger's very brink,  
She marks his frail barque rise and sink.

Until at last, all struggling o'er,  
The wreck, engulfed, is seen no more.

The winds a dirge breathe soft and low,  
As if to soothe her frantic woe.

A pause—a shiver; then the sea  
Has buried all her misery,

And surging floods roll on and hide  
The forms of bridegroom and of bride.

## HOW I BECAME A BENEDICT.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

Yes, I'm a married man at last! That's my wife sitting over there in the great rocking-chair, that slender, delicate creature, with the soft, creamy face, and lustrous, golden hair; and that queer, little thing in her lap, over which she coos so tenderly, is my son and heir, Chancellor Trowbridge, Jr. Heavens! what a feeling of importance it gives a fellow to know that his name will live after his body is under the gods! I never knew what it was to be a man before; I'm one now, every inch of me, as Lear was every inch a king.

A woman-hater! That's what I've been called all my life, and the cognomen was not misapplied. I did hate women, and excluded myself from their society, and railed and sneered at their frailties until— Well, until that little woman yonder glorified the whole feminine gender for me! I'm a changed man. I can't pass a bit of female apparel in a shop window, a water-fall, or a knot of ribbon, without a tender thrill at my heart. I'm an old fool, that's about the amount of it! No matter, fill up your meerschaum, my wife does not object to smoke—sensible women never do!

Twenty years ago! Bless my soul, what a long way to look back! Such a misty, winding road, cut across at every turn by the grass-green graves of dead friends and blighted hopes! Ah, me! I would not go back and tread it all over again, if I could! Twenty years ago I met with my first disappointment, and it made me a misanthrope, a woman-hater! I was a young stripling, then, just sixteen, the sole idol and comfort of an overfond mother. We lived all alone in a little nest of a cottage, just out from the city; and mother did the housework, and managed the small dairy, from which we derived our support, while I attended the academy. She was bent upon making a great man of me, poor, fond mother! She confidently believed that I possessed any amount of undeveloped talent, and denied herself a thousand little comforts, in order to secure for me the advantages necessary to bring it into action. Looking back upon those days now, it affords me a kind of melancholy satisfaction to know that she went to her eternal rest, happily unconscious that all her unselfish labor had been spent for naught; still fancying, in the egoism

of her love, that "her boy," as she called me, would one day cover himself with the lustre of great deeds.

I shared her belief, then; and when my sixteenth year, and my academical course both culminated at once, and poor mother expended the hoardings of an entire year, to purchase me a new cloth suit, I thought my fortune made. As a matter of course, the next step to be taken was matrimony. By way of beginning, I set myself to work to get up a poem, to be dedicated to the fair one of my choice, Miss Jessie Weaver. The composition consumed a round week. Day after day I shut myself in my bed-chamber, and racked my brains over rhyming syllables, while poor mother drove the cows to and fro, and even brought the water to cool her milk-pans. At last it was finished, and elaborately copied on scented, rose-colored paper. There were some two dozen verses, I think, containing swashy sentiment, and morbid melancholy, sufficient to stock a regiment of ordinary novels; but sitting on the stone-steps of the dairy, with her butter-paddle in her hand, mother listened while I read them to her in a confident, declamatory style, her loving eyes full of subdued exultation.

"I always thought so! I always thought you'd make a great man, my boy," she said, proudly.

I sent the poem to Jessie, with no doubt whatever in regard to its reception. I held too high an opinion of her good sense to believe, for an instant, that she would fail to appreciate it; and she didn't, as her gay laugh and dancing eyes attested at our next meeting.

"You'll be famous by-and-by, Chancy," she called after me over the garden-gate; "a second Byron."

I stroked my sprouting mustache with serene self-complacency, running my eye over the rich meadow-lands, and alluvial fields, surrounding her father's stately mansion. She was an only child, and would inherit all this wealth. I had made up my mind to propose to her on my next visit; and it would be the proper thing to make her a present on such an occasion.

There was a gay, ruby-brooch on exhibition in one of the shop-windows, and on this I had set my heart; but the price was twenty-five

dollars. How should I ever manage to get it? I made known my desires and intentions to mother on my return home. She looked serious and thoughtful for a moment, then she arose, and going to the corner cupboard, took down the blue china-bowl, in which she always kept the proceeds of her butter-pats. I can see her now, with her slight figure, and pale, worn face, as she stood in the glow of the firelight, counting over the heaps of silver pieces she had poured upon the table.

"Only twenty-seven dollars," she said, with a suppressed sigh, as she returned the surplus two dollars to the bowl; "but take it, my boy, and welcome!"

I took it, and bought the brooch for Jessie.

"Isn't it splendid, mother?" I said, a few evenings after, as I was giving the finishing touches to my toilet, preparatory to the all-important visit. "She'll be sure to take it, won't she?"

"To be sure she will, my boy," she replied, fondly, fluttering round me, polishing the bright brass buttons on my blue cloth coat with the corner of her apron, and twisting my well-oiled locks over her thin, labor-worn fingers; "and she'll take you, too, if she's not devoid of appreciation."

My heart swelled with gratified vanity as I put the glittering toy in my pocket, and started. She followed me out, and down to the garden-gate.

"Good-by, my boy," she called, as I hurried through. Something in her voice made me look back, and I noticed that her face had a strange, white look, and her eyes were running over with tears.

"What is it, mother?" I asked, turning and taking her hand.

"Nothing, nothing at all, my dear. Only this new joy won't make you quite forget me, will it, Chancy?"

"Oh! mother, no!" I cried, throwing my arms round her neck, and kissing her white cheeks. "I shall never love any one else as I love you."

"My darling, my pride," she murmured. "No other mother ever had such a son—you never caused me a moment's sorrow, Chancy."

"I'm glad of it, mother. Good-by!"

"Good-by, my boy!"

I left her standing there in the autumn dusk, and went up to Squire Weaver's. The fates were propitious; I found Jessie alone in the parlor singing to her guitar.

"'Tis you, Chancy?" she said, carelessly, as I entered. "There, sit down while I sing to you."

I obeyed reluctantly enough, for I was in a fever of impatience. To this day I have no idea

of what she sang; but the instant she finished I was at her side.

"Jessie," I said, unfolding the scented paper that contained the brooch, "here's a present I've brought you, and——"

But she cut short my declaration, which I had "cut and dried" weeks beforehand, with a scream of delight.

"For me, Chancy?" she cried, as the glittering toy flashed on her sight; 'tis the very thing I wanted. You dear, darling boy—how shall I ever thank you?" and seizing me round the neck, she gave me a hearty kiss.

The touch of her red lips fired my blood like wine, and set my brain in a whirl of excitement. In a breath I was on my knees before her, pouring out my love, and the hopes I had cherished, in frenzied accents. At first she stood amazed; then, as the full sense of what I was saying dawned upon her, she broke into a gay laugh.

"Oh, Chancy! you silly, silly boy!" she cried, "you are too amusing. I gave you credit for more sense than this. Get up, child, and stop this foolish nonsense. I'm to be married in two weeks to Mr. Dunbar."

What I said or did, how I got out of the house, I never knew. I found myself in the meadows, making my way down to the river. A dull pain throbbled through both heart and brain, and one strong, irresistible impulse impelled me on. My mother's loving watchfulness had hitherto kept my life from all care and sorrow; and I shrank from pain, and only thought of ridding myself of it. The great, autumn moon was just up as I reached the brink, pouring down her silver splendor on the turbid, foaming waters. I sat down beneath the shadow of a drooping willow, listening to the multitudinous gurgle of the waves, and the moaning rustle of the branches overhead. Mother's cattle bells tinkled softly just below, and a solitary bird, a nightingale, perhaps, sang mournfully from a neighboring thicket. All these sights and sounds were as familiar as my own identity; and I felt an infinite pity for myself, looking upon and listening to them for the last time—for the last time it surely was; after the cruel blow I had received life was out of the question. One plunge into those dark waters would end all! And then, when Jessie heard of my sad fate, she would repent of what she had done, and love me when it was too late. I even fancied how my funeral would be conducted, after my body was found; and actually suffered a good deal from fear that there would not be an appropriate epitaph written for my tombstone. If I had only have had a scrap of paper and a pencil, I should have

composed and left one myself; but not having these requisites, I had to resign myself to my fate. Divesting myself of the new, blue-cloth coat, and hanging it very carefully and conspicuously on the branch of a tree, I prepared to make the fatal plunge. But at that instant my mother's face, wan and pallid, and full of beseeching love, seemed looking up from the moonlit waters. A keen pang shot through my heart. How would she bear my loss, she who had always loved me so? I could not do this deed without even bidding her farewell—I could not break my mother's heart! Snatching down my coat, I struck across the meadows at a rapid pace. At the cottage-gate I paused, chilled to the very soul by a feeling of awe and dread. The moonlight streamed down. There sat my mother in her low sewing-chair; I could see her wan, white face plainly. I opened the gate, and went up the gravel-walk with suppressed steps. She might be asleep, I thought—and she was, that quiet, dreamless sleep that knows no waking. She was dead.

Two or three days after her funeral, our old pastor came down to see me.

"Well, Chancy, my lad," he said, after a few moments' comforting conversation, "what do you purpose doing in the way of making a living?"

"I am undecided, sir—I haven't thought much about it. I've been writing a good deal of late, and I thought, perhaps——"

But he cut me short by a gesture.

"No, my lad, no! Give that up, it isn't your vocation. Follow in your good mother's footsteps—stick to your dairy, and you'll make a man of yourself."

I was cut to the very heart, but, somehow, his words stuck to me. The more I thought of them, the more I was convinced of their sense; and after awhile I made up my mind to take his advice. I threw away my pens and paper, and took to my mother's old occupation, driving the cows, and making butter-pats for market. It was a solitary life, yet I soon grew to love it. Twenty years after I found myself a rich man, the proprietor of the great Pearl Valley Dairy, and owner of Walnut Hill Farm.

I had ample means, so I gratified my love for travel. I wandered all over Europe, launched my barque upon the waters of the Nile, and sat beneath the shadow of the Pyramids; returning home again, sun-burned and foot-sore, with a weary, loveless heart. I shut myself up, having no intercourse with my fellow men, only in my business relations, and regarding woman kind with a bitter feeling of hate and distrust.

One sunny, autumn afternoon—I have a vivid

remembrance of it, even to this day; it was early in October, and the sunlight, streaming down upon the great walnut-trees in front of my dwelling, and glinting through the tawny chestnut-leaves, seemed to have a peculiar warmth and brightness. I lay on a little hill-side, just beyond the house, half-buried in yellow broom-sedge, listening to the distant roar of the pines, and watching, by turns, the blue smoke curling up from my meerschau, and the busy village-folk down below me. There was a fair, or something of the kind, on foot, and an unusual bustle prevailed.

After awhile, I noticed a trim, girlish figure, wearing a brown robe, and a jaunty little hat, coming up from the town in the direction of Walnut Hill. I watched her with a feeling of interest, in spite of myself; and when she actually turned into the lane that led up to my door, I felt my heart palpitating like a boy's. Could it be possible that any woman would have the audacity to force herself into my house, to beard the lion in his den? On she came, her brown veil and streaming ribbons fluttering in the wind, her little gaiter-boots beating a brisk tattoo on the gravel. I lay quite still till she passed me, then rising on my elbow, I watched her covertly. On she went, straight up to my house, up the front steps, and then, bang! went the knocker. I heard the door open, and knowing that she had been admitted, I arose, and sauntered up myself, thoroughly vexed at the tremulous eagerness I felt to know who and what she was. She rose from her seat as I entered, saluting me with a pretty little bow.

"Excuse me, sir," she said; "but you are Mr. Chancellor Trowbridge, I believe, and I am Jessie Dunbar."

The silvery voice, the familiar face, the name, and some glittering ornament in her bosom, all struck me at one and the same moment. I felt my head spinning round like a top; but I managed to ask her to be seated again, and as she complied, I satisfied myself in regard to the ornament she wore. It was my ruby-brooch, the one for which I had given the hard-earned proceeds of poor mother's butter-pats—I could have sworn to that. What could it mean?

"We are holding a fair, Mr. Trowbridge," she began, "for the benefit of the soldiers' orphans; every one is giving us something, and I've come up to see if you won't help us. You will, I am sure."

"No, Miss," I answered, assuming a sternness I did not feel; "'tis a principle with me, never to encourage such institutions."

"Sir!" patting her dainty foot impatiently

against the carpet, "not encourage feeding the orphans of dead soldiers—do you mean that?"

Her clear, dove-like eyes embarrassed me with their steady gaze.

I arose and took out my pocket-book.

"How much shall I give you, Miss Dunbar?"

"What you can afford, sir."

I handed her a fifty-dollar bill. Her eyes gladdened so, they fairly dazzled me.

"Oh, Mr. Trowbridge!" she cried, "I did not expect this. You are so good, so generous!"

She took out a delicate little purse, and crammed it in, then she turned to go.

"Good-by, Mr. Trowbridge!" she said, passing in the door-way, and holding out her hand.

"I thank you very much, indeed; but won't you come down to the fair to-morrow night? Please do, Mr. Trowbridge."

I did not promise her, but I went, nevertheless; and after the fair was over, I attended Jessie home. My old sweetheart, grown into a buxom matron, met me in the hall.

"At last, Chancy," she said, grasping both my hands; "but you've been an unfriendly, old curmudgeon all these years, and we may thank Jessie for luring you out of your den, I suppose. She's won her bet by it, too. You see, the girls were all here, laying plans for the fair, and they got to talking about you; and young Dr. Snyder offered to bet twenty-five dollars that none of them had the courage to go up to Walnut Hill and ask you for a donation. But Jessie made the venture, and now that you have come out of your seclusion, do be sociable, Chancy, for the sake of our old friendship."

I took her at her word. Almost every even-

ing after that found me at Mr. Dunbar's pleasant home. And one spring night, when the air was sweet with balm, and the moonlight soft and mellow, and the great apple-tree, beneath which we sat, was white with fragrant bloom, I made the same proposal to Jessie that I had made to her mother twenty years before, not on my knees, however, but sitting by her side, with her little hand in mine.

"I loved your mother years ago, Jessie," I said; "but I was a silly boy then. I am a man now, and I love you as no man ever loves but once. Do you think you can be my wife?"

"I think I can, Mr. Trowbridge," she answered, simply; "and I'll do my best to make you a good one. I've thought of you a great deal all my life, and loved you, I believe, even before I ever knew you. Mother used to tell me about you when I was a little girl; and I always thought it was wrong in her to take your poem, and your brooch, and then laugh at you; though, of course, it was right for her to like papa. But I've always felt very sorry for you; it must have been terrible when you went home and found your mother dead. I've got the poem, and the ruby-brooch you gave mother; and I am very glad you love me so much, Mr. Trowbridge. Yes, I'll be your wife, and I'll try to make your life so happy, that you'll never remember the sorrowful past."

So I married the daughter of my old sweetheart; and there she sits in the great rocking-chair, before the blazing wood-fire; and that little thing on her lap is my son and heir, Chancellor Trowbridge, Jr. And in regard to myself, Chancellor Trowbridge, Sr., I am the happiest man that ever the sun shines on.

## A DREAM OF FUTURE DAYS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I DREAM—I dream of future days,  
My soul will wander there,  
To gaze upon the blooming hopes,  
Devoid of toil and care;  
I will not heed the dreamy past,  
Nor count the wasted hours,  
When sorrow filled the listless cup—  
Now Hope seems wreathed with flowers.

I dream of fair and angel forms,  
And smiling friends I'll meet;  
Of angel harps, to music tuned  
In harmony, replete,  
In those fair fields of endless green,  
Those suns that never set,  
Those orbs of bright and dimless sheen,  
With nothing to regret.

I dream of my prospective home,  
And all those sunny hours.  
When poesy will teach me sing  
'Midst ever-blooming flowers;  
And through the mist of gathering years,  
A form steals to me now;  
And soft and sweet a sister's kiss  
Is pressed upon my brow.

No more I'll dream of perished hopes,  
Nor many a spoken word  
That, lost amid the wreck of time,  
Will ne'er again be heard.  
No more the ghosts of buried joys  
Start up and haunt my gaze;  
My soul is fixed on fairer scenes,  
And dreams of happier days.



# MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE governor of the Bastille had retired to his own apartments within that grim old fortress. All the duties of the day had been performed. The allowance of black bread and impure water had been doled out to the prisoners, and the doors closed, leaving them in utter darkness. All these horrible duties being settled to his satisfaction, the governor was ready for his own luxurious supper, and sat waiting for it with some impatience. Originally this man was neither hard-hearted or cruel; but holding a position where these qualities were exacted from him, they had gradually become a part of his nature. Unlimited power of the worst kind had made him a tyrant, and hardened his heart to iron.

As this man sat, calm and indifferent, in an atmosphere of misery, which rose around him like a miasma, a grim, stalwart man, in the dress of a keeper, knocked at the door and came in, removing the cap from his head in token of respect for the presence he was in.

The governor turned in his chair and recognized the man.

"Well, Christopher," he said, "what news from the city? A little more quiet, I hope."

"Not a bit," answered the keeper, promptly. "I have been among the clubs, as you bade me, and have made my observations. The feeling of discontent grows stronger and stronger."

"Well, what do they expect to accomplish by grumbling, the varlets? I wish we had them here, Christopher; a week or two of such lodgings and fare as we could give them, would bring down their courage. We have that whole lower range of cells unoccupied now, for our Louis is chicken-hearted about sending his subjects here, merely to oblige his friends; and he has no favorites, Marie Antoinette looks well to that."

"Yes; and she it is who prevents the prison being full, as it was in the good old time, when we registered a *lettre-de-cachet* every day. It is this clemency that emboldens the people, and sets them clamoring for the thing they call 'liberty!' Liberty, indeed, we would give them

enough to quarrel about if we had them all here but for a single month."

"Ah!" said the governor, who seemed on excellent terms with his man. "But how are we to get them here, when we never see the king's signature, except it be to empty our cells of their prisoners? He seems to forgive all men before they are sentenced, especially his own enemies. I tell you, Christopher, this king, in his leniency, has brought this fortress of the Bastille down to the level of a common jail; and his conduct fills me with such disgust, that I am at times half resolved to throw up my commission."

The keeper looked through one of the narrow windows, and took a survey of the ponderous walls; then, turning with a grim smile, he said,

"If the walls were less thick, a resignation might be prudent just now; but I think they will defy all the clubs in Paris."

"Or in all France," answered the governor, laughing. "My drawbridge once up, and no monarch in Europe sits as firmly on his throne as I do. Would to heaven his majesty was half as safe in Versailles!"

"Nay, I think the people hate the man they call their tyrant of the Bastille worse than they do the monarch at Versailles," said the keeper, a little maliciously—for cruel men are very seldom kind to each other.

"Let them hate," laughed the governor. "It will be a long time before their malice can reach him."

"Yes, as I said, the walls are thick."

"And here comes my supper, Christopher, which your news from the city shall not spoil," cried the governor, interrupting his subordinate, as a door was opened, and a daintily-arranged table revealed in the next room. "Step in, though, and let me hear all the news you have gathered."

The man stepped into the supper-room, and stood leaning against the door-frame, while his superior placed himself at the table.

"It is the Bastille against which the people hurl hatred, and launch their curses most

bitterly," he said. "Thinking me one of them—for I wore this—they spoke freely enough."

Here Christopher took a red cap from his pocket, and shook it viciously, as if he hated the very color.

The governor looked up and laughed again.

"So they thought you one of their order, my poor Christopher, and took you into their confidence on the strength of that red abomination. Well, when do they intend to tear down the Bastile?"

"Tear down the Bastile! Have we not decided that the walls may defy them?" replied the keeper, uneasily. "If I thought otherwise——"

"Well, what then, my good Christopher?"

"Why, then I should be glad to exchange places with any prisoner in the cells."

"A hard alternative, Christopher," said the governor, smiling over his well-filled plate, "and one not likely to happen. But we must be careful. If the rabble hate us, as you say, we must do nothing to arouse them."

That moment the loud clangor of a bell sounded down the passages of the prison.

"What is that, Christopher?" inquired the governor, laying down his knife and fork with something like consternation.

"Some one claiming admittance, who rings boldly, either an enemy, or an officer under authority of the law, I should say," answered the keeper.

"Go and see, Christopher."

The keeper went out, passed from the prison to the drawbridge, and looked across the moat, swollen and green with stagnant water, saw a single, slight figure claiming a passage over both by voice and gesture.

"Why was the bell rung?" asked Christopher of the guard.

"Because it is some one with an order for the governor. He held up a paper."

"Is he quite alone?"

"Yes, I saw him dismount from a tired horse, which you may yourself discover standing within the shadow of yonder building."

"Let down the drawbridge; but see that but one man enters—it may be a messenger from the court."

Directly the great chains of the drawbridge began to shake and rattle, the mighty hinges turned with ponderous heaviness, and the great mass of wood fell slowly downward, spanning the gulf of dark waters from wall to wall, like a causeway leading directly through Hades.

A slight figure left the opposite side of the moat, and crossed the bridge with a quick,

nervous step, which soon brought him to the keeper, who keenly regarded him during his progress.

"A letter for the governor," said the stranger, promptly taking a folded paper from his girdle.

"Where from?" questioned Christopher.

"Directly from Versailles. Besides this, I am intrusted with a message which can only be given in person; oblige me by saying so much in my behalf."

Christopher took the letter and held it between his teeth, while the ponderous machinery of the bridge was put in motion again, and the whole fabric loomed up.

The stranger started as he saw the huge fabric uplifted like some massive gate rising between him and the world he had left; but he made no protest, and only grew a little paler than before, as the awful blackness of its shadow fell upon him.

"There is no danger from any one on this side," muttered the keeper, moving slowly away, leaving the stranger standing by the guard; "but in these times it is hardly safe to admit even a stripling like that after dark."

He found the governor deep in his meal, which he enjoyed with the zest of a man who has few sources of occupation or amusement, and, therefore, gives free scope to the appetite. He was just filling a glass of wine as Christopher came in, and holding it up, smiled to see its amber hues sparkle in the lamplight. Indeed, he was too pleasantly occupied for any remembrance of the errand on which the keeper had gone.

"Ah! is it you again, my Christopher?" he said, draining the glass with a mellow smack of the lips. "Well, what news? The bell rang, if I remember. What unreasonable person was so bold?"

"It is a messenger from Versailles, your excellency; some one with a letter, and a special message to yourself."

"From Versailles? Let him in; let him in. It is not often that Louis the Sixteenth requires my services. That is why the rabble has dared to lift its clamor against the Bastile. If he would but crowd the old prison from foundation to roof with the disaffected, there would be no more cries of 'Down with the Bastile!' in the streets of Paris. Let the king's messenger present himself, he is welcome."

Christopher went out, and directly returned with the page in close company. When this person was seen in the full glare of the light, the appearance of extreme youth vanished. He

# MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE governor of the Bastille had retired to his own apartments within that grim old fortress. All the duties of the day had been performed. The allowance of black bread and impure water had been doled out to the prisoners, and the doors closed, leaving them in utter darkness. All these horrible duties being settled to his satisfaction, the governor was ready for his own luxurious supper, and sat waiting for it with some impatience. Originally this man was neither hard-hearted or cruel; but holding a position where these qualities were exacted from him, they had gradually become a part of his nature. Unlimited power of the worst kind had made him a tyrant, and hardened his heart to iron.

As this man sat, calm and indifferent, in an atmosphere of misery, which rose around him like a miasma, a grim, stalwart man, in the dress of a keeper, knocked at the door and came in, removing the cap from his head in token of respect for the presence he was in.

The governor turned in his chair and recognized the man.

"Well, Christopher," he said, "what news from the city? A little more quiet, I hope."

"Not a bit," answered the keeper, promptly. "I have been among the clubs, as you bade me, and have made my observations. The feeling of discontent grows stronger and stronger."

"Well, what do they expect to accomplish by grumbling, the varlets? I wish we had them here, Christopher; a week or two of such lodgings and fare as we could give them, would bring down their courage. We have that whole lower range of cells unoccupied now, for our Louis is chicken-hearted about sending his subjects here, merely to oblige his friends; and he has no favorites, Marie Antoinette looks well to that."

"Yes; and she it is who prevents the prison being full, as it was in the good old time, when we registered a *lettre-de-cachet* every day. It is this clemency that emboldens the people, and sets them clamoring for the thing they call 'liberty!' Liberty, indeed, we would give them

enough to quarrel about if we had them all here but for a single month."

"Ah!" said the governor, who seemed on excellent terms with his man. "But how are we to get them here, when we never see the king's signature, except it be to empty our cells of their prisoners? He seems to forgive all men before they are sentenced, especially his own enemies. I tell you, Christopher, this king, in his leniency, has brought this fortress of the Bastille down to the level of a common jail; and his conduct fills me with such disgust, that I am at times half resolved to throw up my commission."

The keeper looked through one of the narrow windows, and took a survey of the ponderous walls; then, turning with a grim smile, he said,

"If the walls were less thick, a resignation might be prudent just now; but I think they will defy all the clubs in Paris."

"Or in all France," answered the governor, laughing. "My drawbridge once up, and no monarch in Europe sits as firmly on his throne as I do. Would to heaven his majesty was half as safe in Versailles!"

"Nay, I think the people hate the man they call their tyrant of the Bastille worse than they do the monarch at Versailles," said the keeper, a little maliciously—for cruel men are very seldom kind to each other.

"Let them hate," laughed the governor. "It will be a long time before their malice can reach him."

"Yes, as I said, the walls are thick."

"And here comes my supper, Christopher, which your news from the city shall not spoil," cried the governor, interrupting his subordinate, as a door was opened, and a daintily-arranged table revealed in the next room. "Step in, though, and let me hear all the news you have gathered."

The man stepped into the supper-room, and stood leaning against the door-frame, while his superior placed himself at the table.

"It is the Bastille against which the people hurl hatred, and launch their curses most

bitterly," he said. "Thinking me one of them—for I wore this—they spoke freely enough."

Here Christopher took a red cap from his pocket, and shook it viciously, as if he hated the very color.

The governor looked up and laughed again.

"So they thought you one of their order, my poor Christopher, and took you into their confidence on the strength of that red abomination. Well, when do they intend to tear down the Bastile?"

"Tear down the Bastile! Have we not decided that the walls may defy them?" replied the keeper, uneasily. "If I thought otherwise——"

"Well, what then, my good Christopher?"

"Why, then I should be glad to exchange places with any prisoner in the cells."

"A hard alternative, Christopher," said the governor, smiling over his well-filled plate, "and one not likely to happen. But we must be careful. If the rabble hate us, as you say, we must do nothing to arouse them."

That moment the loud clangor of a bell sounded down the passages of the prison.

"What is that, Christopher?" inquired the governor, laying down his knife and fork with something like consternation.

"Some one claiming admittance, who rings boldly, either an enemy, or an officer under authority of the law, I should say," answered the keeper.

"Go and see, Christopher."

The keeper went out, passed from the prison to the drawbridge, and looked across the moat, swollen and green with stagnant water, saw a single, slight figure claiming a passage over both by voice and gesture.

"Why was the bell rung?" asked Christopher of the guard.

"Because it is some one with an order for the governor. He held up a paper."

"Is he quite alone?"

"Yes, I saw him dismount from a tired horse, which you may yourself discover standing within the shadow of yonder building."

"Let down the drawbridge; but see that but one man enters—it may be a messenger from the court."

Directly the great chains of the drawbridge began to shake and rattle, the mighty hinges turned with ponderous heaviness, and the great mass of wood fell slowly downward, spanning the gulf of dark waters from wall to wall, like a causeway leading directly through Hades.

A slight figure left the opposite side of the moat, and crossed the bridge with a quick,

nervous step, which soon brought him to the keeper, who keenly regarded him during his progress.

"A letter for the governor," said the stranger, promptly taking a folded paper from his girdle.

"Where from?" questioned Christopher.

"Directly from Versailles. Besides this, I am intrusted with a message which can only be given in person; oblige me by saying so much in my behalf."

Christopher took the letter and held it between his teeth, while the ponderous machinery of the bridge was put in motion again, and the whole fabric loomed up.

The stranger started as he saw the huge fabric uplifted like some massive gate rising between him and the world he had left; but he made no protest, and only grew a little paler than before, as the awful blackness of its shadow fell upon him.

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Christopher went out, and directly returned with the page in close company. When this person was seen in the full glare of the light, the appearance of extreme youth vanished. He

was slender, elegant, and bright; but there was something in the curve of the mouth, and a depth of expression about the eyes, which belied the boyish air and foppish costume so completely, that the governor arose to receive him with unconscious humility.

"This letter," said the page, "will inform you of my business; after that let me pray that we converse alone."

"Christopher, you may go," said the governor, filling another glass of wine, and holding it toward his visitor with one hand while he replenished his own glass with the other. "Now, sir, sit down while I read this missive."

The page accepted the wine, and drank it off, for he felt the need of it after a long and wearisome ride of hours. While the slow color was coming back to his face, the governor was earnestly perusing the letter. It evidently gave him some disturbance as he read, for a flush of hotter red than the Rhenish wine could give rose into his face, while his eyes grew large and opened wide with astonishment.

"From her," he muttered, uneasily. "Why it is years and years since I have seen her name. How came she at Versailles? Must talk freely with her messenger! As if I wanted anything to do with him or her either! Why it might cost me dear with his majesty, and set the rabble to hunting me down like a dog! My own safety! Danger! Humph! Humph!"

All this he muttered incoherently by the astonished governor, while the page sat keenly regarding him, catching up here and there a disjointed word, which made his eyes sparkle and his lips curve scornfully.

"Well," said the governor, crushing the letter slowly in his hand, where he rolled it indolently between his thumb and finger, "you come to me from Madame Du Barry—a beautiful woman in her time, and in some sort a friend of mine."

"In some sort?" repeated the page, almost with a sneer. "I thought from what madame said, that she had been a most earnest and all-powerful friend to you in times when her friendship was a fortune, and her enmity ruin."

"Did she say that? Very natural. The importance of objects magnifies as they recede. It is many years since I knew the madame; and in those years she has ceased to be powerful, either in love or hate. Even her beauty, they tell me, is all gone—and in that lay the power she makes such boast of. Still I have a tender remembrance of the madame, who had a kind of loveliness that was almost distracting. At one time I almost adored her; and as for the lady— Well, it would not be quite proper to

state how much of her boasted kindness sprang from a more tender sentiment than she would have liked to acknowledge before the king; but I have my memories."

Here the young man sprang to his feet, clenched one white hand under its frills of delicate lace, advanced a step, as if to dash it in that flushed face, and let it fall again with a sharp, unnatural laugh.

"Another glass of wine," he said, unclenching the hand; "these reminiscences are so pleasant they amuse me!"

The governor lifted the bottle near him, and dashed a flood of the amber liquid over the white hand which held the glass, for his own was rendered a little unsteady by the sudden action of the page.

The young man tossed off the wine with a laugh that rang mockingly through the room.

"Well," he said, "as you and the Du Barry were such intimate friends, we can talk with the more freedom. Both you and the lady are just now in imminent peril."

"Peril! How?"

"Both with the king, which is not so threatening, but with the people, who are getting dangerous."

"As how? Speak out! This is the second time to-day I have been warned of the people's hate. But the king—in what way have I offended him?"

"In nothing that I know of. But occasions arise in which our best friends act, unconsciously, with our worst enemies. The king, in his goodness, works hand-in-hand with the people, who hate him and us."

"In what way?" inquired the governor, now deeply interested. "Why should his majesty do aught to imperil an old and faithful officer like me? That he should hold some malice against Du Barry is not remarkable. She was impudent enough while he was Dauphin to account for any ill-feeling he may have toward her now; but with me, who have always been a favorite, the thing is impossible."

The page still kept on his feet and walked up and down the room, forgetting all forms of politeness in his excitement. He paused at last, and flashed a glance of brilliant scorn upon the governor.

"There is no such thing as impossibilities where the selfishness or ingratitude of men are concerned," he said. "The idol of the people to-day is not sure of his position for a week."

"Of the people? Yes. But I claim nothing of them; my strength lies in the king."

The page gave his antagonist—for such these

two persons were fast becoming—a sharp glance, but made no answer to his last speech, which had apparently made no impression upon him.

“The king, the queen, and, most of all, you and the lady on whose behalf I come, are in danger. A single new cause of discontent against this prison, and the smouldering hate of the people will break forth. Louis foresaw this, but had not force of will enough to prevent it. One word from his wife, and he was ready to brave everything.”

“But what has he done?”

The page drew close to the table and leaned one hand upon it.

“Years ago, the very last of our old king’s reign, a man was brought to the Bastille—his name was Gosner.”

“Gosner—why that man is alive yet. Neither dampness or famine seem to have any impression on him. He was brought here under a *lettre-de-cachet*, and was one of Madame Du Barry’s enemies. I remember, she came here to the prison, just after the old king died, and upbraided this man with having killed him by his necromancy. She was very bitter against him, and seemed afraid that he might be pardoned out. That woman had a hard heart.”

“Yes; she had a hard heart,” repented the page; “but often, ah! so often, she was forced to be cruel in self-defence. It is so now—it is so now!”

Once more the page was walking up and down the room; he paused suddenly.

“This man, Gosner, was, at the request of madame, put into the underground cells,” he said, “where he has been until within the last year. When we took him out he was almost blind—a poor, enfeebled creature, hardly worthy of the new life we gave him.”

“And now?” questioned the page.

“Now he is but little better—a gleam or two of light and air does not change a prisoner of many years so much as you might imagine; besides, this man was feeble from the first, but lived on, withering away into the shadow he is.”

“Well, this is the man they will parade before the people as a proof of the terrible cruelties practiced here.”

The governor half rose from his feet in sudden alarm.

“Who will do this?” he exclaimed.

“The king; or, rather, his Austrian wife.”

“The king!”

“Who has pardoned this man, Gosner.”

The ruddy countenance of the governor lost its tone, and a cold whiteness crept over his lips.

At last he turned a blanched and scared face upon the page. The great danger of his position had forced itself upon him.

“And the king has done this? I cannot believe it.”

“You may, for to-morrow will bring the proof. The order of Gosner’s release was signed this morning, and is now in Paris.”

The governor was on his feet at once.

“What is to be done? You came here for something more than this. Madame Du Barry has heard of Gosner’s pardon. She sent you here. What does she propose? This is a case that concerns us all, and may destroy us all.”

“Unless proper steps are taken,” said the page, in a low voice.

“But what steps can be taken?”

“You ask me that?” answered the page, with a strange smile on his lips; “you, who know all the mysteries of this prison, who receive men without record, and send them forth for burial with only a number instead of a name?”

“Who told you these things?” demanded the governor, with a sudden panic.

“No matter, I know; then I know, also, that this man, Dr. Gosner, is not an inmate of this prison. He was buried within the month, and the number attached to his name is registered against it.”

“You know this?” cried the governor. “Rather you suggest it.”

“Yes, I suggest it. This man must not be let loose to prowl the streets of Paris, and drive the rabble wild with his stories of the Bastille, its cruelties, its dungeons, and its underground horrors. He was a man of wonderful eloquence, and freedom will touch his tongue with fire. His white hair, the wonderful pathos in his eyes, and that shadowy form, will excite the people to terrible wrath.”

The governor was trembling visibly throughout his entire frame. He leaned his hand so heavily on the table that the glasses, with the amber and ruby-tinted drops left in them, shook and rattled together beneath his pressure.

“Madame Du Barry was the person who cast this man into prison, the people hates her already,” continued the page, who was himself growing strangely pale. “This man will first assail her; as for yourself——”

The governor dropped into the chair he had left, and gazed upon the page with frightened eyes and parted lips, a remembrance of all he had done to the prisoner since his incarceration, of the neglect, starvation, the awful solitude in which he had been left, year after year,

scarcely speaking to a human being, swept over him in all the blackness of its horrors.

"As for yourself," continued the page, "all the enormous cruelties practiced in the Bastille, during the last twenty years, will be heaped upon your shoulders. This man has been an inmate of the lower-cells; he has been chained by the waist to your dank walls, along which reptiles were eternally dragging their slime across and around him; he has heard the perpetual lapping of fetid waters against the enormous walls, which were not thick enough to keep the poisonous drops from creeping down the rugged walls, and dropping on his hands, his hair, and his emaciated limbs——"

"Hold! hold!" cried the governor. "If this man says but half of these things to the people, they will seize upon me in the street and tear me limb from limb."

"But the danger must be avoided. It is a question of life and death with you and the madame. The king in his clemency is flinging fire-brands among his own enemies, with which they will consume him."

"When did you say the pardon would come?" inquired the governor.

"In the morning, very early."

"We will be prepared!"

The color was coming back to that broad face. The governor had arrived at a conclusion—his prisoner should never go forth to the world to fire the hearts of men against him. He rang a little house-bell that stood upon the table with a sharpness that soon brought Christopher to the room.

"Bring me a light, Christopher, and lead the way to the office where our books are kept."

Christopher lighted a lamp, and led the way into a dark, stone chamber, which contained several oaken desks, on which lay ponderous books chained to staples driven deep into the wall. The governor opened one of these imposing volumes, and, after turning over several of its leaves, ran his finger down a column which bore a date that ran back to a period in which Louis the Fifteenth reigned in France.

"Only two entered at this period left," he muttered; "and this delicate man one of them. How fearfully strong life is. It seems as if some men never would die."

"Who are you seeking for—the man who died this morning?" inquired Christopher, who was greatly astonished that the governor should have entered that room, or thought of examining the books.

"Did a man die this morning?" demanded

the governor, quickly. "What is his name? How long has he been here?"

"His name," answered Christopher, with a grim smile, "has died out long ago; but we can trace it by the number, if you will give me time. As to the how long—I cannot remember when he was not here."

Here the page stepped forward.

"You have seen the man, I suppose—tell me, was he fair or dark, large or small, old or young?"

"He was fair, young, sir, when I first knew him, slender, too, and of most gentle bearing. As to age, men grow old here rapidly."

"But he seems old?"

"Yes, a little, worn, old man."

"That will do," said the governor, promptly.

"Now let us see this other person. Get the keys, Christopher, I will go with you to the cells—there is the number."

Christopher took the scrap of paper, on which a number was written, and selecting a bunch of keys from a heap that lay in one of the desks, took the lamp in his disengaged hand. The governor made a sign to the page, and all three plunged at once into the black labyrinth of passages which led into the stony heart of the prison. Through long, vault-like halls, down narrow chasms, that seemed hewn from the original rock, far into the very bowels of the earth these three persons penetrated. After a time they heard low, sobbing murmurs, indescribably mournful, which came to them out of the darkness, as if the very stones were saturated with tears. Once the clank of a chain broke sharply through these murmurs, and the grinding sound of a curse broke across the blackness of their progress.

At last they stopped before an oaken door, studded heavily with great iron knobs, over which time and dampness had woven a coat of reddish rust. A great, clumsy lock of iron spread far out on the ponderous oak, into which Christopher thrust an equally clumsy key, which ground its way through the rasping rust, and was only turned by a vigorous turn of both the keepers powerful hands.

At last the door was forced open, and there, sitting upon the bare, wet stones was a human being. He had just been aroused from a dreary sleep, and, supporting himself by the palms of both hands pressed upon the floor, was peering at them through a fall of snow-white hair, which drooped over the most mournfully white face that human eye ever gazed upon. When he saw the light, and more than one human face looking in upon his misery, this man, who

scarcely knew what the presence of a fellow-creature was, began to tremble with strange apprehension, and crept half across the floor, whispering,

"Did she get the paper? Did she get the paper?"

His eyes were bright as diamonds, his white face was full of piteous entreaty; his voice sounded like the heart-broken prayer of a dying man.

They did not speak to him, but drew back, and partly closed the door upon him. Then a wild shriek broke from the dungeon, a cry of anguish so terrible that the page covered his

face with both hands, and went staggering through the dark passage like a drunken creature.

"Oh! if I could but take it back—if I could tear this one sin from my soul!"

The governor heard this cry of anguish, but did not comprehend the words. He had witnessed too many scenes like the one they had left to tremble at the sight.

"Have no apprehension," he said. "They will not find him here in the morning, rest content; not even the king knows all the secrets of the Bastille."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE POET.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD

The Poet is, must ever be,  
Oh, Freedom! on thy glorious side;  
True poetry is grandly free,  
It will no narrow bounds abide.

Like the untrammelled minds of Heaven,  
With sweet and purifying force,  
It winnows the vast universe,  
And glad results attend its course.

Or as some river, broad and free,  
It sweeps with fertilizing flow,  
And barren wastes and desert wilds,  
Transfigured, to new Edens grow.

Yet oft the poet's heart is sad,  
With senses keener than his kind,  
He feels far-off the great events  
Undreamed of by the common mind.

And mad enthusiast is the cry  
The skeptic herd around him raise;

Yet in his ear, unheard of them,  
The glorious march of progress plays.

Oh, Poet! prophet ye are one,  
Chanting in verse your prophecies;  
Your pulse keeps time to the grand beat  
Of revolutions' destinies.

The world applauds established truth;  
You kiss and bless the new-born child;  
Behold afar its triumph hour,  
E'en while 'tis hunted and reviled.

Where'er new good supplants old wrong  
You'll find the poet's helping hand;  
His verse the sad reformer cheers,  
And stirs, like battle-call, the land.

Oh, Poet! blessed is thy lot,  
Though lonely and misjudged of men;  
The darling of the gods art thou,  
Sharing the secrets known to them.

## OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY J. WILLIAM VAN NAMEE.

Our youthful days are fled for aye,  
And we are older grown;  
Then let us not recall again  
The joys and pains we've known;  
For 'mong the memories of the past  
Are many shadows deep;  
And if we call them up again,  
We can but sigh and weep.

Weep o'er the broken idols there,  
And faded dreams so bright,  
When we thought life a happy day,  
Filled with the sunbeams bright;  
And in those early days of life,  
With joyous, buoyant heart,  
We learned the lesson sweet to love,  
But soon we learned to part.

For death, with icy fingers, closed  
Around our loved ones dear,  
And sunbeams turned to shadows then,  
And sorrow lingered near;  
And as we journey on in life  
We feel the weight of years,  
And know how vain are all regrets,  
And sighs, and dreams, and tears.

Then let us not recall the past,  
But leave it buried there,  
And to the future turn our gaze,  
And overcome despair.

Our youthful days are fled for aye,  
With all their care and pain;  
And as we journey on in life,  
Recall them not again.



## EBENEZER'S COURTSHIP.

BY MRS. G. J. BEEBE.

"FILINDY ANN! dew come here to the winder and see if ye know whose shirred sun-buanit and gingham umbrell that is a comin' up the lane. No ye needn't, nuther. I see now—it's Miss Greenland. Seems to me she's gittin' proud in her old age; that bunnit's a new one, and she's kivered her sunshade over.

"She's comin' to spend the afternoon, and she'll have to go in the spare bed-room to take off her things. Run, Filindy Ann, quick! and put on the pine-apple bed-quilt, and the piller-cases with the weepin'-willer worked onto 'em in yaller silk. Come, now, don't git stagger-nated!

"Law suz, I never! I hain't the least idee but what the dust's an inch thick in t'other room, and there ain't a speck o' sugar-cake in the house, nuther. And Miss Greenland's sitch an oncounon peccoler pusson, she'd go rite hum agin, ef she thought she was makin' anybody trouble.

"I guess Filindy Ann kin make the cake. I'll slip out a minit and see she don't put in salt-petre instid o' pearlsh, and sweeten the applesass with that yarb-tea instid o' merlasses.

"My sakes! I thought ye was goin' to stay all day. Air ye sure ye didn't put the bed-quilt on crossways, nor the piller-cases t'other end up? Well, run out now, and wash up the kittles, and put over some bilin' water.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Greenland! Walk rite in t'other room and pull off yer things. I hain't seen ye look so well in all my recollection.

"Thank you, Mrs. Stubbs, my health has always been of the most excellent quality. I think the afternoon is extremely sultry. Oh! do not inconvenience yourself with regard to my apparel; allow it to remain on this chair, it will then be in extreme proximity when I am preparing to take up my departure."

"Law, Miss Greenland, come into the bed-room, and put 'em here on the bed."

"Thank you, Mrs. Stubbs. If it will not cause trouble, I think I will do so, and also arrange my ringlets before the mirror."

"Now don't be afeard o' makin' trouble, Miss Greenland, fur when I hev company, I allers like to make 'em comfortable. So set down in this arm-cheer."

"Oh! excuse me, Mrs. Stubbs, I wouldn't for

a moment entertain the idea of depriving you of your accustomed seat."

"Now you jest take this cheer, Miss Greenland, and I'll bring in mine from the settin'-room, and see what Filindy Ann's up to. I'll be rite back."

"These servants, Mrs. Stubbs, are enough to discourage a person of the most gigantic nerves from attempting to regulate her household affairs properly."

"Filindy Ann! where be ye? Sure, now, ye didn't wash them kittles in cold water, and wipe 'em on the cup-towel? Now, here, you jest pour bilin' water on that dish-cloth, it looks as ef you'd been takin' up ashes with it, instid o' usin' the shovel.

"Law suz! jest you come here, and see ef that ain't uncle Ebenezer's nose a stalkin' up through the medder. It is! I thought I couldn't be mistaken in that nose o' his'n, though ef I'd seen it anywhere else, I should sartinly hev took it for a seed-cucumber.

"I declare ef that ain't enuff to discourage a pusson. He's the most confirmedest old bachelor I know of, and she's the most confirmedest old maid. I'll tell ye what I'll do, I'll git 'em in the spare room together, and then I'll slip out and see about gittin' tea.

"There he is now, comin' up the back stoop. Run, Filindy Ann, and let him in through the wood-house, and don't tell him there's anybody here.

"How de do, Ebenezer! No, Enos has gone down to the village, but I'm expectin' him hum every minat. Let's go in t'other room, it's cooler there, and the flies ain't so thick, nuther."

"Well, I don't keer ef I do, fur the sun's powerful to-day."

"I hope you didn't git tired o' waitin', Miss Greenland; husband's brother Ebenezer's come, and husband ain't got hum yet. I guess we'll hev to entertain him awhile."

"Why, Sophier Stubbs, is that you? What do ye s'pose I've done? I've sent yer uncle Ebenezer hum with Miss Greenland!"

"Oh, aunt Lizy!"

"It's a fact, and I'll tell ye how it cum. Ye see I was a settin' by the winder, this afternoon, and I seen somebody a comin' up the lane, and first I didn't know who it was, but purty

soon I see it was Miss Greenland. Ef she'd been a flourishin' her big, turkey-feather fan, as usual, I'd a knowed her in a minit; but in-stid, she had it under her mantiller.

"Well, in she cum, a primpin' up her mouth and a gittin' off her big words. Bime-by, I cum out in the kitchen to see how things was gittin' on, and lo and behold, who should I see but yer uncle Ebenezer a comin' 'cross lots to the house. So I up and took him into the other room without tellin' him anybody was here.

"When we went in the room, Miss Greenland was the most surprisedest-lookin' critter ye ever seen; and as to Eben, he colored up to the tip end o' his nose. He's got a master long nose; though I can't say much, fur yer uncle Enos' is most as big.

"Did I ever tell ye the first time I seen yer uncle Enos? Why, I was a goin' to the village to buy me a caliker dress—caliker was somethin' purty nice in them days. I know father was short o' money, and mother mustered together what she could, and sent me to the village with four dozen eggs in the willer-basket to make out. I was most there, and was goin' along in the path-side o' the road, when who should I see a comin' but yer uncle Enos. Well, when he cum up to where I was, we both turned out on the same side to go by; then I felt kinder shamed like, and I dodged the other side quick, and so did he; and we might a been standin' there to this day, fur all I know, ef he hadn't a turned out to the right and ketched hold of his nose, and sez he, 'I guess we kin pass now.'

"Well, I went on to the village, and every time I thought about it I couldn't help laffin'.

"Twant more'n a week after that, Sary Eliza Terwilliger, she had an apple-cut, and I went along o' brother Ben. I had on that same caliker-dress—it was a white ground, with a red-and-black figger shot through it. I gored the skirt and ruffled the sleeves, and hemmed a white ruffle for the neck: Melissy Purdy said it was the purtiest dress there.

"We got there airy, and a hull passel of us sot down to work; the boys peeled the apples, and the girls cored 'em. Purty soon somebody cum, and I looked up, and who should it be but yer uncle. I laffed, and he laffed, and Sary Eliza stood by, and sez she, 'Mr. Stubbs, I'll make ye acquainted with Miss Gray.'

"So he sot down by me, and after we got through with the apples he took me to supper. He seen me hum that night, and after that I kept company with him till we was married.

"But I sot out to tell about yer uncle Ebe-

nezer and Miss Greenland. He hemmed and hawed when he sat down, and sez he, 'It's an orful warm day.'

"'It's exceedingly oppressive,' sez she, a flourishin' her fan rite and left.

"'I wouldn't wonder ef we had thunder-showers,' sez he.

"'Oh! I hope not, for I'm childishly afraid of thunder-showers,' sez she. 'And the litenin' has struck in close proximity to me repeatedly.'

"'It never struck near me,' sez he.

"'Some persons seem to possess charmed lives,' sez she.

"'Which?' sez he.

"'Some persons seem to be endowed with charmed lives,' sez she, agin.

"'Oh! sez he. 'I s'pose I ain't so charmin' as I was once; but I know somebody that gits charminer every day.'

"Thinks to me it's time I was a gettin' out o' this, so I excused myself about supper; and, bime-by, Enos cum home.

"I telled him what was a brewin', and I thought he'd die a laffin'.

"'I'm goin' in,' sez he.

"'No you ain't,' sez I. 'You'll spoil it all.'

"'No I won't,' sez he; 'I wouldn't miss the fun for no money.'

"So he went in, and I flew round and got tea reddy; and, bime-by, Ebenezer cum out, and, sez he, 'Lizy, I allers thought you was a woman of oncommon good judgment; now,' sez he, 'what's yer opinion o' Miss Greenland?'

"'Why,' sez I, 'I think she's a proper nice woman.'

"'That's jest what I think,' sez he; and I tell ye what it is, Lizy, we're both kinder lonesome; and I believe the best thing we ken do is to git married.'

"'Well, Ebenezer,' siz I, 'my father used to till me, 'Lizy,' sez he, 'don't you ever git married as long as you can help it; for when the right one comes along, you'll find you can't help it if ye try.'

"Jest then Enos cum out, and, sez he, 'Lizy, ain't supper most reddy?'

"'Oh, yes!' sez I, 'all but settin' on the tea.'

"So I went in and called Miss Greenland; and she cum out, lookin' kind o' scairt-like.

"Awhile after supper, there was a black cloud cum up, and she sed she'd better go hum; so, sez I, 'Ebenezer, Miss Greenland's afeard o' lintonin'; mebbly you'd better see her hum.'

"'Certingly,' sez he, 'if she's willin.'

"So she got reddy, and they started off; and

husband, he laffed so loud I was afeard they'd hear him.

"They did look funny enuff, though; she was so strait and still-like, you'd a thought the wind kerried her along; and he a swingin' both

arms, with her fan in one hand and her sunshade in the other.

"And I wouldn't wonder a bit, Sophier, ef there was a weddin' afore long, and we was both invited."

## A LONE WAIF.

BY MISS. BELLA PARROTT.

A SOLITARY waif,

Upon the changeful sea,  
Will lightly float, serene and safe,  
Where tempests roar and billows chafe,  
And the foundered ship sinks hopelessly.

'Tis true what gaudy tarks  
Bore the cherished and the brave;  
But the surge has hushed their last death-note,  
While the lonely waif is still afloat.  
On that vengeful, melancholy wave.

And 'mid the living crowd  
That throng life's busy mart,  
Are there not many desolate,

Who pray for death, or wishing, wait,  
His last, his sure, envenomed dart?

The gitted and the fair:  
The cherished and the brave;  
The hope of youth, the stay of years,  
They who are mourned with bitterest tears,  
Sink earliest to the solemn grave.

They who are formed to bless,  
Whose life is one bright dream,  
Struck by some thunderbolt from Heaven,  
Sink, while the lonely waif is driven  
A down life's dull and solemn stream.

## BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF EDEN.

BY ANDREW SHERWOOD.

In my dreams I have thought of the Heavenly land,  
Far away up the portals of morn,  
Where the evergreen-mountains eternally stand,  
And the beautiful rivers are born;  
'Tis the land of the dead, 'tis the home of the blest,  
Where our sorrows are known not, they say;  
Where the way-weary voyager findeth a rest,  
And the pure waters wander away.

Our gaze cannot soar to the evergreen-valles,  
Which alone by the fancy is trod;  
But our souls are refreshed by the odorous gales,  
Which are fanned from the gardens of God;

And we sometimes have longed for that beautiful vale,  
Where the blue hills in majesty rise,  
And the clouds, like an army with banners unfurled,  
Float away through the ambient skies.

Oh! the stars never smile from their temples of light,  
Where the world of eternity glows,  
And we never behold the blue mountains at night,  
But we dream of a holy repose.  
We are traveling home as the centuries roll,  
Each a sailor on life's open sea,  
To the beautiful hills in the land of the soul,  
Whose pleasures and treasures are free.

## DREAMS.

BY MRS. A. E. WOODBURY.

DREAMS—what are they? No sage can tell  
What bears the obedient soul afar,  
On tireless wing, to scenes long past—  
To moon or star.

All heights and depths, trod with an ease  
These mortal bodies ne'er could tread;  
Faces familiar greet and smile;  
Forms of the dead

Are clothed with life and health; and hands  
Clasp ours with youth's warm clasp of love,  
Or, crooked with age, and care, and pain,  
Tremblingly move.

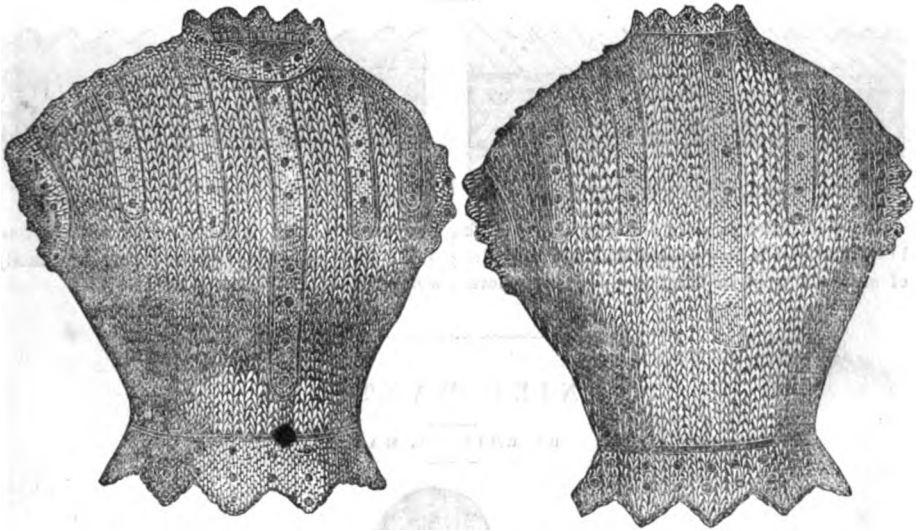
And other dreams we have, so fraught  
With pain and passion, that the pen  
Need not the record give, to meet  
The eyes of men.

Sometimes, ah! blissful moments rare,  
Of Heaven's bliss we catch a gleam,  
And wake to find the vision sweet  
Was but a dream.

But, though a dream, the holy calm  
May tarry with us, if we will;  
And, storm-tossed, we may hear the Voice  
Say, "Peace, be still!"

## LADIES' JACKET WITHOUT SLEEVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This jacket is worked with red fleecy wool in a sort of crochet *a tricater*; the strips, which form the trimming, are knitted with red Berlin wool. The back and front are worked separately, and crocheted together on the shoulders and under the arms. Cut a good paper pattern from a bodice and try it on, then begin to work the back part at the upper edge on a sufficiently long foundation chain, and work the first double row as follows:

1st row: Make one loop in every foundation chain, and throw the wool forward after every loop.

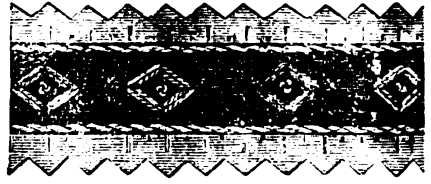
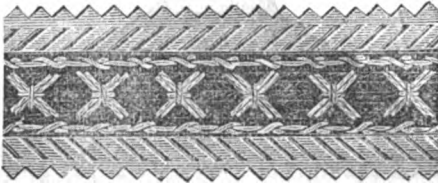
2nd row: Cast off the stitches on the needle with the next stitch formed by throwing the wool forward.

In the first row of the second double row take up together one loop in the long chain, and in the stitch of the following stitches formed by throwing the wool forward in the preceding row, and throw the wool forward. At the beginning of every double row miss the first stitch formed by throwing the wool forward, and throw the wool forward after the first selvedge-stitch; the increasing and decreasing takes place at the end of the rows from the paper pattern. When you have arrived at the lower edge, crochet one row of slip-stitches on the last row. Each front part begins likewise at the upper edge, decreasing at the place marked for the breast-pleats on

the paper pattern. The front edge of the front parts must be straight. When the back and front parts are completed, crochet them together on the wrong side with slip-stitches, and fasten the knitted bands and the waistband. The latter is terminated at the bottom with vandykes. Begin to work the same with thick, fleecy wool; cast on ten stitches and knit backward and forward twenty plain rows, increasing one stitch at the end of every other row on one side of the knitting, so that the twentieth row has twenty stitches. In the following twenty rows decrease in the same proportion as you increased before. Knit on in the same manner till the waistband is wide enough, (on our pattern eight vandykes.) edge the straight border with a row of double stitches in black wool, and the vandyked border with small chain-stitch scallops. Then sew the waistband on the jacket, letting the vandykes hang down. A similar narrower strip of vandykes edge the armhole and neck. Cast on five stitches for each of these strips; each strip in the middle is nine stitches wide. The strips which trim the jacket are knitted with Berlin wool the long way; they are edged with chain-stitch scallops in black wool, and ornamented with jet beads from illustration. They are one inch wide. At the front edge of the jacket sew on hooks and eyes for fastening it. This jacket is both tasty and useful.

## TWO BORDERS FOR PETTICOATS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The foundation is a strip of cloth with black braid laid over it, and worked with loose stitches of silk and wool in bright, variegated colors.

The woolen braid is fastened on with yellow silk. The different stitches may be easily worked from the design.

## PANNIER MANTILLA

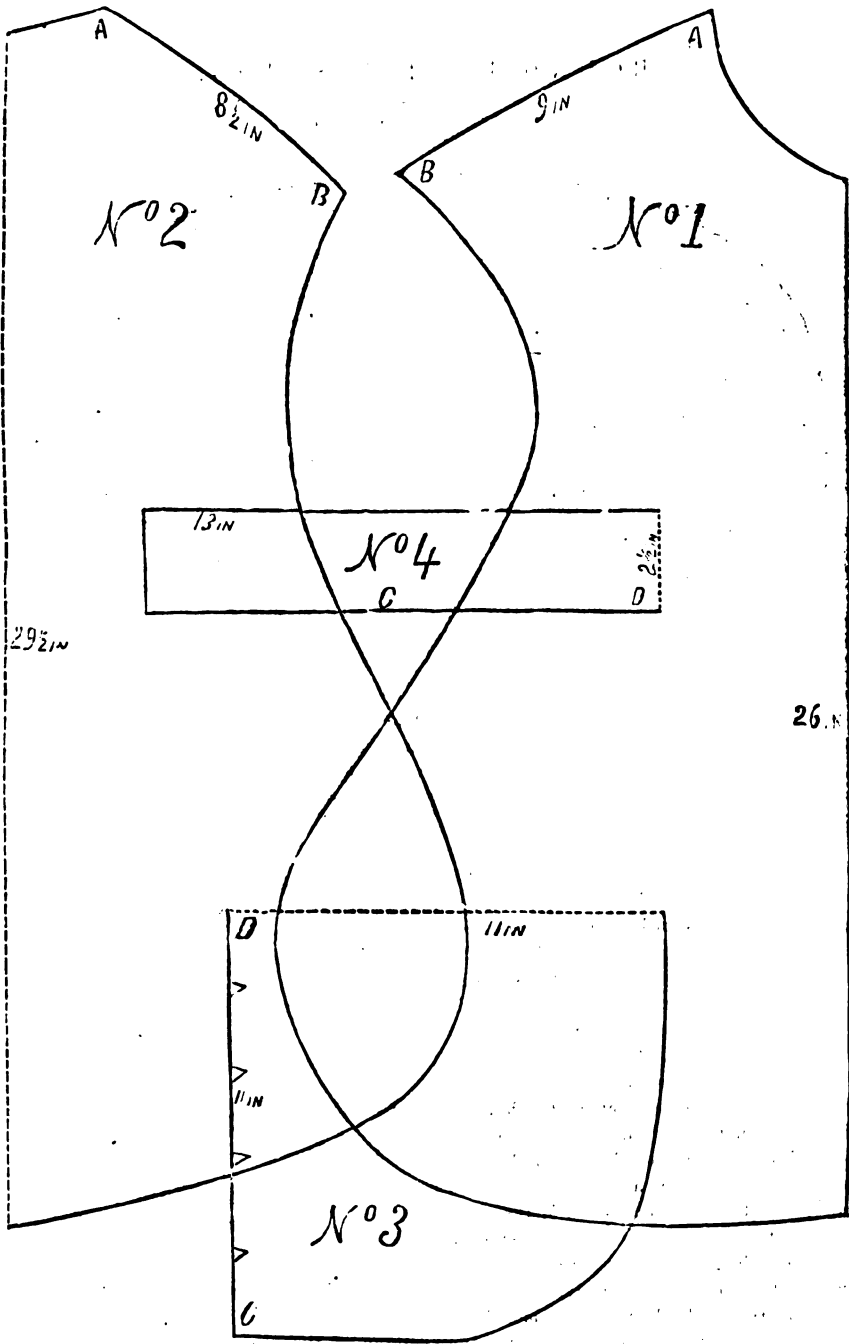
BY EMILY H. MAY.



Among the novelties of the month is a Pannier Mantilla, an engraving of which we give above. It will be quite a fashionable article of dress; and it is so simple that any lady can make it for herself. It would be quite suitable for young ladies made in book muslin, with hemmed frills, edged with narrow thread lace

and giffered. It may be made of the material of the dress, in black lace, or in the most useful of all materials, black silk. Of silk, twenty-four inches in width, four yards and a half would be needed, and sixteen yards of black satin rouleau.

On the next page we give a diagram, from which it may be cut out.



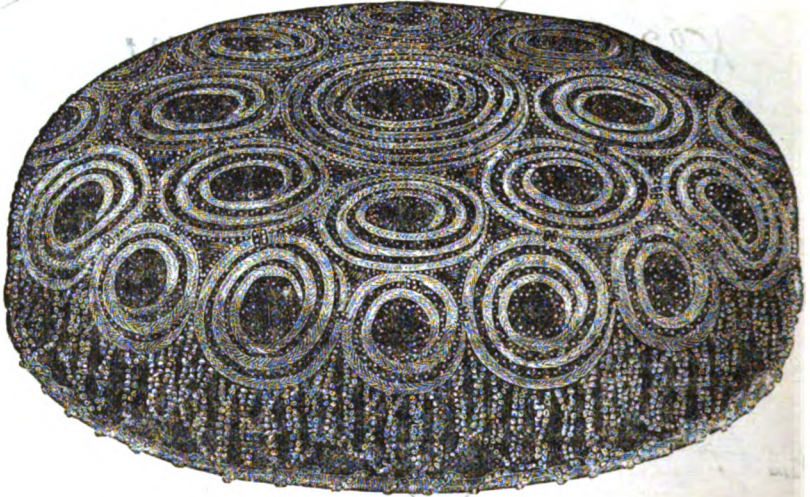
26.

- No. 1. FRONT.
  - No. 2. BACK.
  - No. 3. HALF OF PANNIER.
  - No. 4. HALF OF BAND.
- VOL. LVI.—10

The Panner is to be pleated into the band. A more useful article of dress is not likely to appear this season, and will more than repay for the slight trouble of making it.

## ROUND FOOT-CUSHION:

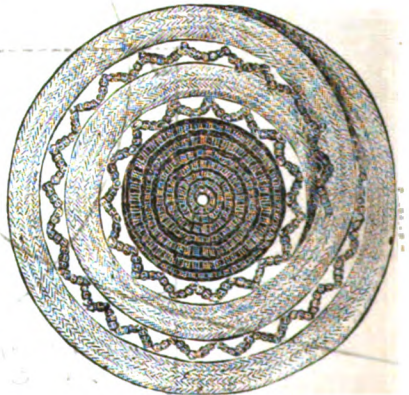
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Red woolen braid, medium-sized silk cordon, steel beads, No. 7, glass and chalk beads, same size, one yard and a half of thick, red woolen cord, a piece of blue cashmere, half a yard square, a strip of black velvet, one yard and a half long, four inches wide, strong gray linen, glazed calico, a little darker.

Rosettes of three different sizes form the covering of this stool. These are twenty-five in number, and consist of little rounds one inch in diameter, worked in crochet with black silk. For each of these make a chain of ten stitches, close in a ring and work round eight rows in double stitch, making the proper increase for the work to be quite flat. For the large, middle rosette, a ninth row must be worked in treble, and thus increased to an inch and a half, as clearly shown in the design. The rosettes are filled up with flat, spiral windings of red braid, which are fastened upon a firm paper ground by scallops of strong beads. Each of the eight smallest rosettes has two spiral windings; each of the sixteen large ones has three. For the center one, five inches in diameter, five braid windings are required. For the innermost bead scallops in all the rosettes, two glass and one chalk bead must be strung alternately upon strong white thread, and fastened once on the braid, and then on the crochet. The remaining bead windings are alternating of glass beads

entirely once, and then of chalk and glass beads. The number of beads for the slanting scallop lines must be increased in proportion to the widening of the circle. The second bead winding must be begun where the two braid windings join, (see No. 1.) not between them.



When all the rosettes are finished, they are joined together, as in No. 2, and with the exception of the alternate large and small outer scallops, are surrounded with scallops of six steel beads. The thread must be always carried back through the two last beads.

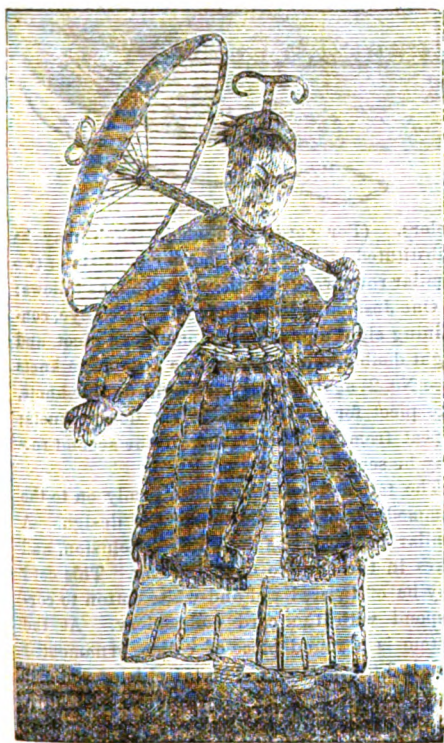
The place where the rosettes are joined is

covered by two little cross-bars of four steel beads. The outer scallops are ornamented with bead loops one inch long; for each loop about seventy of the large glass beads are required. The rounded cushion, which measures fourteen inches in diameter, has a black velvet edge

three inches broad, an upper covering of dark blue cashmere; and at the under edge a thick, red woolen cord, with glass beads, wound around it. The rosette covering, which shows the blue cashmere through, is fastened on with a few stitches at the upper edge.

## CHINESE FIGURES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE figures are cut out of satin, and edged with gold cord, by which they are fastened to the foundation. The satin must be first carefully gummed upon paper. The under-dress of the Chinese in No. 1 is blue, the upper-dress red, the parasol is of red satin, the lining and handle are of white satin. The inner bars of the parasol, the fringe on the upper-dress, and the trimming of the chemisette, are in fine gold cord; for the seams and edge of the belt the cord must be thick. For the folds, fine black stitches are required. Face, hands, and hair are worked in the usual marked stitches upon a ground of flesh-color with split silk stitches; two shades

of brown are required for the hair. The ornament on the head is of violet silk, and gold thread. The stockings are of white silk, and the shoes red.

No. 2.—The under-dress and sleeves are of straw-colored satin; the folds are marked by red and black stitches. The upper-dress is red satin, with wide sleeves, and trimmed with fringe of fine gold cord. The scarf is of white silk, also trimmed with fringe and fine gold cord. The fan in the hand is of white satin; the foundation and handle are fastened together with gold cord. These figures make very showy decorations for cigar-cases, tobacco-pouches, etc.

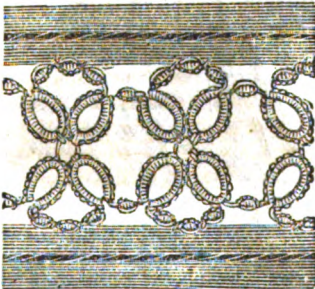


## LINEN BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bag is composed of five strips of calico five inches broad and twenty-three inches long, pointed at one end, and ornamented with cord-stitch embroidery, with a border of tatting or crochet. The embroidery consists of large,

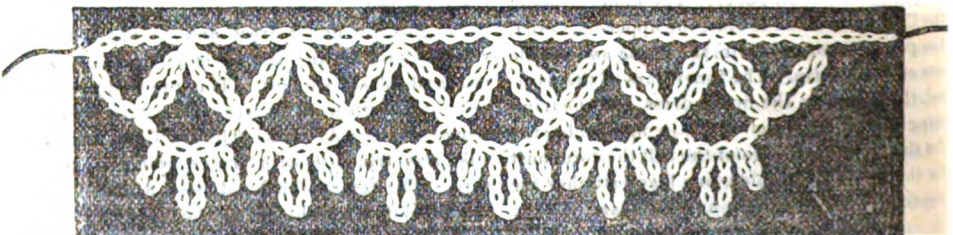


white quilting-stitches, twisted, the narrow hems are all fastened with cord-stitch of two

colors. (For cord-stitch chain-stitch may be substituted.) The tatted border consists of two similar rows worked with one thread, as follows: \* One Josephine knot; then one closed eye, containing eight double knots, one large picot, and eight double knots; then three Josephine knots (see No. 2) again, one eye of eight double knots, one picot for joining, and eight double knots; repeat from \*. The placing of the second row may be seen in the design.

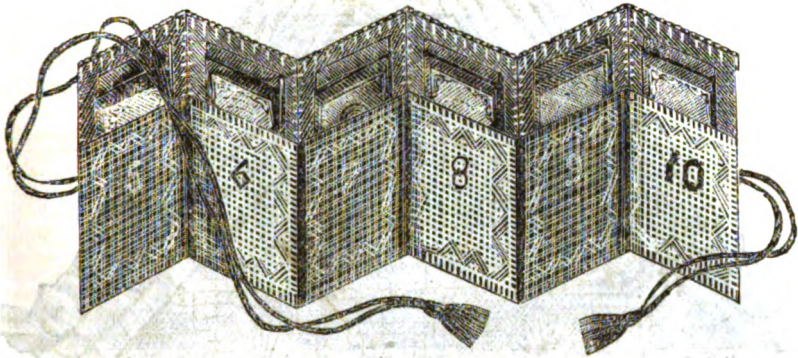
The tatted borders are sewn firmly on to the hemmed strips, as shown in the design. A similar border forms the upper conclusion, and takes in the cord to draw the bag. This cord may be of twisted red and white cotton to correspond with the cord embroidery. At the bottom is a round piece of calico, ornamented with a little pattern. The tassel is of red and white cotton, and the head is covered with a kind of crocheted net-work.

## CROCHET EDGE.



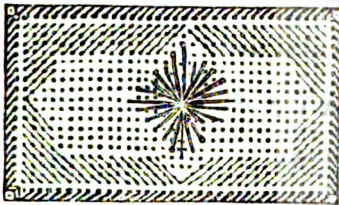
## NEEDLE-CASE OF PERFORATED CARDBOARD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



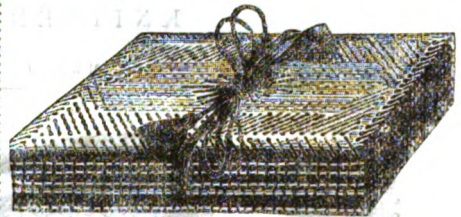
**MATERIALS.**—Medium-sized perforated cardboard, colored silk, and sewing-silk to match.

Cut six pieces of cardboard of equal size, and ornament two of these for a cover with colored silk stitches, according to No. 1. The other



four, which are ornamented with a narrow border, are represented in No. 2. Then, for the inside, cut six pieces of cardboard the same breadth and one-third shorter. In these, which are fastened on afterward, are placed the papers of needles. The outer part is ornamented with a narrow border of silk stitches, and the numbers placed upon them, for which the types

must be cut out according to the design; a few silk stitches are placed here and there to keep them firm. Each of these separate parts must be lined with colored silk, which must be previously sewn on the upper side only. They are then sewn to the large outer parts on the long sides with stripes of button-hole stitch at very small distances, forming afterward a moveable



hinge. The closed case is seen in No. 3 in the proper size; three eyes are placed, and a double silk cord, with tassels, is drawn through to fasten it.

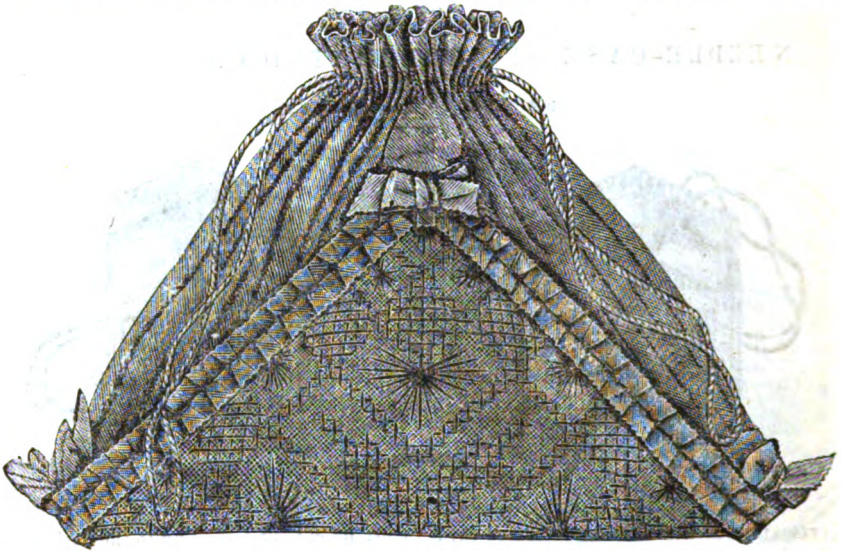
## JAVA CANVAS CAP-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This bag is ten inches square, ornamented with cross-stitches of dark-red Berlin wool worked over a square of four threads, with a thread of the same color underneath. The trellis-work foundation in the squares, and the stars in loose stitches, are worked with single; the largest ones, however, are worked with double Berlin wool.

The pattern may be easily worked from the design. Two triangles of thick covered hat-wire forming together a square, and measuring eight inches, must be fastened at the back of the embroidery, which measures an inch more all round.

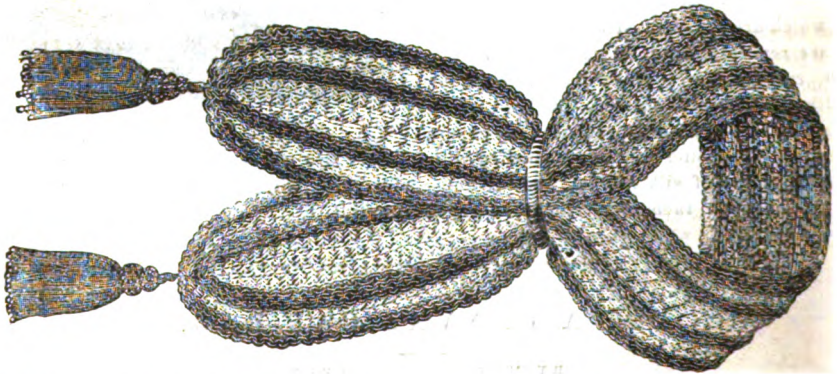
The side of the bag measures eleven inches; and at the upper part is a running to admit



dark-red strings of woolen or silk braid. The bag and lining are cut together to suit the embroidery, which is folded over in the form of a triangle, according to design. A ruche one inch and a half broad covers the part where the embroidery is fastened on to the bag. For the bows, scallop a piece of silk or ribbon.

## KNITTED CRAVAT

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Blue and white double Berlin wool, or eight-thread fleecy, wooden needles, No. 4. Cast on eighty stitches, and work four rows in plain knitting backward and forward with the blue wool.

5th row: White wool, purl throughout.

6th row: White wool, knit throughout.

7th row: Same as sixth row.

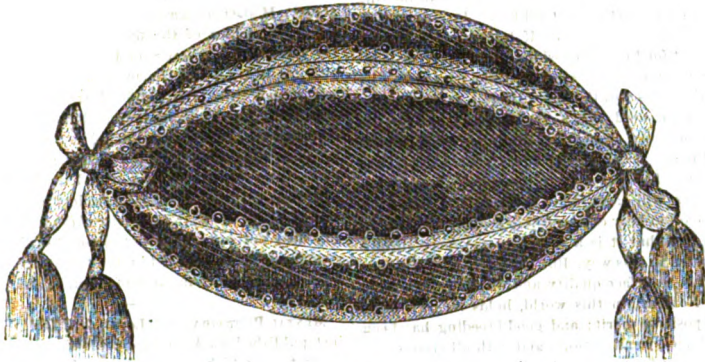
8th row: White wool. Bring the wool for-

ward and knit two together throughout the row. Knit four rows blue, plain knitting, with white wool repeat twice from the fifth to the eighth row.

Work another strip of four rows of blue; with the white wool repeat from the fifth to the eighth row once. Another four rows of blue finishes the cravat. Draw the ends together, and fasten on a tassel of white and blue mixed.

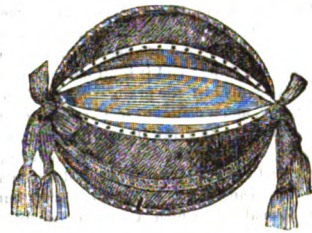
# CASE FOR SILK BUTTONS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Little pieces of colored velvet, wool, or silk stuff, silk braid, steel beads, white cardboard. The case, which is represented in No. 1, is in the form of an egg, and consists of six cardboard parts three inches and three-quarters long, pointed at the ends, and one inch and a half broad in the middle, and may be easily opened by a light pressure of the finger. The outside may be of the same, or different colors. Each piece is bound with silk braid of a contrasting color, ornamented with steel beads; the separate parts are carefully sewn together on the wrong side. The two end parts falling over each other, firmly close the

case. Bows are placed at the sides, also made of braid, and drawn out and tied up at the ends



to make a fringe tassel. No. 2 shows the case open.

## CROCHET INSERTION. INITIALS FOR MARKING.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD MANNERS** cannot be estimated too highly. A graceful carriage, a conciliatory demeanor, and tact in conversation, frequently go further in making friends than far more sterling qualities. It is true that success of this kind is not of itself lasting; nor, indeed, should it be; but for first impressions a good manner is invaluable. First impressions, also, if made permanent by real merit, will always win the day. Of two young gentlemen, each equal in solid worth, each an aspirant for the hand of the same lady, and each making her acquaintance at the same time, that one will be sure to succeed who has the best manners. For that matter, too, a lady, under similar circumstances, will carry off a lover from a less well-bred rival. We often hear even sensible people complaining of this. They say that it is a shame to see mere surface qualities overrated in this way. But we doubt both whether good manners are a surface quality, and whether their value is overrated. Nothing, in this world, holds its own long, unless it has positive merit; and good-breeding has been esteemed in all ages, in all nations, and with all classes.

The reason is not far to seek. The best of us, not to put it too fine, have more or less self-love. We meet a stranger for the first time: he is affable, deferential, tries every way to please; and naturally we are flattered, even though we may not be conscious of it ourselves. The same day we meet another stranger: he is rough, dictatorial, supercilious; we part from him feeling out of humor with ourselves, with himself, with everything; and it is all because, so to speak, he has rubbed us against the grain. Beauty, in a woman, goes a great way, and a distinguished appearance in a man, but neither can hope to rival, in the long run, really elegant manners. To a certain extent, good-breeding is conventional: a Turkish gentleman is offended if you ask after his wife, an American one is complimented by it; but behind these conventionalisms, which a traveler easily acquires, lies the basis of all real politeness, "to do unto others as you would wish to be done unto." A thoroughly good man, whatever his station, is always substantially well-bred. But even a bad man, or an indifferent one, if he acts, in society, on this rule, becomes an agreeable companion, and will distance any competitor, no matter how intellectual, or learned, who is boorish, that is selfish, in his deportment.

**SAILOR COLLARS**, so much worn in summer, especially at the sea-shore, are very much slanted off in front, and are most fashionable, either in linen or in embroidered cambric. To fill up the space between the points of the collar, the ladies wear a pretty cravat-bow of silk or satin, ready made, and fastened under the collar by means of an elastic string. These bows have taken the place of the narrow cravats which have been worn so long. Dress-collars are made with short lace lappets in front, fastened under a brooch or a cravat-bow of satin.

**AN ENGLISH JOURNAL** says that it is the fashion, in New York, for brides to reside with their parents for the first year after marriage. Another English paper says that American brides make their bridal call in white silks. Both of these items will be news to our readers.

**NO WOMAN OF TASTE** will dye her hair. The natural color of the hair harmonizes with the complexion, whatever the color may be, and to alter this is to offend one's sense of color. A brunette, who dyes her hair golden, simply makes a fright of herself.

**SIMPLER FASHIONS.**—In Paris, many ladies of fashion and influence seem disposed to come back to simpler fashions. It is especially against excessively large chignons that these ladies are crying out. They could not attack a more striking abuse. Modern chignons give a frightful shape to female heads. Any idea of the natural hair being worn is out of the question in presence of those gigantic edifices of locks and crepes. All the charm of a coiffure is lost as soon as one sees nothing but artificial tresses in those curls and bandeaux, put on as ornaments, but suddenly becoming an object of real repulsion. During last winter, several young ladies, at the head of Parisian society, achieved a real success by showing themselves with their hair simply braided. We can assure those of our lady readers who are sighing over the necessity of wearing a false *chignon*, that such a necessity does not exist, and that these absurd chignons are beginning to be repudiated by the truest and best authorities France possesses in matters of elegance and good taste.

**MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHS.**—Leypoldt & Holt, New York, have just published an Album for confessions, tastes, habits, and convictions, which is quite original in its idea. A place is left, on each page, for a *carte de visite* of a friend, and the rest is occupied with questions as to his, or her tastes, habits, etc., the answers to which are expected to furnish a complete summary of character, etc. We should think an Album of this kind would become very popular.

**THE MOST HEALTHY METHOD** of dressing the hair of women, especially young ones, is to let the hair be as loose as possible, or arranged in large bands, so as to allow the air to pass through them. It is a mistake to plait tightly the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight. The hair of girls should be cut at the ends, and allowed to curl freely.

**FLOWERS ARE THE ALPHABET OF ANGELS**, as some one has prettily said. Scattered over hill and valley, they speak what no tongue can express: their beauty and fragrance suggesting a world even more beautiful than this.

**PLAIN BODICES** are trimmed in the shape of a berthe or fichu; often they are open in front, upon a fichu of pleated tulle or very fine muslin. This style of fichu is newer than a high chemisette.

**THE PUFF REIGNS SUPREME.**—Puff upon the head, puff behind the back; skirts, dresses, casaques, bonnets, all must conform to the puff. The fashions of Louis XV., in fact, have it all their own way.

**WHEN AN ENGAGEMENT** is broken off it is customary to send back presents. The wisdom of the rule is obvious. We do not see how our fair correspondent came to think differently.

**BONNETS** have gained in height what they have lost in breadth. They are diadems or puffs very high, and ornamented with feathers and aigrettes.

**IF ONIONS** are sliced and kept in a sick-room, it is said they will absorb all the atmospheric poison. They should be changed every hour.

**IT IS NEVER TOO LATE** to subscribe for "Peterson." See the Prospectus at the end of the number.

IT WAS WELL SAID, by Zimmerman, that happiness consists, not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess. To want little is always to have enough.

IT IS WOMAN that makes homo happy. A man may mar home; he often does; but he cannot make a home.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*How Lisa Loved the King.* By George Eliot. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—The author of "Adam Bede," "Silas Warner," "Romola," and "The Mill on the Floss," is the greatest of living novelists; but she is not a poet, in the true sense of that term, at least: she is only a wonderful artist, working in rhyme. Her "Spanish Gipsy" exhibited at once her strength and her weakness; and this new tale shows that she has not improved, as, indeed, she cannot. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a born poet. Yet the critic, in reading her works, continually says to himself, "how much better this could have been made, with a little more care!" In perusing the "Spanish Gipsy," or "How Lisa Loved the King," it is the very opposite reflection that the reader makes: he is astonished to find how much George Eliot has done, with so little real poetical material to work upon. And yet our author is a genius, and one of the very highest rank! She has dramatic as well as narrative power, and an insight that has not been equalled since Shakespeare. Nevertheless the poetic quality, in its highest degree at least, has been denied to her. There is more true poetry, for example, in Coleridge's "Christabel," than in both the "Spanish Gipsy" and "How Lisa Loved the King."

*Oldtown Folks.* By Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—This is a story of the past. We incline to think it the best of Mrs. Stowe's novels, with the exception, perhaps, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." We say, perhaps, for the sensation which the latter fiction produced was owing, in part, to its subject, and to the intense and even exalted feeling existing on that subject; and the time has hardly come, even yet, when a critic can dispassionately say, how much of its success was due to this feeling, and how much to its merits as a mere story. But the present fiction has no such adventitious interest: it must stand or fall by its literary excellence alone. That excellence, as we have already said, is very considerable. The pictures of the comparatively primitive life of New England, at the period of the narrative, are quite realistic, and the interest of the story, which begins at once, is maintained to the end.

*Men, Women, and Ghosts.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.—The success of "The Gates Ajar," of which Miss Phelps is the author, has led to the publication of these earlier and fugitive articles. It was not entirely, or even principally, the literary merit of the "The Gates Ajar," that led to the large sale of that book, but the yearning, which exists in every immortal soul, to pierce, if possible, the secrets of a future existence. These slight, half-didactic sketches have no such adventitious attraction. They are neither better, nor worse than the average of magazine articles.

*Beautiful Svoens, and Other Poems.* By J. W. Watson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Turner Brothers & Co.—The principal poem in this volume has long enjoyed considerable newspaper celebrity, so much so, indeed, that several persons, as in the parallel case of "Rock Me to Sleep," have claimed its paternity. The real author, however, is J. W. Watson, who, to put the dispute at rest, has published the verses in a neat volume, and added various other of his poetical productions. A handsomely printed book.

*Vanity Fair.* By W. M. Thackeray. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A cheap, illustrated edition of this inimitable novel. When such a book can be bought for thirty-five cents, there is no excuse for not having it in tens of thousands of households.

*The Stranded Ship.* By L. Clark Davis. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.—Among recent stories by American writers this is one of the best. Very many of the chapters are written with great power. The description of the storm, toward the conclusion, is strikingly fine: one hears the very boom of the surf, and feels the sting of the scud. Mr. Davis understands one cardinal point in story telling: he arrests and fixes the attention at the very opening of the tale; and never afterward lets it go. He is a comparatively new writer, at least to us, but he gives promise of a very successful future.

*The Villa on the Rhine.* By B. Auerbach. 2 vols. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—We have now the completion of this remarkable novel. It is published in four parts, bound in paper, or in two volumes, bound in cloth: the last being, by all odds, the best edition, at least for the library. Both editions, however, are from the same text. The translation has been made, for these editions, by the author's authority, and for every copy sold, he receives a stipulated sum. A portrait of Mr. Auerbach, and a biography by Bayard Taylor, add to the value and attractions of the volumes. The finer edition is printed on tinted paper.

*The Wedding-Day in All Ages and Countries.* By Edward J. Wood. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very curious and even instructive book. The author describes the marriage customs of the earliest and most savage tribes as well as the wedding-day of modern civilization. He shows how, in some nations, the wife was stolen, in others bought, and in others, as with us, won by personal courteship and devoted love. It is a book in which ladies especially will be interested.

*The Changed Brides.* By E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This writer retains her popularity in a very remarkable degree. She owes this success, we think, principally to her stirring incidents. Her stories, though often improbable, are always alive. Her novels belong to the class that ordinary, uncritical minds, looking only for excitement in their reading, find it difficult to lay down. This new tale is really one of her best.

*Elements of Astronomy.* By Charles J. White, A. M. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Claxton, Remsen & Hoffinger.—A work designed for colleges and the higher grades of academies, very faithful and thorough, and profusely illustrated with diagrams and other engravings. All the latest discoveries in anatomy are given. The chapter on meteoric bodies is particularly interesting. We are not sure but that this is the best work of its kind before the public.

*Ethelyn's Mistake.* By Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carlton.—This is by the author of "Leina Rivers," "Tempest and Sunshine," and other popular American fictions. Mrs. Holmes has her own circle of readers, with whom she is quite a favorite. This new story will add to her popularity.

*The Quaker Puritans.* By the author of "The Scout." 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A well-told story of the war of independence. It is one of the many merits of this publishing house, that everything they put forth, even a novel, is remarkably well printed. The volume is illustrated.

*For Her Sake.* By F. W. Robinson. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Rather false in sentiment, and occasionally strained in incident, but nevertheless a readable novel, as novels now go.

*The Dodge Club.* By James De Mills. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a humorous narrative of travel in Italy, in 1859, and is illustrated copiously with engravings. It is full of spirit and fun.

*Beatrice.* By the Hon. Roden Noel. 1 vol., 24 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A gracefully told story, written in blank verse. The descriptive passages are especially good.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE BEST COOK-BOOKS are to be had of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Their list comprises the following:

Miss Leslie's New Cookery-Book, - - -	\$1 75
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The Family Save-All. By author of National Cook, - - -	1 75
Francatelli's Celebrated Cook-Book. The Modern Cook, with 62 illustrations, 600 large octavo pages, - - -	5 00

If you wish a good Cook-Book, send for one, or more, of these. They are all reliable. Francatelli's will teach you French cookery, if you wish to go so far in the science.

THE NEW BOOKS, lately published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, form a very attractive list. The principal ones are as follows: "The Curse of Gold," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, \$1.75, in paper, \$1.50. "The Changed Brides," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, \$1.75, in paper, \$1.50. "Hans Breitmann's Ballads," 2 vols., 12 mo: tinted paper, price 75 cents each. "How He Won Her," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, (fourth edition,) 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, \$1.75, in paper, \$1.50. "Red Court Farm," by Mrs. Henry Wood, 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, \$1.75, in paper, \$1.50. "Fair Play," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, (sixth edition,) 1 vol., 12 mo: price, in cloth, \$1.75, in paper, \$1.50. All these are especially readable books for the summer months.

FOR OVER TEN YEARS.—Mrs. William A. Obenton, of Union Point, Ga., says:—"My Wheeler & Wilson has been in almost daily use, Sabbaths excepted, for over ten years, doing the work, both coarse and fine, for a family which, for seven years, consisted of more than forty persons. During the whole ten years it has needed no repairs of any kind, and its condition is so good now that I would not exchange it for a new machine. So perfect is its running order that it has not required a second needle in over three years."

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READ BY MILLIONS.—Says the Fremont (O.) Messenger:—"The popularity of Peterson's Magazine has given it no great a circulation that it is now read by millions. As a Lady's Magazine it has no superior. The engravings are of the finest kind."

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

## MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

**Salad Mixture.**—Two eggs, boiled hard, the yolk grated; one meaty potato rubbed through a sieve, a tablespoonful of unmade mustard, two tablespoonfuls of salad-oil, two tablespoonfuls of cream, if obtainable, one teaspoonful of anchovy; add vinegar to a proper sharpness. Mix together, and put in a crinkle-crackle bottle, slicing the yolk of the egg in it; keep stoppered with a glass stopper, and shake before using. If properly made, it will keep good for twelve months. Into the salad-bowl put one teaspoonful of made

mustard, the yolk of one egg, raw, three tablespoonfuls of finest salad-oil, two tablespoonfuls of water; beat these well together till a thickish cream is formed, then add one tablespoonful of Orleans, or pale, malt vinegar, by degrees, till thoroughly mixed. If the vinegar is not of the strongest, a little more may be added. This is sufficient for one moderate-sized cos lettuce; three or four minute, spring onions, cut small, (rejecting the tops,) half a dozen leaves of chervil, quarter of a dozen leaves of tarragon, chopped up fine, and sprinkled over with lettuce; the lettuce should be not only well washed, but every leaf should be taken separately and wiped dry with a clean cloth, and each leaf broken, not cut, into pieces about two inches in length. This will be found first-rate, equal to any in Paris. The mixture will keep many weeks. Six or eight times the quantity of oil, vinegar, etc., will fill a good-sized bottle; pepper and salt *ad libitum*.

**Cream Cheese.**—(1) To three pints of raw cream put a sufficient quantity of salt to season it, and stir it well. Having folded a cheese-cloth three or four times, place it at the bottom of a sieve, and pour the cream into it. When it hardens, cover it with nettles, and turn it into a pewter-plate. (2) Put together one quart of cream and twelve quarts of new milk, with sufficient rennet to turn it, the milk and cream being just warm. When it has stood long enough for the curd to come, lay a cloth in the vat, which must be of a size proportionate to the cheese. Cut out the curd with a skimming-dish, and put it into the vat, laying on more and more as the curd settles, until you have enough for one cheese, turning the cheese-cloth over it. When the whey has drained off, turn the cheese into a dry cloth, and the next morning salt it a little. Then, having made a bed of nettles or ash-leaves for it to lay on, cover it in the same way, and shift it twice a day for ten days, when it may be sent to table.

**Milk Cheese.**—Put five quarts of milk into a pan, with two spoonfuls of rennet. When the curd is formed, strike it a few times with the skimming-dish, to break it. Let it stand two hours, spread a cheese-cloth on a sieve, and allow the whey to drain. Having broken the curd a little with the hand, put it in a vat, and lay a two-pound weight upon it. After letting it stand for two hours, take it out and bind a fillet round it. Turn it from one board to another until it is dry; cover it with nettles or dock-leaves, and place it between two pewter-plates to ripen. If the weather should be warm, it will be fit for eating in three weeks.

**Toffey.**—With the butter (of which you can put as much or as little as you like) at the bottom of the sauce-pan, then put in one pound of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Leave it to soak one night. If it looks too dry in the morning, add a little more vinegar. Then put it on the fire and boil, not stirring it. When you think it likely to be done, stick a knife into the middle of it, and drop it into a cup of cold water, and if it bites crisp it is done. Just before it is done, drop in a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla. Then pour the toffey thinly all over a buttered tin, and it will soon be cold.

**Nasturtium Sauce** is eaten with boiled mutton. It is made with the green seeds of nasturtiums, pickled simply in cold vinegar. Cut about six ounces of butter into small bits, and put them into a small sauce-pan. Mix with a wine-glass of water sufficient flour to make a thick batter, pour it on the butter, and hold the sauce-pan over hot coals, shaking it quickly round till the butter is melted. Let it just boil up, and then take it from the fire. Thicken it with the pickled nasturtiums, and send it to table in a boat.

**Horn à la Croquemitaine.**—Melt a small piece of butter in a stew-pan till it is browned, and put into it as much ham, finely minced, as would cover a large round of buttered toast; add as much gravy as will make it quite moist; when thoroughly hot, stir in quickly, with a fork, one egg. Place it on the toast, which cover with it, and cut the toast into pieces of any shape, according to taste.

**Fish Kisses.**—Take some fish, either fresh or that has been cooked, shred it, and let it stew with some butter, covering it over until sufficiently done. Soak a French roll in milk, beat up the fish and this together in a mortar, with a little finely-chopped mushroom and three eggs; season with salt and pepper. Mix all well up, bake in small cups, first buttered, and turn out. Serve with or without anchovy sauce.

**Tomato-Omelette.**—Six eggs, a wineglass of flour, four ripe tomatoes, pepper and salt to the taste, milk sufficient to mix the flour smoothly. Beat the eggs very light, stir in the mixed milk and flour, peel and chop the tomatoes, and add with the pepper and salt. Have a pan with some hot butter, pour in the mixture, and fry it. When done, it may be lapped half over or not, according to the fancy. Do not turn it.

**Potato Croquettes—a Sweet Dish.**—Take some nicely-baked potatoes, scoop out the mealy part, and mash it thoroughly smooth; press it through a sieve, make it into a stiff paste with some cream, butter, orange-flower water, powdered loaf-sugar, and raw eggs, well beaten; make it into croquettes by rolling portions in sifted bread-crumbs, and dipping them in white of egg, whipped to a snow; fry them in plenty of lard or fresh butter.

**Eggs au Beurre.**—Well beat up four eggs; put three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a little grated tongue, or beef, pepper and salt, and three ounces of butter into a stew-pan until quite hot, when add the eggs, stirring all the time until quite thick. Have ready a slice of bread toasted and well buttered, spread the mixture over it, and serve very hot.

**Eggs à la Solferino.**—Boil some eggs hard, cut them in two, take out the yolks, and beat these up with a little parsley and salt, and replace into the whites, of which cut previously the under part a little, so as to make them stand in the dish, and serve up with a nice white sauce round them. Let them be quite hot when served.

**To Keep Pears.**—Place the pears in some large earthenware pans, and cover them over, only leaving enough space to allow of the exhalations from the fruit to escape. The pans should be kept in a cool place, and as the pears begin to ripen, they may be brought into a warm room three or four days before they are wanted for dessert.

**Rancid Butter,** boiled in water, with a portion of charcoal, (say a tenth part,) will be entirely divested of its rancidity, and may be used for cooking purposes, although its fine flavor will not be restored for the table.

**To Make Good Vinegar.**—One pint of strained honey and two gallons of soft water. Let it strain in a moderately warm place. In three weeks it will be excellent vinegar.

**Burned Sugar.**—Put a little sugar on the fire, and a little water, and let it burn. Then add water and bottle it. It keeps any length of time. Used for browning gravy.

#### SUMMER BEVERAGES.

**Lemonades.**—Lemons furnish two important products for the formation of beverages, an acid juice, and an aromatic stomachic oil, contained in the rind. Lemon-juice is a slightly turbid, very sour liquid, having a pleasant flavor when diluted. It contains a considerable quantity of gummy mucilage, which causes it to become mouldy on exposure to the air. It is capable of furnishing a large number of acidulated drinks, which are exceedingly useful in allaying thirst, and are most valuable for their anti-scorbutic properties.

In making any kind of lemonade, the proportions given need not be adhered to, but the quantities ordered may be increased, or lessened, to suit the taste. For a quart of lemonade, take six lemons and a quarter of a pound of sugar; rub off part of the yellow rind of the lemons on to the sugar, squeeze the juice on to the latter, and pour on the water boiling hot; mix the whole, and run through a flannel jelly-bag.

Lemons are not always to be procured, especially on a journey, and we have, therefore, much pleasure in drawing attention to the following useful directions for making portable lemonade:

**Excellent Portable-Lemonade.**—Rasp with a quarter of a pound of sugar, the rind of a fine, juicy lemon; reduce the sugar to powder, and pour on it the strained juice of the fruit; press the mixture into a jar, and when wanted for use, dissolve a tablespoonful of it in a glass of water; it will keep a considerable time. If too sweet for the taste of the drinker, a very small portion of citric acid may be added when it is taken.

**Mock-Lemonade.**—A cheap substitute for lemonade may be made as follows:—Tartaric acid, a quarter of an ounce; sugar, six ounces; essence of lemon, dropped on the sugar, about four or five drops; boiling water, two pints. This, allowed to stand till cold, makes a wholesome, cooling, summer beverage, economical in its cost, but the flavor is not equal to that prepared from lemon-juice.

**Another Mock-Lemonade.**—A mock-lemonade of superior flavor may be made by using the acid prepared from lemons, citric acid, according to the following receipt:—Citric acid, a quarter of an ounce; essence of lemon, ten to twenty drops; syrup, half a pint; boiling water, as much as may be required. This preparation is expensive, and is not equal to lemonade from fresh lemons, which should always be preferred when they can be obtained.

**Plain Orangeade.**—Orangeade should be made in precisely a similar manner to lemonade, using China oranges instead of lemons; but as there is less acid in this fruit, a much larger proportion of juice is required, and however prepared, this beverage is rather insipid, and is inferior to the following:

**Orange-Lemonade.**—Take three China oranges, one large lemon, and two or three ounces of sugar; rub off some of the peel on to the sugar, squeeze on the juice, and pour on two pints of boiling water; mix the whole, and strain.

**Imperial** may be regarded as a sort of a mock-lemonade; it forms a cheap, wholesome, cooling, summer beverage. Two receipts are added, the first being the better of the two. No. 1. Cream of tartar, half an ounce; one lemon, cut in slices; white sugar, half a pound; spring-water, three pints. Mix, and allow them to stand for an hour or two before use, as the cream of tartar dissolves but slowly. No. 2. Cream of tartar, a quarter of an ounce; lemon-peel and sugar to suit the taste; boiling water, two pints. Mix, and allow to stand until cold.

**Lemonade à la Soyer.**—Put a quart of water in a stew-pan to boil, into which put two moist dried figs, each split in two; let it boil a quarter of an hour, then have ready the peel of a lemon, taken off rather thickly, and the half of the lemon cut in thin slices; throw them into the stew-pan, and boil two minutes longer, then pour it into a jug, which cover closely with paper until cold, then pass it through a sieve, add a teaspoonful of honey, and it is ready for use.

**Orangeade à la Soyer.**—Proceed as for lemonade, but using the whole of the orange, a little of the peel included, sweetening with sugar-candy, and adding a teaspoonful of arrow-root, mixed with a little cold water, which pour into the boiling liquid at the same time you put in the orange. The arrow-root makes it very delicate.

**Superior Lemonade à la Soyer.**—Take the peel of six lemons, free from pith, cut it up in small pieces, and put it with two cloves into a bottle containing half a pint of hot water, place the bottle in a stew-pan with boiling water, and let it stand by the side of a fire for one or two hours, taking care it does not boil; then take half a pint of lemon-juice, half a pint of syrup, if none, use plain syrup, or sugar, in like proportion, adding a few drops of orange-flower water: add the infusion of the rind, which has been previously made, and allowed to become cold, stir well together, and add two quarts of cold water.



**Barley-Lemonade.**—Put a quarter of a pound of sugar into a small stew-pan, with half a pint of water, which boil about ten minutes, or until forming a thickish syrup; then add the rind of a fresh lemon and the pulp of two; let it boil two minutes longer, when add two quarts of barley-water, made without sugar and lemon; boil five minutes longer, pass it through a hair-sieve into a jug, which cover with paper, making a hole in the center to let the heat through; when cold, it is ready for use; if put cold into a bottle, and well corked down, it would keep good several days.

**Barley-Orangeade.**—Barley-orangeade is made in the same manner, substituting the rind and juice of oranges; the juice of a lemon, in addition, is an improvement.

Effervescing drinks are much valued by many persons, during summer especially. Water impregnated with carbonic acid may be made in any of the numerous gazozenes sold for that purpose. We shall now, therefore, confine ourselves to those drinks capable of being made without any special apparatus.

**Soda-Powders.**—Blue paper, carbonate of soda, thirty grains. White paper, tartaric acid, twenty-five grains. Dissolve the contents of each paper, separately, in one-third of a tumbler of water, mix the solutions, and drink. The soda-water produced by these powders is a solution of tartrate of soda; the effervescence is owing to the escape of the carbonic acid, previously combined with the soda. The bottled soda-water of the shops is a solution of carbonic acid in plain water, or in a dilute solution of soda. The soda-powders yield a cooling, saline beverage, very slightly laxative.

**Ginger-Beer Powders.**—Blue paper, carbonate of soda, thirty grains; powdered ginger, five grains; powdered sugar, one drachm, or one drachm and a half; essence of lemon, one drop. White paper, tartaric acid, thirty-five grains. Ginger-beer powders are simply soda-powders flavored with the additional ingredients.

**Sidlitz-Powders.**—We give the directions for these powders, though they are rather to be regarded as medicinal than simply refreshing. Blue paper, tartarized soda, (Rochelle salt,) two drachms; carbonate of soda, two scruples. White paper, tartaric acid, half a drachm. Dissolve the contents of a blue paper in water, stir in the acid powder, and drink during effervescence.

**Real Lemon and Kali.**—Finely-ground white sugar, two parts; dried and powdered citric acid, one part; powdered bicarbonate of potash, one part and a quarter; mix in a mortar, and keep in a very closely-stopped bottle. One large teaspoonful to be stirred in two thirds of a tumbler of cold water. As this preparation is expensive, and does not keep well, the following is usually substituted for it:

**Lemon and Kali, or Sherbet of the Shops.**—Finely-ground white sugar, half a pound; powdered tartaric acid and carbonate of soda, of each a quarter of a pound; essence of lemon, thirty to fifty drops: all the powders should be well dried, add the essence to the sugar, then add the other powders, and well mix. One teaspoonful in a tumbler of water. This preparation must be kept very dry in a tightly-stopped bottle.

**Ginger-Beer, No 1.**—White sugar, five pounds; lemon-juice, a quarter of a pint; honey, a quarter of a pound; ginger, bruised, five ounces; water, four gallons and a half. Boil the ginger in three quarts of the water for half an hour, then add the sugar, lemon-juice, and honey, with the remainder of the water, and strain through a cloth; when cold, add the water and the white of an egg, and a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon; let the whole stand four days, and bottle: this will keep many months.

**Ginger-Beer, No. 2.**—White sugar, three pounds; bruised ginger, two ounces; cream of tartar, one ounce; four lemons, shred; boiling water, four gallons; allow the whole to soak for two hours, then strain; add eight ounces of yeast, and after a few hours, put into tightly-corked stone bottles.

**Ginger-Beer, No. 3.**—White sugar, one pound and a half; bruised ginger, one ounce; cream of tartar, three ounces; one lemon, shred; boiling water, one gallon and a half; yeast, one ounce. Prepare as No. 1.

**Spruce-Beer—White-Spruce.**—Sugar, six pounds; essence of spruce, six ounces; boiling water, ten gallons; yeast, eight ounces. Mix together, ferment for a few hours, and cork tightly down in stone bottles.

**Spruce-Beer—Brown-Spruce.**—Is made in the same manner, an equal quantity of treacle being used instead of the sugar.

**Effervescing Fruit Drinks.**—By adding a small quantity of any of the fruit syrups, as lemon, raspberry, pine-apple, apricot, cherry, etc., to the water in which the acid of the soda-powders is dissolved, a variety of the most delicious summer beverages may be made.

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**Peach and Apricot-Waters.**—Both these waters, as well as those of other fruits, are readily made by mixing two or three tablespoonfuls of the respective jams with a few blanched and pounded bitter almonds, lemon-juice, and cold spring-water, with powdered loaf-sugar to taste. On being run through a lawn-sieve, these waters are immediately fit to drink.

**Shrub.**—The rind of half a lemon and half an orange, pared quite thin; put it into a pint of rum, and let it remain three hours, when it should be removed. Add to the rum a small wineglass of strained lemon-juice, and the same of orange-juice, one ounce of lump-sugar dissolved in a pint and a half of water. Mix all together and bottle.

**Orange-Bitters.**—Take a half ounce yolk of fresh eggs, carefully separated from the white, half an ounce of gentian root, one drachm and a half of Seville orange-peel, and one pint of boiling water. Pour the hot water on the above ingredients, and let them steep in it for two hours; then strain, and bottle for use.

**Lemon-Syrup.**—Eight pounds of sugar, three quarts of water, one quart of lemon-juice. Mix the sugar and water together. As soon as the sugar has dissolved, place it over the fire, and boil and skim it; then add the lemon-juice.

## FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

**FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN AND PINK CHANGEABLE SILK.**—The lower-skirt is trimmed with five bands of green silk. The upper-skirt is made without trimming, and is looped up at the back by a large bow of the silk, fastened with a long, pearl buckle. Waist and sleeves plain. Small straw hat, trimmed with a long, pink gauze veil.

**FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.**—The under-dress is short, and is of pink foulard; the upper-dress, of white muslin, is looped up each side of the front with bands of pink foulard, fastened with a black velvet button; full white waist, with long sleeves, and a low, square, black velvet bodice. Black sailor hat, with a pink ribbon.

**FIG. III.—SHORT EVENING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.**—The lower-skirt is of gold-color changeable silk, trimmed with three ruchings of blue silk; the white muslin skirt is looped up with bows and ends of blue ribbon; the body is cut low and square, and is trimmed like the Marie Antoinette sleeves with blue ribbon and lace.

**FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF PINK SILK.**—The under-skirt

is trimmed with a puffing of lace above a deep lace flounce. The long train is also trimmed with narrower white lace. The body is made half-high on the shoulders, and is worn over a white lace chemisette; the Marie Antoinette sleeves are trimmed with lace. Pink flowers in the hair.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY MOHAIR.—The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep ruffle, headed by a *ruche* of the same; the upper-skirt, body, and sleeves, are trimmed to correspond, and the former is very much looped up over a large *touraure*. Black straw hat, with a gray, curled plume.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF MAUVE AND WHITE STRIPED SILK.—The *bretelle* mantilla, or skeleton skirt, as it is sometimes called, is made of black silk. This garment has no sleeves.

FIG. VII.—DINNER-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The under-skirt is plain, but very long, and trimmed with a heavy black and green cord around the bottom. The upper-dress is of rich black silk, trimmed with fringe, looped at the sides with rosettes, and has no sleeves.

FIG. VIII.—PANNIER DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED FOULARD.—One deep ruffle trims the bottom of the under-skirt. The edge of the upper-skirt, body, and sleeves, are trimmed with narrower ruffles.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK, with the under-skirt and *casaque* trimmed with a rich plaiting of black silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—It will be seen by our wood-cuts that there is nothing very new in the shape of bonnets and hats. The former continue to be very small at the back, very narrow at the sides, and very high in front; the latter are principally frames to hold a few flowers and a little lace to perch upon the forehead. The sailor-shaped collar is more and more popular, especially with those ladies who have pretty throats. For morning wear, they are edged with colored muslin, with a bow of the same, or a white bow, edged with the same.

With regard to the make of dresses, we are glad to say that no change has taken place, for so numerous have been the new styles lately, that the fashion would almost change between the time a lady took her dress to her dress-maker and got it sent home. Short dresses for street wear, for both old and young; short dresses for the morning for the young, long dresses for afternoon, or visiting, seems to be the rule. But the make of these is so varied, and when not too exaggerated, the looped and puffed skirts are so bewitching that one never tires of them.

One of the prettiest new walking-dresses which we have seen had but one skirt, which was ruffled three-fourths of the way up at the back, and all the way up the front. Breadth; the bodice was made tight-fitting, with a postilion-basque behind; this is jaunty for a nice figure, and newer than the looped-up skirts.

The newest things about the present fashion are the *Confections*, as the French call them, that is *paletots*, *basques*, etc., etc., in black or colored silks, muslin, *grenadine*, etc., not made to match the dress, only to harmonize with it. We will not say that no more *paletots* are worn. It is too convenient a fashion, too necessary even, in the female toilet, for them to be able to dispense with it. We will then say only that the *paletot* transforms itself this year into a *tunic-casaque*, forming at once a tight-fitting bodice and a second skirt. Whether this garment be called a *casaque*, or a second dress, it is no less true that it takes the place of a *paletot*, and that, especially when made of black silk, it quite answers the same purposes. The tight-fitting *casaque* is worn either merely upon an under-skirt, to avoid putting on two tight bodices, one over the other, or else upon a dress with a plain bodice.

Among the new models, we notice the *tunic-casaque* of black *peau de soie*, open and rounded off in front, gathered upon both seams at the back, and looped up with bows of the black ribbon. The tight-fitting bodice is trimmed in the shape of a low bodice in the Marie Antoinette shape, with a

silk fluting headed with several cross-strips of satin. The same trimming is put on round the edge of the *casaque* and of the demi-wide sleeves.

The *Watteau Casaque*, with large draped folds at the back, falling loose from the neck, is also worn, but less, however, than other models.

Next to tight-fitting *casques*, composing the great majority of modern out-of-door garments, we see *mantelets* of different shapes preferred by a certain number of people. Elderly ladies, all those who do not wish to go out in a tight-fitting *casaque*, wear the circular *mantelet*, rounded at the back, and continued into long lapels in front. On the other side, with fancy costumes, we see very pretty *mantelets* forming a *pelérine* at the back and rounded lapels under this *pelérine*, as well as in front. The latter models are meant for young married and unmarried ladies; they are trimmed with a narrow fluting, or with a *marquise* *rucho* of the same material as the *mantelet*.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED AND WHITE STRIPED MOHAIR FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The under-skirt has one deep ruffle; the upper-skirt, which is also trimmed with a ruffle, has a square apron front, and is looped up and trimmed at the back with violet-colored bows. Wide violet silk sash. The body is cut square in front, and the sleeves are demi-wide. White straw hat, with violet plume.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF STRAW-COLORED MOHAIR, STRIPED WITH BROWN, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is a good deal gored, and trimmed with one ruffle. The waist is made open in front, half-high on the shoulders, and is worn over a white under-body. Short, white, puffed sleeves. Brown silk sash, and hat of brown straw.

FIG. III.—SAILOR COSTUME FOR A BOY FROM FIVE TO SEVEN YEARS OLD.—Jacket with a large turned-down collar, open in front, and loose, wide trousers of blue cloth, piped with white. Black leather belt, edged with a double piping of white kid. Shirt of fine linen, arranged in narrow tucks. Small turned-down collar. Black cravat.

FIG. IV.—APRON OF BLACK GLASS SILK, with braces joined together in front with cross strips of silk. It is trimmed with narrow satin cross-strips, and satin buttons put on in scallops in front. Small, rounded pockets, with a small bow of satin upon each.

FIG. V.—APRON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Gored apron of black alpaca, scalloped out round the bottom, and edged with a narrow fluting. A gimp button is placed at the point of each scallop. Two small, round pockets are trimmed with bows made of the same material as the apron.

FIG. VI.—APRON FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Apron of black gros-grain silk, with braces and a small plastron. The braces are trimmed round with a *ruche* of the same material; this trimming is continued upon the apron, simulating a double skirt open at the side. It also hides the slit pocket on the right side, and is finished off with two loops and lappets.

FIG. VII.—PINAFORÉ OF WHITE NAINSOOK; the front part is trimmed with tabs formed of narrow strips of nainsook, stitched, edged round with a narrow border in embroidery. The body of the pinafore is gathered on to a band edged with embroidery round the top. The short sleeves are gathered and trimmed to correspond.

FIG. VIII.—GORED PINAFORÉ OF BROWN HOLLAND, edged all round with red waved worsted braid.

FIG. IX.—APRON OF BLACK SILK FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt and pockets are trimmed with a black silk frill edged with black guipure lace; the body is only trimmed with the lace.

FIG. X.—APRON FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—This skirt is made much fuller than the former one, and it, with the body and pockets, is trimmed with diamond-shaped pieces of blue silk, and in the center of each diamond is a black button.

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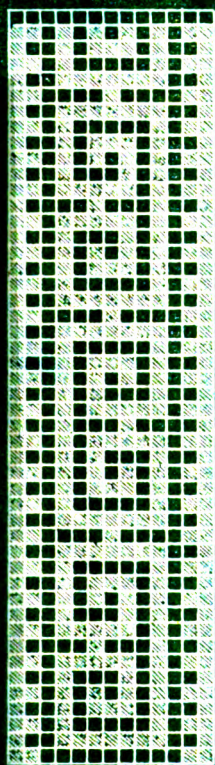
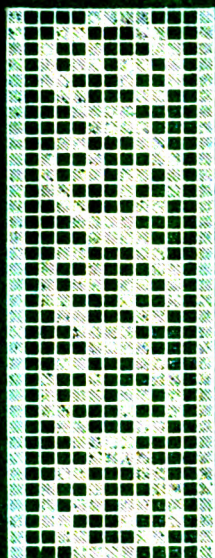
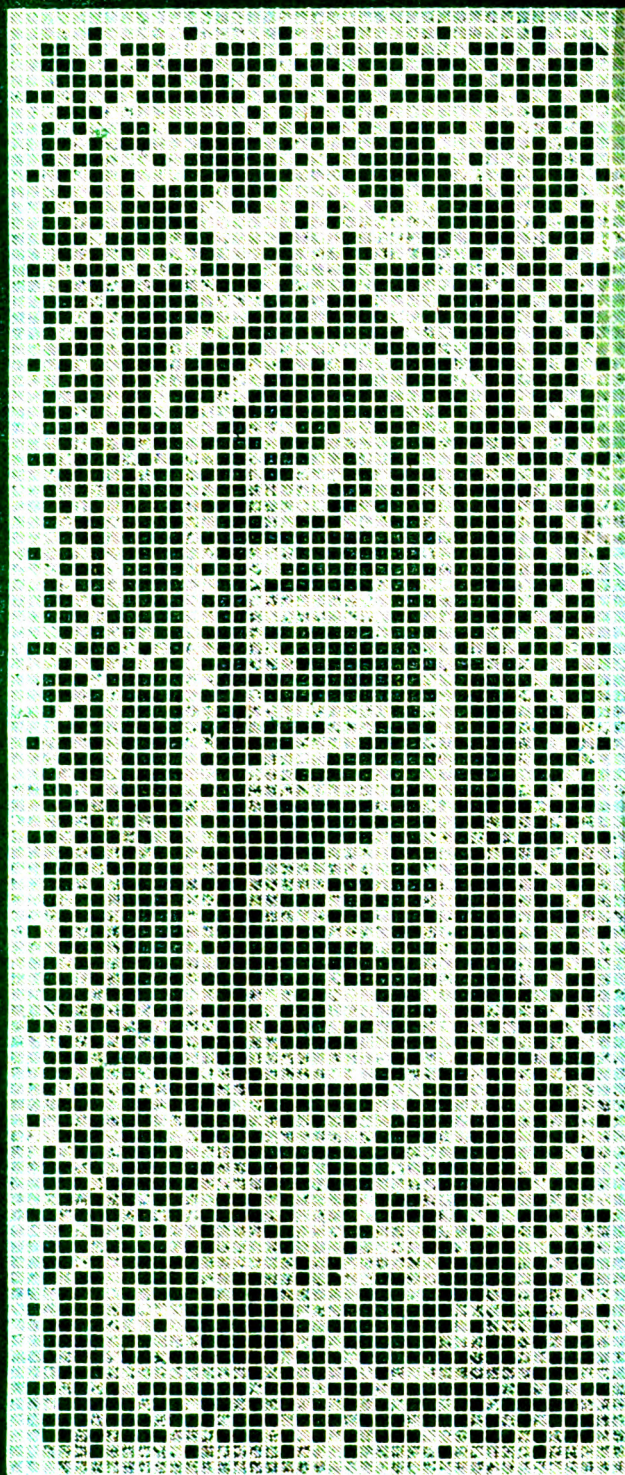




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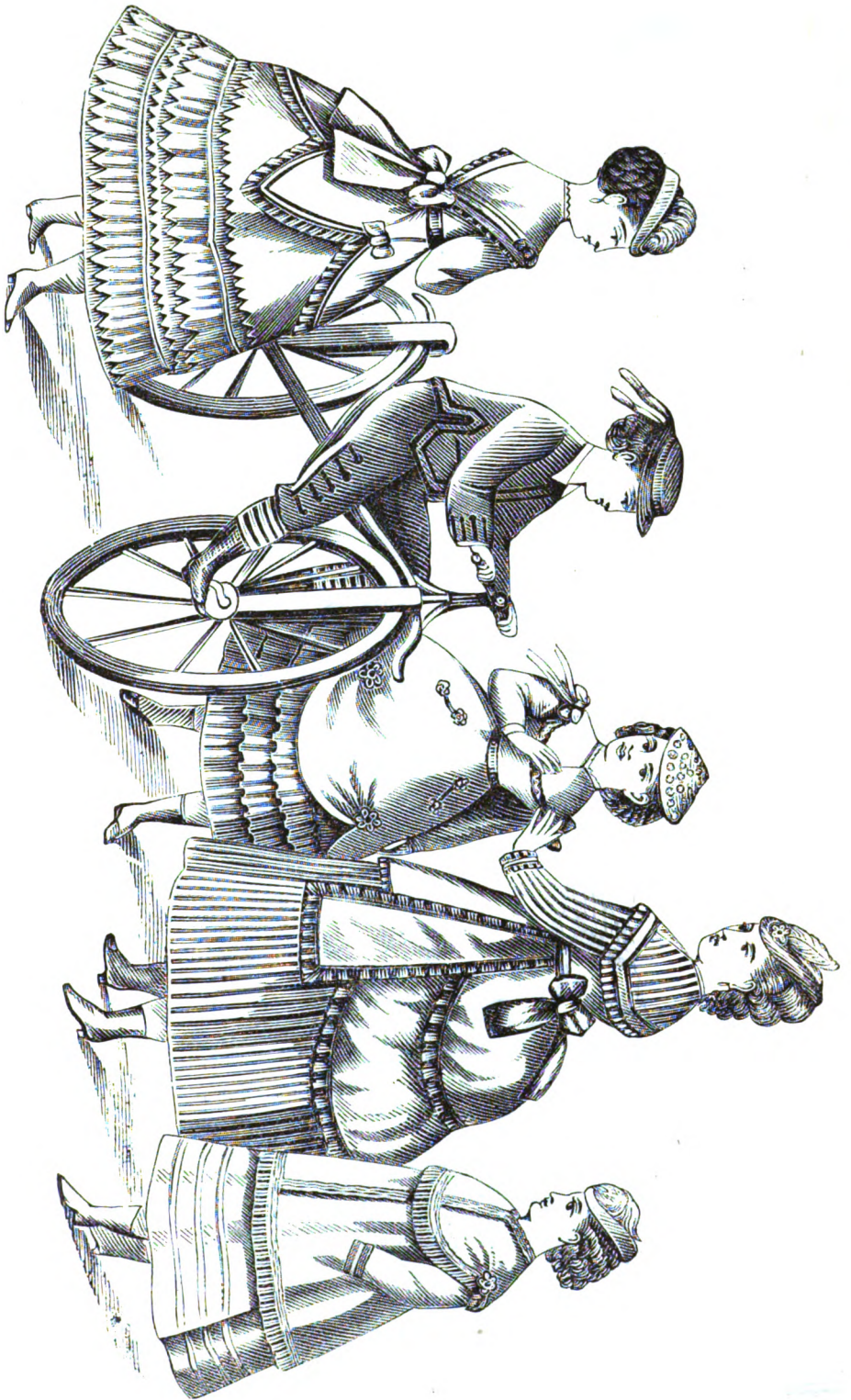




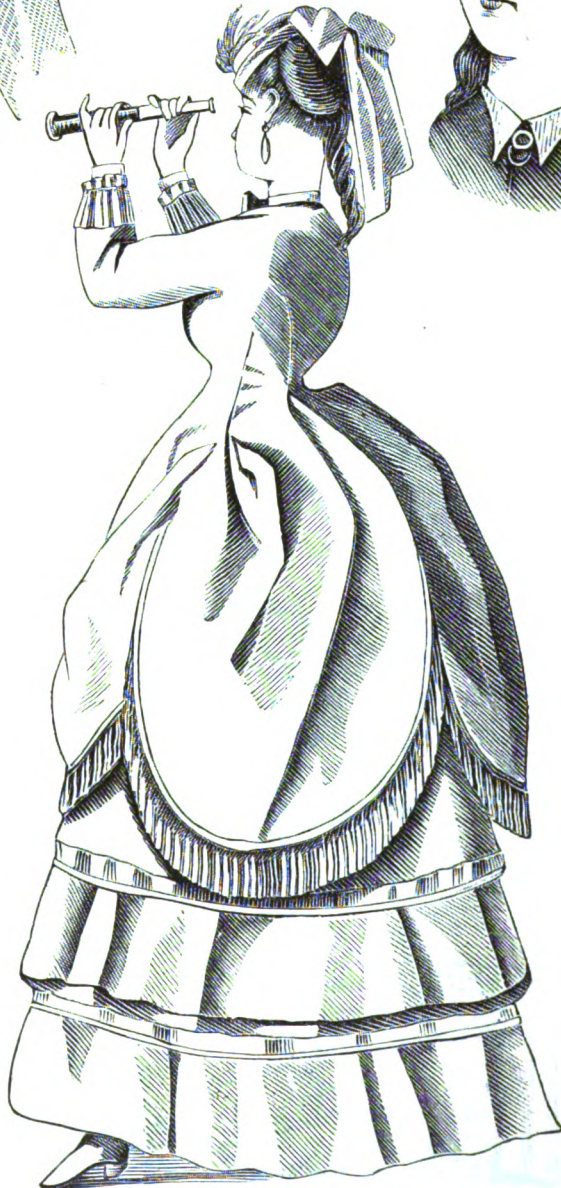
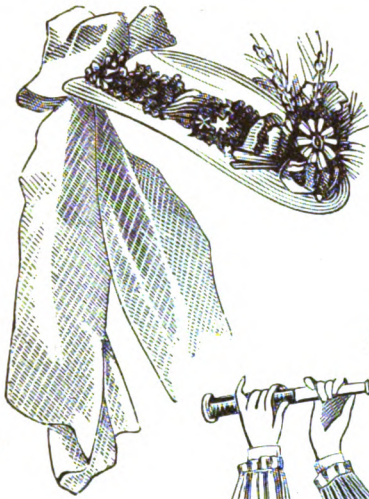
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.



WALKING-DRESS. HAT. BONNET.



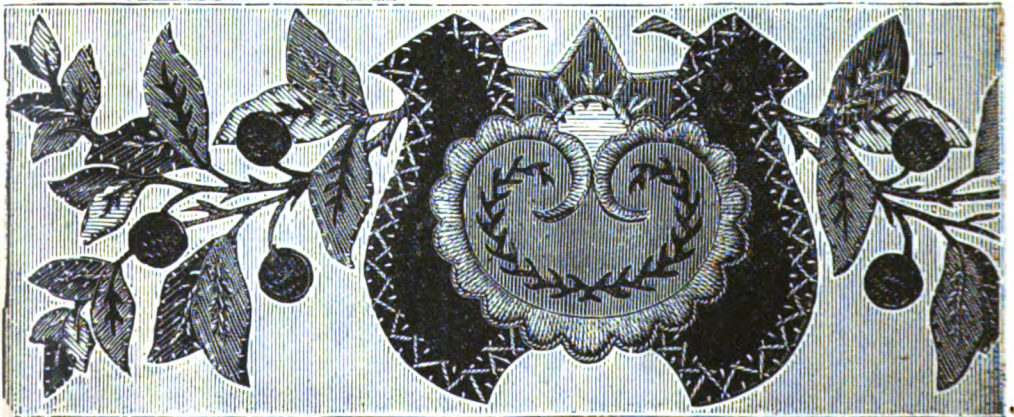
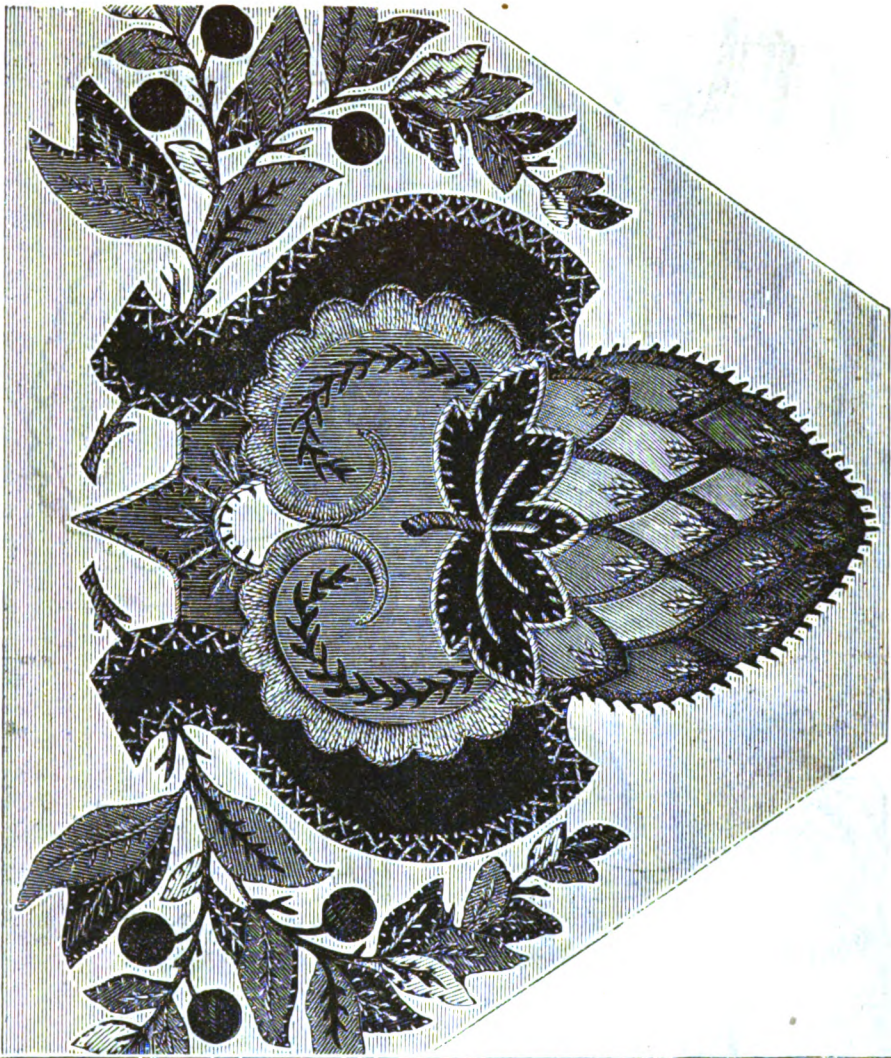
WALKING-DRESS. BONNET. CHEMISE RUSSE.



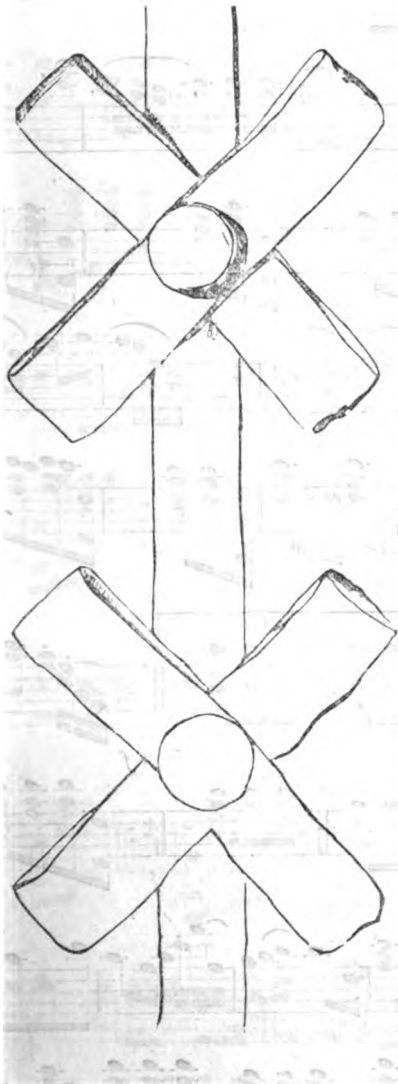
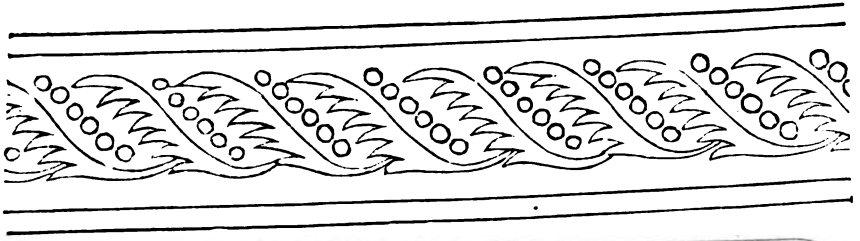
FALL STYLES OF HATS AND BONNETS.



MUSLIN BODICE. ISABEAU BODICE. APRON. FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRL.



TOE AND BACK OF SLIPPER IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.



SEGAR-CASE. DRESS TRIMMING. INSERTION.



To Mr. F. G. Nichols.

# MAGAZINE POLKA.

Composed expressly for "Peterson."

BY A. ROTTENBACH.

PIANO.

*Introduction.*

*Polka.*

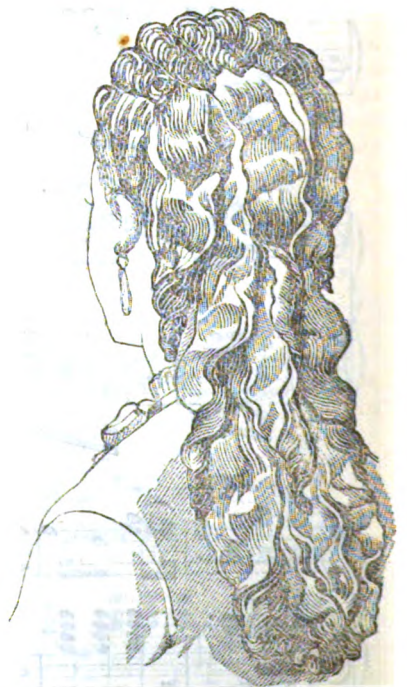
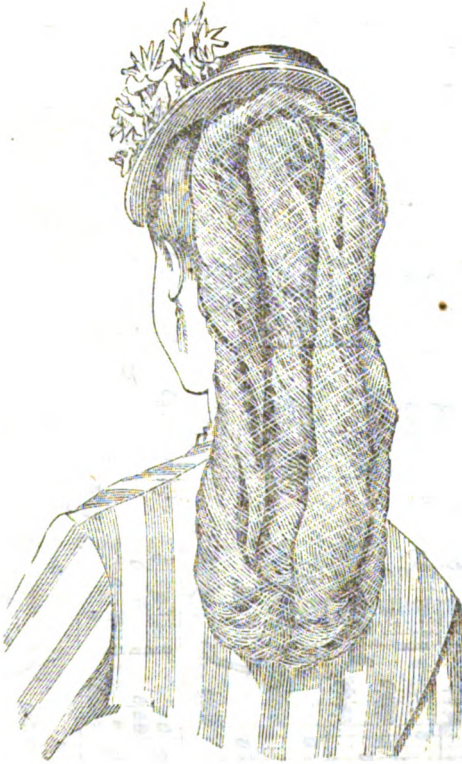
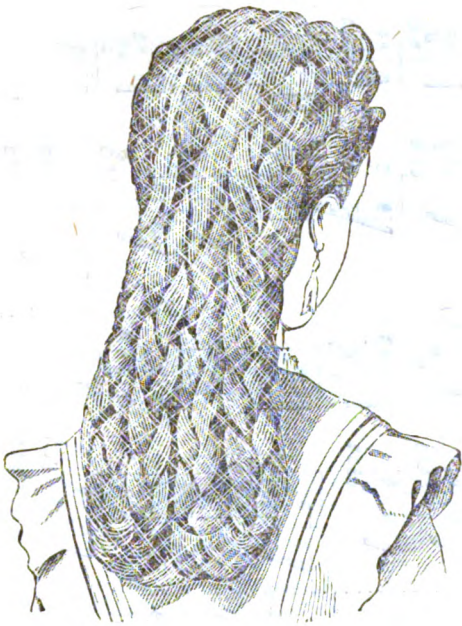
1. II.

*f*

The musical score is presented in four systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The first system is labeled 'Introduction.' and begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system is labeled 'Polka.' and starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. It contains a triplet of eighth notes. The third system includes first and second endings, marked '1.' and 'II.', and concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fourth system continues the polka's rhythmic pattern.

MAGAZINE POLKA.

The musical score for "Magazine Polka" is presented in two systems, each with a piano (right) and bass (left) staff. The first system includes two first endings, labeled "I." and "II.", and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The second system features a *p* dynamic marking and a section labeled "Trio. Sva.....". A dotted line with the word "loco." indicates a change in articulation. The third system begins with a *f* dynamic marking and includes a *p* dynamic marking later in the piece. The score is written in treble and bass clefs with various musical notations including notes, rests, and ornaments.



NEW STYLES OF WEARING THE HAIR.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1869.

No. 3.

## HUSBANDS' AND WIVES.

BY E. G. TOPLIFF.

"Will you go to the concert, to-night, Jane?" said Henry Morton to his wife, as she met him at the door, on his return from business.

He kissed her, as he spoke, as was his custom always on coming home or going out.

"Really, Harry, I don't see how I can leave baby," answered his wife, hesitatingly.

"But I think you will enjoy hearing these singers. Surely, for once, Sarah can take care of baby."

So, after a little more hesitation on the wife's part, it was settled. Sarah was given full instructions, and Mrs. Morton, dressing herself in her best, went out on her husband's arm.

"How well you look to-night," said Mr. Morton, gazing fondly on his wife. "Your complexion is as good as it ever was. I have often feared, since you have been shut up so much, that your color would all go, and even your health suffer. There is poor Mrs. Maxwell: she has been married no longer than yourself; yet see how faded and worn she looks."

"It is because she hasn't as thoughtful a husband as somebody else," answered Mrs. Morton, pressing her husband's arm. "Poor thing! she never gets out, and her help is insufficient, for she has two young children to take care of: I sometimes tell her she is killing herself."

"Maxwell makes as much as I do," answered Mr. Morton. "His business is steadily increasing also. He can well afford to live better."

"He is very close, I fear. His wife has never told me the reason why she stays at home so much; but I have no doubt it is because her husband thinks having people there to tea too expensive; and, of course, she cannot visit others, if she is not allowed to ask her friends to her house in return. He never takes her to a concert, or anything of the kind. And, before she married, she was one of the brightest girls I knew, and fonder of society than any of us."

"I can't understand such selfishness as Max-

well's," answered Mr. Morton. "What is the use of a woman always staying at home. I enjoy myself better if you are with me. Besides, a man gets excitement in his business; a woman, on the contrary, has little, or none, unless she goes out."

"A chat with a neighbor, even for ten minutes, will brighten one up wonderfully, sometimes," said Mrs. Morton. "But a walk, in the fresh air, with one's husband, after the day's work is over, is even better," and she looked up, smiling, into Mr. Morton's face.

"Mrs. Maxwell never gets that."

"No," answered his wife. "But there are some men, Maxwell among them, who, I have noticed, never make allowances for their wives. If they have been worried with business, they come home and get angry, unless everything is exceptionally pleasant. If the baby cries, they frown. If the wife is out of spirits, having been worried all day herself, they scold. Such husbands put their wives into a flutter whenever they return at night, for the poor things never know in what humor they will appear. But in other homes how different! The children go dancing to the front door, each trying to be first to welcome papa. Why, at my sister's, where they have four little ones, it is perfectly charming to see Mr. Benson come home in the evening. He generally reaches the parlor-door with one on each arm, and another tugging at his coat-tails. He has smiles and kisses for all, and wants to know how they have been, just as if he had been absent for a month. I used to spend a good deal of my time there, you know, before we married. But see, here we are at the concert-room. What crowds are going in!"

The concert was a very fine one. The music was excellent, the people well-dressed, everybody seemed in high spirits. Mr. Morton saw his wife's face brighten up, till she looked five years younger.

"Thank you so much, Harry, for taking me," said Mrs. Morton, on coming out. "I will confess, now, that, at first, I didn't care to go. I was very tired: quite worn-out, in fact. But you are always so kind that I thought it would be ungenerous not to do as you asked me. I am glad I came. It has rested me, strange to say, more even than sitting idle at home would have done. It has acted like a tonic. I think it has been the change. One does get dreadfully stupid, if one never hears music or sees other people. But here we are at home. I hope baby has been good."

Baby had been good. Sarah was watching, by his crib when his mother came in.

A few days after, as Mr. Morton was leaving, in the morning, he said,

"What would you like to read, my dear. You must often be lonely, kept in all day, as you frequently are."

"But books cost so much now," answered his wife.

The husband answered,

"Doctors cost more. Out of spirits, out of health, you know, is one of my mottoes. Tell me what you would like, and I will buy it for you. I don't intend to ruin myself on books so: you, as you know," he continued, stooping

to kiss her; "but while I indulge myself in segars, I think you ought to be indulged in books, at least to a moderate degree."

Mrs. Morton mentioned a new book which had just appeared.

"I will stop and get it as I go down town, so as to be sure and not forget it; otherwise some business matter might drive it out of my head before night."

"Ah! you men are so often worried with business. I wish we women could help you."

"You do help us, darling. The cheerful smile, the cozy room, the nice supper that await us on our return at night, soon dissipate the worries of the day. It's like coming into a Paradise to get back at evening."

"But, sometimes, you know, we have been worried also; and then the smile, perhaps, is not quite so bright; though we don't mean to make it a bit less so, for all that."

"We know you don't, darling. No true husband ever visits his business disappointments on his wife; no true wife ever wishes to make her husband suffer because her servants have vexed her."

If all husbands were like Mr. Morton, and all wives like Mrs. Morton, how happy thousands and thousands of families would be!

## THUS FADING ON.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Through childhood's opening hours we glide,  
With radiant brow and tender feet;  
With love we look on all we meet,  
And hope is high whate'er betide.

A passing cloud may bring us pain;  
But youthful hearts beat quick and light  
To break the gloom that dims the sight,  
And hope and joy is ours again.

And youth builds high its palace walls,  
And decks them o'er with nice caprice;

To fate, then, signs an armistice—  
For low the treacherous fabric falls.

And thus we weave a magic spell,  
Wrought fair with hopes too bright to wear;  
• And when the years bring grief and care,  
The heart beats dumbly, like a knell.

So, fading on, our bright dreams go,  
And o'er our way the shadows fall,  
Till o'er the heart a dreary pall  
Gooms all that once had charmed us so.

## THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN.

BY ZELIA GERTRUDE GREY.

Slowly the Spirit of Autumn  
Was passing everywhere,  
Caressing with cold, damp fingers  
Everything sweet and fair.

Softly the Spirit of Autumn  
Was borne on the North wind's breath,  
Kissing each beautiful blossom—  
Alas! the cold kiss was death!

Beneath my window were growing  
Flowers, scarlet, blue and gold;

I plead with the restless spirit  
To pass by my little fold.

One night, when the moon was shining  
Brightly on vine and flower,  
The wandering Spirit of Autumn  
Came with its subtle power.

Pale lips touched the yielding blossoms,  
And bowed each beautiful head;  
The morning showed me my treasures,  
Blighted, and faded, and dead!

## AT THE FALLS.

BY FRANK LEE BENELECT.

THE sun was almost setting, and such a glory of gorgeous lights flashed in at the windows, that it seemed a shame to stay in-doors an instant longer.

May Crofton caught up her hat, and called to her cousin, who was standing looking out toward the Falls, worlds away from the possibility of remembering that there was any human being near.

"Do come out, Cora," May said; "I shall go wild if I keep quiet a moment longer."

Miss Lasley had to be called several times, and very impatiently at the end, before she even heard. Then she turned, looked at pretty little May with her great, absent eyes, and took up her parasol in silence, nodding to her cousin in sign that she was ready to obey her commands; for, like most people, she seldom had the heart to refuse tiny May anything that she desired.

They were stopping at the Cataract House, under the charge of May's mother, and, thanks to the lateness of the season, they had managed to pass several very quiet and undisturbed days.

The autumn weather, late as it was, kept almost the softness and warmth of summer, and the girls lived principally out-of-doors. May thought to herself that there might be too much of a good thing—quiet, for instance; but Cora seemed to enjoy it so greatly that she bore it like a little martyr, and hoped for better things, especially as she had managed to let several of her adorers know in what place Cora's caprice had landed them.

For I am afraid that I must admit Cora Lasley was capricious, but in a grand, stately way; not because she wanted excitement, but because she had grown tired of it, and went wandering about in search of rest, which she could not find, because the turmoil and great want were within.

She was twenty-four years old, and very weary of being a beauty and an heiress; and she knew the world, that is, the society world, from New York to Rome, and its Vanity Fairs were all alike dreary and empty to her.

Not that she had any great cross or trouble—it would have done her good if she could have stumbled upon one—but she was only *disillusioned* and bored, which is worse. She was tired of wondering what she ought to make of her

life, tired of doing nothing, and was always reproaching herself for her waste of existence, and for not knowing how to remedy matters. If she only had something to do—some aim to interest her, she said to herself.

She had been a secret source of uneasiness to her aunt for years, much as the latter loved her; but Cora was so odd, took such strange fancies, that Mrs. Crofton was sometimes fairly afraid she would turn actress, or moral reformer, or something else dreadful and preposterous. As for marrying and being sensible, there seemed less and less hope of that, for she had refused all sorts of men, from Wall street brokers up to German barons, and was no more to be interested in the most fascinating of the opposite sex, than if she had been a snow woman animated by a spell.

May Crofton was four years younger than her cousin, the prettiest, blithest, happiest little fairy that ever made sunshine wherever she moved, extravagantly fond of Cora, and about the only person who was not a little afraid of her grand airs and moods.

Cora would permit her to tease and revile her, and was devotedly attached to her in return; but even to May she did not reveal the fact that, away back in her life, when she was a girl of seventeen, she had lived her little romance, and grown heartily ashamed of it and its hero. She had known for ages that she had never loved the man; but she believed that her youthful folly had taken from her the possibility of ever loving any other, and she had grown suspicious of them as a class, and harder upon their peculiar frailties than, perhaps, they deserved, because, after all, men deserve a little mercy as well as women; and no woman, even a bad one, will ever understand everything about such matters.

The girls wandered out of sight and hearing of everything human, and sat down against a ledge of rocks, where they could look away over that grandest marvel of nature, which only grows more grand as one becomes accustomed to its presence.

May was looking at the clouds and dreaming her pretty dreams, for she was imaginative enough in her way; but Cora kept gazing down into the awful abyss, and being in one of her

dark moods, her very soul seemed going down, down, under the rush of green waters, over which the setting sun cast rainbows, vivid and quick as lightning.

"What are you thinking of, Cora?" May asked, suddenly.

"Nothing, I believe," her cousin answered.

"I wonder why people always say that when asked such a question suddenly," quoth May, sententiously.

"Probably because the thoughts have been so vague that the question put them to flight, and makes it impossible to answer otherwise."

"Bless me! how wise that sounds. I wish I had a pencil and note-book to write it down."

"You are a saucy little puss!" Cora said, smiling.

"Of course I am. Oh! I'm not in awe of you for all your princess graces! Cora, I don't believe you're happy a bit, for all you are petted and spoiled like a queen."

"I'm tired of being spoiled!" exclaimed Cora, impatiently. "I'm not a baby, or a wax-doll."

"I'll be both to get all the spoiling I want. Why, it's the nicest thing in the world."

"I am sure you have enough of it."

"But you are so unapproachable, people have to worship you at a distance"

"The further off the better."

"Oh! you venomous panther!" cried May, and laughed, highly delighted at the delicious confusion of epithets.

She stopped laughing suddenly, for Cora, who had chanced to be looking down the path, laid a hand upon her arm and whispered,

"Here's somebody coming—how tiresome!"

"Somebody must mean a man, of course," said May; "let me look at him and see what he's like."

She looked and uttered a little exclamation, but sat still and held Cora's hand fast.

The gentleman had been quite near before they saw him. Now he came up, and lifting his hat, said, in a voice so exquisitely modulated that it was a passport to a favorable opinion of itself,

"How do you do, Miss Crofton?"

"Why, Mr. Wellesley!" exclaimed May, "where did you come from? You appear like an evil spirit!"

"I do come from wandering up and down the earth," he replied; "but just now from the Cataract House. Your mamma said I would find you here, and glad to see me."

"My mamma is too much given to opinions," cried May; "but I believe she was right for once," and she held out her hand with her

charming frankness. "Only don't be too much elated—I haven't had a man to tease for a week."

"It is really wonderful you are alive," he said, with perfect gravity.

"I see with grief that your travels have not improved you in the least," returned May. "But let me present you to my cousin, Miss Lasley; Cora, Mr. Wellesley—a man capable of doing the coolest and most outrageous things of all his atrocious sex."

The pair, thus absurdly introduced, bowed, and Cora looked indifferent, and Mr. Wellesley looked quiet, and not in the least overcome. Then Cora let May rattle on in her crazy way, and had to remark what a charming voice and smile Mr. Wellesley possessed; and that he said his pretty nonsense so brilliantly that it was evident he could talk sense if the opportunity offered.

Finally, May began to drag her into the conversation, and Mr. Wellesley did not seem at all abashed by the honor; so Cora concluded that it was time to go back, and was unusually stately all the way to the hotel.

She saw that both May and her mother treated him like a familiar acquaintance; and she remembered now to have heard them chanting his praises when she returned from her last trip to Europe, a few months back, along with the Otways.

Mr. Wellesley promised to be a very pleasant addition to the little circle of those whom Mrs. Crofton admitted into her private parlor; but Cora was not in a mood to be pleased, and rather snubbed people generally, and, perhaps, would have snubbed Mr. Wellesley, only he was too much occupied with the other young ladies to give her an opportunity.

When her cousin came into her room to say good-night, she did not talk as much about him as Cora had feared she would; so she concluded that the wild, little kitten was more interested in him than she cared to have seen; and Cora was rather sorry, for she thought he seemed too cold and self-centered to be the sort of man to make her petted little cousin happy.

Two or three days passed, and Cora and Mr. Wellesley made very slight progress toward acquaintance. The gentleman seemed to desire it little more than she did, though she had to admit to herself that his manner toward her was perfect, and it was so different from that of other men that she could not help thinking about him.

Their first real conversation was one evening out by the rocks, where they had met on his

arrival. Cora had wandered out there to be alone, and came upon him stretched on the rock, lazily smoking and reading.

"I am really sorry to disturb you," she said, as he rose; "you look so very comfortable."

"I suppose you are vexed enough with me for being here, when you came out on purpose to be alone."

"You can avenge yourself by hating me for making you get up; but you may smoke."

"Does that mean I may stay?"

"If you wish. Indeed, we need not interfere with each other. Pray go on with your book."

"It is Tennyson," he said. "I was reading *Guinevere*—shall I read to you?"

She nodded, and he read on to the close of the marvelous poem, which he made more charming than ever by his delightful voice. He closed the book, and sat looking across the waters, repeating half aloud the closing lines,

"Until she passed  
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Straightway they fell to talking, and talked about all sorts of things for a long time, as people must talk who have kindred sympathies when the magnetic chord is touched.

The conversation was interrupted by an invasion, headed by May and two of her adorers, who had just arrived. May was in her gayest mood, and flirted abominably, first with one and then the other; and Cora, watching Mr. Wellesley, thought that he seemed annoyed. She wondered at May for her folly in playing with a man like that, for the sake of two such ordinary geese as Wentworth and Charley Thorne.

More people had arrived at the hotel, and the evening was quite a gay one; and Cora was forced, to oblige her aunt, to dance, and sing, and make herself agreeable. But she could not help watching Mr. Wellesley, and she saw that his eyes often wandered toward May, whatever he was doing, and she was confident that the little witch had sufficiently ensnared him in her spells to make it possible for her to tease him.

Before she went to sleep she tried to talk seriously to May; but she might as well have argued with a white butterfly as with the girl in her mood that night. She would only laugh and say absurd things, and clap her hands and crow when Cora hinted her suspicions in regard to Hugh Wellesley.

"Let me alone and don't lecture," cried she, laughing immoderately.

"But, really, you did not behave well to-night, May," expostulated Cora.

"I can behave worse—I will, unless I am let

alone," cried the witch. "Tease Hugh Wellesley—I? How jolly! Oh! you beautiful white goose you. Oh, delicious! Won't I?"

Even after they began to talk of other things, she would at intervals break into a mischievous laugh, and Cora feared that the ordinary luck of people who try to set their friends right had befallen her; that is, that she had done a great deal more harm than good by her interference.

The next morning she saw Wellesley and May walking up and down the long veranda, and May really looked serious; but half an hour after, she was flirting as badly as ever with Wentworth; and Mr. Wellesley looked prouder and more melancholy than usual; and it was the habitual gravity of his face which had first made it attractive to Cora.

So she made up her mind definitely that he was really in love with May, and she decided that May cared for him, but from that very fact was all the more inclined to tease and behave ill. Cora was deeply concerned; she felt certain that Wellesley was not a man to endure such treatment, and that if he once went away, May would be powerless to summon him back, however deep the wound he suffered might be.

So it fell out, from the sympathy she began to feel for him, that Cora treated him with much more cordiality than she often did men. She had a keener sense of justice than is usually supposed to fall to her sex, and she was really indignant with May for conducting herself as she did. But May was more utterly unmanageable than usual, and Mrs. Crofton permitted her to take her own way in a fashion that displeased Cora hugely; but nothing she could say or do had any effect, and she was all the more angry from the fact that, as a general thing, her law throughout her whole circle of relatives was as blindly obeyed as ever those of a Persian satrap could have been.

May would have seasons of treating Wellesley in the nicest possible manner; but she always made up for it by being extra wicked immediately after; and he bore with her caprices with a patience that Cora admired, and could not set down to weakness, as she would have done with almost any other man.

Her sympathy for him, her anger at seeing anybody unjustly treated, all combined to soften her so much that, unconsciously to herself, she grew into an intimate acquaintance with him, which would have astonished her greatly had she taken time to think about it.

She allowed him to see how womanly and gentle she was under her exterior of pride and indifference; she displayed to him her rare



mental qualities as the world did not see them, or, rather, intercourse with a mind like his called them forth as scarcely any other person she had ever met had done. She recognized in this man a nature kindred to her own, only so much more developed, so much wider and firmer, and more serene in its masculine strength and maturity of manhood, that, for the first time in her life, she was content to reverence as well as admire, and be glad to confess that, in following his conversation, and sympathizing in his ambitions and aspirations, she was forced constantly to look up.

The time came when she began to wonder that a man like this could have been attracted toward a gorgeous little butterfly such as May, lovely and bewitching as she was. Then she despised herself for so contemptible a thought, and sternly told herself that it was just such bright, yielding, darling little creatures who got such wealth of adoration in going through this world; and added still more ferociously, with a shake of her head at the proud, still face looking at her out of the glass, that they deserved it much more than a cold-blooded, imperious animal, such as her own type of women were.

Then, all of a sudden, an old, lonely feeling came over her, and she began to think how beautiful it would be to have such love and worship, and to reflect that if she had tried to be different it might have come to her. She felt the tears slowly rolling down her cheeks, and dropping warm upon her hands, and though for her life she could not have told why they flowed, she sat there and wept for a long time. When she was composed again, she assured herself that it was only because she was nervous, finding a dozen reasons, as women will under such circumstances, all as far removed from any approach to the truth as possible.

There came a message from her aunt, desiring her immediate appearance down stairs; so there was nothing for it but to wipe away the trace of her tears and go down. Several people were assembled; they were discussing a riding-party to some place of interest, and her opinion was required.

Nobody seemed to notice anything unusual either in her manners or looks, and Cora congratulated herself thereupon most heartily. Mr. Wellesley had bowed and spoken pleasantly on her entrance; but May seemed to be in one of her gracious moods, and was talking to him in a low tone; so, of course, he did not approach Cora for some time. Once or twice she looked up suddenly and caught his eyes fixed upon her

with an expression which she could not understand. Finally, when the business of the day had been settled, and it was known who was to ride, and who drive, Wellesley left May's sofa, and came over to the window where Cora was seated in the shadow of the curtains, with her back to the light.

"I was almost sorry I had urged on the party when I saw you looking so pale," he said; "but, after all, I think the fresh air will do you good."

"Indeed, I am perfectly well," she answered, too much subdued even to be impatient, as she might at another time of such close scrutiny and power of reading her feelings as his words revealed.

"Then out of spirits," he added, "which is rather worse to bear."

"I cannot be that either," she answered, "since I have no reason."

"I believe one's spirits take the liberty of going down to zero without that," he said. "I should be sorry to think you had any real cause."

His voice sounded so gentle and kind, it was such a marvelous voice in the way of expression and intonation, that it made Cora feel more babyish than ever; and she began to be afraid that she had not yet had her cry out.

She left the room as quickly as possible, and once in her chamber, she took herself to task so fiercely, that she looked as proud and cold as Diana by the time she again appeared among the people down stairs, arrayed in her riding-habit, and looking her best therein, as a graceful woman does.

It was the pleasantest possible day; the expedition was an entire success; everybody was agreeable and bright; but the whole thing was an intense weariness to Cora, though, to save her soul, she could not have given a reason therefore.

She looked at May, surrounded by a group of men, so merry and full of spirits, and she wondered at her own stupidity and obstinacy in refusing to be amused.

"I am getting to be a doleful old parrot," she thought, angrily. "I declare, I need not put on spinster airs sooner than is necessary! Cora Lasley, I am completely disgusted with you."

She made a great effort, found a resemblance of gaiety somewhere, and rushed out of her silent mood into the other extreme, and astonished and delighted everybody by her brilliancy. Everybody that is, except Hugh Wellesley: she caught him looking at her again with that old expression she had noticed in his eyes that

morning; and she feared that he was not deceived by her factitious gayety; but she was more vexed with herself for being so poor an actress, than with his penetration.

The day was over at last. They were back at the hotel, and Cora felt as tired as if she had been doing a forced march with a troop of soldiers, and was suffering fatigue for the whole regiment.

But there was worse weariness and pain in store for the proud woman. She needed, I suppose, the peculiar discipline that was being bestowed upon her, and there was no hope of avoiding it.

There was music and dancing in the parlors. Cora waltzed until she could do her duty no longer; then she managed to escape, and got out on the veranda, where the moonbeams lay clear and silvery as glorified daylight.

She walked slowly round to another part of the building, and came suddenly upon two figures standing together in the shadow. It needed only one glance to show her who they were—May and Hugh Wellesley.

May's hand lay upon his arm, his head was bent toward her, and he was listening eagerly to some low words that fell hesitatingly from her lips.

Cora gathered up her long train and rushed away, swift and noiseless as a ghost, and never stopped till she was in her own room, and the door barred against all intruders.

Then she had it out with herself. The scales had fallen suddenly from her eyes. Useless to try to be blind or deaf any longer; idle to call upon her overweening pride to help; it shrunk and shriveled in the fierce passion that had suddenly burst into flame in her soul, and her woman's heart asserted its womanhood, and throbbed, and ached, and cried out in its agony, and mastered her hitherto indomitable will as if she had been the weakest of her sex.

She sat there, cowering and shaking in the moonlight, hiding her face in her hands as if the white beams had been spirit-watchers, whose gaze she was ashamed to meet; crouched there, and heard her heart beat and moan, and could not deny one syllable of its passionate utterance.

She loved Hugh Wellesley—she who had been more sought than any girl of her day, and had been like a beautiful icicle under it all; at last her heart had gone out, unasked, to a man who did not care for her—worse, who loved another.

The devils that torment poor humanity at certain crises in life, sorely beset poor Cora in that black hour. She fairly hated May, that in her childish loveliness and want of thought she had

been able to win the treasure of that man's love. She tried to hate him; to malign him in her thoughts; to deny that he was so much more talented, or gentle, or noble, than scores of other men whom she had met.

She fought her battle desperately, and aided the devils all she could; but it was no use, she was too good and womanly to succeed; her religion was too much a part of her life for her to put it aside even in that frenzy. The bitterness and anger passed—even the insane rage against her own weakness paled and died out.

It was a horrible night, but before it ended Cora was able to accept her humiliation, to admit that she needed and deserved it. It was the worst punishment that could have befallen her—all her life her pride had been her besetting sin; verily, she was mortally punished where she had erred.

And the morning came, and Cora woke from the heavy, unrestful slumber that had come at last, and looked about, and knew that, though an earthquake had passed over her soul and shattered its every stronghold, the world must go on as usual, and she must take her part in it too.

She would not even allow herself the solace of breakfasting in her own room, and was just ready to sail out as grand as Dido, when a servant came up with coffee, and a message from her aunt that she had better not come down, she looked so tired the night before.

So she had another hour to herself. At the end of it there was a tap at the door, and May's voice called,

"I want to come in, enchanted princess."

Cora found a voice quite like her usual one to answer,

"Come in, Miss Wickedness—why didn't you wake me?"

In came May, looking fresher and more lovely than ever, with such light in her eyes, such color in her cheeks, that Cora knew what it meant before she spoke a word.

"I was up so early that I thought I would not disturb you," cooed May, dancing about her. "I have been up for hours, and out. Oh! such a lovely walk as I have had."

"Were you alone?" Cora asked, certain what was coming, and anxious to bring the revelation to a climax, and have it over.

"Not I," cried May. "Do I look like a girl that would take early walks alone?"

Suddenly she threw her arms about Cora, and turned away her head.

"Guess who was with me?" she whispered.

"Mr. Wellesley," Cora said, with a calmness

that astonished herself, and she felt her heart stop beating.

"Oh, yes—at first!" May replied, hurriedly. "Oh! Cora——"

"I am sure you have something to tell me, my dear," Cora said; when she broke off abruptly, "I think I know what it is."

"Don't!" whispered May. "Oh! it frightens me yet."

She clung fast to Cora; and Cora held her close in her arms, and was thankful that she could offer a prayer for the girl's happiness, though all the while she felt death in her heart, and knew that however long the semblance of existence might last, life was at an end where anything like interest or hope for herself was concerned; it had died in the shudder of agony which shook the very springs of her being, when May's happy voice broke beneath its passion of bliss and delicious shyness.

"Cora," May said, suddenly, still with her head turned aside. "Mr. Wellesley is going away this morning—he wants to bid you good-by."

"Going?" exclaimed Cora.

"Yes; for a day or two only. He got a telegram last night. Please go down—he is in mamma's sitting-room. There's nobody there."

Cora knew what it signified; the trembling voice, the broken words—the worst agony was over; she could bear anything now, could even see him—see the pride and joy in his face, do her part without faltering.

She clasped May more closely in her arms, kissed the bonny brown hair that hung about her shoulders, and said, softly,

"God bless my darling, and make her a happy woman!"

She went straight out of the room without looking back, gave herself not an instant to think, made no pause until her hand was upon the door of the room where May's lover waited.

The very thought that came into her mind—May's lover—it gave her a wild sort of strength which she knew would support her to the end.

She opened the door; there was no tremor in her limbs, no mist before her eyes—she felt dead and cold; she was not conscious even of any suffering, she was just walking about like a ghost whose penance it was to linger upon earth and watch the happiness of those still left here clothed in mortality, and bearing mortality's sensations and happiness.

She saw him rise and come toward her; she was the calmer of the two, and held out her white hand, and was the first to speak.

"May tells me we are forced to bid you good-by," she said. "I am sorry; but I trust you are coming back so soon that we can at once begin to think of your return in order to console ourselves."

"Thank you!" he answered; and Cora was conscious of a vague wonder that his voice should sound so uncertain and tremulous in this first hour of his certainty of his own triumph.

He led her to a seat, and sat down beside her. She glanced at him once, and saw that he was deathly pale; and a fear of some evil for him banished all selfish thoughts.

"Are you in any trouble?" she asked, quickly. "Is there any bad news you wish me to break to May?"

"No," he said, gravely, "no. I am going away—shall I come back?"

"Of course, you are coming, I know from May. She did not tell me, but I understand everything."

"Yes, May is very happy," he said, "and I am so glad. Wentworth is a noble young fellow; but that is not it——"

"Wentworth!" repeated Cora, in horror.

Oh! this was worst of all; he was suffering—May did not love him.

"Wentworth!" she repeated.

"Yes; don't you know your willful little cousin put him out of his suspense this morning?"

"I am so sorry; oh! do believe it! I don't know what to say—I——"

"We can leave them to their happiness," he went on, when he saw that she could not finish. "I am a selfish mortal, and must think of my own hopes and fears. May I come back, Cora?"

Was she going mad? Did her senses play her false?

"Oh! don't you understand?" he cried out. "I love you; I had seen you long before you ever saw me; and, mad as it was, I loved you from the first. May knew it—sent for me here. Cora, don't drive me from you. Give me a hope—may I come back?"

There was an odd little gasp in her throat, which made him look suddenly in her face; he read the whole truth there, and the next instant Cora felt herself pressed to his heart, and heard the words of love and tenderness which burst from his very soul.

It was all made clear in the long hour that elapsed before they were disturbed; then May danced into the room, exclaiming,

"There's a train going, and there's a poor wretch must go on it. Is it all right?"

Their faces must have answered, for she

dashed at them and kissed them both, laughing and crying, and repeating,

"I did it! I did it! I told old Hugh I would if he'd only mind me! And you thought he liked me, and was badly treated; and so you got acquainted with him. Oh! you panther princess, you!"

She went so crazy that she made them both laugh, and brought them down a little from their lofty romance, which was good for them.

"You'll miss the train," she said.

"I shall not go till night," Mr. Wellesley

declared; and he would not, in spite of Cora's attempt at expostulation, when May vowed that the business was of the utmost importance.

Then May danced about them again, and laughed and cried more; and aunt Agatha and Wentworth came in, and I doubt if a happier set of people were gathered together in this old world that has such a trick of sometimes turning into heaven when we least expect it. Thanks be to a merciful Father, who helps us and guides us, in spite of our blind struggles and erring wills—so I leave them.

## THE APPLE-TREE IN THE LANE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

It stood close by where, on leathern-hinge,  
The gate swung back from the grassy lane;  
Where the cows come home when the dusky eve  
Its mantle threw over hill and plain.  
Its branches, knotty and gnarled by time,  
Waved to and fro in the idle breeze,  
When the Spring days brought a blushing crown  
Of blossoms bright to the apple-trees.

Its shadow fell o'er the crystal stream,  
That all the long, bright Summer days,  
Like a silver thread, mid the waving grass,  
Reflected back the golden rays  
Of the noonday sun, that madly strove  
To drink the fount of the brooklet dry;  
But the rain-clouds showered tear-drops down,  
And the glad brook laughed as it glided by.

Never were apples half so sweet—  
Golden russet, striped with red—  
As those that fell on the yielding turf,  
As we shook the branches overhead.

A trysting-place for youthful friends  
Was the apple-tree, in the days of yore;  
And oft we've sat beneath its shade,  
And talked bright dreams of the future o'er.

And when the warm October sun,  
Shone on the maple's scarlet robe,  
We gathered apples smooth and fair,  
And round as our own mystic globe.  
The stately hemlock crowns the hill,  
And dark pines rise above the plain;  
But one we prize far more than they—  
The apple-tree in the pasture-lane.

Long years have passed, and cows no more  
Come home at night through the grassy lane,  
Where the gate swung back on leathern-hinge,  
I stand and gaze on the far-off plain.  
No more we list to the music low  
Of the crystal stream as it ripples on;  
And the apple-tree in the pasture-lane,  
Is but a dream of the days by-gone.

## MEMORY'S HALL.

BY HENRY C. PARK.

On! a strange old castle is Memory's Hall,  
With its towers and turrets sublime;  
For its portals are guarded by spectres tall—  
The spectres of years, that come at the call  
Of echoes that live in that chime.

It stands in the country of "Long Ago,"  
By the side of the river of Time,  
Whose waters surge on with an endless flow,  
And sing a song as they gently go,  
As soft as the vesper chime.

To the door of this castle we often go,  
For we've buried our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty, and hands of snow,  
And forms we have clasped long years ago,  
And tresses of golden hair

There's a lute unswept, and a harp unstrung,  
And a part of a dying prayer;  
And fragments of song no longer sung,

For the lips that warbled them now are dumb,  
And slumber in silence there.

Scales that have faded, and joys now dead,  
And faces we once thought fair,  
And wreaths that encircled some loved one's head,  
Words of tenderness once teen said,  
And garments that she used to wear.

It hoes of voices that used to call,  
Fall on the tremulous air;  
And pictures dim on its sombered walls,  
Scenes from the shadowy past recall,  
While we stand enchanted there.

The present departs, and the past returns,  
As we tread o'er its dusty floor;  
And our hearts, overflowing with sadness, burn,  
And our souls within us with wildness yearn,  
For the things we loved of yore.

## MRS. MARCH'S BOARDERS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Has ever any one of ye had any experience in taking city boarders? If you have, you needn't read this story, you can skip right on to the next one; but if you hain't, then I advise you to read it, and take warning by me.

It's got proper fashionable round here, in Peaville, for the farmer folks to take boarders from the city. It pays well, and anything that pays is pritty likely to be fashionable.

You see, these ere city people come out here to git a sniff of fresh air, and enjoy the huckleberries and miskeeters, of which we generally have oceans.

Then they go home about the first of September, all burnt and tanned, and bit up, with all their clothes ruined, and not a grate sight of money into their purses; and they tell everybody that they see how delightfully they have spent the summer.

Isaac, that's my second son, and he's been a hoss-car conductor in Bosting, and has seen a powerful sight of high life, says that they don't go into the country for pleasure—they go because somebody else does. He says a woman would lose *caste* if she stayed to home while the rest of her neighbors was off. I dunna what *caste* means, but mebbly you do. Isaac has been to school two year to the Mount Benbo Cemetery, and he is dreadful high-flown sense he come back.

A year ago last summer, Miss Brown—the colonel's wife—she took boarders, and she got rich on it! She had as much as a dozen, and made a sight of money. Folks did pretend to say that she nigh about starved her boarders; but then everybody knows city folks is genteel, and genteel people, it stands to reason, don't need so much to eat as common folks. They live on ceremony and perliteness some.

Mrs. Brown, she saved enuff out of her boarders to pay all expenses, and new furnish her parlor, besides putting a portagal over the front door, and buying a pearley shawl for herself, and a ten-dollar thing, made out of hair and stuff, for her darter Ann to pin onto the back part of her head to set her bunnit onto. It's the slickest thing to keep a bunnit from slipping. And there's that ere purple silk bunnit of mine, that I've had nigh onto five years, it's all the time a slipping off from my head;

and Sundays, when I go to meeting, I set in Capen Webster's pew instid of ourn, because his is a wall-pew, and I can put the back part of my bunnit right up against the side of the meeting 'us, and that makes it stay pat.

Mrs. Brown's parlor is ilegant. There haint nothing like it in Peaville.

There's a Brussels carpet that is soft as a piller-tick when you step onto it; and the cheers and sofys is kivered with green stuff that looks like the minister's wife's velvet bunnit; and there's two ottermans, and a Pieter of Henry Clay with a blue cloak on, and three chany dogs on the mantel-shelf, and a marbie-topped table that looks jest as the grave-stuns in the burying-ground does—only there ain't no description on it. And she's got a fotygraft albion, with the picters of her father and mother, and her husband's father and mother, and all their folks, and Napoleon Bonyparte, and Ginerl Stark, and Jenny Lind, and lots of others that I disremember intirely.

As soon as I seed them things in that parlor my mind was made up. I'd take boarders too.

I'm a widder woman, and my brother, Lemuel Hanscom, lives with me. He owns the sheep's pasture and the ten-acre wood lot, so I allers try not to be disrespectful to him.

He's a nice man, but he's dreadful nigh to being a monymanyach. He's had a sight of these ere Patent Office Reports sent to him from Washington, and they've long ago sot him crazy to invent sunthin'. And fer more than five year he's been a whittling, and boring and sawing away the best of the time, a trying to make some kind of a machine that'll never stop going. Perpetual motion, he calls it. He says if he can only git it, and he's sertyng he can in time, he shall be a richer man than Judge Fishtell that lives over to the corner, and keeps two hosses, and drinks brandy that is twenty dollars a gallon.

Lemuel hain't really no right to meddle in my affairs, but when I'm a going to do anything uncommon, I generally speak to him about it, jest for the looks of the thing.

So, after I'd made up my mind about the boarders, says I to him, says I,

"Lem, I'm a going to take city boarders this summer."

"Take city fiddlesticks!" says he, whittling away on a round stick with a hole through it.

"No," says I, "boarders. Mrs. Brown made money last summer, and I mean to see if I can't do as well as her. My Melissy is crazy after one of them new-fashioned pepperlambs that they wear hitched onto the waists of their gounds, and I calkerlate she shall have it. And Isaac needs a new bedstead in his room, and I mean to have some furniture in the fore room, jest like Mrs. Brown's."

"You can do as you're a mind to," says Lemuel, kinder cross like; "but if you do take boarders, you'll wish yer cake dough afore you git through. And they'll bother me to death! A scientific man hadn't ort to be bothered! They'll put me back so on my machine that I shan't git it ready to go to Washington till next winter. And I meant to use some of the money I shall git for the invention in buying that farm of Spencer's."

"Tain't no use to talk," says I, "I'm fully sot," and he said no more, for he knows when I'm dectarmined on a thing that I hain't easy persuaded to give it up.

I got Eustace Atkins, the schoolmaster over to the corner, to write me some advertisements to put into two of the Bosting papers, and he did it powerful. To have read what he writ you'd have thought our farm was a Paradise upon airth.

He called the house Poplar Lodge, and there hain't but one popple on the farm that I know of, and that's out back of the hog'-house.

Well, in three days, I was overrun with folks that had come out to see the primises. And most of 'em smelt of musk, and carried their heads dreadful high, and turned up their noses at everything. The men they tip-toed round among the cabbage-plants and ruty-beggars, and wondered what kind of flowers them things would turn into; and the women, they screeched and held their smelling-bottles to their noses when the geese and turkeys chased 'em, and stuck out their necks at 'em, as them animals is apt to do.

The fifth day there was a feller came that I thought would do. His name was Henry Cliffe, and he was about as nice-looking a chap as you'll see anywhere out of a picter-book. He was tall, and wore one of these short coats that is a kind of a cross between a coat and a jacket, and he had a red neck-tye, and a buff vest, jest as if he was redly to be married.

His hair and eyes was black, and his mustache was black, too; and he kinder put me in mind of one of them pirats, or bandanna chief-

tains, that we read about in the illustrated newspapers—they fellers that one is awfully afeard of, and yet sorter falls in love with at the same time.

I took him to once, and give him the north frunt chamber.

The same day there came a woman, all in black, and as handsome as a picter. She'd lost her husband not long afore, she said, and wanted to come out into the country to reccoporate.

I told her I didn't know about the cooperating. It wasn't common for women folks to larn the cooper's trade; but then, if they was a going to vote, I didn't know as there'd be anything onproper in their learning one of the men folks' trade.

She laffed, and sed I didn't quite understand her. Her health was poor, and she had come to the country to recruit.

And then she talked so pitifully of her grief and trouble, and furrished her scented handkercher so sorrowfully around her eyes, that I agreed to take her. I gave her the south frunt chamber, and told her there was a young man by the name of Cliffe in tother, with black eyes, and a red neck-tye; and she sithed, and said black eyes and red neck-tyes were nothing to her now.

Her name was Myra Westley, and she came from New York.

I felt well pleased with her, for I calkerlated that being in trouble she wouldn't be likely to have much appetite. People don't ginerally, you know. So thar'd be a saving.

The next day Mrs. Wilson came, with her three children, and I agreed to take 'em if they'd be contented to sleep in the tool-house chamber, because all my rooms was full. Mrs. Wilson was dreadful genteel, but she said she'd stay if she had to roost in a tree! For her neighbors, the Joneses, and the Smiths, and the Jenkinces, had all gone into the country, and she'd die but what she'd be as much as they was!

Them children of hern was awful! If you should sarch the world over from Californy to the Gulf of Mexico, you couldn't find three such youngsters. Adolphus, he was twelve year old, and Katrina Adelaide was ten, and Ignatius Caterangus was seven.

They provoked Lemuel's life out of him. Dolph, as his ma called him, cut Lem's machine all up to kindle a brush-heap with; and Adelaide tore the picters out of his Patent-Office Reports, and papered the hen-house with 'em; and Angus, the little one, he upsoot my whole

Churning-cream down the sullar-stairs, and filled the churn up with two litters of my spring chickens—and the old hens, they liked to have scratched and picked his eyes out in the scrape.

Their ma said they were children of genius, that she feared they was short-lived; their brains was too big for their heads. And then she'd kiss 'em; and Dolph, he tied a dead rat to her water-fall, and skeered her nigh about into fits.

One morning I missed the cat. She warn't there to git her new milk, and she was allers as constant to the milk-pail as the needle is to the pole. I was worried about her, for she is as good a cat as ever you seed.

I asked the children if they had seen her, and Dolph giggled and looked at Angus, and that little wretch said she was in the flour-barrel.

"Dolph put her in last night," said he; "we didn't like her color, she's so black, and we thought we'd powder her jest as ma does her face!"

"You little trollop!" cried Mrs. Wilson, grabbing him and giving him a shake that made his teeth clatter, "I'll learn you to tell falsehoods!"

"It's so—hain't it, Dolph?" exclaimed Angus, and then he scooted out of the house; and the next I seed of him he was out in the barn, with two hens tied to a pole, trying to brush the cobwebs off from the barn winders. He'd got a feather duster, he said.

As soon as I found out whar the cat was I run to the flour-barrel, and shore enuff, when I histed up the kiver, out she bounced as white as a miller, and skeered nigh about to pieces. And when she come out she jumped onto the cuke-board that had as much as a dozen tumblers, jest washed, onto it, and down went the board, and all them tumblers along with it; broke 'em into five hundred pieces, and skeered the cat so that she didn't come anighst the house for more than a month.

Wall, I had my revenge onto the Wilsons in one way. The bread they eat was made out of that indenticle flour!

The next day Dolph fell through the scaffling in the barn into the pen, where we had a sow and some pigs, and the hoggish old lady tore all his clothes off from him afore he could git out. Angus got kicked by the old mare half to death; and Adelaide, she upst one of the beehives, and was stung so bad that her face looked like a biled lobster with the small-pox.

But, land! 'tain't no use for me to try to begin to tell the performances them children had, and the scrapes they got into. It would take half of my lifetime.

Afore many days, the widder Westley, she got to be dreadful peart for a widder. And when she and Mr. Cliffe didn't know that anybody seed 'em, they was jest as sociable together as if they'd known one tother from their cradles.

She got so gay and lively that I sot out to send her off. I was afeard people would begin to talk if I had a woman in the house that lasted so loud, especially as she was a widder.

I spoko to Mr. Cliffe about it one day, and he growed so red that I didn't know but the widder had been saying sunthin' onproper to him.

But he sed he guessed if he was he wouldn't go to having no fuss, and he was so extry perlite and nice about it, that I told him jest to oblige him I'd keep still.

After that he was dreadful retentive to me, and every time he spoko to me he either called me dear madam, or dear Mrs. March.

And he got into the habit of patting me onto the shoulder, and squeezing my hand whenever he wanted to say that the butter was too salt, or the coffee not sweet enuff.

And he kept telling of me how young I looked, and what pritty hair I had, and what a good form, and said that if all ladies were such a figure as I was, corsets wouldn't never have been invented.

And when he went to the Corner, he allers brung me home some peppermint lozenges, of which I am very fond, and which is excellent fer wind in the stummuik.

After a spell I began to see through it, though at first I couldn't hardly believe it. But, then, I'm very young-looking of my age, and I hain't near so old as I might be.

And I s'pose I hadn't orter have thought of marrying agin; but then a widder's life is a very lonesome one, and Mr. Cliffe was such a fine-looking fellow! I knowed half the girls in Peaville would be yellow with envy; and as fer the widders and old maids, I doubted if they'd manage to live through it.

One day Mr. Cliffe he sot down terrible nigh me on the settle in the kitchen, and he put his arm round me, and tuk my hand into his as affectionate as ever you seed a person.

"Hold on a minnit," says I, "and let me wipe my hands onto my apron, 'I've been a kneading up bread, and they're a little doughy.'"

"And he waited jest as obedient as a kitten. Then he took my hand agin, and says he,

"Mrs. March, it is not good for man to be alone. That is Scripture is it not?"

"Yes," says I, "and it's the truth, too."

"I'm glad you think so," says he, "because I'm in love."

"Land of pity!" says I, hiding my face in my apron, and getting that dough all over it—"how you do talk!"

"I know it's a little sudden," says he, squeezing my hand so that the pinch-beck ring, that I wear on my forefinger to keep off the rheumatiz, cut rite into the flesh, "I know it's sudden, and I beg your pardon for speaking of it. But I must confide my trouble to some feeling heart—and to whom shall I speak unless to you, my dear Mrs. March?"

"Sarting!" says I. "I'm the very one. Talk rite along, and tell me everything."

"I'm unfortunate," says he. "I cannot be married without losing a fortune, unless I am married privately. My grandfather is very wealthy, and has made a will in my favor; but if I marry in his lifetime I forfeit all the property. He is opposed to matrimony."

"The old hunks!" says I, indignantly.

"Yes," says he, "so he is, though I must not say so; and, Mrs. March, what I want is, that you will consent to a private marriage, and allow me to remain here afterward with my wife;" and he laughed, and blushed, and looked as silly as could be.

"Lawful heart!" says I; "of course I consent. 'Tain't nobody's business, no way. When is it to be?"

"Next Saturday night, if it pleases you. I have already spoken to Squire Moss about it, and he has consented. We shall go down to his house in the six o'clock train, be united, and return at eight to your house. You'll not fail to be at the depot?"

"No, indeed!" says I, "you can depend on me!" and then he kissed my hand jest as they do in novels, and never seemed to notice the dough that was still sticking to it.

I was as happy as can be; and I made up my mind that I'd deed the six-acre field to Mr. Cliffe the minnit we was married. That would show him how much confidence I had in him.

I should have somebody now to esquart me home from evening meetings, and to go to the sowing-circle with me Thursday nights. It was dreadful nice to think of; and I didn't go to sleep till nigh midnight that night for thinking of it; and when I did get asleep, I dreamed of a funeral, which is a sarting sign of a wedding.

I went and had a buff delaine gound made for the occasion, and Sotterday night, at half past five, I sot sail for the depot. It seemed that Mr. Cliffe didn't want to excite no suspicions by our going to the depot together. Jest as I turned into the road that led to the depot them consarned cars whistled in, and I knowed

I was late. I started upon the run, stepped outo my gound, and fell flat, rite into a mud-puddle, and spattered myself from top to toe.

But I jumped up immediatly, and made for the depot. I seed a man standing on the platform. I waved my handkercher to him, and screamed at the top of my voice,

"Stop 'em! Don't let 'em went on without me!"

"They've already went!" says the man—and, shure enough, so they had! I asked the man—who got in? And he said a man and woman—and described Mr. Cliffe exactly.

"Look here!" says I. "Hain't there no way that I can git to Stickneyville without waiting for the next train?"

He scratched his head to scratch up an idee, and said, he and another man there would kerry me down on a hand-car for a dollar. I told them the money was ready for him the minnit I was landed at Stickneyville—and we sot forth rite off.

"Turn like all possessed!" says I. "It's necessary for me to git there as soon as I can!"

And they turned. I guess they fairly airned their dollar.

I paid 'em as soon as we arriv, and hurried to Suire Moss' at the top of my speed. There was a light in the parlor, and I rushed in without knocking.

And, gracious deliverance! I wonder I hadn't swooned rite on the spot, for jest as true as you live, there stood Cliffe and the widder Westly hold of hands, and the squire was jest a saying,

"I pronounce you man and wife!"

I grabbed Cliffe's arm, and brought him round facing of me in a seekont.

"Land of Goshen!" says I. "What does this mean?"

"She's mine!" says he. "Nobody can separate us now!" and he fell to kissing the widder.

"You're a false, desateful man!" says I; "and I'm a good mind to have you arrested for begotry and breeches of promise! You promised to marry me; and here I've been to the expense of getting a new gound——"

"My dear Mrs. March!" says he; "what a mistake! I have been engaged to Myra ever since her husband died, and we came to your house to be together. And we hope still to remain."

"Well, you won't," says I, "not by two chalks! I won't keep such a man in my house! You'll tramp to-morrer, both of ye! Oh, dear! dear! what shall I do! If this should get out, how folks would talk! What shall I do?"



"I dunno," says Squire Moss, kinder soft, "unless you take me instid of him. I've been thinking about coming over to see you for quite a spell; but I've had so much to do I hain't got at it. Things is mighty bad this year, so much wet weather it starts the weeds rite ahead. What do you say, Mrs. March? Will you marry me?"

"Lawful heart, Squire Moss! how you talk!" says I; and then the squire he put his arm round

me, and give me a real old-fashioned smack, and—— Wall, we are a going to be married next month, when the sign is in the heart, for good luck.

I sot my boarders all adrift the next day after the wedding of Cliffe and the widder, and I don't calkilate to keep any more never. The squire says he'll buy some ottermans, and things for our parlor, that'll take the shine off from Mrs. Brown's in no time at all.

## UNDER THE ELM.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

UNDER the elm, in the eventide,  
How we heard the night-bird calling,  
As we watched the trailing shadows glide,  
When the twilight dews were falling,  
Drooping its trailing branches low,  
Down to the blush-red clover,  
Swaying and eddying to and fro,  
As the breeze of night swept over.

Under the elm, when the day was done,  
And the quiet night was darkling,  
How we watched the stars come, one by one,  
In the jeweled sky-vault sparkling.  
How we laughed and sung as the moon rode high,  
In the depth of ether sailing;  
And she seemed to pierce, with her shining eye,  
'Neath the pliant branches trailing.

No longer now, as the years flow by,  
We lie on the blush-red clover,  
And listen and watch for the thrilling sigh  
Of the night-wind sailing over.

No longer we sing, 'neath the silver moon,  
As the night-shades gather round us,  
But, ah! there's a spell in the olden time  
That close to the past has bound us.

And struggle and strive, as we oftentimes may,  
To break from the secret thralling,  
Our heart goes back to the olden time.  
When we watched the shadows falling;  
When, under the branching elm-tree high,  
In the beautiful Summer weather,  
There fell a word, a blush, and a sigh,  
That bound two young hearts together.

Under the elm, you remember, sweet,  
How you bent to my wild caresses;  
You must have heard how my proud heart beat  
At the sweep of those queenly tresses.  
But you never, never could have known  
How our love-dream must be broken;  
And that I should be keeping our trust alone,  
With the wrath of a grief unspoken.

## GIVING AND WITHHOLDING.

BY N. F. CARTER.

DENY not to the needy world thy mite,  
However small the offering may be;  
Give it a tribute of the love and light  
Charming thy life as balm the Summer sea.  
Deny'ng,

Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

The fountain, hoarding all its treasures up,  
At best is but a dark and stagnant pool;  
But in the heat, still pouring from its cup,  
Gives fresher life with waters clear and cool.  
Denying,

Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

In vain seem morning-glories of the Spring,  
With blue-bird and the robin ever mute;  
The tree is but a poor and worthless thing,  
Barren of singing leaves, and flowers, and fruit.

Denying,  
Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

The air, to life-blood more than bread and wine,  
Without a constant giving, is a blight;  
The sun, so glowing, should it cease to shine,  
Would be an orb of blackness black as night.  
Denying,

Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

Then give, be ever giving, give to live;  
Upon the world bestow thy wealth of love,  
Of gold, of strength, of service; live to give,  
Till dawns the morning of the life above.

Denying,  
Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

## DEATH IN LIFE.

BY AGNES JAMES.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101.

A WEEK of Philip Saint Evremonde's odious society Vivienne was compelled to endure. Then he left the chateau, and her life settled again into its quiet routine. She faithfully nursed and tended her invalid mother, whose days seemed to be passing sweetly and tranquilly on to the end—and who never, for an instant, was allowed to see the thousand alarms and forebodings that tortured her daughter's heart. Vivienne felt, day by day, that the marquis was waiting till a set time came for his revenge. It was only deferred—not forgotten. She was constantly made to understand this by his harshness and coldness, and by the strict surveillance which did not leave her a moment unwatched, or permit a letter or messenger to leave the chateau unexamined.

Meanwhile, had escape from this tyranny been possible, duty and affection chained her to the side of the declining mother, whose last days would have been rendered miserable if she had discovered the estrangement between her daughter and the marquis.

So the autumn and winter wore away, and March winds began to wail around the turrets, and bend the sturdy oaks of Hautlieu.

One wild, stormy night, Vivienne was kept awake till daydawn by the restless wind, and the rain that sobbed against her windows. They seemed full of sorrowful voices, of shrieks of despair, of moans from some distant battlefield, where, perhaps, Leon lay dying, of sobs and lamentations. She could not sleep till the gray dawn stole in, and her windows and the wind was lulled to rest.

She was awakened by an eager, agitated voice in her ear. Elise, one of her attendants, stood beside her weeping, and exclaiming, "Oh, madame! will you rise, and come with us to see Monsieur le Marquis? They cannot awaken him! Oh, madame! they are afraid——"

Vivienne did not stay to hear the girl's story. Hastily wrapping herself in a loose robe, she entered the apartments of the marquis, which adjoined her own. A crowd of frightened servants were gathered around the bed, and on it lay, cold and rigid, the body of the Marquis de Hautlieu. He had been dead many hours. The eyes that had gleamed so cruelly upon his young

wife, now stared blankly and horribly through the glaze of death; the lips that had uttered such harsh and sneering words were silent forever; the heart that had loved her so fondly, and hated her with so deadly a hate, beat no more with either love or hatred.

But as Vivienne stood gazing down upon his white face, and trying to close his staring eyes, her tears fell fast for the kind old man who had loved her long ago, and she forgot the tyrant whose death set her free.

They led her weeping from his bedside, and she sobbed herself to rest in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with Vivienne's, and murmured tender praises of the dead man.

The stately, magnificent funeral ceremonies were over, the body of the marquis rested in the silent vaults beneath the chapel; and of all the train of relatives and friends who had assembled at the chateau, no one remained but Philip Saint Evremonde, his nearest kinsman, and the inheritor of his title. A very small portion, however, of the vast wealth of the marquis accompanied the title; the greater part becoming the property of his young widow.

But the notary, who had drawn the will of the late marquis, on the evening of the funeral requested the presence of the marquise, and of the new marquis, at the reading of the will. Vivienne came in her sable dress, and, without raising her eyes, slightly returned the salutation of Saint Evremonde, seated herself, and listened to the reading.

She scarcely understood the involved legal phraseology of the document. She only comprehended that it put her in possession of almost fabulous wealth, which was to be hers, however, upon one simple condition.

The notary paused in his reading a moment, and Vivienne, raising her head with languid interest, saw that Philip was watching her with eager, expectant eyes.

The notary continued, "All these moneys and estates I do hereby give and bequeath to my wife Vivienne de Hautlieu, on condition that the hours between eight o'clock in the evening and six in the morning, shall be spent by her, alone, in the vaulted chamber adjoining the chapel of the Chateau de Hautlieu, and leading

to the vaults beneath the chapel. If at any time she fails to be within that chamber when the hour of eight in the evening arrives, or should leave it before the hour of six in the morning, she will immediately forfeit all that I have herein bequeathed to her, which will become the property of my nearest kinsman, Philip de Saint Evremonde, or his heirs. This condition I annex for reasons which my wife will understand, and in the belief that 'a pure conscience, and a devout spirit can make her happy even in that dismal chamber.'

The voice of the notary ceased abruptly, and Philip started from his seat. With a cry of horror Vivienne had risen from her chair, and then fallen back again ghastly pale, and with closed eyes. But she had not fainted. The sound of Philip's hated voice, as he directed the notary to summon her attendants, recalled her to herself. She opened her eyes, and her breath came in long, gasping sighs.

Oh! it was so cruel, so terrible a revenge!

She must fulfill the condition, for her mother would die if she were removed from the chateau; and Vivienne knew from the pitiless, triumphant look in the eyes of the bad man near her, that he would turn them both out to starve without scruple or regret.

Even in the first instant of her horror and surprise, she determined that her dying mother should never know the condition upon which she was allowed to live on in tranquil ease and luxury. "I shall only have to bear it for a little while," thought Vivienne. "Then my dear mother will be at rest, and I shall seek refuge in a convent. Only a little while! Oh, heaven! give me strength to bear it for my dying mother's sake."

Then the young marquise rose from her chair with quiet dignity, and turning to Saint Evremonde, said calmly, "Monsieur, I am ready to fulfill the condition. It is hard—but I shall find strength for it."

"Nay, madame, it is too hard!" he cried, catching her hand, and gazing into her face passionately. "That such loveliness should be condemned to a living burial is intolerable! There is a way to escape it. Become my wife—"

But Vivienne's hand was snatched from his grasp, her eyes flashed, and her cheek crimsoned with anger and resentment.

"Monsieur, you insult me!" she cried, in clear, steady tones, without one shade of fear or irresolution. "I would rather be buried alive in the vaults themselves than become your wife. Monsieur, I desire that you leave my house. Appoint as many persons as you please

to see that I fulfill the conditions of my husband's will; but let me be relieved from your presence, which is hateful to me." She swept from the room with the haughty air of an insulted queen, and Philip was left raging with mortification and anger.

And Vivienne, once in her own apartment, the young marquise lay prostrate before the shrine in her little oratory, weeping, trembling, praying for strength and courage to pass through the ordeal before her. Elise and Marion, her favorite attendants, found her in this frightful state, and it was many minutes before she could answer their frightened questions. At last, under promise of strict secrecy, Vivienne confided to them the terrible provision of her husband's will, and rising with inforced calmness, she began to make preparations for going to her gloomy resting-place.

"Madame, you shall not go alone. We will stay with you," cried both the attached women.

Vivienne shook her head mournfully.

"I must remain there alone," she said; "that is the condition."

"Then I will spend the night in the chapel. I will sleep on the threshold of your chamber!" exclaimed Elise, vehemently.

"No, Elise," said Vivienne, with quivering lips. "I shall be safe there. Heaven will protect me. On you, Elise and Marion, do I rely to take care of my dear mother, and, above all, to conceal from her the cause of my absence. Tell her that I am very weary to-night, and have gone to rest. I cannot see her now."

"May we not go with you, madame, and make that terrible place more fit for your occupation?" asked Elise, and without waiting for an answer, she began to collect the rich shawls and silken quilts that lay on the couch of the marquise.

The great clock of the chateau boomed out the hour of half-past seven. Vivienne started at the sound, and followed by her attendants, hurried through hall and passage till the chapel-door was reached.

Darkness had long ago gathered in the silent chapel, and the lamp that burned constantly before the altar shone out like a star amidst black clouds.

For a moment Vivienne prostrated herself near the altar, and her lips moved in prayer; then she opened with a trembling hand the heavy door of the vaulted chamber, and stood again amidst its shadows, and its chill and clinging vapors.

"Madame! Madame! You will die here! Oh! is there no help? Must you stay here?" sobbed

Marion, shivering with fright, and gazing with terrified eyes around the low chamber, with its scanty furniture, which remained exactly as Vivienne had seen it on that dreadful night long months ago. Elise, though herself quivering with superstitious terror, was, meanwhile, occupied in spreading shawls and quilts over the velvet cover of the couch, in placing a flask of wine on the rough table, and in trying to give some appearance of comfort to the cell-like room. Vivienne, with faltering steps, had descended the stairs leading to the vaults, and examined the bars that fastened the iron doors at their foot.

"Why do you do that, madame?" asked Marion. "Bars. I have heard, avail nothing against—" She paused, checked by a warning look from Elise.

"There is another way of gaining access to the vaults," answered Vivienne. "I do not know what treachery may be meditated. See, Marion, I am prepared to defend myself against other than spiritual terrors;" and Vivienne showed her a keen, glittering dagger fastened in her belt.

As she did so, a slight movement in the chapel startled them, and extorted a piercing shriek from Marion, who threw herself at Vivienne's feet, and buried her face in her mistress's dress.

A figure glided into the dim light shed by a lamp Elise had placed on the table, and Duroc's bloodless face gleamed out from the darkness.

"Ah, Monsieur Duroc!" said Vivienne, speaking calmly, though her very lips were white with terror, "you know why I am here, I presume. I shall certainly remain here. I bid you good-night, monsieur."

An imperious wave of her hand motioned him to leave the chapel, and with a cringing bow he turned away.

"And now you must leave me," said Vivienne, in a low, yet steady tone, to her attendants. Marion sobbed and clung convulsively to the dress of her adored young mistress; but the calmer Elise raised her companion, and then kissing fervently the hand Vivienne extended to her, she exclaimed, "Madame, may our Blessed Lady, and all the saints watch over and guard you through this night!"

Vivienne could only bend her head silently in reply. She motioned to them to leave her. They passed into the chapel; she closed the door, shot the huge bolt into its place, and was alone in her terrible chamber. For a moment she heard the retiring footsteps of the two women, and Marion's low sobs. Then the clock

told its slow, solemn warning. As the eighth stroke fell on her ear, she heard the chapel-door close behind her attendants, and all was silent—the silence of the grave.

Trembling, half fainting, she threw herself on the couch, and lay there, her heart beating in slow throbs, that sounded like thunder in her ears. She dared not close her eyes for fear some horrible shape would steal to the side of her couch; she dared not look toward the great, black doors of the vaults, there were such horrors behind them as chilled her blood to think of. She thought—though the thought seemed driving her mad—of the dead marquis lying there so near her; of the mouldering dust and whitening skeletons in their coffins, with the silver on them tarnished, and the velvet palls slowly dropping into dust. The ghastly images her imagination pictured seemed to come crowding round her in the still and gloom. They were there, those shapes of horror, close to her, lingering in the shadows. If she moved her eyes from the little flame of the lamp, which they had fixed themselves upon, she would see them—these pale spectres.

It seemed to her that hours passed, during which her eyes never moved from that dim, flickering flame. She was roused from that trance of terror by the sound of the clock striking the half-hour. She had been here, then, but one short half-hour! With a despairing shudder she closed her aching eyes for an instant. When she opened them again—oh, horror! her lamp was out, and a sound stole through the room like a faint, long-drawn sigh. Wild with terror, Vivienne sprang up, and stood for an instant in the pitchy darkness; then the same low, fluttering sigh breathed through the room, and her senses fled.

She knew not how long this merciful oblivion lasted. Waking at last to faint consciousness, she found herself lying, chilled and stunned, upon the stone floor, with the night-wind blowing coldly on her face. Darkness—thick darkness surrounded her; but as she lay there, conscious only of the horror to which she had returned, her eyes suddenly rested on an object which seemed to stand out of the surrounding gloom.

High up on the wall the silver crucifix shone, appearing to emit a pale, miraculous light, faint, yet steady. It was surely a miracle, wrought to save her from death or madness!

In a transport of religious ecstasy, Vivienne dragged herself to the foot of the cross, and kneeling there, fixed her eyes upon it, and clasped her cold hands in half frenzied prayer.

She could see nothing but that luminous cross—think of nothing but of the heaven that had pitied her, and sent her help.

The hours passed on, and still she knelt there, half leaning for support against the rough wall. Still her lips moved in passionate prayer, and her eyes never wandered from the faintly-shining cross.

Daylight found her there; and at last, when the hour of her release came, and Elise's voice sounded in trembling accents at her door, she rose and tottered out into the chapel, pale as death, with sunken eyes, and loose, falling hair, and garments dampened by the vapors of the vaults.

Yet the spirit of the Berangers still burned in those hollow eyes; and when Duroc met her in the chapel with his usual obsequious bow, she said calmly, "You have kept good watch, monsieur, I am sure. Your employer has reason to be satisfied with you," and passed on with a steady step.

The day passed away in dutiful attendance upon her mother, who attributed Vivienne's pallor and weakness to her extreme grief for her husband's death, and said all she could to soothe and console her. When night drew on, and Vivienne prepared to leave her, Madame de Beranger entreated her to stay, but it was easy to excuse her absence to so gentle and yielding a person.

Vivienne took her hand, and said gently, "I am sure, dear mother, you will excuse me when I tell you that I leave you now—that I must always leave you at this hour—in order to obey a request of my husband's. He has left me something to do, which occupies me now."

"Go, my dear child," said her mother; "the requests of the dead are sacred. I would not keep you."

Another night of horror, of unspeakable agony, alternating with wild ecstasies of prayer. But on the third night exhausted nature could endure no more. When Vivienne sought her gloomy cell, faint and trembling, she lay down upon the couch which Elise's care had made soft and warm. The lamp placed in a niche, which sheltered it from the sighing wind, shone steadily and calmly on the silver crucifix, and Vivienne's eyes fixed themselves on the holy symbol. Then in a moment her weary eyelids closed, and she sank into a slumber as profound and tranquil as an infant's. All through the long, dark night she slept till Elise roused her by her hurried, frightened calling at the door, and Vivienne, as she unbarred it, welcomed her with a smile, and said, with a little glow on her

cheek, "I have had such sweet dreams, Elise. Would you believe that one could sleep well and dream sweet dreams here?"

Elise gazed upon her mistress with eyes of mingled love and awe as she answered warmly, "Yes, madame, those whom the saints love, and the angels guard, may have fair dreams and peaceful slumbers even here."

The faint smile lingered on Vivienne's lips, and her eyes held a tender, happy light in their depths, for she had been dreaming of Leon—and it was no longer a crime to think of him.

Many different rumors concerning the death of the Marquis de Hautlieu, and the strange life the young marquise was leading, had reached the gay and careless court, and had even wandered to the camp far away.

Some averred that Vivienne was mad, others that she intended to convert the chateau into a convent; some that she was doing penance for a terrible, mysterious crime; and others dimly conjectured the true reason, and believed that she was condemned to this death in life by her stern husband's will. The new Marquis de Hautlieu, when questioned about his fair cousin, answered by careless shrugs of his shoulders, and laughing hints, which reflected anything but honor upon the character of the young marquise. But the words and looks of as unprincipled a man as Philip de Hautlieu, made but little impression upon those who remembered the spotless purity and modesty of Vivienne's life at court; and more than once he found himself angrily and haughtily reproved for his malicious insinuations by some young cavalier who had admired the "Child Marquise," but had never dared to tell her so.

Vivienne, however, was ignorant of all this. Day after day she spent by her mother's bedside; night after night was passed in the drear solitude of her tomb-like cell, which was no longer full of horrors too great to be borne, but had become a holy, solemn retreat, where she spent long hours in prayer, and in rapt ecstatic, trance-like visions of the glories of the blest. It mattered little to her that her body grew feeble and emaciated; that the clinging vapors in her cell banished the bloom from her cheek, and the light from her eyes; that she seemed hurrying to the grave while yet in the early dawn of womanhood. She had done with the joys of earth, she thought, and heaven was close before her. She only asked that she might live to soothe her mother's dying moments, and then in the holy peace of a convent she prayed that her life might be ended. When she was dead—when Leon, in the distant camp,

should hear of her death, would it matter to him? Would he give one regretful thought to the woman he had once loved? Oh! did he love her still? If only she could know that he sometimes thought of her; if this terrible blank of silence and uncertainty could be broken; if she could see him once more! The robe that shook her wasted frame told plainly enough of the heart that still clung to earth, though she would fain have given it all to heaven.

It was midsummer. The flowers bloomed again on the terraces of Hautlieu, and filled with their perfume the chamber where Vivienne knelt beside her dying mother. All that fair summer day Madame de Beranger had lain calm and still, and faintly smiling, while her heart throbbled with pulsations that grew slower and weaker every moment.

Priest and physician had rendered their last services, and there was no sound in the room but Vivienne's low, clear tones, and her mother's faint whispers.

The dying woman held her daughter's hands in her feeble clasp, and looked up with undying love into the sweet, solemn eyes of her child.

So the hours wore away, and the end was very near. The rays of the declining sun penetrated the crimson curtains of the windows, and shed a roseate glory over both the pale, worn faces of the women.

The gloom faded, and twilight gathered in the room; but still Vivienne knelt there with her hands clasped in those feeble, clinging ones which were growing chill in death.

Suddenly Elise drew near, and stooping, whispered something in her young mistress' ear.

Vivienne looked up, and shook her head; but Elise still lingered, with a disturbed expression on her face.

"What is it, my child?" whispered the dying voice. "Ah! I know now! Elise is right. It is time for you to leave me. Oh, Vivienne! must you go from me now?"

"No, my mother!" said Vivienne, gently. "I will not leave you now. My work is almost done; I will stay with you to-night."

A smile lit up the wan face of the mother, and an expression of deep peace and rest succeeded the momentary look of anguish that had ruffled her brow.

Silence again in the dim, flower-scented room, and then, faintly and slowly came the chime of the clock. Vivienne counted the eight solemn strokes, and bent her head that her lips might touch her mother's hand.

So the night wore on, and hour after hour

the hands that clasped Vivienne's grew colder, yet the end did not come.

The short summer night had passed, and the morning breeze stole gently through the windows, from which the curtains had been withdrawn. The eyelids of the dying woman, that had been closed in the gray, morning twilight, opened gently as an infant's; the eyes wandered from Vivienne's face to the rosy sky. There was a movement of the pale lips, a fleeting smile on the white face, and with one gentle sigh, Madame de Beranger had ceased to breathe.

For a moment Vivienne knelt with those pale hands still clasping hers; then she gently folded them on the quiet bosom, and rose up from the couch. Her work was ended now, and in her weary heart there was no thought but a passionate longing to pass beyond the gates which parted her from the mother she had lived for.

Pallid as the corpse she had left, with bowed head and woeful eyes, she went from the chamber of death.

On the threshold stood Duroc, his eyes glittering with malicious triumph.

He leaned toward her, and half whispered, "Madame has, perhaps, forgotten the penalty attached to what she has done."

She looked at him quietly, and his evil eyes sunk before the dignity and purity of her glance.

"No, monsieur," she said, simply, "I have not forgotten. I am no longer mistress here, and we are going away, my mother and I."

She glided past him, and entering her own chamber, summoned Elise, and began to give directions for the funeral of her mother,

Vivienne was adored by every person on the estate, and she knew her requests would be obeyed, though the right to command was no longer hers.

She wished that her mother's body should be laid, not in the drear vaults of Hautlieu, but in the green church-yard of the village, and that the hands of the humble peasants, who loved her so faithfully, should perform the last sacred duties for the dead.

It was done as she directed. In the hushed calm of the mid-summer evening, the day after her death, they laid Madame de Beranger in the peaceful church-yard; and rough peasants sobbed aloud as they gazed at the black-robed figure, and the pale, lovely face of the young marquise, who stood alone at the head of the grave.

When at last all was finished, Vivienne turned away, and leaning on the arm of the sobbing Elise, she went slowly along the path leading

to the cottage of Elise's father. It was here that she had determined to seek shelter for a few days, till she was able to go to the distant convent in which she had been educated, and which she had been assured by the abbess would gladly receive her again.

Vivienne had determined to leave the chateau immediately, for her attendants told her that "Monsieur le Marquis was expected every hour," and she would not meet that bold, bad man.

In the lowly cottage of Elise's parents she was welcomed with tears and blessings; and beneath a peasant's roof she found a peace and repose she had never known in the proud Chateau de Hautlieu. The night brought her gentle, healthful slumbers, and the morning, though it roused her to a remembrance of her grief, bore with it also a sense of consolation and safety.

When the noonday sun shone brightly, Vivienne sat by her latticed window, leaning her brow against its frame, and listening to the soothing hum of a spinning-wheel in the adjoining room. Suddenly the wheel stopped. There was a strange step on the cottage-floor, a murmur of voices, and Elise entered the room with an excited face.

"Madame," she cried, "Monsieur le Marquis is arrived. He wishes to see you. Oh, madame! something has happened! I do not know how to tell you. Will you go and speak to monsieur?"

Vivienne rose, bewildered by the girl's excitement and incoherence, and hesitatingly advanced to the door. She shrunk from seeing that cold, cruel, insolent face, and yet there seemed no escape.

Near the open door of the cottage, in the blaze of the summer sun, stood a tall figure in the splendid uniform of an officer of high rank.

The marquis! It was Leon! Leon's brilliant eyes fixed themselves rapturously upon her face. Leon's dear voice called her name in accents he in vain endeavored to render calm and ceremonious; his hand clasped hers, and his lips touched for an instant the fluttering hand he held.

Leon was with her, and she was free! And in spite of her dimmed beauty, and her lost gaiety, he loved her still. Not a word did he utter to assure her of that, but not a word was needed. She knew it by the light in his eyes, and the tender accents of his voice. She comprehended it with greater ease than she did the strange story which accounted for his per-

sence here. She learned at last the one central fact that Philip was dead—killed in a duel, brought on by his own wickedness and folly.

Leon, who had arrived in Paris only a few days before his brother's death, received the message summoning the Marquis de Hautlieu to the chateau, and then was first informed of the truth concerning the will of the late marquis, and, as his brother's heir, he succeeded not only to the title, but to the vast estates of Hautlieu.

But Vivienne was destined never again to enter the old chateau. In the dead of night, when she lay sleeping in the cottage, the sky was crimsoned with a great conflagration. From nearly every window of the chateau sudden flames leaped and roared. The new owner of the stately building, sleeping for the first time beneath its roof, was awakened by the crash of falling timbers, and with difficulty escaped, and roused the slumbering servants. Nothing could be done to check the flames—nothing could be saved from the wreck. Of all the beautiful and costly contents of the chateau, not one article escaped destruction save a small casket, which was found lying at a distance from the building, and which, on being opened, was discovered to contain the "Hautlieu rubies." It was afterward conjectured that the chateau was set on fire by Duroc, who was never seen after the death of Philip Saint Evremonde, and who, it was believed, had robbed the chateau of many jewels and other valuables, but in his flight had dropped this single casket.

The chateau sunk into utter ruin, and was never rebuilt; but a beautiful mansion soon rose on a distant portion of the Hautlieu estate, and thither, two years afterward, the young marquis brought his beautiful bride—more beautiful than ever in the light of returning health and happiness, and the dignity of a fine and noble womanhood.

The horrors of the old chateau were almost obliterated from her memory by the two years of tranquil happiness she had spent in the convent, amongst the gentle nuns she had loved in her childhood.

With beauty more wonderful than ever, and with infinitely more winning sweetness and gentleness of character, the young marquise again appeared at court; and the "Hautlieu rubies," though magnificent as the jewels of an empress, were ornaments less rare and beautiful than the purity and modesty that adorned the wife of Leon, Marquis de Hautlieu.

## CHARITY'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

"THE quality of mercy is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes," said Portia. I would like to add my experience as a corollary to that; to fit the beautiful, ancient truth into a modern setting, as I have seen diamonds foiled by cheap enamel. Perhaps most of the lady readers of "Peterson" can match my story with a like one of their own; but if not, it may save them a pang or two of disheartenment in the beginning of their charitable career; for now-a-days the outside work of women of moderate means, like myself, lies very much in the same fields, and between soldiers' widows and thriftless Irish, I fancy they will find in the courts below Lombard street harder missions than was Portia's to the court of Venice, and will be more apt to lose pounds of flesh in them than to save them.

But to my story.

There was a great fire in Second street the winter after we were married. It began, I remember, in a factory in which they burned bituminous coal, for when we were wakened by the throbbing of the engines in the street below, the night air was choking with oily soot, and the heavy waves of smoke, black, and filled with fiery sparks, were ebbing over the sky westward, shutting out the blue silence into which my husband and I had looked but a few hours ago, and in which the calm beauty of the Pleiades and "Arcturus, with his sons," wrote the same great poem which the old prophets heard.

It was just before dawn. I was alone in the house with the two servants, George having been called out to a patient in the early part of the night—one of his first cases, by-the-way, in the city. I was not yet used to the solid blocks of building in Philadelphia—it was but two months since we had left a country village of Delaware; the flames seemed to me to be gaining ground toward our dwelling, step by step.

"They're tinment houses, mim," said the cook, who was out on the flat, "while I stood at the window. "God be merciful to thim poor souls this bitter night." Ann was one of the "Kerry Irish," as little and black as their crows. But she had a gentle, kindly voice, as excellent a thing in cooks as in Cordelia. I chose her for it, in fact.

Of course, I was troubled about the homeless wretches in Second street; but I could not forget that we ourselves had but the furniture which we had bought with uncle John's legacy, and that it was not insured; beyond that we depended on George's practice for our daily bread and butter.

When morning and George came, therefore, I felt worn and haggard enough, and entertained him over his breakfast, which he was eating with a relish, with my terrors.

"I knew the fire was near us," he said. "But I could not leave the child, and I knew you would be taken care of," in a lower tone.

Dr. Brettler was one of the most reticent of men; but I had been his wife long enough to know that Jung Stilling, nor our own pastor, Passavant, never surpassed him in the strength of his simple faith. Doubtless, he had prayed for baby and me; and then knew he would find his threshold unharmed, as surely as if he had seen the sign above the door, over which the Angel of Death had command to pass.

"Where was the fire?" he asked of Ann, who knew the localities better than I.

"Tenement houses!" he exclaimed, when she had named the squares. I noticed that he changed color and pushed away his plate, immediately after drawing his boots toward him again.

"What is it, George?"

"We must go round and see what is to be done. Wrap yourself up well, Lou."

I ran up stairs with my heart full. I did so thank God for my husband that morning! it was so easy to do good with such a leader. For me, like most young girls, I always had been good-naturedly anxious to help to lift the burden of ignorance and poverty in the world; and just here, despite all the popular cant about the indifference of the rich, and those classes who are comfortably provided for in life, to the suffering I must say that I have never seen such indifference. It may serve to point a moral, and adorn a magazine tale, to picture the jeweled lady sweeping by the virtuous, starving beggar; but the chances are that if the wearer of the jewels once recognized the real virtue, and the real starvation apart from their counterfeits, the beggar would be spoiled with indulgence



mental qualities as the world did not see them, or, rather, intercourse with a mind like his called them forth as scarcely any other person she had ever met had done. She recognized in this man a nature kindred to her own, only so much more developed, so much wider and firmer, and more serene in its masculine strength and maturity of manhood, that, for the first time in her life, she was content to reverence as well as admire, and be glad to confess that, in following his conversation, and sympathizing in his ambitions and aspirations, she was forced constantly to look up.

The time came when she began to wonder that a man like this could have been attracted toward a gorgeous little butterfly such as May, lovely and bewitching as she was. Then she despised herself for so contemptible a thought, and sternly told herself that it was just such bright, yielding, darling little creatures who got such wealth of adoration in going through this world; and added still more ferociously, with a shake of her head at the proud, still face looking at her out of the glass, that they deserved it much more than a cold-blooded, imperious animal, such as her own type of women were.

Then, all of a sudden, an old, lonely feeling came over her, and she began to think how beautiful it would be to have such love and worship, and to reflect that if she had tried to be different it might have come to her. She felt the tears slowly rolling down her cheeks, and dropping warm upon her hands, and though for her life she could not have told why they flowed, she sat there and wept for a long time. When she was composed again, she assured herself that it was only because she was nervous, finding a dozen reasons, as women will under such circumstances, all as far removed from any approach to the truth as possible.

There came a message from her aunt, desiring her immediate appearance down stairs; so there was nothing for it but to wipe away the trace of her tears and go down. Several people were assembled; they were discussing a riding-party to some place of interest, and her opinion was required.

Nobody seemed to notice anything unusual either in her manners or looks, and Cora congratulated herself thereupon most heartily. Mr. Wellesley had bowed and spoken pleasantly on her entrance; but May seemed to be in one of her gracious moods, and was talking to him in a low tone; so, of course, he did not approach Cora for some time. Once or twice she looked up suddenly and caught his eyes fixed upon her

with an expression which she could not understand. Finally, when the business of the day had been settled, and it was known who was to ride, and who drive, Wellesley left May's sofa, and came over to the window where Cora was seated in the shadow of the curtains, with her back to the light.

"I was almost sorry I had urged on the party when I saw you looking so pale," he said; "but, after all, I think the fresh air will do you good."

"Indeed, I am perfectly well," she answered, too much subdued even to be impatient, as she might at another time of such close scrutiny and power of reading her feelings as his words revealed.

"Then out of spirits," he added, "which is rather worse to bear."

"I cannot be that either," she answered, "since I have no reason."

"I believe one's spirits take the liberty of going down to zero without that," he said. "I should be sorry to think you had any real cause."

His voice sounded so gentle and kind, it was such a marvelous voice in the way of expression and intonation, that it made Cora feel more babyish than ever; and she began to be afraid that she had not yet had her cry out.

She left the room as quickly as possible, and once in her chamber, she took herself to task so fiercely, that she looked as proud and cold as Diana by the time she again appeared among the people down stairs, arrayed in her riding-habit, and looking her best therein, as a graceful woman does.

It was the pleasantest possible day; the expedition was an entire success; everybody was agreeable and bright; but the whole thing was an intense weariness to Cora, though, to save her soul, she could not have given a reason therefore.

She looked at May, surrounded by a group of men, so merry and full of spirits, and she wondered at her own stupidity and obstinacy in refusing to be amused.

"I am getting to be a doleful old parrot," she thought, angrily. "I declare, I need not put on spinster airs sooner than is necessary! Cora Lasley, I am completely disgusted with you."

She made a great effort, found a resemblance of gayety somewhere, and rushed out of her silent mood into the other extreme, and astonished and delighted everybody by her brilliancy. Everybody that is, except Hugh Wellesley: she caught him looking at her again with that old expression she had noticed in his eyes that

morning; and she feared that he was not deceived by her factitious gayety; but she was more vexed with herself for being so poor an actress, than with his penetration.

The day was over at last. They were back at the hotel, and Cora felt as tired as if she had been doing a forced march with a troop of soldiers, and was suffering fatigue for the whole regiment.

But there was worse weariness and pain in store for the proud woman. She needed, I suppose, the peculiar discipline that was being bestowed upon her, and there was no hope of avoiding it.

There was music and dancing in the parlors. Cora waltzed until she could do her duty no longer; then she managed to escape, and got out on the veranda, where the moonbeams lay clear and silvery as glorified daylight.

She walked slowly round to another part of the building, and came suddenly upon two figures standing together in the shadow. It needed only one glance to show her who they were—May and Hugh Wellesley.

May's hand lay upon his arm, his head was bent toward her, and he was listening eagerly to some low words that fell hesitatingly from her lips.

Cora gathered up her long train and rushed away, swift and noiseless as a ghost, and never stopped till she was in her own room, and the door barred against all intruders.

Then she had it out with herself. The scales had fallen suddenly from her eyes. Useless to try to be blind or deaf any longer; idle to call upon her overweening pride to help; it shrunk and shriveled in the fierce passion that had suddenly burst into flame in her soul, and her woman's heart asserted its womanhood, and throbbed, and ached, and cried out in its agony, and mastered her hitherto indomitable will as if she had been the weakest of her sex.

She sat there, cowering and shaking in the moonlight, hiding her face in her hands as if the white beams had been spirit-watchers, whose gaze she was ashamed to meet; crouched there, and heard her heart beat and moan, and could not deny one syllable of its passionate utterance.

She loved Hugh Wellesley—she who had been more sought than any girl of her day, and had been like a beautiful icicle under it all; at last her heart had gone out, unasked, to a man who did not care for her—worse, who loved another.

The devils that torment poor humanity at certain crises in life, sorely beset poor Cora in that black hour. She fairly hated May, that in her childish loveliness and want of thought she had

been able to win the treasure of that man's love. She tried to hate him; to malign him in her thoughts; to deny that he was so much more talented, or gentle, or noble, than scores of other men whom she had met.

She fought her battle desperately, and aided the devils all she could; but it was no use, she was too good and womanly to succeed; her religion was too much a part of her life for her to put it aside even in that frenzy. The bitterness and anger passed—even the insane rage against her own weakness paled and died out.

It was a horrible night, but before it ended Cora was able to accept her humiliation, to admit that she needed and deserved it. It was the worst punishment that could have befallen her—all her life her pride had been her besetting sin; verily, she was mortally punished where she had erred.

And the morning came, and Cora woke from the heavy, unrestful slumber that had come at last, and looked about, and knew that, though an earthquake had passed over her soul and shattered its every stronghold, the world must go on as usual, and she must take her part in it too.

She would not even allow herself the solace of breakfasting in her own room, and was just ready to sail out as grand as Dido, when a servant came up with coffee, and a message from her aunt that she had better not come down, she looked so tired the night before.

So she had another hour to herself. At the end of it there was a tap at the door, and May's voice called,

"I want to come in, enchanted princess."

Cora found a voice quite like her usual one to answer,

"Come in, Miss Wickedness—why didn't you wake me?"

In came May, looking fresher and more lovely than ever, with such light in her eyes, such color in her cheeks, that Cora knew what it meant before she spoke a word.

"I was up so early that I thought I would not disturb you," cooed May, dancing about her. "I have been up for hours, and out. Oh! such a lovely walk as I have had."

"Were you alone?" Cora asked, certain what was coming, and anxious to bring the revelation to a climax, and have it over.

"Not I," cried May. "Do I look like a girl that would take early walks alone?"

Suddenly she threw her arms about Cora, and turned away her head.

"Guess who was with me?" she whispered.

"Mr. Wellesley," Cora said, with a calmness

that astonished herself, and she felt her heart stop beating.

"Oh, yes—at first!" May replied, hurriedly. "Oh! Cora——"

"I am sure you have something to tell me, my dear," Cora said; when she broke off abruptly, "I think I know what it is."

"Don't!" whispered May. "Oh! it frightens me yet."

She clung fast to Cora; and Cora held her close in her arms, and was thankful that she could offer a prayer for the girl's happiness, though all the while she felt death in her heart, and knew that however long the semblance of existence might last, life was at an end where anything like interest or hope for herself was concerned; it had died in the shudder of agony which shook the very springs of her being, when May's happy voice broke beneath its passion of bliss and delicious shyness.

"Cora," May said, suddenly, still with her head turned aside, "Mr. Wellesley is going away this morning—he wants to bid you good-by."

"Going?" exclaimed Cora.

"Yes; for a day or two only. He got a telegram last night. Please go down—he is in mamma's sitting-room. There's nobody there."

Cora knew what it signified; the trembling voice, the broken words—the worst agony was over; she could bear anything now, could even see him—see the pride and joy in his face, do her part without faltering.

She clasped May more closely in her arms, kissed the bonny brown hair that hung about her shoulders, and said, softly,

"God bless my darling, and make her a happy woman!"

She went straight out of the room without looking back, gave herself not an instant to think, made no pause until her hand was upon the door of the room where May's lover waited.

The very thought that came into her mind—May's lover—it gave her a wild sort of strength which she knew would support her to the end.

She opened the door; there was no tremor in her limbs, no mist before her eyes—she felt dead and cold; she was not conscious even of any suffering, she was just walking about like a ghost whose penance it was to linger upon earth and watch the happiness of those still left here clothed in mortality, and bearing mortality's sensations and happiness.

She saw him rise and come toward her; she was the calmer of the two, and held out her white hand, and was the first to speak.

"May tells me we are forced to bid you good-by," she said. "I am sorry; but I trust you are coming back so soon that we can at once begin to think of your return in order to console ourselves."

"Thank you!" he answered; and Cora was conscious of a vague wonder that his voice should sound so uncertain and tremulous in this first hour of his certainty of his own triumph.

He led her to a seat, and sat down beside her. She glanced at him once, and saw that he was deathly pale; and a fear of some evil for him banished all selfish thoughts.

"Are you in any trouble?" she asked, quickly. "Is there any bad news you wish me to break to May?"

"No," he said, gravely, "no. I am going away—shall I come back?"

"Of course, you are coming, I know from May. She did not tell me, but I understand everything."

"Yes, May is very happy," he said, "and I am so glad. Wentworth is a noble young fellow; but that is not it——"

"Wentworth!" repeated Cora, in horror.

Oh! this was worst of all; he was suffering—May did not love him.

"Wentworth!" she repeated.

"Yes; don't you know your willful little cousin put him out of his suspense this morning?"

"I am so sorry; oh! do believe it! I don't know what to say—I——"

"We can leave them to their happiness," he went on, when he saw that she could not finish.

"I am a selfish mortal, and must think of my own hopes and fears. May I come back, Cora?"

Was she going mad? Did her senses play her false?

"Oh! don't you understand?" he cried out. "I love you; I had seen you long before you ever saw me; and, mad as it was, I loved you from the first. May knew it—sent for me here. Cora, don't drive me from you. Give me a hope—may I come back?"

There was an odd little gasp in her throat, which made him look suddenly in her face; he read the whole truth there, and the next instant Cora felt herself pressed to his heart, and heard the words of love and tenderness which burst from his very soul.

It was all made clear in the long hour that elapsed before they were disturbed; then May danced into the room, exclaiming,

"There's a train going, and there's a poor wretch must go on it. Is it all right?"

Their faces must have answered, for she

dashed at them and kissed them both, laughing and crying, and repeating,  
 "I did it! I did it! I told old Hugh I would if he'd only mind me! And you thought he liked me, and was badly treated; and so you got acquainted with him. Oh! you panther princess, you!"

She went so crazy that she made them both laugh, and brought them down a little from their lofty romance, which was good for them.

"You'll miss the train," she said.

"I shall not go till night," Mr. Wellesley

declared; and he would not, in spite of Cora's attempt at expostulation, when May vowed that the business was of the utmost importance.

Then May danced about them again, and laughed and cried more; and aunt Agatha and Wentworth came in, and I doubt if a happier set of people were gathered together in this old world that has such a trick of sometimes turning into heaven when we least expect it. Thanks be to a merciful Father, who helps us and guides us, in spite of our blind struggles and erring wills—so I leave them.

THE APPLE-TREE IN THE LANE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

It stood close by where, on leathern-hinge,  
 The gate swung back from the grassy lane;  
 Where the cows come home when the dusky eve  
 Its mantle threw over hill and plain.  
 Its branches, knotty and gnarled by time,  
 Waved to and fro in the idle breeze,  
 When the Spring days brought a blushing crown  
 Of blossoms bright to the apple-trees.  
 Its shadow fell o'er the crystal stream,  
 That all the long, bright Summer days,  
 Like a silver thread, 'mid the waving grass,  
 Reflected back the golden rays  
 Of the noonday sun, that madly strove  
 To drink the fount of the brooklet dry;  
 But the rain-clouds showered tear-drops down,  
 And the glad brook laughed as it glided by.  
 Never were apples half so sweet—  
 Golden russet, striped with red—  
 As those that fell on the yielding turf,  
 As we shook the branches overhead.

A trysting-place for youthful friends  
 Was the apple-tree, in the days of yore;  
 And oft we've sat beneath its shade,  
 And talked bright dreams of the future o'er.

And when the warm October sun,  
 Shone on the maple's scarlet robe,  
 We gathered apples smooth and fair,  
 And round as our own mystic globe.  
 The stately hemlock crowns the hill,  
 And dark pines rise above the plain;  
 But one we prize far more than they—  
 The apple-tree in the pasture-lane.

Long years have passed, and cows no more  
 Come home at night through the grassy lane,  
 Where the gate swung back on leathern-hinge,  
 I stand and gaze on the far-off plain.  
 No more we list to the music low  
 Of the crystal stream as it ripples on;  
 And the apple-tree in the pasture-lane,  
 Is but a dream of the days by-gone.

MEMORY'S HALL.

BY HENRY C. PARK.

On! a strange old castle is Memory's Hall,  
 With its towers and turrets sublime;  
 For its portals are guarded by spectres tall—  
 The spectres of years, that come at the call  
 Of echoes that live in that clime.  
 It stands in the country of "Long Ago,"  
 By the side of the river of Time,  
 Whose waters surge on with an endless flow,  
 And sing a song as they gently go,  
 As soft as the vesper chime.  
 To the door of this castle we often go,  
 For we've buried our treasures there;  
 There are brows of beauty, and hands of snow,  
 And forms we have clasped long years ago,  
 And tresses of golden hair  
 There's a lute unswept, and a harp unstrung,  
 And a part of a dying prayer;  
 And fragments of song no longer sung,

For the lips that warbled them now are dumb,  
 And slumber in silence there.

Smiles that have faded, and joys now dead,  
 And faces we once thought fair,  
 And wreaths that encircled some loved one's head,  
 Words of tenderness once been said,  
 And garments that she used to wear.

Echoes of voices that used to call,  
 Fall on the tremulous air;  
 And pictures dim on its sombered walls,  
 Scenes from the shadowy past recall,  
 While we stand enchanted there.

The present departs, and the past returns,  
 As we tread o'er its dusty floor;  
 And our hearts, overflowing with sadness, burn,  
 And our souls within us with wildness yearn,  
 For the things we loved of yore.

## MRS. MARCH'S BOARDERS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Has ever any one of ye had any experience in taking city boarders? If you have, you needn't read this story, you can skip right on to the next one; but if you hain't, then I advise you to read it, and take warning by me.

It's got proper fashionable round here, in Peaville, for the farmer folks to take boarders from the city. It pays well, and anything that pays is pritty likely to be fashionable.

You see, these ere city people come out here to git a sniff of fresh air, and enjoy the huckleberries and miskeeters, of which we ginerally have oceans.

Then they go home about the first of September, all burnt and tanned, and bit up, with all their clothes ruinated, and not a grate sight of money into their purses; and they tell everybody that they see how delightfully they have spent the summer.

Isaac, that's my second son, and he's been a hoss-car conductor in Bosting, and has seen a powerful sight of high life, says that they don't go into the country for pleasure—they go because somebody else does. He says a woman would lose *caste* if she stayed to home while the rest of her neighbors was off. I dunna what *caste* means, but neebby you do. Isaac has been to school two year to the Mount Benbo Cemetery, and he is dreadful high-flown sense he come back.

A year ago last summer, Miss Brown—the colonel's wife—she took boarders, and she got rich on it! She had as much as a dozen, and made a sight of money. Folks did pretend to say that she nigh about starved her boarders; but then everybody knows city folks is genteel, and genteel people, it stands to reason, don't need so much to eat as common folks. They live on ceremony and perliteness some.

Mrs. Brown, she saved enuff out of her boarders to pay all expenses, and new furnish her parlor, besides putting a portagal over the front door, and buying a pearley shawl for herself, and a ten-dollar thing, made out of hair and stuff, for her darter Ann to pin onto the back part of her head to set her bunnit onto. It's the slickest thing to keep a bunnit from slipping. And there's that ere purple silk bunnit of mine, that I've had nigh onto five years, it's all the time a slipping off from my head;

and Sundays, when I go to meeting, I set in Capen Webster's pew instid of ourn, because his is a wall-pew, and I can put the back part of my bunnit right up against the side of the meeting 'us, and that makes it stay pat.

Mrs. Brown's parlor is ilegant. There hain't nothing like it in Peaville.

There's a Brussels carpet that is soft as a piller-tick when you step onto it; and the cheers and sofys is kivered with green stuff that looks like the minister's wife's velvet bunnit; and there's two ottermans, and a picter of Henry Clay with a blue cloak on, and three chany dogs on the mantel-shelf, and a marbie-topped table that looks jest as the grave-stuns in the burying-ground does—only there ain't no description on it. And she's got a fortygraft albion, with the picters of her father and mother, and her husband's father and mother, and all their folks, and Napoleon Bonyparte, and General Stark, and Jenny Lind, and lots of others that I disremember intirely.

As soon as I seed them things in that parlor my mind was made up. I'd take boarders too.

I'm a widder woman, and my brother, Lemuel Hanscom, lives with me. He owns the sheep's pasture and the ten-acre wood lot, so I allers try not to be disrespectful to him.

He's a nice man, but he's drendful nigh to being a monymanyach. He's had a sight of these ere Patent Office Reports sent to him from Washington, and they've long ago sot him crazy to invent sunthin'. And fer more than five year he's been a whittling, and boring and sawing away the best of the time, a trying to make some kind of a machine that'll never stop going. Perpetual motion, he calls it. He says if he can only git it, and he's sertyng he can in time, he shall be a richer man than Judge Fishtell that lives over to the corner, and keeps two hosses, and drinks brandy that is twenty dollars a gallon.

Lemuel hain't really no right to meddle in my affairs, but when I'm a going to do anything uncommon, I ginerally speak to him about it, jest for the looks of the thing.

So, after I'd made up my mind about the boarders, says I to him, says I,

“Lem, I'm a going to take city boarders this summer.”

"Take city fiddlesticks!" says he, whittling away on a round stick with a hole through it.

"No," says I, "boarders. Mrs. Brown made money last summer, and I mean to see if I can't do as well as her. My Melissy is crazy after one of them new-fashioned pepperlamb's that they wear hitched onto the waists of their gounds, and I calkerlate she shall have it. And Isaac needs a new bedstead in his room, and I mean to have some furniture in the fore room, jest like Mrs. Brown's."

"You can do as you're a mind to," says Lemuel, kinder cross like; "but if you do take boarders, you'll wish yer cake dough afore you git through. And they'll bother me to death! A scientific man hadn't ort to be bothered! They'll put me back so on my machine that I shan't git it ready to go to Washington till next winter. And I meant to use some of the money I shall git for the invention in buying that farm of Spencer's."

"Tain't no use to talk," says I, "I'm fully sot," and he said no more, for he knows when I'm dectarmined on a thing that I hain't easy persuaded to give it up.

I got Eustace Atkins, the schoolmaster over to the corner, to write me some advertisements to put into two of the Bosting papers, and he did it powerful. To have read what he writ you'd have thought our farm was a Paradise upon airth.

He called the house Poplar Lodge, and there hain't but one popple on the farm that I know of, and that's out back of the hog'-house.

Well, in three days, I was overrun with folks that had come out to see the primises. And most of 'em smelt of musk, and carried their heads dreadful high, and turned up their noses at everything. The men they tip-toed round among the cabbage-plants and ruty-beggars, and wondered what kind of flowers them things would turn into; and the women, they screeched and held their smelling-bottles to their noses when the geese and turkeys chased 'em, and stuck out their necks at 'em, as them animals is apt to do.

The fifth day there was a feller came that I thought would do. His name was Henry Cliffe, and he was about as nice-looking a chap as you'll see anywhere out of a picter-book. He was tall, and wore one of these short coats that is a kind of a cross between a coat and a jacket, and he had a red neck-tye, and a buff vest, jest as if he was reddey to be married.

His hair and eyes was black, and his mustache was black, too; and he kinder put me in mind of one of them pirats, or bandanna chief-

tains, that we read about in the illustrated newspapers—they fellers that one is awfully afeard of, and yet sorter falls in love with at the same time.

I took him to once, and give him the north frunt chamber.

The same day there came a woman, all in black, and as handsome as a picter. She'd lost her husband not long afore, she said, and wanted to come out into the country to reconvert.

I told her I didn't know about the cooperating. It wasn't common for women folks to larn the cooper's trade; but then, if they was a going to vote, I didn't know as there'd be anything onproper in their learning one of the men folks' trade.

She laffed, and sed I didn't quite understand her. Her health was poor, and she had come to the country to recruit.

And then she talked so pitifully of her grief and trouble, and flurished her scented handkercher so sorrowfully around her eyes, that I agreed to take her. I gave her the south frunt chamber, and told her there was a young man by the name of Cliffe in tother, with black eyes, and a red neck-tye; and she sithed, and said black eyes and red neck-tyes were nothing to her now.

Her name was Myra Westley, and she came from New York.

I felt well pleased with her, for I calkerlated that being in trouble she wouldn't be likely to have much appetite. People don't generally, you know. So thar'd be a saving.

The next day Mrs. Wilson came, with her three children, and I agreed to take 'em if they'd be contented to sleep in the tool-house chamber, because all my rooms was full. Mrs. Wilson was dreadful genteel, but she said she'd stay if she had to roost in a tree! For her neighbors, the Joneses, and the Smiths, and the Jenkinses, had all gone into the country, and she'd die but what she'd be as much as they was!

Them children of hern was awful! If you should sarch the world over from California to the Gulf of Mexico, you couldn't find three such youngsters. Adolphus, he was twelve year old, and Katrina Adelaide was ten, and Ignatius Caterangus was seven.

They provoked Lemuel's life out of him. Dolph, as his ma' called him, cut Lem's machine all up to kindle a brush-heap with; and Adelaide tore the picters out of his Patent-Office Reports, and paped the hen-house with 'em; and Angus, the little one, he upsoot my whole

churning-cream down the sullar-stairs, and filled the churn up with two litters of my spring chickens—and the old hens, they liked to have scratched and picked his eyes out in the scrape.

Their ma said they were children of genius, that she feared they was short-lived; their brains was too big for their heads. And then she'd kiss 'em; and Dolph, he tied a dead rat to her water-fall, and skeered her nigh about into fits.

One morning I missed the cat. She warn't there to git her new milk, and she was allers as constant to the milk-pail as the needle is to the pole. I was worried about her, for she is as good a cat as ever you seed.

I asked the children if they had seen her, and Dolph giggled and looked at Angus, and that little wretch said she was in the flour-barrel.

"Dolph put her in last night," said he; "we didn't like her color, she's so black, and we thought we'd powder her jest as ma does her face!"

"You little trollop!" cried Mrs. Wilson, grabbing him and giving him a shake that made his teeth clatter, "I'll learn you to tell falsehoods!"

"It's so—bain't it, Dolph?" exclaimed Angus, and then he scooted out of the house; and the next I seed of him he was out in the barn, with two hens tied to a pole, trying to brush the cobwebs off from the barn winders. He'd got a feather duster, he said.

As soon as I found out whar the cat was I run to the flour-barrel, and shore enuff, when I histed up the kiver, out she bounced as white as a miller, and skeered nigh about to pieces. And when she come out she jumped onto the cake-board that had as much as a dozen tumblers, jest washed, onto it, and down went the board, and all them tumblers along with it; broke 'em into five hundred pieces, and skeered the cat so that she didn't come anighst the house for more than a month.

Wall, I had my revenge onto the Wilsons in one way. The bread they eat was made out of that indenticle flour!

The next day Dolph fell through the scaffolding in the barn into the pen, where we had a sow and some pigs, and the hoggish old lady tore all his clothes off from him afore he could git out. Angus got kicked by the old mare half to death; and Adelaide, she upot one of the beehives, and was stung so bad that her face looked like a biled lobster with the small-pox.

But, land! 'tain't no use for me to try to begin to tell the performances them children had, and the scrapes they got into. It would take half of my lifetime.

Afore many days, the widder Westley, she got to be dreadful peart for a widder. And when she and Mr. Cliffe didn't know that anybody seed 'em, they was jest as sociable together as if they'd known one tother from their cradles.

She got so gay and lively that I sot out to send her off. I was afeard people would begin to talk if I had a woman in the house that luffed so loud, especially as she was a widder.

I spoke to Mr. Cliffe about it one day, and he growed so red that I didn't know but the widder had been saying sunthia' onproper to him.

But he sed he guessed if he was me he wouldn't go to having no fuss, and he was so extry perlite and nice about it, that I told him jest to oblige him I'd keep still.

After that he was dreadful retentive to me, and every time he spoke to me he either called me dear madam, or dear Mrs. March.

And he got into the habit of patting me onto the shoulder, and squeezing my hand whenever he wanted to say that the butter was too salt, or the coffee not sweet enuff.

And he kept telling of me how young I looked, and what pritty hair I had, and what a good form, and said that if all ladies were such a figure as I was, corsets wouldn't never have been invented.

And when he went to the Corner, he allers bring me home some peppermint lozenges, of which I am very fond, and which is excellent fer wind in the stumnuik.

After a spell I began to see through it, though at fust I couldn't hardly believe it. But, then, I'm very young-looking of my age, and I hain't near so old as I might be.

And I s'pose I hadn't orter have thought of marrying agin; but then a widder's life is a very lonesome one, and Mr. Cliffe was such a fine-looking fellow! I knowed half the girls in Peaville would be yellow with envy; and as fer the widders and old maids, I doubted if they'd manage to live through it.

One day Mr. Cliffe he sot down terrible nigh me on the settle in the kitchen, and he put his arm round me, and tuk my hand into his as affectionate as ever you seed a person.

"Hold on a minnit," says I, "and let me wipe my hands onto my apron, 'I've been a kneeding up bread, and they're a little doughy.'"

"And he waited jest as obedient as a kitten. Then he took my hand agin, and says he,

"Mrs. March, it is not good for man to be alone. That is Scripture is it not?"

"Yes," says I, "and it's the truth, too."

"I'm glad you think so," says he, "because I'm in love."

"Land of pity!" says I, hiding my face in my apron, and getting that dough all over it—"how you do talk!"

"I know it's a little sudden," says he, squeezing my hand so that the pinch-beck ring, that I wear on my forefinger to keep off the rheumatiz, cut rite into the flesh, "I know it's sudden, and I beg your pardon for speaking of it. But I must confide my trouble to some feeling heart—and to whom shall I speak unless to you, my dear Mrs. March?"

"Sarting!" says I. "I'm the very one. Talk rite along, and tell me everything."

"I'm unfortunate," says he. "I cannot be married without losing a fortune, unless I am married privately. My grandfather is very wealthy, and has made a will in my favor; but if I marry in his lifetime I forfeit all the property. He is opposed to matrimony."

"The old bunks!" says I, indignantly.

"Yes," says he, "so he is, though I must not say so; and, Mrs. March, what I want is, that you will consent to a private marriage, and allow me to remain here afterward with my wife;" and he laughed, and blushed, and looked as silly as could be.

"Lawful heart!" says I; "of course I consent. 'Tain't nobody's business, no way. When is it to be?"

"Next Saturday night, if it pleases you. I have already spoken to Squire Moss about it, and he has consented. We shall go down to his house in the six o'clock train, be united, and return at eight to your house. You'll not fail to be at the depot?"

"No, indeed!" says I, "you can depend on me!" and then he kissed my hand jest as they do in novels, and never seemed to notice the dough that was still sticking to it.

I was as happy as can be; and I made up my mind that I'd deed the six-acre field to Mr. Cliffe the minnit we was married. That would show him how much confidence I had in him.

I should have somebody now to esquat me home from evening meetings, and to go to the sowing-circle with me Thursday nights. It was dreadful nice to think of; and I didn't go to sleep till nigh midnight that night for thinking of it; and when I did get asleep, I dreamed of a funeral, which is a sarting sign of a wedding.

I went and had a buff delaine gound made for the occasion, and Sotterday night, at half past five, I sot sail for the depot. It seemed that Mr. Cliffe didn't want to excite no suspicions by our going to the depot together. Jest as I turned into the road that led to the depot them consarned cars whistled in, and I knowed

I was late. I started upon the run, stepped onto my gound, and fell flat, rite into a mud-puddle, and spattered myself from top to toe.

But I jumped up immediatly, and made for the depot. I seed a man standing on the platform. I waved my handkercher to him, and screamed at the top of my voice,

"Stop 'em! Don't let 'em went on without me!"

"They've already went!" says the man—and, shure enough, so they had! I asked the man—who got in? And he said a man and woman—and described Mr. Cliffe exactly.

"Look here!" says I. "Hain't there no way that I can git to Stickneyville without waiting for the next train?"

He scratched his head to scratch up an idee, and said, he and another man there would Kerry me down on a hand-car for a dollar. I told them the money was ready for him the minnit I was landed at Stickneyville—and we sot forth rite off.

"Turn like all possessed!" says I. "It's necessary for me to git there as soon as I can!"

And they turned. I guess they fairly aimed their dollar.

I paid 'em as soon as we arriv, and hurried to Suire Moss' at the top of my speed. There was a light in the parlor, and I rushed in without knocking.

And, gracious deliverance! I wonder I hadn't swooned rite on the spot, for jest as true as you live, there stood Cliffe and the widder Westly hold of hands, and the squire was jest a saying,

"I pronounce you man and wife!"

I grabbed Cliffe's arm, and brought him round facing of me in a seckont.

"Land of Goshen!" says I. "What does this mean?"

"She's mine!" says he. "Nobody can separate us now!" and he fell to kissing the widder.

"You're a false, desateful man!" says I; "and I'm a good mind to have you arrested for begotry and breeches of promise! You promised to marry me; and here I've been to the expense of getting a new gound——"

"My dear Mrs. March!" says he; "what a mistake! I have been engaged to Myra ever since her husband died, and we came to your house to be together. And we hope still to remain."

"Well, you won't," says I, "not by two chalks! I won't keep such a man in my house! You'll tramp to-morrer, both of ye! Oh, dear! dear! what shall I do! If this should get out, how folks would talk! What shall I do?"



"I dunno," says Squire Moss, kinder soft, "unless you take me instid of him. I've been thinking about coming over to see you for quite a spell; but I've had so much to do I hain't got at it. Things is mighty bad this year, so much wet weather it starts the weeds rite ahead. What do you say, Mrs. Maroh? Will you marry me?"

"Lawful heart, Squire Moss! how you talk!" says I; and then the squire he put his arm round

me, and give me a real old-fashioned smack, and—— Wall, we are a going to be married next month, when the sign is in the heart, for good luck.

I sot my boarders all adrift the next day after the wedding of Cliffe and the widder, and I don't oalkilate to keep any more never. The squire says he'll buy some ottermans, and things for our parlor, that'll take the shine off from Mrs. Brown's in no time at all.

## UNDER THE ELM.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

Under the elm, in the eventide,

How we heard the night-bird calling,  
As we watched the trailing shadows glide,  
When the twilight dews were falling,  
Drooping its trailing branches low,  
Down to the blush-red clover,  
Swaying and eddying to and fro,  
As the breeze of night swept over.

Under the elm, when the day was done,  
And the quiet night was darkling,  
How we watched the stars come, one by one,  
In the jeweled sky-vault sparkling.

How we laughed and sung as the moon rode high,  
In the depth of ether sailing;  
And she seemed to pierce, with her shining eye,  
'Neath the pliant branches trailing.

No longer now, as the years flow by,  
We lie on the blush-red clover,  
And listen and watch for the thrilling sigh  
Of the night-wind sailing over.

No longer we sing, 'neath the silver moon,  
As the night-shades gather round us,  
But, ah! there's a spell in the olden time  
That close to the past has bound us.

And struggle and strive, as we ofttimes may,  
To break from the secret thralling,  
Our heart goes back to the olden time,  
When we watched the shadows falling;  
When, under the braunching elm-tree high,  
In the beautiful Summer weather,  
There fell a word, a blush, and a sigh,  
That bound two young hearts together.

Under the elm, you remember, sweet,  
How you bent to my wild caresses;  
You must have heard how my proud heart beat  
At the sweep of those queenly tresses.  
But you never, never could have known  
How our love-dream must be broken;  
And that I should be keeping our trust alone,  
With the wrath of a grief unspoken.

## GIVING AND WITHHOLDING.

BY N. F. CARTER.

Deny not to the needy world thy mite,  
However small the offering may be;  
Give it a tribute of the love and light  
Charming thy life as balm the Summer sea.  
Denying,

Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

The fountain, hoarding all its treasures up,  
At best is but a dark and stagnant pool;  
But in the heat, still pouring from its cup,  
Gives fresher life with waters clear and cool.  
Denying,

Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

In vain seem morning-glories of the Spring,  
With blue-bird and the robin ever mute;  
The tree is but a poor and worthless thing,  
Barren of singing leaves, and flowers, and fruit.

Denying,  
Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

The air, to life-blood more than bread and wine,  
Without a constant giving, is a blight;  
The sun, so glowing, should it cease to shine,  
Would be an orb of blackness black as night.  
Denying,

Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

Then give, be ever giving, give to live;  
Upon the world bestow thy wealth of love,  
Of gold, of strength, of service; live to give,  
Till dawns the morning of the life above.

Denying,  
Is dying;  
Giving,  
Living!

## DEATH IN LIFE.

BY AGNES JAMES.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101.

A WEEK of Philip Saint Evremonde's odious society Vivienne was compelled to endure. Then he left the chateau, and her life settled again into its quiet routine. She faithfully nursed and tended her invalid mother, whose days seemed to be passing sweetly and tranquilly on to the end—and who never, for an instant, was allowed to see the thousand alarms and forebodings that tortured her daughter's heart. Vivienne felt, day by day, that the marquis was waiting till a set time came for his revenge. It was only deferred—not forgotten. She was constantly made to understand this by his harshness and coldness, and by the strict surveillance which did not leave her a moment unwatched, or permit a letter or messenger to leave the chateau unexamined.

Meanwhile, had escape from this tyranny been possible, duty and affection chained her to the side of the declining mother, whose last days would have been rendered miserable if she had discovered the estrangement between her daughter and the marquis.

So the autumn and winter wore away, and March winds began to wail around the turrets, and bend the sturdy oaks of Hautlieu.

One wild, stormy night, Vivienne was kept awake till daydawn by the restless wind, and the rain that sobbed against her windows. They seemed full of sorrowful voices, of shrieks of despair, of moans from some distant battlefield, where, perhaps, Leon lay dying, of sobs and lamentations. She could not sleep till the gray dawn stole in, and her windows and the wind was lulled to rest.

She was awakened by an eager, agitated voice in her ear. Elise, one of her attendants, stood beside her weeping, and exclaiming, "Oh, madame! will you rise, and come with us to see Monsieur le Marquis? They cannot awaken him! Oh, madame! they are afraid——"

Vivienne did not stay to hear the girl's story. Hastily wrapping herself in a loose robe, she entered the apartments of the marquis, which adjoined her own. A crowd of frightened servants were gathered around the bed, and on it lay, cold and rigid, the body of the Marquis de Hautlieu. He had been dead many hours. The eyes that had gleamed so cruelly upon his young

wife, now stared blankly and horribly through the glaze of death; the lips that had uttered such harsh and sneering words were silent forever; the heart that had loved her so fondly, and hated her with so deadly a hate, beat no more with either love or hatred.

But as Vivienne stood gazing down upon his white face, and trying to close his staring eyes, her tears fell fast for the kind old man who had loved her long ago, and she forgot the tyrant whose death set her free.

They led her weeping from his bedside, and she sobbed herself to rest in the arms of her mother, who mingled her tears with Vivienne's, and murmured tender praises of the dead man.

The stately, magnificent funeral ceremonies were over, the body of the marquis rested in the silent vaults beneath the chapel; and of all the train of relatives and friends who had assembled at the chateau, no one remained but Philip Saint Evremonde, his nearest kinsman, and the inheritor of his title. A very small portion, however, of the vast wealth of the marquis accompanied the title; the greater part becoming the property of his young widow.

But the notary, who had drawn the will of the late marquis, on the evening of the funeral requested the presence of the marquise, and of the new marquis, at the reading of the will. Vivienne came in her sable dress, and, without raising her eyes, slightly returned the salutation of Saint Evremonde, seated herself, and listened to the reading.

She scarcely understood the involved legal phraseology of the document. She only comprehended that it put her in possession of almost fabulous wealth, which was to be hers, however, upon one simple condition.

The notary paused in his reading a moment, and Vivienne, raising her head with languid interest, saw that Philip was watching her with eager, expectant eyes.

The notary continued, "All these moneys and estates I do hereby give and bequeath to my wife Vivienne de Hautlieu, on condition that the hours between eight o'clock in the evening and six in the morning, shall be spent by her, alone, in the vaulted chamber adjoining the chapel of the Chateau de Hautlieu, and leading

to the vaults beneath the chapel. If at any time she fails to be within that chamber when the hour of eight in the evening arrives, or should leave it before the hour of six in the morning, she will immediately forfeit all that I have herein bequeathed to her, which will become the property of my nearest kinsman, Phillip de Saint Evremonde, or his heirs. This condition I annex for reasons which my wife will understand, and in the belief that 'a pure conscience, and a devout spirit can make her happy even in that dismal chamber.'

The voice of the notary ceased abruptly, and Phillip started from his seat. With a cry of horror Vivienne had risen from her chair, and then fallen back again ghastly pale, and with closed eyes. But she had not fainted. The sound of Phillip's hated voice, as he directed the notary to summon her attendants, recalled her to herself. She opened her eyes, and her breath came in long, gasping sighs.

Oh! it was so cruel, so terrible a revenge!

She must fulfill the condition, for her mother would die if she were removed from the chateau; and Vivienne knew from the pitiless, triumphant look in the eyes of the bad man near her, that he would turn them both out to starve without scruple or regret.

Even in the first instant of her horror and surprise, she determined that her dying mother should never know the condition upon which she was allowed to live on in tranquil ease and luxury. "I shall only have to bear it for a little while," thought Vivienne. "Then my dear mother will be at rest, and I shall seek refuge in a convent. Only a little while! Oh, heaven! give me strength to bear it for my dying mother's sake."

Then the young marquise rose from her chair with quiet dignity, and turning to Saint Evremonde, said calmly, "Monsieur, I am ready to fulfill the condition. It is hard—but I shall find strength for it."

"Nay, madame, it is too hard!" he cried, catching her hand, and gazing into her face passionately. "That such loveliness should be condemned to a living burial is intolerable! There is a way to escape it. Become my wife—"

But Vivienne's hand was snatched from his grasp, her eyes flashed, and her cheek crimsoned with anger and resentment.

"Monsieur, you insult me!" she cried, in clear, steady tones, without one shade of fear or irresolution. "I would rather be buried alive in the vaults themselves than become your wife. Monsieur, I desire that you leave my house. Appoint as many persons as you please

to see that I fulfill the conditions of my husband's will; but let me be relieved from your presence, which is hateful to me." She swept from the room with the haughty air of an insulted queen, and Phillip was left raging with mortification and anger.

And Vivienne, once in her own apartment, the young marquise lay prostrate before the shrine in her little oratory, weeping, trembling, praying for strength and courage to pass through the ordeal before her. Elise and Marion, her favorite attendants, found her in this frightful state, and it was many minutes before she could answer their frightened questions. At last, under promise of strict secrecy, Vivienne confided to them the terrible provision of her husband's will, and rising with enforced calmness, she began to make preparations for going to her gloomy resting-place.

"Madame, you shall not go alone. We will stay with you," cried both the attached women.

Vivienne shook her head mournfully.

"I must remain there alone," she said; "that is the condition."

"Then I will spend the night in the chapel. I will sleep on the threshold of your chamber," exclaimed Elise, vehemently.

"No, Elise," said Vivienne, with quivering lips. "I shall be safe there. Heaven will protect me. On you, Elise and Marion, do I rely to take care of my dear mother, and, above all, to conceal from her the cause of my absence. Tell her that I am very weary to-night, and have gone to rest. I cannot see her now."

"May we not go with you, madame, and make that terrible place more fit for your occupation?" asked Elise, and without waiting for an answer, she began to collect the rich shawls and silken quilts that lay on the couch of the marquise.

The great clock of the chateau boomed out the hour of half-past seven. Vivienne started at the sound, and followed by her attendants, hurried through hall and passage till the chapel-door was reached.

Darkness had long ago gathered in the silent chapel, and the lamp that burned constantly before the altar shone out like a star amidst black clouds.

For a moment Vivienne prostrated herself near the altar, and her lips moved in prayer; then she opened with a trembling hand the heavy door of the vaulted chamber, and stood again amidst its shadows, and its chill and clinging vapors.

"Madame! Madame! You will die here! Oh! is there no help? Must you stay here?" sobbed

Marion, shivering with fright, and gazing with terrified eyes around the low chamber, with its scanty furniture, which remained exactly as Vivienne had seen it on that dreadful night long months ago. Elise, though herself quivering with superstitious terror, was, meanwhile, occupied in spreading shawls and quilts over the velvet cover of the couch, in placing a flask of wine on the rough table, and in trying to give some appearance of comfort to the cell-like room. Vivienne, with faltering steps, had descended the stairs leading to the vaults, and examined the bars that fastened the iron doors at their foot.

"Why do you do that, madame?" asked Marion. "Bars, I have heard, avail nothing against—" She paused, checked by a warning look from Elise.

"There is another way of gaining access to the vaults," answered Vivienne. "I do not know what treachery may be meditated. See, Marion, I am prepared to defend myself against other than spiritual terrors;" and Vivienne showed her a keen, glittering dagger fastened in her belt.

As she did so, a slight movement in the chapel startled them, and extorted a piercing shriek from Marion, who threw herself at Vivienne's feet, and buried her face in her mistress' dress.

A figure glided into the dim light shed by a lamp Elise had placed on the table, and Duroc's bloodless face gleamed out from the darkness.

"Ah, Monsieur Duroc!" said Vivienne, speaking calmly, though her very lips were white with terror, "you know why I am here, I presume. I shall certainly remain here. I bid you good-night, monsieur."

An imperious wave of her hand motioned him to leave the chapel, and with a cringing bow he turned away.

"And now you must leave me," said Vivienne, in a low, yet steady tone, to her attendants. Marion sobbed and clung convulsively to the dress of her adored young mistress; but the calmer Elise raised her companion, and then kissing fervently the hand Vivienne extended to her, she exclaimed, "Madame, may our Blessed Lady, and all the saints watch over and guard you through this night!"

Vivienne could only bend her head silently in reply. She motioned to them to leave her. They passed into the chapel; she closed the door, shot the huge bolt into its place, and was alone in her terrible chamber. For a moment she heard the retiring footsteps of the two women, and Marion's low sobs. Then the clock

told its slow, solemn warning. As the eighth stroke fell on her ear, she heard the chapel-door close behind her attendants, and all was silent—the silence of the grave.

Trembling, half fainting, she threw herself on the couch, and lay there, her heart beating in slow throbs, that sounded like thunder in her ears. She dared not close her eyes for fear some horrible shape would steal to the side of her couch; she dared not look toward the great, black doors of the vaults, there were such horrors behind them as chilled her blood to think of. She thought—though the thought seemed driving her mad—of the dead marquis lying there so near her; of the mouldering dust and whitening skeletons in their coffins, with the silver on them tarnished, and the velvet palls slowly dropping into dust. The ghastly images her imagination pictured seemed to come crowding round her in the chill and gloom. They were there, those shapes of horror, close to her, lingering in the shadows. If she moved her eyes from the little flame of the lamp, which they had fixed themselves upon, she would see them—these pale spectres.

It seemed to her that hours passed, during which her eyes never moved from that dim, flickering flame. She was roused from that trance of terror by the sound of the clock striking the half-hour. She had been here, then, but one short half-hour! With a despairing shudder she closed her aching eyes for an instant. When she opened them again—oh, horror! her lamp was out, and a sound stole through the room like a faint, long-drawn sigh. Wild with terror, Vivienne sprang up, and stood for an instant in the pitchy darkness; then the same low, fluttering sigh breathed through the room, and her senses fled.

She knew not how long this merciful oblivion lasted. Waking at last to faint consciousness, she found herself lying, chilled and stunned, upon the stone floor, with the night-wind blowing coldly on her face. Darkness—thick darkness surrounded her; but as she lay there, conscious only of the horror to which she had returned, her eyes suddenly rested on an object which seemed to stand out of the surrounding gloom.

High up on the wall the silver crucifix shone, appearing to emit a pale, miraculous light, faint, yet steady. It was surely a miracle, wrought to save her from death or madness!

In a transport of religious ecstasy, Vivienne dragged herself to the foot of the cross, and kneeling there, fixed her eyes upon it, and clasped her cold hands in half frenzied prayer.

She could see nothing but that luminous cross—think of nothing but of the heaven that had pitied her, and sent her help.

The hours passed on, and still she knelt there, half leaning for support against the rough wall. Still her lips moved in passionate prayer, and her eyes never wandered from the faintly-shining cross.

Daylight found her there; and at last, when the hour of her release came, and Elise's voice sounded in trembling accents at her door, she rose and tottered out into the chapel, pale as death, with sunken eyes, and loose, falling hair, and garments dampened by the vapors of the vaults.

Yet the spirit of the Berangers still burned in those hollow eyes; and when Duroc met her in the chapel with his usual obsequious bow, she said calmly, "You have kept good watch, monsieur, I am sure. Your employer has reason to be satisfied with you," and passed on with a steady step.

The day passed away in dutiful attendance upon her mother, who attributed Vivienne's pallor and weakness to her extreme grief for her husband's death, and said all she could to soothe and console her. When night drew on, and Vivienne prepared to leave her, Madame de Beranger entreated her to stay, but it was easy to excuse her absence to so gentle and yielding a person.

Vivienne took her hand, and said gently, "I am sure, dear mother, you will excuse me when I tell you that I leave you now—that I must always leave you at this hour—in order to obey a request of my husband's. He has left me something to do, which occupies me now."

"Go, my dear child," said her mother; "the requests of the dead are sacred. I would not keep you."

Another night of horror, of unspeakable agony, alternating with wild ecstasies of prayer. But on the third night exhausted nature could endure no more. When Vivienne sought her gloomy cell, faint and trembling, she lay down upon the couch which Elise's care had made soft and warm. The lamp placed in a niche, which sheltered it from the sighing wind, shone steadily and calmly on the silver crucifix, and Vivienne's eyes fixed themselves on the holy symbol. Then in a moment her weary eyelids closed, and she sank into a slumber as profound and tranquil as an infant's. All through the long, dark night she slept till Elise roused her by her hurried, frightened calling at the door, and Vivienne, as she unbarred it, welcomed her with a smile, and said, with a little glow on her

cheek, "I have had such sweet dreams, Elise. Would you believe that one could sleep well and dream sweet dreams here?"

Elise gazed upon her mistress with eyes of mingled love and awe as she answered warmly, "Yes, madame, those whom the saints love, and the angels guard, may have fair dreams and peaceful slumbers even here."

The faint smile lingered on Vivienne's lips, and her eyes held a tender, happy light in their depths, for she had been dreaming of Leon—and it was no longer a crime to think of him.

Many different rumors concerning the death of the Marquis de Hautlieu, and the strange life the young marquise was leading, had reached the gay and careless court, and had even wandered to the camp far away.

Some averred that Vivienne was mad, others that she intended to convert the chateau into a convent; some that she was doing penance for a terrible, mysterious crime; and others dimly conjectured the true reason, and believed that she was condemned to this death in life by her stern husband's will. The new Marquis de Hautlieu, when questioned about his fair cousin, answered by careless shrugs of his shoulders, and laughing hints, which reflected anything but honor upon the character of the young marquise. But the words and looks of an unprincipled man as Philip de Hautlieu, made but little impression upon those who remembered the spotless purity and modesty of Vivienne's life at court; and more than once he found himself angrily and haughtily reproved for his malicious insinuations by some young cavalier who had admired the "Child Marquise," but had never dared to tell her so.

Vivienne, however, was ignorant of all this. Day after day she spent by her mother's bedside; night after night was passed in the drear solitude of her tomb-like cell, which was no longer full of horrors too great to be borne, but had become a holy, solemn retreat, where she spent long hours in prayer, and in rapt ecstatic, trance-like visions of the glories of the blest. It mattered little to her that her body grew feeble and emaciated; that the clinging vapors in her cell banished the bloom from her cheek, and the light from her eyes; that she seemed hurrying to the grave while yet in the early dawn of womanhood. She had done with the joys of earth, she thought, and heaven was close before her. She only asked that she might live to soothe her mother's dying moments, and then in the holy peace of a convent she prayed that her life might be ended. When she was dead—when Leon, in the distant camp,

should hear of her death, would it matter to him? Would he give one regretful thought to the woman he had once loved? Oh! did he love her still? If only she could know that he sometimes thought of her; if this terrible blank of silence and uncertainty could be broken; if she could see him once more! The robe that shook her wasted frame told plainly enough of the heart that still clung to earth, though she would fain have given it all to heaven.

It was midsummer. The flowers bloomed again on the terraces of Hautlieu, and filled with their perfume the chamber where Vivienne knelt beside her dying mother. All that fair summer day Madame de Beranger had lain calm and still, and faintly smiling, while her heart throbbled with pulsations that grew slower and weaker every moment.

Priest and physician had rendered their last services, and there was no sound in the room but Vivienne's low, clear tones, and her mother's faint whispers.

The dying woman held her daughter's hands in her feeble clasp, and looked up with undying love into the sweet, solemn eyes of her child.

So the hours wore away, and the end was very near. The rays of the declining sun penetrated the crimson curtains of the windows, and shed a roseate glory over both the pale, worn faces of the women.

The gloom faded, and twilight gathered in the room; but still Vivienne knelt there with her hands clasped in those feeble, clinging ones which were growing chill in death.

Suddenly Elise drew near, and stooping, whispered something in her young mistress' ear.

Vivienne looked up, and shook her head; but Elise still lingered, with a disturbed expression on her face.

"What is it, my child?" whispered the dying voice. "Ah! I know now! Elise is right. It is time for you to leave me. Oh, Vivienne! must you go from me now?"

"No, my mother!" said Vivienne, gently. "I will not leave you now. My work is almost done; I will stay with you to-night."

A smile lit up the wan face of the mother, and an expression of deep peace and rest succeeded the momentary look of anguish that had ruffled her brow.

Silence again in the dim, flower-scented room, and then, faintly and slowly came the chime of the clock. Vivienne counted the eight solemn strokes, and bent her head that her lips might touch her mother's hand.

So the night wore on, and hour after hour

the hands that clasped Vivienne's grew colder, yet the end did not come.

The short summer night had passed, and the morning breeze stole gently through the windows, from which the curtains had been withdrawn. The eyelids of the dying woman, that had been closed in the gray, morning twilight, opened gently as an infant's; the eyes wandered from Vivienne's face to the rosy sky. There was a movement of the pale lips, a fleeting smile on the white face, and with one gentle sigh, Madame de Beranger had ceased to breathe.

For a moment Vivienne knelt with those pale hands still clasping hers; then she gently folded them on the quiet bosom, and rose up from the couch. Her work was ended now, and in her weary heart there was no thought but a passionate longing to pass beyond the gates which parted her from the mother she had lived for.

Pallid as the corpse she had left, with bowed head and woeful eyes, she went from the chamber of death.

On the threshold stood Duroc, his eyes glittering with malicious triumph.

He leaned toward her, and half whispered, "Madame has, perhaps, forgotten the penalty attached to what she has done."

She looked at him quietly, and his evil eyes sunk before the dignity and purity of her glance.

"No, monsieur," she said, simply, "I have not forgotten. I am no longer mistress here, and we are going away, my mother and I."

She glided past him, and entering her own chamber, summoned Elise, and began to give directions for the funeral of her mother,

Vivienne was adored by every person on the estate, and she knew her requests would be obeyed, though the right to command was no longer hers.

She wished that her mother's body should be laid, not in the drear vaults of Hautlieu, but in the green church-yard of the village, and that the hands of the humble peasants, who loved her so faithfully, should perform the last sacred duties for the dead.

It was done as she directed. In the hushed calm of the mid-summer evening, the day after her death, they laid Madame de Beranger in the peaceful church-yard; and rough peasants sobbed aloud as they gazed at the black-robed figure, and the pale, lovely face of the young marquise, who stood alone at the head of the grave.

When at last all was finished, Vivienne turned away, and leaning on the arm of the sobbing Elise, she went slowly along the path leading

to the cottage of Elise's father. It was here that she had determined to seek shelter for a few days, till she was able to go to the distant convent in which she had been educated, and which she had been assured by the abbess would gladly receive her again.

Vivienne had determined to leave the chateau immediately, for her attendants told her that "Monsieur le Marquis was expected every hour," and she would not meet that bold, bad man.

In the lowly cottage of Elise's parents she was welcomed with tears and blessings; and beneath a peasant's roof she found a peace and repose she had never known in the proud Chateau de Hautlieu. The night brought her gentle, healthful slumbers, and the morning, though it roused her to a remembrance of her grief, bore with it also a sense of consolation and safety.

When the noonday sun shone brightly, Vivienne sat by her latticed window, leaning her brow against its frame, and listening to the soothing hum of a spinning-wheel in the adjoining room. Suddenly the wheel stopped. There was a strange step on the cottage-floor, a murmur of voices, and Elise entered the room with an excited face.

"Madame," she cried, "Monsieur le Marquis is arrived. He wishes to see you. Oh, madame! something has happened! I do not know how to tell you. Will you go and speak to monsieur?"

Vivienne rose, bewildered by the girl's excitement and incoherence, and hesitatingly advanced to the door. She shrunk from seeing that cold, cruel, insolent face, and yet there seemed no escape.

Near the open door of the cottage, in the blaze of the summer sun, stood a tall figure in the splendid uniform of an officer of high rank.

The marquis! It was Leon! Leon's brilliant eyes fixed themselves rapturously upon her face. Leon's dear voice called her name in accents he in vain endeavored to render calm and ceremonious; his hand clasped hers, and his lips touched for an instant the fluttering hand he held.

Leon was with her, and she was free! And in spite of her dimmed beauty, and her lost gayety, he loved her still. Not a word did he utter to assure her of that, but not a word was needed. She knew it by the light in his eyes, and the tender accents of his voice. She comprehended it with greater ease than she did the strange story which accounted for his per-

sence here. She learned at last the one central fact that Philip was dead—killed in a duel, brought on by his own wickedness and folly.

Leon, who had arrived in Paris only a few days before his brother's death, received the message summoning the Marquis de Hautlieu to the chateau, and then was first informed of the truth concerning the will of the late marquis, and, as his brother's heir, he succeeded not only to the title, but to the vast estates of Hautlieu.

But Vivienne was destined never again to enter the old chateau. In the dead of night, when she lay sleeping in the cottage, the sky was crimsoned with a great conflagration. From nearly every window of the chateau sudden flames leaped and roared. The new owner of the stately building, sleeping for the first time beneath its roof, was awakened by the crash of falling timbers, and with difficulty escaped, and roused the slumbering servants. Nothing could be done to check the flames—nothing could be saved from the wreck. Of all the beautiful and costly contents of the chateau, not one article escaped destruction save a small casket, which was found lying at a distance from the building, and which, on being opened, was discovered to contain the "Hautlieu rubies." It was afterward conjectured that the chateau was set on fire by Duroc, who was never seen after the death of Philip Saint Evremonde, and who, it was believed, had robbed the chateau of many jewels and other valuables, but in his flight had dropped this single casket.

The chateau sunk into utter ruin, and was never rebuilt; but a beautiful mansion soon rose on a distant portion of the Hautlieu estate, and thither, two years afterward, the young marquis brought his beautiful bride—more beautiful than ever in the light of returning health and happiness, and the dignity of a fine and noble womanhood.

The horrors of the old chateau were almost obliterated from her memory by the two years of tranquil happiness she had spent in the convent, amongst the gentle nuns she had loved in her childhood.

With beauty more wonderful than ever, and with infinitely more winning sweetness and gentleness of character, the young marquise again appeared at court; and the "Hautlieu rubies," though magnificent as the jewels of an empress, were ornaments less rare and beautiful than the purity and modesty that adorned the wife of Leon, Marquis de Hautlieu.

## CHARITY'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

"The quality of mercy is twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes," said Portia. I would like to add my experience as a corollary to that; to fit the beautiful, ancient truth into a modern setting, as I have seen diamonds foiled by cheap enamel. Perhaps most of the lady readers of "Peterson" can match my story with a like one of their own; but if not, it may save them a pang or two of disheartenment in the beginning of their charitable career; for now-a-days the outside work of women of moderate means, like myself, lies very much in the same fields, and between soldiers' widows and thriftless Irish, I fancy they will find in the courts below Lombard street harder missions than was Portia's to the court of Venice, and will be more apt to lose pounds of flesh in them than to save them.

But to my story.

There was a great fire in Second street the winter after we were married. It began, I remember, in a factory in which they burned bituminous coal, for when we were wakened by the throbbing of the engines in the street below, the night air was choking with oily soot, and the heavy waves of smoke, black, and filled with fiery sparks, were ebbing over the sky westward, shutting out the blue silence into which my husband and I had looked but a few hours ago, and in which the calm beauty of the Pleiades and "Arcturus, with his sons," wrote the same great poem which the old prophets heard.

It was just before dawn. I was alone in the house with the two servants, George having been called out to a patient in the early part of the night—one of his first cases, by-the-way, in the city. I was not yet used to the solid blocks of building in Philadelphia—it was but two months since we had left a country village of Delaware; the flames seemed to me to be gaining ground toward our dwelling, step by step.

"They're timent houses, mim," said the cook, who was out on the flat, "while I stood at the window. "God be merciful to thim poor souls this bitter night." Ann was one of the "Kerry Irish," as little and black as their crows. But she had a gentle, kindly voice, as excellent a thing in cooks as in Cordelia. I chose her for it, in fact.

Of course, I was troubled about the homeless wretches in Second street; but I could not forget that we ourselves had but the furniture which we had bought with uncle John's legacy, and that it was not insured; beyond that we depended on George's practice for our daily bread and butter.

When morning and George came, therefore, I felt worn and haggard enough, and entertained him over his breakfast, which he was eating with a relish, with my terrors.

"I knew the fire was near us," he said. "But I could not leave the child, and I knew you would be taken care of," in a lower tone.

Dr. Brettler was one of the most reticent of men; but I had been his wife long enough to know that Jung Stilling, nor our own pastor, Passavant, never surpassed him in the strength of his simple faith. Doubtless, he had prayed for baby and me; and then knew he would find his threshold unharmed, as surely as if he had seen the sign above the door, over which the Angel of Death had command to pass.

"Where was the fire?" he asked of Ann, who knew the localities better than I.

"Tenement houses!" he exclaimed, when she had named the squares. I noticed that he changed color and pushed away his plate, immediately after drawing his boots toward him again.

"What is it, George?"

"We must go round and see what is to be done. Wrap yourself up well, Lou."

I ran up stairs with my heart full. I did so thank God for my husband that morning! it was so easy to do good with such a leader. For me, like most young girls, I always had been good-naturedly anxious to help to lift the burden of ignorance and poverty in the world; and just here, despite all the popular cant about the indifference of the rich, and those classes who are comfortably provided for in life, to the suffering I must say that I have never seen such indifference. It may serve to point a moral, and adorn a magazine tale, to picture the jeweled lady sweeping by the virtuous, starving beggar; but the chances are that if the wearer of the jewels once recognized the real virtue, and the real starvation apart from their counterfeits, the beggar would be spoiled with indulgence



from her and her like. There may be much ignorance and thoughtlessness among the one half of our population with regard to the other, but there is not want of sympathy.

Before I was married I had gone through the usual round of established duties—district visiting, and Sunday-school teaching, enthusiastic enough at first, but cooling off when I fell in love, and soon afterward found some of my class (mill-boys) in the county jail for pilfering.

But with Dr. Brettler it was different. The suffering and vice of the world were always fresh, terrible, real to him; to work to remove it, like his Master, was the first work in life for him; fame and comfort came afterward. Now, for instance, I was proud of our boy, ambitious, eager, anxious for his future, baby in the cradle though he was. But the only wish for him I ever heard his father utter was that he might be a "helpful man." Yet, I knew George loved him more than I, being more tender, and like a woman in some things. There were times when I felt coarse and worldly beside my husband. But not on that winter morning, when we stood in the midst of this burned district. My very soul was wrung with unselfish pain—the reflection of the misery I saw around me. I remembered Madame Recamier's wish to hold the Almighty's power for an hour when she looked at some such scene at this. No other would suffice.

There had been about fifty families turned out homeless on the street; inside, the houses had burned to the ground, but a few feet of the outer wall was standing, black and crumbling, and piles of smoking rafters lay around, here and there bursting into flame, about which there were crowds of filthy, and more than half-naked children gathered. It was bitterly cold; the water thrown by the engines lay in masses of ice on the street; the walls, the blackened door-jambs and window-frames were crusted with icicles; a biting north wind swept the fine frost into our faces, cutting the skin like salt spray.

At the end of the street were two lager-beer *zommer-gartens*, one on each side; two or three wagons belonging to them, laden with immense hogsheds redolent of pitch, were drawn up in the midst of the confusion, their drivers clapping their arms about their breast, smoking, and muttering, "Ach!" as they looked about them; and among it all swarmed women, their hair tangled and greasy, a petticoat, perhaps, tied about their waist, but with feet and breast bare, red and dirty, just as the flames had driven them from their lair. They were gathering out of the miserable mass what they could

find of their own; here a torn straw mattress, there a broken coal-scuttle, a child's shoe, bottles; a tin candle-stick, in one instance, I remember, so thick with grease that all the fire had not melted it.

There was very little outcry, I noticed, not even tears shed. The women, when I spoke to them, answered in subdued voices almost roughly. It was not the time to do obeisance to the cloak and furs which yesterday the Irish among them would have paid. But I did not talk much to them—what could I say? I picked up two or three of the children, cried over them, and carried them home to the kitchen fire. Ann afterward had considerable trouble in finding their mothers—but I could not help that.

"You have lost everything?" I said, putting my hand on the arm of a stout, raw-boned Irish woman, who was hauling out some dry logs from the ruins.

"The bed from anundher me," she growled. Then, with a sharper look over her shoulder, "Ef you've any money to give, 'dher's a lady that lived on the flure above me wants it more than me; her man's dead, and she's nine childer. Malone's her name. There's ony himself an' me." A wiry, black-faced little man pushed by me with his arms full.

"You have no coat! My husband's would fit you, I'm sure."

"Throe for yerself, mim," with a chuckle, glancing down at his rag of a flannel shirt. "De'il a scrap of duds did we save for the wife or the young ones, God bless 'em! I'll call round. But if you'd only look in at Missus Clincy, mim, she's five, an' two of 'em babbies-twins. Her man was kilt in Kilpatrick's raid. I've good work meself."

There was a group of girls gathered together, as girls will be, whether in silk and tulle, or like these in greasy wool stuff, tawdry bits of ribbon fastened in their uncombed hair.

"Where can I find a Mrs. Malone, girls?" I asked.

"Oh! will you help her, ma'am?" their faces brightening eagerly. "Indeed, and it's she that needs it. But did you see Mrs. Grew? Her boy, Jemmy, was dead last night, and she picked up his body and run out in the night with it."

I heard an exclamation, and saw my husband behind me. He was more haggard than any of these men about me; his eyes heavy, but with a strange, *far* look in them, as if he saw a meaning which I could not, in all this horrible botch work of life, and the quiet morning light over it all.

"You can find no worse cases than these, Lou, I think," he said, quietly. "You had better

confine yourself to them." The people about us crowded close to hear.

"Poor cratur! ye'll find none worse than Mrs. Malone. She's a fther losin' her man last spring."

"Malone, Clincy, Grew. You know those women?" said Dr. Brettler, to a Dutchman on his knees near him picking out something from under a charred beam.

"Bad enough off. Won't work. Irish," muttered the man.

"I have shoes for you," seeing his feet were bare.

"Ya! I haf got some of mine tools," holding out his hands with a grin.

"But you," I said to the girls, shivering over a burning log. Most of them were holding a baby, with a two-year-old dragging at their knees.

"Well, we're in Smith's garrets, our folks. But we can get washing. There's lots worse off than us."

"But this is beautiful, George!" I cried, as we turned away. "Not one of these wretches, without a roof to cover them, or a whole garment to wear, but has told me of some other poorer than themselves."

"Yes."

"I never saw anything like it before. I always heard that you find the finest traits of human nature among the very poor," I said, enthusiastically.

George stopped without reply. We were at the corner of the street.

"What do you propose to do?" I said, eagerly. "I thought I would bring half a dozen families home. They could have our spare chambers, and keep them for a few months."

George smiled, but his eyes were full.

"No; remember the two pitchers, Lou. These people have found shelter already. No class is so hospitable as the very poor; they will be more at ease with their own people than with you. Besides——"

"I would be patient, George." I saw he remembered certain sharp ways I had with Ann. I am, I confess, what the negroes call a "hard-bit mistress."

"Yes; but—— Find these three women, and do what you can for them, and then go home; I will be there in an hour, and see what plan will be effectual."

Searching for the three, I found fifty others. They were kenned in back-rooms, cellars, attics, in the neighborhood, of houses which I had passed every day, and which were decent enough outwardly, but within, full of as rank, foul corruption as the whited sepulchres.

I was passed from one to the other eagerly. I found Mrs. Clincy's twins in a shed owned by a gray-haired old woman, and tended by half a dozen others. They were wrapped in old coffee-bags. The other children, who had not the advantage of being twins nor babies, were left to swarm neglected about the kitchen-floor.

"My God!" I thought, as I took one in my arms, "for anything to be made in Thy image to be born to such an inheritance of misery as this!"

"That's Fellozar," exclaimed one woman, "and this is Arrorer. That means the morning, mem. An' you'll obsarve she has as blue eyes as the dawn."

"Where is Mrs. Clincy?"

"Ont beyant, sarching for a room, poor crature. She's five forbye these two. God bless 'em. Here's Miss Ellen; she's the oldest."

Ellen, a sharp-obinned girl of fifteen, came in, followed by Mrs. Clincy, a tall, cheerful, decent-looking woman of fifty.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Brettler," with a smile, as I named myself. "Yes'm, it's a hard pull," as I said something to show her what I felt.

The smile went straight to my heart. Here was a high, beautiful courage.

"Give me that young un," said Ellen.

"You handle a baby well, Ellen. Would you like a place as child's nurse?"

"I've got work—I kin pay my board. I want nobody's help. Here's mother as does, though," snapped Ellen, with the unmistakable look of a "factory girl."

I felt as if I had been struck in the face. However, it was only sturdy independence, I was not cooled.

"Dear Mrs. Clincy, could you wrap your babies up and send them to me for half an hour?" I had a little scheme in my mind.

She assented with a quiet, "Yes, madam." There was a dignity about the woman that I liked.

A young lady, with a fresh, rosy face, was standing in the door when I turned. She was dressed in Quaker costume, and had a basket on her arm.

"Thee's going to dress the children?" she said.

"Yes."

"Let me bring clothes for one. I have lost my little boy, and——" her eyes were full of tears.

"I heard of a woman whose child died last night. It was burned, they told me," she continued, with a shudder.

"I think she escaped with the corpse, Mrs. Grew. We'll look for her."

We did look, but could not find either her or

Mrs. Malone. They followed me home, however, Mrs. Grew coming last.

"Your boy died last night?" I said. I could not express my pity in words, I only put my hand on hers. If it had been my Charley who had died, and I turned out in the homeless night, with him dead in my arms!

She was a weak, rabbit-faced looking woman.

"He wasn't dead when the fire broke out, mem; but he was a-dyin'."

"You found shelter before he died?"

"Yes'm," with a sob.

"He is dead now?" trying to find what actual aid was needed.

"N—not just to say dead, mem, but a-dyin'."

Ann and I did what we could, of course. There was not a garment or utensil that the house or we could spare which would not be needed. We wound up the morning's work with the twins, thoroughly washing them until the crust of dirt came off of their soft little limbs.

Mrs. Reid, the young Quakeress, came and dressed one of them, and I arranged "Aurora" in a suit which Charley had outgrown, finishing by inducing them each into a couple of dainty little cloaks and hoods which had been given to him. When they were dressed, they were, in reality, very pretty little babes, with wide, blue eyes, and rings of curly, golden hair. Ellen carried them off with a sniff of half-contempt. Besides Charley's old garments, Mrs. Reid brought baby-clothes enough to last them a year.

Dr. Brettler came in the midst of our labors.

"What have you done, George?"

He pulled out a paper. "Here is a list of the families who were burned out, their occupation, and number of children. I got it from the landlords. They are all here; so this will effectually prevent imposture."

"Imposture? Oh, George!"

"About half of the men were mechanics, you see—shoemakers, carpenters, carvers, who have lost their tools. They might almost as well have lost their hands. The women were mostly laundresses, who went out for day's washing. About half of them are Germans; the Germans always help each other. All I had to do was to mention the matter to one or two men of means in the ward, and a meeting was called for to-night, at Beickler's Hall. You will find that enough will be contributed there to furnish the men with tools, and pay the rent for two or three months for all of the families."

"But that would not be your doing, George?"

"Of course not, Louisa. What have I to give that would be of any substantial benefit? Be-

sides, what matters it, so their need is relieved?"

I was disappointed, although I could scarcely say how. I had been used to hear the boundless expression of gratitude of the two or three old women who lived by charity in my native town, when my mother, or any of the elder's wives visited them with aid, they being professors in the same church. I had had a vague idea all day of George playing the part of a Providence to this suffering multitude, and receiving their life-long homage and affection. Here were all my dreams resolved into a committee of Dutchmen.

"But they are naked, literally," I urged. "They have no beds to sleep on, not a pot to cook with, or knife or fork, if they had anything to eat or cook."

"That must be your business, Louisa."

"Mine?" My spirits rose instantly. It was I who was to be the helper to this miserable people!

He drew out the evening paper, and there was a short, forcible description of the destitution caused by the fire, stating at the close that contributions for the sufferers would be received and distributed at No. — street—our own house.

"But who knows us in Philadelphia?" I exclaimed. "Who is going to make us their almoners?"

Dr. Brettler colored. "My opinion of human nature is different from yours, Lou. You will have contributions more than enough. The trouble with those who have money is, that they give too much, not too little, without proper investigation."

"Yet, after all, we are only agents," I thought; but I said nothing.

That evening passed quietly, a few packages only being left at the door. Two or three persons who brought them came in, and talked for a few moments.

"I came at once," said one man, an educated mechanic, I thought. "A penny to-day is worth a dollar to-morrow, in a case like this."

The packages consisted of bedding, clothes, and small sums of money.

"Take them into the parlor, Ann," said Dr. Brettler.

"George, the carpet! Those people will be here in droves to-morrow, and there are many little trifles which I should not like to be stolen—nor would you."

"Nor should I. But don't remove them. Let them see you trust them, and you will have nothing stolen."

I may add just here that George was right. During the week that followed, in which our

visitors were numbered by the hundreds of the very poorest class, not the least article was taken, even of those sent for their use, without my permission, with one exception, when they were not trusted.

"As for the carpet, cover it. That is our only room suitable for the purpose; and we must be willing to make some sacrifice, Lou."

I grew hot to the finger-tips. A moment before I had wanted to be the sole good fortune these people should ever know; and I begrudged the dust on the carpet, and sun on the curtains.

Morning had scarcely dawned when the door-bell began to ring, peal after peal. Some one had seen the notice in the paper, and the news had spread. It was their first tangible chance of aid. They came singly, and in families; children, old, tottering men and women, half-clothed, or in garments borrowed for the day; worn, haggard women, scrofulous infants—literally the lame, the halt, the blind. Ann nor I ate any breakfast that day. We had but little time, and I was too sick at heart to care for my own comfort.

I had enough to supply all. I don't know whether human nature is the same everywhere; but I do know that the heart of Philadelphia responds quick, and warm, and full, to any cry for aid. This was but a little matter compared to great charities; there had been but a line or two of notice in two of the morning papers, but all day long boxes, packages, baskets poured in. There were groceries, money, provisions, bedding, clothes, for men, women, and children, bales of flannel and muslin. They came in carts, by express, in barrows, by hand; they were sent from the brown-stone houses in Walnut street, from two-story houses in Spring Garden, from Jews and Gentiles, from the sail-makers in Southwark, from neat-looking, small housekeepers, slovenly milliner's apprentices, drygoods houses, servant girls, farms beyond Germantown.

Generally, they were sent anonymously, but often the donors came with them; and I was surprised and touched at perceiving how natural, and simple, and every-day an act it seemed to be to all these people, varying so widely in every other point.

When the first day's work was over, (not until ten at night, by-the-way,) we sat down to our cozy little supper with good appetites and light hearts. There seemed to be a glow about the house unknown before; the want had been so urgent, the relief so ample, the gratitude so eager and sincere.

"I believe those poor creatures would serve me

till death, George," I said, as I filled his cup of tea. I felt my hand shake, and a choking in my throat—it was so good a thing to be the agent of conferring so much happiness!

"It was quite useless for me," he went on, "to try to explain that I only gave the alms of others. Those Irish are so full of eager, tender feeling! If their prayers could carry me there, the heavens would be my bed 'to-night.'"

George muttered something which was lost in a gulp of tea.

"The Germans show a very different spirit. I confess I don't like it as well. The women pick out such garments as they think will fit their children in a quiet, dogged fashion, and end by telling me they will do a day's cleaning, or wash for them—as if I gave to them for pay! 'You haf mooch trouble, Frau,' that is all the gratitude they offer!"

George laughed. "Wait," was all he said.

A ring at the bell summoned me from the table. The gas burned dimly in the parlor, scarcely bright enough for me to distinguish a woman's figure, slight and small, in a thin, print dress of gaudy color, and a soiled opera-hood drawn close over her head. She did not speak, her head turned quickly from side to side, scanning the heaps of clothes, etc.

"You lived in the burned district?" gently, after waiting a moment.

"Yes, I did," in a loud, defiant tone.

"I am glad to be able to help you through the kindness of others. What do you want?"

"I want everything, bread, and meat, and clothes. I borrowed this frock and cap. Mother an' me have had nothing to eat since morning."

I stooped to find a bundle of women's dresses which I thought would fit her, when she interrupted me in the same shrill, forced tone,

"You'd better give me what I want. You'd better, or it will be the worse for——"

I dropped the bundle and stood up. "What did you say was your name?"

"Margaret Lennox," with hesitation.

I turned on the gas and examined my list. There was no such name as Lennox. Then I looked at the girl. She was quite young, with a sharp, hungry face; but the chalk and rouge lay thickly over it, and the light hair was crimped on top in a miserable attempt at the prevailing style. Here was the first of the impostors, with a threat, too! I would show George that I was not altogether the impulsive, generous creature which I feared he thought me.

"I have nothing for you," I said, in as severe a voice as I could use, and which, I have no doubt, was sharp and grating, for I have an

innate dread of being found credulous and a dupe. "You speak falsely. You were *not* one of the sufferers on Monday night. And I fear," feeling my face burn, "it is too easy to guess at the means by which you live."

I looked for a burst of fury, but to my surprise the girl made no word of reply. She got up and walked straight to the door, as if she had expected detection, and had no hope to succeed in her plan. But she turned there, staring about her at the clothes and food, her painted face distorted, her lips moving without a sound. She made a strange gesture with her hands, the fingers outspread, and then arm and hand falling nerveless—it was like one in a spasm.

I had heard so much of the depravity and cunning of her class in the large cities, that I felt an inexpressible loathing and disgust for her.

"It is quite useless to try to impose on me," I said.

"And you are what they call a Christian?" she said, with a look which for years I did not forget. Then she turned and went out. I was angry, hurt, excited; I cried a few hot tears, and pitied myself. But as I went out to George I had an uneasy remembrance of the words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

It made me heighten her shamelessness, her fierce threatening when I told him the story. I was justifying myself to myself. He was smoking, and his face was turned from me, and as usual, he expressed no opinion, only saying,

"Is she gone?"

"No, zur," said Ann. "When I let her out, she just sated herself on the step a few doors off, and she's there yet."

Dr. Brettler put on his hat and went out. I followed him to the door. I saw him go up to the figure sitting on the door-step, speak to her, and give her something which I supposed was money. Then he came back to me and waited. There was a bakery at one end of the street, a gin-shop at the other.

"She went for bread, not whisky," he said. "Go in, Lou; I will be back in half an hour."

It was near midnight when he came, and I was asleep. He was called out early in the morning, and only had time to say, the girl's story was partly true, Louisa. Her mother is dying of a slow, torturing disease. If she comes for help to-day, do not refuse her."

"But she did not live in Second street, George."

"No; but she was starving," and having muffled his comforter about his neck, he went out.

"Men," I thought, "had such an inconsiderate way of dismissing all subjects." But the busi-

ness of the day put her out of my mind—she did not come for aid.

The door was besieged as much as it had been the day before, the contributions as heavy. I noticed a slight change in the class of applicants, however; there was little or no gratitude expressed, they claimed the articles as their right; and when they did pray for the Virgin to watch over me, or the clouds to cover me, they did it with one eye speculatively measuring the garment I was giving to their next neighbor. My first business, the day before, had been to see that the other children of Mrs. Clincy, and the nine of Mrs. Malone were thoroughly clothed, socked, and shod; but to-day I could not but fancy that they were all back again in their old filthy nakedness. About noon, a drove of children of all ages, principally boys, and of all degrees of dirt and rags, took possession of the front steps, making forays inside every quarter of an hour. After dinner, there could be no doubt as to the Malones and Clincy's, I had clothed them in the morning as "Matt Smith's b'ys, mem;" and now they blossomed again in native undress as "Weymers."

Mrs. Grew was in just after breakfast. "I'm thinking," she said, "these pants 'll suit my Jemmy. He's a foine b'y, mum."

"Jemmy? Wasn't it Jemmy who was dead that you carried out? No; dying, you told me?"

"Shure, mem, and 'twas a fit he had. He's subject to dem fits. Shure, the yowling and the shindy he makes is enough to dhrive you from your sines. He's low, mem; very low."

"Now, do you mean? Is he still ill?"

"Faith, an' it's the docther, as he's jest left the dure. 'Mrs. Grew,' ses he, 'it's a chance if he holds out till the mornin',' ses he. Oh, me! Oh, me!" bursting into a cry of inexpressible pathos. "'It's to-morrow ye'll be wakin' him,' ses he. So I thought the pants would give my poor dead b'y a decent appearance; but ne'er a coat has he to purtect him from the cowlid, an' him in his coffin!"

"Take a coat by all means, Mrs. Grew," I said. But, somehow, I could not mingle my tears with hers.

That evening two or three half-grown boys came in, smoking stumps of segars. "I think," said one, "these breeches 'ud about fit me."

"What is your name?" asked Ann, sharply.

"Jemmy Grew's my name; Ireland is my nation."

Our supper-table was not so cheerful that evening—at least, on my part. George's face wore its quiet, singular look of content when he was especially gratified.

"The meeting was held at Beickler's Hall last night, and the Germans subscribed liberally, as I told you they would, Lou. They will disburse it to-morrow, each family receiving a sum proportioned to the number of children."

I wondered in silence how many appearances the Malones would put in, and whether Jemmy Grew would not find it most profitable to enter as a corpse. The bloom was wearing off of my peach for some reason.

Two days like the last passed, of which I retain but mixed, unsatisfactory recollections.

I was bitterly disappointed. I saw Dr. Brettler watch me anxiously each evening, but I said nothing; the annoyances were too slight to complain of. But, surely, these were not the ideal poor of novels, or even religious newspapers.

The last day of my work, however, deserves mention. It was intensely cold. My first duty in the morning was to find work for the boys who thronged the steps. I had the theory that work was better than alms for any man. So, with Ann's help, I provided the tasks and promised liberal pay. Two of the ubiquitous Malones were set to clean the cellar—an hour's job, probably.

"You had better remove anything that can be carried away," I said to Ann. Probably they heard me.

My supplies were nearly exhausted. There was one bright-eyed little Dutch girl who had given me very efficient aid in finding out such as needed more money than the committee allowed them. Among others, a couple over seventy years old, to whom the sum we had raised for them was quite sufficient to keep in comfort their few remaining days.

"Peter is out picking rags to-day, and Mary has moved into Smith's basement. It's green with damp," said my ally, that morning.

"I know, ma'am," interpreting my look; "the rent of their room was paid for a year. But they've got it back, and put it and the rest in an old stocking. It's for their berryin', I guess; and Mary says, 'It's so comfortable to have a bit laid by.'"

My Quaker friend, Mrs. Reid, came in, and helped me for an hour or two. "I think," she said, after awhile, "I will go around and see 'Aurora and Flora.'" Her heart had gone out curiously to them with the first garment of her little dead boy's that she had put on them.

She came back in a few moments with her pleasant face flushed angrily. "They were in the coffee-bags again," she cried. "There were two visitors from some Arch street society there, measuring the children all round for clothes.

They 'wondered what thee had done with thy very liberal supply.' Mrs. Clincy was drunk, My baby's clothes bought the liquor, no doubt," her lips trembling.

I had no word of reply. As the supply waxed low, "beggars became choosers" in reality, and rode Ann's patience to the last extremity. Scarcely an article had been given to one of my countrymen, (for I have Irish blood in my veins, and consequently but little forbearance for them,) not an article, I say, about which they did not return with complaints. They never brought the garments with them, however.

"Thru for you, Mrs. Cleary," in a loud aside, where I could hear; "it *was* a cold night, harrd on the poor. The childher's feet was froze intirely this mornin'."

"Why, Mrs. Kelly, I gave you two beds, and full sets of comforters and blankets yesterday."

"Was it bids, ma'am? Troth, I didn't think as a leddy like yerself 'ud be callin' them bits of things bids! An' thim blankets lies about as much hate in as a linen rag. The childher's not used to sich. The feather bids as I had burned were sixty pounds to the tick——"

"No matter—that's enough."

"Wich my mother gev me on my weddin'-day, God rest her soul. 'Mary,' sez she——"

"Are you here again, Mrs. Malone?"

"Sixty pounds to the tick—six beds burned! What does the Americans know of sich? unless a leddy like yerself," with the usual sycophantic whine. "Indade, ma'am, an' why shud I not be here? It's ony onct I've thrubbled you before." Mrs. Malone's yellow face had become as much a fixture in the parlor as the Psyche in the corner.

"What is it you need?"

"Faix," with a courtesy, and a wave downward of her hands over her skinny figure, "hare I am; see for yerself, ma'am. There's nine of the childher, beside himself, naked and starving, as ye may say."

"Himself? I thought your husband died in the Libby prison?"

"Didn't ye hare?" without a moment's discomposure. "He come home last night, glory be to God! But he's in the docthor's hands at the present moment. It's ony another weight for me poor hands to carry."

"But the clothes I gave you?"

"Is it clothes? Ah! an' now I remember, ye give John a coat an' meself an owd skirt. They weren't much of fits, as ye'll see for yerself; and that's all, as the Good Man hears me."

It was very weak, no doubt; but, in spite of the knowledge that I was being swindled, so to

speak, by this woman and her like, I gave them what they asked for. Poverty had made them rapacious, perhaps.

About noon there was a lull in the storm.

"Shure, ma'am, they can't say we've turned one empty-handed away," said Ann, as she busied herself sorting away the remaining piles of clothing.

Ann had worked faithfully enough all week to entitle her to say "we;" the ready tears coming as quickly to her blue eyes as the sharp word of her tongue.

I was nervously anxious there should be no complaint. I felt more deeply than I could express the confidence placed in me by people who never saw my face, and was doubly fearful of failing in my duty.

After noon, however, the confusion waxed loud and fierce. The news had spread that after to-day no more supplies would be received or given out, so convinced was I that the wants of all had been effectually relieved. Not one of the sufferers, I felt assured, was as comfortably provided for the winter, before the fire, as now. Several of the Germans, had told me this; most of them, the women, had taken possession of their new rooms, and had already got work. Only one or two were here this afternoon. Besides these came the Clincoys, the Grews, the Kellys, and all of that ilk. They broke out in fresh numbers; the Joes appeared as Johns, the pock-marked Peggys and Nans that had guarded the front door for days, arose, translated into Isabells and "me d'ater Constance, mem."

They threw off all restraint, finding it was their last chance; they pulled, they dragged, they absolutely fought in the hall and vestibule, over the remaining articles.

Finding that some decisive measures were needed, as the evening came on, I enforced a moderate silence, and proceeded to divide the garments with as much justice as possible.

"Here is your bundle, Mrs. Holt. Will you go now, and make room for others?"

"My bundle, is it?" with a contemptuous sniff. "There's none as needy as meself."

"An' that's the God's truth," came a chorus. "She's a lone woman, with two arphant children, ma'am."

"The committee restocked your shop?"

"An' what's a few bit of tapes an' pins to keep three on? It's little them Dutch have done for me. The b'ys are goin' to help me out wid a ball. Mebbe ye'll buy a ticket?" holding out a card, on which was printed, "Complimentary Supper. Mrs. Catharine Holt Admission fifty cents."

"I think, with the ball and shop, this bundle will be enough. You can go."

A chuckle run round the room as she went out. "Good for yerself," winking and nodding. "Much need has she of charity. Her two b'ys are grown young men, arning good wages."

After that opened another phase of their character. They twitched my sleeve, they drew me to one corner, they beckoned me out to the hall.

"Them Smiths is imposing on you, good leddy. They've money in bank these ten years."

"Don't give another haporth to dem Dutch. I saw them selling what you giv 'em yesterday for whisky at Stulz's, as I was a-going by to church."

"I'd scorn to do that, I would. I'd have too much feelin'."

After awhile they did not draw me aside, nor whisper. But one of them asked boldly,

"What are ye a-going to do wid that pile?" pointing to some clothes I had reserved for a woman too old to come out.

"It is for Mrs. Camp."

"Camp, is it! Lord! ef the good people as sent these things could see how you giv to yer pets, and how the deservin' is turned from your door! There's them Myerses is rich."

"That's so! They're just rotten wid money."

"As for me," said a healthy, strapping Dutch girl, with her baby in her arms, "I've not had a rag given me."

"No; nor will you have. Your husband has a good trade, owns the house he lives in, and you did not lose a penny's worth by the fire."

"I don't care; my baby ought to be in shert clothes now, and there's lots here. They're not your's to give; and I'll see if you dare to refuse them! They belong to us, hey!" facing me with both her black, staring eyes.

Ann opened the door, and said a few words in a low tone; and the girl went out, growling. Kerry blood told.

"Now," said Ann, coming back into the fighting crowd, while I stood irresolute, "here's your bundles; the mistress's sick ov the sight ov yez. Walk out o' that duer, and let me be shut ov yez for good."

They went; but the squabbling, the abuse, the bitter taunts flung back, with all the sharpness of Irish wit and venom, made me more sick at heart than Ann could guess.

Mrs. Malone was the last. She gathered up some stray shoes in her apron, and stopping at the door, surveyed me with the furtive, watchful eyes peculiar to her race.

"Well, good-by to ye, Mrs. Brettler! I hepe

the next fire they'll send their things where they'll be giv to the virtuous poor an' not to them as plazes your fancy, mem. Good-evening, mem." She turned to a woman beside her, and went on without lowering her tone. "She's young yet. She'll git more sense as she gits older. All the best things they kept. But them Brettlers is misabul trash. He's a quack doctor, I've heerd."

The door shut behind them at last. George coming in, ran up to the sitting-room, and I followed with a heavy step. It was dark and cold; before I could ask what was the matter, Jane, the nurse, came in with a dismayed voice.

"Please, Mrs Brettler, them Clinicy boys let out the fire in the heater, and carried off the wraps from the metre, and the gas is dead froze, and they've made off with the spades; and as to the keg of butter——"

That was the last straw. I sat down in the dark, and, I am ashamed to say, cried bitterly.

I felt my husband's hand on my head, stroking the hair very gently.

"It has been a hard week for you, poor Lou!"

"Yes, it has," I broke out. "I never will try to do good again! I never want to hear of the 'widows or the fatherless,' if they are Irish! I don't wonder that charitable women get that look and manner as if they and the poor were machines together."

George only said, "Let us have tea." So we ate our supper by the flaring light of a tallow-candle, stuck in a bottle, for candlestick there was none.

As we went out of the room, he said, "It is a little dismal here. Let us go for a walk."

In spite of the cold I was glad of the chance of fresh air; so I bathed my red eyes, put on my cloak and bonnet, and we were soon out in a lonely street, the blue, dark sky overhead, with its glitter of eternal stars, and the frosty, exhilarating wind stirring our pulses.

I tried to put the misery of the world out of my head, as something with which I had no further work nor part, and to go back to my old cheerful self.

"Where are we going, George?" I said, as we stopped in front of one of the interminable rows of neat, cheap dwellings which form the suburbs of Philadelphia.

"I want you to see one of my patients," he said, leading me straight up the stairs. "She has the rooms on the second floor."

He knocked at a door—an authoritative, doctor's knock—and went in. I followed him. The rooms were clean, but barely furnished. On a bed, near the door, lay an old woman, with one

of the most reserved, honest, straightforward faces I ever had seen. The sandy hair was drawn back under her cap; her features had that peculiar, pinched look, given by long, patient suffering. I did not need George's whisper to make me "be kind to her."

"This is my wife, Mrs. Lennox. I would have brought her sooner to see you, but she has been occupied since I first came to you."

She bowed gravely, holding out her hand.

"Your husband has been very kind to me, madam."

"He did not tell me that."

"Then I must. I can live but a few years now, they tell me, and it is owing to him those years will be comfortable and happy. I have no fear of my girl's life, now." She glanced as she said this to a young girl near the fire, who had been sewing, but now got up and stood looking at us.

I had no recollection of having seen her before; it was not until she came close, speaking, that I remembered the girl whom I had driven from the door on Tuesday-night. Now that her dress was exchanged for a plain, dark calico, her skin clean, and her fair hair smoothly brushed back, she was a homely, attractive-looking girl, with her mother's peculiar honorable, undaunted look on her face.

My husband stooped over the bed to make some professional inquiries, and the girl moved slightly aside, beckoning me to her side.

"You remember me?"

"Yes. Margaret Lennox."

"I wish that mother should not know of my visit to you. It is not long now, and I do not want her to know how near I was to——"

I held out my hand. "I wronged you that night. I am sorry——"

"No. You—— I would have been all you thought me, if God had not sent your husband to me. I was desperante. Mother had eaten nothing all day. I couldn't see her die before my eyes. Dr. Brettler tells me that if I had prayed, God would have heard me. I don't know. He takes care of us whether we remember him or not, I think."

I could say nothing. The bitter gnawing of ineffectual effort was sharp at my heart.

"I was very unjust," I said, at last.

"I hardly remember. I would have done anything that night for money," her eyes wandering. "I could not see her die. I could not get work. I went and lied to you. But I went out to get money. I would have had it, at any price—at any price."

"Have you work now?" to turn her thoughts.



"Yes—zephyr work. It pays well—over a dollar a day. Your husband got me a place in the factory, and leave to bring my work home."

Her face brightened quickly. It was naturally cheerful, intelligent, and, as I have said, true. Her mother was, as I afterward learned, a north country Irishwoman, with better cultivation than most of her class.

Dr. Brettler sat talking as he but seldom exerted himself to do. I saw that so deep was the feeling for him with both of these women, that his visit was more helpful, and more of a cordial than any which money could buy.

"You have your tea drawn, Margaret," he said, glancing at the kettle on the stove. "Will you spare us a cup? My wife will tell you our supper was anything but cheerful."

Margaret's face flushed with pleasure as she handed us the cups. As we drank the tea, I gave her mother a slight outline of the day's history. She listened gravely. She had a shrewd, thoughtful face.

"That's the way! That's the way!" shaking her head. "And then the kindest-hearted people get discouraged, and hardened, and wash their hands of the poor!"

"What is wrong, then, Mrs. Lennox? Why should these people have been generous and helpful to each other until this public aid was offered? The first appearance of help from the rich seemed to rouse the worst passions of their nature. They were greedy, envious, ungrateful."

"I don't know if I can say rightly what I think. But it seems to me, ma'am, as if the rich and poor never could understand each other unless they changed places. You give, thinking you are generous—and so you are; but you don't see that the poor take it with a feeling they've had secretly all their lives, that it is their right; that you cheat them, so long as you wear your silk dresses, and they wear rags. The more kept down a people have been, the more they feel that. But don't give up, madam—don't give up!"

We bade her good-night soon after, and walked slowly home. Ann had aired the parlor, removed the dusty druggel from the floor, and made a fire in the open grate, which cast a soft, red light over the pretty room, more heartsome than any other could be. Before it sat Charley, keeping his eyes open with staring at it.

I was not tired now. When I sat down, happy and thankful for my pleasant home and the loving faces opposite me, I did not forget the friendly, Irish heart of Ann, with her quick insight and sensitive nature. It only made the riddle deeper that puzzled me. George romped

with Charley awhile, and then sang for us. Soon Charley fell asleep, and we were left alone.

"How could you do so much for Mrs. Lennox, George?" I said. I knew how straitened he was.

"I could do but little myself; but there is a systematized machinery of charity here, sufficient to relieve all the need that exists. It only requires to be set in motion."

"Well!" I sighed, "I want to be a helper in the world, but I am disappointed, George."

"I am sorry, Lou."

"This was but a little matter, I know, but it is an index; and it seems to me there's a great gulf between the two classes, even in this country, that charity will never bridge over."

"Alms-giving will not."

"What then?"

"I think old Mrs. Lennox had partly seen the truth; the poor need to have their birth, their education, the generations of vice and oppression that went before them, to be considered before we can understand them. Sympathy and help are more wanted by dwarfed minds, and warped consciences, than starved bodies; though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

"But their minds are not always dwarfed. Mrs. Lennox is a far cleverer woman than I, I doubt not. Generally, when that is the case, they are rough, impertinent. They assert their equality by ill-breeding. And again; are you to go on trying to help, when, in nine cases out of ten, you will be misjudged or imposed upon?"

"Isn't it worth the risk?"

"I don't know. Well, at all events, I am glad you persisted in helping Margaret Lennox, impostor as she was at first. She had a sterling nature, her face speaks it. And you saved her, dear George!" my heart choked me. "You know what is promised to him who converts a sinner? 'he shall save his own soul alive'—is not that it?"

"No. But, dear Lou," he said, with an effort, "would not this gulf you talked of be bridged over, if we thought less of our own generosity, or danger of being cheated or misjudged, and met every man, the rich as the poor, on the simple platform of God's creatures, sure to need help for something as we ourselves do. We should fear neither impertinence from the one class, nor aggression from the other, in that case. Our brothers— isn't that the secret?"

Now this all happened a long time ago. But I often ask myself now, seeing how His suns shine and rains fall on all alike, not heeding their response, "God's creatures—is that the secret?"

## GUARDY'S PEARL.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

I NEVER was so provoked in my life—no, never! And to think that I had made such a ridiculous goose of myself before that white witch, Marguerite Vivian; and that now Guardy would have an excellent excuse for— But, oh, dear! you don't know who Guardy is. A fine mixed up affair I am making of my story; let's go back and begin all over again.

I, the desperately provoked individual, am Kathie Trevor, and, as I lost my parents before I was old enough to remember anything about them, I am the blissful possessor of a guardian, who rejoices in the name of Gerald King, but whom I always call "Guardy" for short, or, sometimes, when I'm very angry with him, "Lord Magnifico." Of course, you will suppose that, like most guardians, mine is old, cross, and crabbed. I beg leave to contradict you. He is not very old, only thirty-three, and handsome as—as the Apollo Belvidere and Raphael's cherubs combined; or, better still, he's a thorough-bred American gentleman, and that species is difficult to surpass, with all due deference to our English cousins. Don't imagine that I fell in love with him—thank you! I'd as soon be bewitched with the Sphinx; and, moreover, all the heart I had belonged to Charley Blake, which was the rock that Guardy and I split upon. Have patience, and I'll tell you the story.

I have the misfortune to be an heiress; yes, it is a misfortune, for poor Charley gets the credit of running after my money, when I know he'd love me just as well if I hadn't a penny. I am only seventeen years old, and have been at boarding-school the greater part of my days, until a year ago, when I came back to New York to live with aunt Frances, and be bothered with Guardy. He returned from Europe about that time; and as he, like myself, is an orphan, aunt invited him to come and live with us in Madison Avenue. I know she wanted to make a match between Guardy and me, and it puts me out of all patience when I remember how she acted. I am convinced that Guardy saw through it, and that he was only induced to remain in our domicile by my utter and extreme indifference upon the subject of his handsome self. Where both parties refuse to be coaxed into a tender passion, (isn't that what

they call it in novels?) it's rather up hill work for the poor match-maker; so aunt gave it up in despair, and pounced upon me in no end of a rage because Charley was so devoted. We used to go skating every day, and she scolded, and finally appealed to Guardy as supreme authority to stop it. And Guardy, very good-naturedly, I admit, only said, "Kathie is old enough to behave herself, and if she wants to skate with young Blake I have no earthly objection." To which I elegantly responded that he was "a brick;" and he looked annoyed, and mounted his magnificent stilts immediately, and read me a long lecture upon the extreme vulgarity of "slang."

But the grand climax came to pass about a month after, just before Christmas. Charley and I had been out skating all the afternoon, and we came home dreadfully cold; so I invited him to come into the library. It was only lit by the grate-fire, and I knelt down on the hearth-rug to get warm; so, of course, Charley took the opportunity to be affectionate, and having bestowed two kisses, was in the act of perpetrating a third, when out walked Guardy from the window-seat, and said in an awful voice,

"Kathie, what am I to understand from this?" I had never heard him speak so sternly, and I was too frightened to say one word; but Charley answered,

"Don't be angry with Kathie, Mr. King. It's all my fault."

I think Guardy rather liked his honesty, for he looked a shade less dreadful as he motioned Charley to a chair.

"The—the truth is," said Charley, hesitating a little at his own impudence, "Kathie and I love each other dearly, and," here he had the grace to blush, "and," with a burst of candor, "I haven't got a cent, you know: we Blakes are not rich, though we are good blood." Here Charley looked proud, and I saw Guardy's eyes twinkle.

"Well?" said he, coolly, as Charley took breath. Provoking wretch, he would not help us one bit!

"Don't you see," I interposed, "I mean to give Charley all my money when we get married, and then it won't make a particle of odds who was original owner."

"Will you consent to let her belong to me some day?" said Charley, by way of a clincher. There! our secret was told, and vexed enough Guardy was about it. In the first place, he informed us that I was much too young to even think of being engaged, and intimated that Charley was not much better off. Secondly, according to the will of my father, I could not marry until I came of age, unless by special consent of my guardian. Thirdly, it was a fancy which we would each recover from without serious detriment to our hearts, and he must forbid me to think of such nonsense just at present. All this was said in Guardy's most tranquil and placid manner, which always makes me feel as if I were beating against a rock, or a blank wall, and makes me a little more angry than any other of his extremely aggravating ways. He was amiable enough to say that he knew he could trust me not to do clandestinely what he had forbidden; and he was sorry that he must ask Mr. Blake to cease his daily visits for the next six months. And then, all at once, he marched over and took Charley's hand.

"My dear boy," said he, kindly, "don't think me a brute, but I must do my duty by that child in a straightforward manner. You have a manly heart; take my refusal in good part if you can, and when you grow older you will appreciate better the awkward dilemma which you two children have placed me in to-day;" and, without allowing me to say a word, he bowed poor Charley out of the room. Of course, I was furious, and stormed until Guardy opened his handsome eyes upon me in perfect amazement.

I assured him that I had not the smallest intention of obeying him; and I am ashamed now to remember how I talked. The scene ended by my being left to expend my passion alone, and Guardy went off to consult aunt Frances as to fit punishment for his refractory ward. I fully expected to be banished to some remote country school in supreme disgrace; so you may fancy my surprise when Guardy informed me, the next day, that I was invited to spend a month at Rainsford Priory, and that aunt Frances and he had concluded that I had better accept it. He was so good-natured to forget all my wicked speeches of the day before, and so politely ignored any offence, that my conscience smote me, and I was half inclined to tell him why I was pleased with the plan. You see, Charley and I had talked the matter over beforehand. He had a houseful of cousins, the Dares, nice, jolly girls, who lived near Rainsford Priory, and they had asked Charley to go up and spend Christmas week with them.

Now Mrs. Rainsford was Marguerite Vivian's sister, and Marguerite had hinted to me that I would be invited to the Priory when she paid her annual visit there. And to think that Guardy should fall into the trap, and send me right to the very place where Charley and I had planned to have such fun! I very nearly laughed outright.

"What makes you look so mischievous, Kathie?" asked he.

"Nothing," said I, drawing down the corners of my mouth very demurely. "I'm sure it's very thoughtful and kind of Marguerite."

"Who?" said Guardy, suddenly.

"Marguerite Vivian, of course," said I, rather wondering why he took me up in such a hurry. "Do you know her, Guardy? Isn't she lovely?"

"I have not seen Miss Vivian for some years," said he, as he took up the morning paper. "As I remember her, you would do well to imitate her elegant repose of manner, Kathie."

After which criticism, I indignantly left him to his own reflections.

Aunt Frances was occupied for two days in packing my dresses, and scolding me for my past sins. And by the time I got into the train with my maid, Martha, bestowed on the opposite seat, I was in such a state of nervous irritation that I would hardly speak to Guardy, or bid him a good-by. I think I should have been quite amiable and obedient under Guardy's tuition in those days, if aunt Frances had not persisted in rubbing my unfortunate temper the wrong way upon every occasion. It was useless for me to attempt reading when I felt so cross; so I tried to go to sleep, and almost succeeded, when at last the brakeman sung out "Chestnut Hill," and Martha jumped up in a violent hurry. Martha is a dreadfully stupid person, and the worst possible sort of a traveler. Out on the platform I walked, and there was Marguerite and Mrs. Rainsford in the sleigh waiting for me, and in another sleigh beside them the three Dare girls, and Charley!

"How late you are, little girl," said Marguerite's calm voice, in a pause between the noisy greetings of the Dares: "this is my sister, Kathie, and we are delighted to have you come and lighten the monotony of the country in such cold weather."

Mrs. Rainsford was a bright-eyed, beautiful brunette, not a particle like her sister; but somehow, though she kissed me with what the French call *effusion*, I did not trust her. Charley came around to tuck in the robe at my side of the sleigh, and whispered in my ear.

"I'm so glad you've come, Kathie, I shall

have a chance to see you as much as I please now." I think Mrs. Rainsford heard him, for she turned, with a smile, and invited him to come over and spend the evening; and then we drove off.

I don't know what Marguerite meant by calling their life at the Priory dull, for there were three gentlemen staying in the house, and, besides Charley, two others came up from Boston that evening. It was a little unfortunate for me that one of the visitors in the house happened to be Owen Clarke; for all winter long he had teased and annoyed Charley by his attention to me. Now, contrary to the usual practice of my sex, I aver boldly that I *do* like attention, and I love dearly to flirt. Owen Clarke has dangerously beautiful eyes, and being an older man, and considerably more deceitful and wicked than my dear, honest-hearted Charley, I allowed him to be more polite to me than I should have done. I'm very sorry now, but I delighted to tease Charley then. It was such fun to see him get sulky; and on one never-to-be-forgotten night, the night after Christmas, Charley was so abominably jealous, and behaved so badly, that I was ashamed of him. What do you think of his sitting, like a great bear, glaring at Owen Clarke and me, while Marguerite sat singing for us at the piano, and deliberately tearing up his lilac gloves, bit by bit? If you don't believe it, I assure you I've got them yet; and I take them out and show them to Charley whenever he gets bearish.

Of course, I did not want him to go off in such a rage, so I managed to slip away from Owen Clarke, and made Charley a sign to follow me into the library.

"Kathie," said he, hoarsely, seizing my hands, "I can't stand this another hour. If you care anything for me you would not torture me so."

"You know I love you," coaxed I, "and I'd face Guardy, or do anything equally terrific to prove it. You're an absurd boy to be so jealous; you mortify me to death. Look at the shreds of your gloves!" And then Charley threw them on the table, and proposed a plan so astounding that I didn't have breath enough to answer him for full five minutes. He wanted me to elope with him!

I do not expect any well-bred young person to countenance my proceedings at this emergency. If I had possessed a mamma, and been properly brought up on the hot-bed principle, I should have spurned the idea of renouncing a church wedding, satin, point lace, and a bishop

in full canonicals to perform the ceremony. But I loved Charley, and I was as full of tricks as a young monkey; and the fun of running away from aunt Frances and my Lord Magnifico, not to speak of the romance of being minus money and bank-stocks, was too tempting to my ill-regulated mind; and after considerable teasing and tragic threats on Charley's part, I actually consented. Whatever we did, would have to be done quickly, for Mrs. Rainsford had sent for aunt Frances to come up and spend New-Year with us.

"No matter," quoth I, courageously; "we'll go to-morrow night."

"That's a darling," said Charley, admiringly.

"And," continued I, my energies rising, "I shall have to get out of my window, and meet you at the summer-house, on the other side of the bridge. You can't bring a carriage inside the grounds, because of the gate-house; and you must not venture to come over the bridge, for that monster of a dog roams all about the place at night. He won't fly at me, but he'd raise the household if you came near him. And don't you come inside of this house to-morrow, sir. Hush! There comes Marguerite!"

"At half-past twelve, my darling," was all Charley had time for, as the others entered. For the rest of that evening I danced and laughed, and acted like a crazy creature, feeling a guilty pang each time I remembered Guardy, and how he had placed me on my honor about seeing Charley.

I suppose that, if I had been a heroine in a novel, I should describe myself as having a fever of excitement the next day. On the contrary, I was in nothing of the sort. I did not half appreciate what a tremendous step I was taking upon my own responsibility; and my chief trouble was in making up a small bag-full of my jewelry, and a dress or two, and reflecting how upon earth I was going to get out of my window, and jump off the balcony without detection. The day began dark and cloudy; and while we were at lunch, a storm came up, which went on steadily increasing, with wind and sleet, until at nightfall it was really dreadful. My mind half misgave me as I stood in the library, with Owen Clarke, looking out at the bleak prospect. "But then," reflected I, "it's not far to the summer-house, and in a water-proof cloak I cannot get very wet; besides, it's jolly tragical to run off in the face of such raging elements. I wonder whether Guardy will storm like great Jove himself?"

I thought I should never get away from Marguerite that night. She followed me into my

room, and looked a little suspiciously, I fancied, at my jewel-case, now almost empty. Finally, she said, good-night, (our rooms were on the same side of the house, but hers was at one end of the balcony, and mine at the other,) and then I sent Martha away, pretending that I would do my hair myself. Twelve o'clock! It was nearly time to start; so I put up my window and gazed cautiously out. The rain had stopped a little, but it blew just as hard as ever; and, oh, dear! how slippery the balcony looked! No help for it; so I turned my gas down very low, and having lowered my bag, gathered my dress in my hand, and slid safely and almost noiselessly down. Then came a gust that nearly took my breath away, and there was a distant gleam of light in the summer-house. How could Charley be so imprudent! On any less stormy night the people at the lodge must have seen it. I am certainly a very plucky girl, for between the pitchy darkness and the wet, slippery ground, I was in a little the worst plight I ever imagined. On I plunged, however, until I got to the little bridge, and there stopped to take breath. My bag was heavy, so I deposited it on the boards, and at that instant I heard Charley's voice, so sharp and quick, that I fairly jumped.

"Kathie, take care, for heaven's sake! Don't try the bridge, it's broken in several places, and the stream has risen so——"

Bang! A furious blast of wind, a rush of swollen water; and as he snatched me away from the dangerous locality, the remains of the little bridge went floating off—my bag, my jewels, and my dresses with it, and I, like Lord Ulric, was "left lamenting."

"Goodness! my bag!" I gasped; and then, as I saw Charley's face, by the light of his lantern, I went off into a fit of laughter that nearly strangled me, as I tried not to make a noise.

"How upon earth are we going over, Charley? The gate is locked, and the stream impassable." Alas! for the romance of the elopement, fancy Charley's horror! "Don't you think we're a pair of geese, dear?"

"Most unmitigated ones," said the clear, soft voice of Marguerite, close at my elbow. In my fright I nearly tumbled into the water, and Charley was almost as bad. There she stood, her long hair wet and loosened, her pale face and gleaming eyes looking at us with a mixture of censure and kindness.

"Kathie, come home," said she, a little severely; "I think you are mad to risk so much in such an utterly thoughtless, childish fashion. Mr. Blake, I hardly think such foolish children have any claim for mercy at Our King's hands."

I don't think I ever felt so like a fool. To be foiled in my elopement was not half so hard as to have merited the white witch's contempt—for I love Marguerite almost as well as I do Charley. But I didn't hang my head like a chidden child then; I scolded, and laughed, and cried, and defended Charley, and would not allow him to say that it was at all his fault.

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But Marguerite sent him to the lodge instead, to knock up the keeper, with a story of being locked in; and then we girls battered against the wind and rain back to our balcony. Without a word, Marguerite locked the window, turned on the gas, and throwing herself in my easy-chair, laughed a little, low laugh of contentment.

"Oh, Kathie! you naughty, naughty child! How I have been watching you every moment since last night, when I overheard you plotting with Charley in the library, and made up my mind to stop you. I would have done it earlier, but you were bent upon trying it. Yes, I followed you from the time you started, except that I let myself quietly out of the house-door, instead of the balcony. I have kept my own counsel; and you will be heartily ashamed of it in six months. Child! don't be silly! Are you crying?"

"To be sure I am," sobbed I, as Marguerite's busy fingers loosened my wet cloak. "You're such a cold, proud girl, you don't know what it means to love any one as I love Charley. I tell you I shall die if Guardy separates me from him." And I stamped my feet in genuine, passionate misery. Marguerite drew me down close beside her, and kissed me twice. I looked up in surprise at the unexpected caress, and saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"So I am too cold to love, Kathie? Little girl, do you wish to listen to a story—a short one, and very commonplace. I would like to comfort you, and, perhaps, I can do so best by telling you what a sore heart I have carried this five years. Yes, five years—don't you know I'm twenty-four, Kathie?" She did not look it, with her beautiful, pearly skin, and violet eyes; and she smiled, as I told her so.

"I knew a man once—a man considerably older than I—who was my devoted friend. At times he was even more than that—and my sister did all in her power to throw us together. Don't mistake me; he never really proposed to me, but I know he loved me—a little! One day I heard that he was engaged to a very lovely woman, and I took the news so calmly that even my sister was deceived. I faced my misery alone, Kathie; it's the better plan always. But his glad, bright prospects faded away like a dream, and she died, pretty creature, very suddenly, before the end of a year. I have never seen him since—since one day, just before his engagement, when he bade me good-by, to go with his regiment to the war. I think I suffered most in feeling the soreness of *his* sorrow, when I, who would have given my life almost to comfort him, did not even dare to write him a kindly line lest it should be misconstrued." I was so interested by this wonderful glimpse into Marguerite's heart, that I really forgot my own trials.

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and I had no right to expect you would be so good to such a horrid madcap as I am. Do, do forgive my saucy note; I'm as wicked as poor Topsy was. And don't let aunt Frances bully me! I shall never, never call either you or Marguerite cold and hard-hearted again." Guardy gave me a queer look.

"Pray, what has your wise head got in it now? Has Miss Vivian been casting her spells over you? I used to call her a white witch long ago, but she seems more like a pure, stately pearl now-a-days. And, if you have made such a discovery about my warm-hearted qualities, how in the world did you happen to arrive at the conclusion that she is not cold? Verily, she has changed since lung syne."

I looked up through the half open door, where beyond, in the music-room, I could see Marguerite's fair, classic profile bent over her embroidery-frame; and I made an audacious resolution.

"Guardy," quoth I, slipping down on the floor in my favorite position, and looking very innocently up into his face, "I want to tell you a story. Once upon a time, there was a beautiful Prince, (at least he would have been a Prince if we had such things in America,) and he had a garden, of which he was very fond. He admired all the flowers there, but he took the most care of a certain blush-rose, and a beautiful, stately lily. And one day he said to himself, 'I will gather the rose and wear it on my heart; see how she smiles and blushes when I stand beside her—the lily is always the same, she is more to be admired at a distance.' But, after it was plucked, the rose began to fade; and the Prince was smitten with sore grief when he saw it wither away and die. And the lily stretched out her hands to him, and longed to comfort him, but he was selfish in his grief, and was blind. And day by day the lily grew paler and colder, till the Prince began to think it a marble flower."

"Kathie!" and Guardy's angry face frightened me, but I went on faster than ever.

"So the Prince wandered away all over the world, and at last, after many years, he came back to visit his long neglected garden. And a pert little daisy lifted up her head, and whispered in his ears, 'See! the lily queen would suffer no hand to pluck it but yours. Place it on your breast, and learn its sweetness.' And, behold! the scales fell from the Prince's eyes, and taking the daisy's advice in good part—Guardy, suppose you finish the story!"

For a second there was silence; I dared not lift my eyes to Gerald King's face. Then, imperiously,

"Kathie, are you an angel, or an impish monkey, to tear open hearts thus? Brave child!"—and, actually, my stern, proud, dignified Guardy, hurried from the room in as hot haste as if he had been Charley himself.

I know it was abominably mean, but I could not help peeping through the door after him. I saw him go to Marguerite's side, and behold the crimson blood dye her pearly throat as he took her unresisting hand; and then, with a more perfectly triumphant heart than I ever expect to possess again, I danced every step of the way up stairs into my own room. Positively, Charley and my own delight fled away for full five minutes, in the overwhelming idea that I had had a share in the darling white witch's joy.

So you see, Guardy having found his "Pearl," his heart relented even more toward Charley and me. And I am to take my European tour this fall, instead of a year hence; and to prevent any more elopements, Charley will accompany us; for, as soon as the dress-makers and such bothers will let us, Marguerite and I are going to change our names, and we shall all go across the Atlantic together—such a jolly party.

Guardy has forgiven me for my impudence, and tries his best to induce "Pearl" to overlook my awful breach of confidence. He has generously supplied the deficiencies of my jewel-case; and Charley and I are more happy than two such monkeys deserve to be. Good-by!

## MY PLANETS—MARS, JUPITER, VENUS.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

ARE these my stars? the mystic planets  
Presiding o'er my mortal life?  
I well believe that Mars is one,  
For fate and I are still at strife.  
And Jupiter, the traveling planet,  
Homeless as Autumn leaf, and  
Driven by each wind of circumstance,  
Against an ever darkening sky.  
But Venus, she whose silver radiance  
Flings bright enchantment o'er the Heaven,

Oh! naught so mild and beautiful  
Can to my restless course be given.  
It must be Saturn, the misanthrope,  
Progenitor of cannibals;  
Those outre folks we sometimes find,  
That man their choicest morsel eul.  
Oh! mystic planets, though we scorn you,  
We shrink at your far-reaching power;  
We walk, encircled by your influence,  
To death, e'en from our natal hour.

# MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139.

## CHAPTER XIV.

At daylight the next morning, a dashing page, clothed in the livery of some great house, which no one in Versailles could satisfactorily identify, came riding up the streets of the town entirely at his leisure, and looking around curiously as if the place were new to him. He dismounted in front of the Swan, and calling for a hostler in the affected and somewhat effeminate voice so fashionable among his class, entered the inn.

"What do I please to want?" he said, giving a twirl to the long love-lock that waved down his shoulder. "First, I shall want some breakfast, and a room in which this dilapidated toilet can be arranged; for, upon my honor, madame, I am ashamed to stand in this guise before a lady of so much taste, and so fine a presence—queenly I might say, but that I fear so much familiarity might—"

"Nay, speak out—speak frankly, my friend," said Dame Tillery, fluttering heavily. "It is true, the air of a court may cling to one; indeed, I feel that it is so. Since yesterday this inn, large and commodious as every one will admit, seems too small for me. There is no room for the expansion that comes natural after a free intercourse with royal personages."

"Ah! I understand; but there is nothing surprising in the fact that royalty knows where it can bestow favors."

"Not favors, but confidence," interposed the dame.

"Yes, confidence. I dare say it is you who have granted favors."

Dame Tillery drew close to the page, first looking over her shoulder to make sure that no one was listening.

"Would you call it a favor if a person I will not mention, being modest, had saved the queen's life?"

"Would I?" answered the page, stepping back and throwing a world of reverence and astonishment into his air; "that would be to make one's self immortal. Ah! if the chance had been given me."

"You could not have done it. Such things

require strength and wonderful presence of mind."

"I dare say; in fact, the thought was presumption. If I could but obtain an audience with her highness, it would be glory enough for me, even though I do bring her good news."

"Indeed," said the dame. "Is that your business? Good news for her highness, and no one to introduce you: Well, we shall see what can be done."

"Kind and noble, as they told me," answered the page, with enthusiasm. "'Go to Dame Tillery, of the Swan. She has power, she has influence with the court; her introduction will be the making of you.' This was what was said to me."

"But who said it? Pray tell me, who said it?"

"Ah! that is my secret. Some one who knows you well, and understood how you are considered up yonder; but we will mention no names—diplomacy forbids it."

"Indeed! Diplomacy!" said the dame, somewhat puzzled by the word. "Certainly, I understand. He is the lord you serve, and who sends good news to the queen. It would be a shame and a pity if you could not reach her; but, as I said before, we shall think of it."

"And now for the room and the breakfast," answered the page, accepting her patronage with a profound bow.

"The breakfast I can promise you—in that respect the Swan is never wanting; but as for a room, the truth is, I have a person here whose name I need not mention, as it might be an offence to some one we know of—a lady whom one neither wishes to entertain or offend, but who has taken every room in my house for herself and her train; but there is a closet next her own chamber, which a little marmosette of a page sleeps in; I will turn him out and give the room to you. Only move softly and speak low, for the partition is thin, and there is danger of being overheard."

The page bowed low again with a hand on his heart.

"I see that the praise I heard of madame's goodness is well bestowed. Place me anywhere,

I shall be content, so long as there is a pallet on which I may snatch a few hours' rest, and light enough to refresh my toilet by."

"The room has a glazed window, and you shall not be disturbed."

"Meanwhile, perhaps, you will think of some method by which I can speak to the queen."

"It is difficult, very difficult; but there are few things that Dame Tillery cannot accomplish when all her energies are set upon it. This is the room; marmosette has arisen—go in, go in; if he has left anything there, set it outside the door, and draw the bolt. I see his bed has not been touched."

The page stepped over the threshold, saying,

"I will not disturb the lady with any noise."

"Oh! never mind her—she cannot rule here! The time was—but no matter; a good morning's sleep to you. When the breakfast is ready you shall be informed."

The page entered the little room assigned to him, threw himself on the pallet-bed, and burst into a low, rich gush of laughter, that was little in keeping with the promise he had made not to disturb the lady in the next room. A few minutes after Zamara came to the door. The page sprung up, drew the bolt, and gave the dwarf a glimpse of his laughing face.

"Go away!" he said, "I am here safe and well. Your lady will sleep late; she is ill—has an abominable headache. I should not wonder if she keeps her bed all day."

Zamara left the door smiling, for he had been very anxious during the night. In the passage he met Dame Tillery.

"How has your lady rested?" she inquired. "Have you seen her this morning?"

"No; but I will inquire," answered the dwarf.

"It is time, we must be thinking about her breakfast."

"I fear madame will have but little appetite; she was not well last night."

"Still we must take her orders. Yes, yes, I am coming! Was ever a house like this! Dame Tillery here, Dame Tillery there! If I could cut myself into a dozen, it would not be enough. You hear how they are calling me, marmosette. In ten minutes I will be back again—expect me."

Zamara went at once to the door which he had just left, and, after a faint knock, put his lips to the key-hole, and whispered something to the person he heard moving inside. Then he sauntered away, waiting patiently for the reappearance of the dame. She appeared at last, breathing heavily, and flushed with the exertion she was forced to make in lifting her ponderous weight up the stairs.

"Now you will make inquiries about madame," she said. "It is important; I have so much to accomplish before presenting myself at the chateau."

Zamara walked softly to Madame Du Barry's chamber and knocked at the door. A voice bade him come in, and he disappeared. Directly he came back and beckoned to the dame, who was glad enough to enter the sleeping-room of her guest. She would not have known the room in her own house, so completely was it metamorphosed. Silken hangings fell over the windows through which the light came, richly filling the room as with a warm sunset. The only table in the room had been covered with a scarlet cloth, on which golden scent-bottles, pomade-boxes, and caskets, shone in gorgeous profusion. Instead of the best sheets and blankets that her linen-closet could afford, Dame Tillery saw sheets of the finest linen peeping out from blankets of delicate lamb's-wool, and over them was a coverlet of pale-green satin, which swept the oaken floor with a border of delicate embroidery.

In this bed, with her hair all loose, and her night-dress open at the throat, lay Madame Du Barry, with all the rouge washed from her face, and her head resting languidly on the snowy-whiteness of her pillows. She certainly had all the appearance of an invalid. The countess held out her hand with a gentle smile.

"This is kind," she said; "I have been so ill in the night. You are looking at these things. It is foolish, I know, but they please me—they have become necessary; so, when I travel, Zamara always has them ready. I hope you are not offended."

"Offended! Well, I was, almost! Her majesty, I think, would not have scorned to sleep in my best room as it was."

"Ah, dame! but she is the queen. She has everything, while I possess nothing but old memories and habits, that make commonplace things repulsive."

"I do not know about it. Princes have slept in this room before now, and never seemed to feel a want. Well, madame, if you are so dainty, the aid of Dame Tillery can be nothing to you. I shall not take your message to the queen, remember that."

"Ah, dame! this is unkind."

"I think it is only prudent."

"Well, if you really refuse, I have nothing more to say. There was a time when the most courageous woman in Versailles would have been afraid to refuse a request of mine."

"But now it would take the bravest woman

in Versailles to grant a request from the Countess Du Barry."

"But you have courage for anything."

"Not for that. When the Queen of France selects a favorite from the people, she expects discretion—and that she shall find with Dame Tillery."

"But you have already introduced a stranger—that young girl."

"Ah! but that is another matter; the difference here is that Madame Du Barry is not a stranger."

Du Barry almost laughed at the blunt frankness of this speech.

"Well, well," she said, "if you will have nothing to do with me, I cannot help it; but you have lost a rouleau of gold which I had already counted out."

Dame Tillery had evidently forgotten the gold, or she might not have been in such haste to assert her determination. Her countenance fell; her fat fingers worked nervously in the folds of her dress.

"Well," she said, "tell me what the message is and I will decide—everything depends on that."

A mischievous smile quivered around Du Barry's mouth, and mischief twinkled in her eyes.

"No," she said, "I will not embarrass you; perhaps I shall myself go to the chateau."

"What, you?"

"Possibly. At any rate, I will bring no one else into disrepute."

Dame Tillery was crestfallen enough. She had expected to be argued with and implored, but found herself utterly put aside.

"But I did not mean to be altogether unaccommodating. It was the slight you put upon my room that aggravated me. There is not a more obliging woman in the world than Dame Tillery, if she is a little restive at times. So, if your message is a safe one——"

Du Barry rose to her elbow, and with her still fine hair falling around her shoulders, drew a ponderous gold watch, flaming with pearls, from under her pillow.

"It is getting late," she said. "You will have scarcely time to prepare; as for me, talking makes my head ache."

Dame Tillery arose, feeling the poorer by a rouleau of gold.

"Madame has had no breakfast," she said, still lingering.

"Not a morsel," murmured Du Barry, closing her eyes with an appearance of disgust. "I shall not eat a morsel to-day."

"But, shall I send nothing?"

"On the contrary, I must have profound rest. No one but Zamara need approach me. He will understand if I want anything."

Dame Tillery went out, feeling herself put down; but she had no time to dwell on her disappointment. The breakfast of that dashing page had not yet been served, and the time was fast approaching when she was to appear at the royal chateau. She hurried down to her kitchen, saw that the stranger's meal was in reasonable forwardness, and then gave herself up to the mysteries of a most wonderful toilet, in which she appeared an hour after, armed with her fan, and rustling like a forest-tree in October.

The dame joined her latest guest at the table, with his hair freshly curled, his laces spotless as gossamer, and the ribbons on his dress fluttering airily.

"Ah! but this is magnificent!" he said, with an affected lisp. "Who shall say after this it is the nobility alone that understand what is befitting the presence of royalty? Under such protection I shall be sure of success."

Dame Tillery had found such unthought of success in her last protegee that she was emboldened to test her fortune again, and, being a woman, was particularly pleased that this time her companion would be a handsome and dashing fellow, who would not feel abashed by anything he might see at the palace.

"You are in haste, I see," observed the page, helping himself to the nearest dish; "but this omelet is delicious, and I must detain you for another plate."

"Take your time; take plenty of time," answered the dame, charmed that he should have praised the dish she had herself prepared; "it will be half an hour before her majesty can be kept waiting, so there is no especial haste; still it is always well to be ready."

The page finished his omelet, shook off a crumb or two of bread that had fallen among his ribbons, and arose.

"Pray, my good dame, glance your eyes over my person, that I may be sure that all is right," he said, pluming himself like a bird. "It seems to me that this love-lock might be brought forward the fraction of an inch with good effect. Pray let me have your judgment on the matter."

Dame Tillery took the glossy curl between her fat thumb and finger, laid it very daintily a little forward on the shoulder, and stood back with her head on one side to mark the effect.

"That is perfect," she said. "The Duke De Richelieu's love-lock fell just in that way when he presented us yesterday. He is a handsome

man, a little younger than you, I should think; but if I were to choose— But all this is romance.”

“Younger than me, dame, that seems impossible. Look again.”

It seemed as if the page was determined to challenge the woman's closest attention, for he went close to her, that she might scrutinize his face, and exclaimed at last,

“Now, can you persist in saying that I am not younger than the Duke De Richelieu?”

“Well, I am not sure. At a little distance I should say no; but with the light on your face—”

“There, there! do not say it, the very thought breaks my heart,” said the page, interrupting her airily. “One does so hate to feel the bloom of his youth going. But I am keeping you. It is time—it is time.”

Dame Tillery took her fan from a corner where she had placed it, and settling all the amplitude of her garments, led the way into the street, and sailed off toward the palace like a frigate with all sails set to a stiff breeze. The people of the town, who had by this time heard pretty generally of her good fortune, crowded to their doors and windows to see her pass. Children paused, open-mouthed, in the street, wondering at her finery; and those who met her stood aside, as if contact with royalty had given her some mysterious prerogatives, which they were bound to reverence. The dame felt all this glory with wonderful exhilaration. She bowed graciously, right and left, as she moved on; gave one or two near acquaintances the tips of her plump fingers in passing, and swept through the palace-gates like an empress.

#### CHAPTER XV.

THERE had been no audience arranged for Dame Tillery that day. The queen wished to see her, that some proper reward might be given for the danger she had run, and, perhaps, promised herself some little amusement from the eccentric vanity of the good woman, whose superb airs had excited the merriment of all her ladies. But the day happened to be very lovely, and Marie Antoinette forgot her gratitude so far that she went into the Park with one or two of her favorites, ready for any amusement that might present itself, and in a humor to enjoy the bright, fresh air of those green glades with peculiar relish. She was pleased with herself and everything about her that day—kind acts bring a glow of happiness with them. She was pleased with the great

happiness her interposition had secured for that young girl; she was grateful that an outstanding wrong of such terrible duration had been redressed. No harassing intelligence had reached her from the city, and she went forth from her palace cheerfully, like a child let out from school before the stated hour.

“After all, my Campan, this is a beautiful world,” she said, lifting the folds of her dress as she descended the broad flight of steps that led to the grand fountain, full of music and lovely colors. How greenly the trees overlock that arcade; how bright the grass is. Oh! if those people in Paris would only let us alone for a little while we might be very happy here. The king asks so little; and I—tell me, my Campan, am I very unreasonable? Do I require so much more than other women?”

Madame Campan lifted her soft eyes to the handsome face bent upon her, and Marie Antoinette saw that they were misty with tears, such as spring readily from her affectionate heart.

“Ah, my mistress! if the people could but know how little would satisfy you, how earnestly you seek their welfare, rather than your own, all the discontent we hear might pass away as yonder mist arises from the lawn, and turns to silver in the sunshine.”

“How I wish it might,” answered the queen, fervently. “Sometimes I think it is my presence in France that has occasioned all this broad-spread discontent. Yet the people seemed to love me; and you remember how they would go into a tumult of delight if I but waved a bouquet to them from my box at the theatre: how they would crowd around my carriage only for a sight of my face. Tell me, Campan, was it because I was younger then and more beautiful, or is it that they have really learned to hate me?”

Campan shook her head, and heaved a deep sigh as her affectionate glance rested on that queenly face.

“The people loved their queen once, and will love her again when the insane clamor of the clubs has worn itself out,” she said, speaking from her simple wisdom, for she could not comprehend any of the great causes of discontent which lay seething in the riotous city of Paris—causes that were rooted so deep in the past, that it has taken almost a century to discover and trace them back through the awful convulsion they had led to. “The people have their caprices,” she added, “and change easily. Wait a little, and all this popularity will come back.”

"God grant it!" said Marie Antoinette, clasping her hands, and looking upward where the blue sky, veiled with silvery sunshine, bent over her like a promise. "I did not know how sweet it was to be beloved until this terrible change came."

The queen was growing anxious, the bright spirits with which she had left the palace were saddened by the turn her conversation had taken. She walked on awhile thoughtfully, and with all the beauty of her face clouded, as it was seen so often of late; but after awhile she seemed to throw off this depression, and looked up with a smile.

"You are a kind prophet, my Campan, and I will believe you. Why should a people I have never wronged hold me in perpetual dislike? I will not believe it! I will not believe it!"

Madame Campan smiled till all her round face was aglow. She was delighted that any words of hers should have brought courage to her beautiful mistress. The queen had more kindly sympathy with Campan than any other person in her household. During all her residence in France, this cordial, kind-hearted woman had been so closely knitted with her domestic life, that a spirit of sisterhood had sprung up in the queen's bosom toward her; the little woman herself fairly worshiped her mistress, while she never forgot the vast distance that lay between them.

"Let us turn down this shady path," said the queen, who, for the moment, was out of sight to all the ladies that had followed her, except Campan; "no matter if we do lose them. It is so pleasant to be alone; but we must talk of more cheerful things, my Campan. I, too, will believe that this black cloud will be swept away from France, and that our bright days will come back again. It shall be my policy, as it surely is my pleasure, to conciliate the people. That was not an unwise thing which his majesty did yesterday—I mean the pardon of that poor girl's father."

"It was an act of justice—a brave act, because just now dangerous, perhaps."

"Dangerous, my Campan—and how?"

"Because the awful wrong done this man by one king, has been continued so far into the reign of another, that the people will never distinguish which has been most in fault."

"I did not think of this," said the queen, thoughtfully, "but the thing was right in itself; and if it had not been, that lovely girl did, in fact, save me from being torn to pieces. I could not have refused her, though the life she gave me had been at stake."

"Our Lady forbid that I should say anything against a clemency as fearless as it was just. I did but speak of the unreasonableness of the people," said Madame Campan, glancing anxiously at the queen's face, which was again overclouded.

The king must have had some such apprehensions when he hesitated, she thought; but in my impulsive gratitude I forgot everything but the fact that this poor man was unjustly incarcerated, and that his child had flung herself between me and death. Well, I am glad, only these ideas were in my mind; too much caution makes cowards of us all. I, too, might have hesitated, for these times harden one's heart fearfully. Still, with those wistful eyes looking into mine, I must have done it—and I am glad it is done.

When she came to this conclusion in her mind, Marie Antoinette lifted her head from its bent attitude, and looked around smiling.

"I think we have escaped our ladies," she said, with a gleam of the sparkling mischief in her eyes which Madame Campan knew well, but had seen so rarely of late. "Oh! here they are coming, I can see their dresses through the branches. We must take up our state now, my Campan," she said, with a sigh, "there is no escaping it."

"But it is not the ladies," said Campan, shading her eyes and looking through the trees; "but—but— Why, your highness, it is the woman who taught us how to churn."

"What, my dame of the dairy! I had forgotten all about her," answered the queen, laughing. "Well, I am glad she finds us here. But who is this coming with her?"

"A page; but I do not know the livery," answered Madame Campan. "He lingers behind, now that she has seen your highness. Shall she approach?"

"Oh, yes! We shall find amusement in her, if nothing more. You have my purse; it will be needed, for; after all, the woman has done us a service; but for her we should never have met that young girl, or the man who took that fierce animal by the horns. Let her approach."

Madame Campan laughed with the faintest, meHow chuckle in the world, spite of the high sense of etiquette that reigned at court. In fact, she could not help it; for Dame Tillery was approaching toward them, her face all smiles, her dress in a flutter of gorgeous colors, her closed fan held in the middle like a baton, and her body swaying forward now and then in a ponderous salutation, which was repeated over and over again as she approached the queen.

Marie Antoinette had too keen a sense of the ridiculous to think of reprimanding her lady; in fact, she put up one hand, and gave a little cough behind it to break up an impulse to laugh, which was almost irrepressible with that woman in sight; but as Dame Tillery drew close to her, a gentle gravity covered this feeling, and she kindly bade the dame draw near. With all her bonstfulness, there was something in that presence which subdued the exuberance of Dame Tillery's self-conceit. So she came forward smiling and blushing like a peony in the sunshine, and waited in a flutter of expectation for the queen to address her.

"So, my good dame, you have found your audience, though we had forgotten it," said Marie Antoinette.

Dame Tillery let out one of her profound courtesies, which swept the grass with the swelling circumference of her garments.

"The gentleman up yonder, knowing that the queen desired my coming, bade me and my companion walk in the Park until the pleasure of your highness should be known; these were his very words."

"So you came out here to see our Park, and chanced upon this spot. Well, dame, all places are proper where a service is to be rewarded. Madame has a purse of gold that I have desired her to present to you."

Madame Campan arose, smiling, and placed the purse in Dame Tillery's hand, which was rather reluctantly extended. The queen was not accustomed to see her favors received with awkward silence, looked a little annoyed; but before she could speak, Dame Tillery had dropped down on her knees in the grass, making what a school-girl would have called enormous cheeses with her dress, and clasped her plump hands in a passion of entreaty.

"Take the money back. Oh! your royal highness and sacred majesty, take back the gold! It is another reward I want."

"Another," said the queen, scarcely caring to check the burst of sunshiny humor that came over her face. "Well, let us hear what it is that you love better than gold."

"Oh, madame! Oh, my queen! I love the wife of our king ten thousand times better than gold or precious stones. I want to serve her; I want to adore her. I pine to go forth among the people and say how good, how grand, how beautiful she is! I wish to say that it is not always from the nobility she chooses those who serve her; but where the people have ability, she is ready to acknowledge it."

"And so I would," answered Marie Antoi-

nette, looking at Madame Campan for sympathy with this new idea. "So I would, if that would please our subjects; but how to begin."

She spoke in a low voice, but Dame Tillery heard her. Leaning forward, and pressing one hand into the grass, she lifted herself up and spoke with great earnestness, before the little governess had time to collect her thoughts.

"I do not ask to be made a lady of the palace!"

Here the smile that had hovered about the queen's lips broke into a laugh, so clear and ringing that the dame broke off abruptly, and looked around to see what object could have given her majesty such amusement; but seeing nothing, she went on,

"No, I ask nothing of that kind; but there is a position, a title, as one may assert, that a woman of the people might fairly claim. Make me the Dame of the Dairy."

Again that laugh rang out louder and more prolonged, until tears absolutely leaped down the queen's cheek, and so sparkled in her eyes that she was obliged to use her handkerchief.

Dame Tillery drew slowly back, and her broad face clouded. She began to comprehend that the laughter was for her.

"Is it so strange," she said, with something like dignity, "that a woman of the people should ask to be mistress of the queen's cows?"

Marie Antoinette arose, and continued wiping the tears from her laughing eyes. Dame Tillery's face grew more and more stormy. She cast the purse at Madame Campan's feet, and was turning away in hot anger, when Marie Antoinette's voice arrested her.

"Strange, dame—no, it is not strange. Only the title; but, after all, it is a good one, and expresses the duties well. So, henceforth, consider yourself as belonging to the court, and Mistress of the Dairy at the little Treanon. But all positions have a salary attached, so take up the purse, it contains yours for the next half year."

Dame Tillery stooped with some difficulty, and lifted the purse from Madame Campan's feet. Her broad face was rosy with happiness as she turned it on the queen.

"The people shall hear of this—they know Dame Tillery. When she speaks they listen and believe. The queen has enemies among the people of Versailles—they shall disappear."

When the good woman ended this speech, tears stood in her eyes. She turned to go away, but saw the page lingering a little way off, and was reminded of her promise.

"Madame, your highness."

The queen, who had been somewhat moved by the dame's earnestness, met her return with a pleasant, questioning look.

"Before coming here I made a promise. Yonder page, who has something that he wishes to lay before your highness, besought me to let him follow my poor footsteps to the royal presence. Bethinking me of the great good which chanced to the young demoiselle who was made so happy yesterday, simply because she came under Dame Tillery's wing, I could but give this young man his opportunity."

The good-humor with which Marie Antoinette had received the woman was not yet exhausted. She glanced toward the page, and her practiced eye discovered at once that he must belong to some powerful family. She made an assenting gesture with her hand, which the page comprehended even better than Dame Tillery, and he advanced at once. Marie Antoinette's keen eyes was bent on his face as he came clearly out of the shadows. Somewhere, it seemed to her, that she had seen it before, but she could not recognize the colors that should have distinguished him as the follower of any great family well known to the court, and was a little puzzled to guess who he was.

Nothing could be more courtly than the manner of the page as he dropped his hat, and bent his perfumed head low before the queen.

"You have some message? You would speak with us?" she said, with that gentle grace no queen in Europe ever surpassed her in.

"Your highness, may I crave an especial indulgence, and ask that my message may be given to your majesty alone?"

The queen looked at her strange visitor searchingly a moment, then waved her hand; at which Madame Campan drew discreetly out of ear-shot, after giving Dame Tillery the signal that she was expected to withdraw.

"Now," said the queen, "what is the message you bring, and from whom?"

She lifted her hand as she spoke, from which the glove had been withdrawn, and among the jewels that blazed on the slender fingers was the serpent holding that scorpion in its folds. Marie Antoinette saw that the face she looked upon was turning coldly pale; this agitation disturbed her a little, and she drew a step back, watching it keenly.

"I come," said the page at length, recovering from what seemed to have been a sudden shock, "I come from one who wishes to be a friend to the Queen of France, and who may have some power to aid her; but at present I am forbidden to reveal the name."

"This is a strange message," said the queen.

"Not strange, unless gratitude is unusual," answered the page, with profound respect. "This person has once received great kindness and much undeserved forbearance from the King and Queen of France, and she would gladly prove, in some way, that the favors so royally conferred have not been thrown away."

A faint and almost bitter smile curled the lips of the queen.

"This is, indeed, a stranger thing than I dreamed of. Does some one offer the king help out of simple gratitude?"

"Out of simple gratitude, nothing more. Nay, so anxious is the lady——"

"Then your principal is a lady," cried the queen, interrupting him, "and one who has been the recipient of royal favors, too; this is more and more remarkable. Well, what is it that she wishes?"

"Only this, your highness; through the royal munificence this lady has become rich."

The queen lifted her hand while she seemed to reflect; but after a little she shook her head.

"There have been so many such, that I fail to guess at your mistress from the number; but out of them all this seems to be foremost in finding a memory for thanks."

"My mistress would do more. She has heard—it may not be true—but she has heard that in these disturbed times the royal exchequer is often in want of money. She has some to spare, that is, to give back, if it will help the king to struggle through the difficulties that beset the throne."

Marie Antoinette drew herself up as the object of this speech dawned upon her; but the color gradually grew cooler on her face, and a flush, as of hardly suppressed tears, came about her eyes, when the page ceased speaking, and with downcast look awaited her answer.

"This is kind, but very, very strange," she said, as if reasoning with herself. "Where and when have we dealt so generously with this lady, that she is ready to stand by the throne when so many that should have upheld it to the last are ready to flee anywhere to save themselves even from unpopularity?"

"I was forbidden to explain further than I have already done," answered the page; "but of this your highness may be certain, so long as my mistress possesses a Louis d'or, it belongs to the Queen of France."

Marie Antoinette was touched by this strange offer. Such acts as this had been very rare with the court of late; and she felt this all the more keenly. She would have given much to



know who the friend was who offered so much, and yet concealed everything.

"That your highness may have no doubt," continued the page, "I was empowered to beg your acceptance of this, and to say that twice the amount will await royal order whenever it is needed."

The page took from the bosom of his dress a slip of paper, which represented so large a sum of money that the queen opened her eyes in astonishment.

"There is no need of this now," she said, with deep feeling; "take it back to the generous lady who sent it. Say that the queen is grateful, but can yet look to the people of France for such support as the throne may need."

"But, should the time ever come?" said the page, receiving the order with hesitation.

"Then we will refuse help from no loyal man or woman of France who has power or wealth to give—for it will be for the nation not ourselves that we shall receive."

"May the time be far away when France shall be so menaced," said the page, looking wistfully at the queen's hand, from which the green tints of the scarabee stood out in dull relief among so many jewels. "But the time may come when even the best friends of the monarchy may not find easy access to the queen, when even the little help my mistress could give would not find its way to the royal coffers."

"Nay, this is a dark view to take even of gloomy times. Those who love their sovereigns have seldom found it difficult to gain access to them through friends or enemies."

"Even now," said the page, "when my object was a loyal one, I was compelled to crave assistance from yonder good-natured dame, who almost forced a passage for me through the guards."

The queen looked toward Dame Tillery, who was walking up and down in a neighboring avenue, watching the interview between her protegee and the queen with some jealousy and impatience. The smile which brightened that beautiful face seemed to encourage the page.

"If I had anything that would insure me entrance to the royal presence without such delay as has impeded me now," he said, looking so wistfully at the queen's hand that she observed the glance.

"That is easy," she said, with the quick imprudence of action which cost her so dearly, one of these——"

She was about to take one of the jewels from her finger, but with an impulse he could not control, the page cried out,

"Not that; not that, your highness, it is of value; but that serpent with the dull-green beetle in its coil. Oh! I pray you, let me have that as a token!"

Marie Antoinette drew the scarabee half off her finger, then thrust it back, remembering how little she knew of the person before her.

"No," she murmured, "this is a talisman;" and with a sudden gesture of dismissal, she walked toward Madame Campan, leaving the page standing there, trembling with the effect of a baffled hope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE MISSING VIOLET.

BY JAMES RISTINE.

A VIOLET grew on a grassy slope,  
Where the meadow bends to the lucid rill,  
From fragrant May, when it gleamed like hope,  
Till the frost crept over the guardian hill.

And it shook its tender leaves in the wind,  
When glowed or lowered the vernal skies,  
Till myriads of flowers, in the turf confined,  
Outsprung with radiant cheek and eyes.

And all the luxuriant, long, bright days,  
A choral prayer in incense rose,  
While the zephyr searched through the sunlit ways,  
Or the dews instilled at the twilight's close.

And though, when the woodlands were stippled in dyes  
Too gaudily brilliant for pencil or pen,  
The violet melted out into the skies  
Each welcoming May-time, it flourished again.

But late, when the sun leaned lovingly low  
On the loosened soil, in the Spring just gone,  
I searched on this emerald glade below,  
Yet the grasses and butter-cups glistened alone.

Some harsher eddy of Autumn storm  
Had reached it, and scattered its vital seed;  
Or, perchance, it had winged with the agile form  
Of the sparrow, sporting on upland and mead.

But I know, somewhere, when the frosts are fed,  
And the fields laugh out in their bliss of spirit,  
This delicate flower will reveal, and shed  
A lustre that other souls may inherit.

For truth or beauty, in thought or deed,  
Though draped awhile in the shadow of death,  
Will again unfold from the living seed,  
And exhale its native and eloquent breath.

## SEGAR-CASE, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

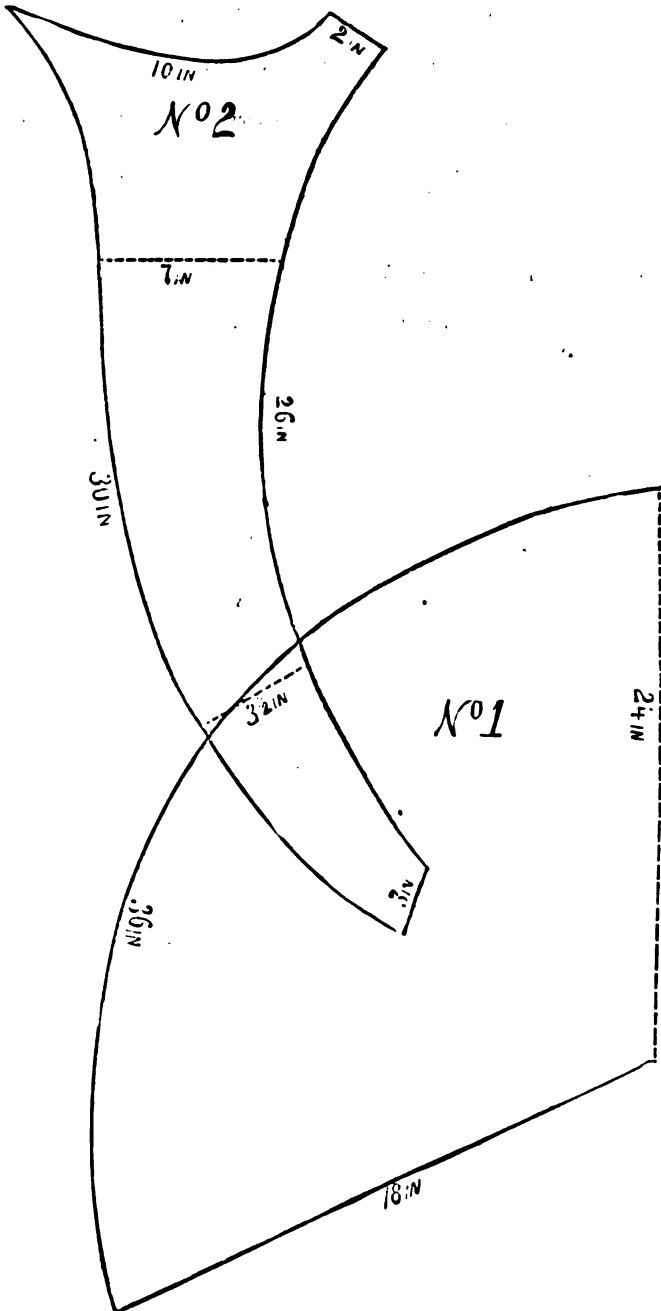
In the front of the number, we give a page of engravings, containing a Segar-Case, a new Dress-Trimming, and a pattern for Insertion. The Segar-Case is to be worked in braid or embroidery on leather or velvet. The Dress-Trimming is made of velvet ribbons and buttons. The Insertion is to be done in chain-stitch and the dots in embroidery.

## PANNIER DRESS WITH CAMARGO SASH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here a very pretty pattern for a Pannier dress, with what is known as one of the fashionable Camargo Sashes. On the next page, we give a diagram, by which it may be cut out: the size of each piece, it will be seen, is marked in inches on the diagram. Enlarge



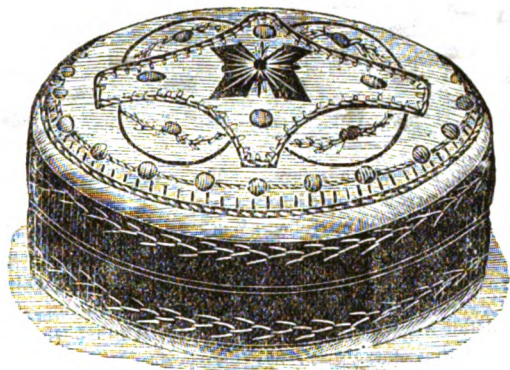
these diagrams, by taking a piece of old newspaper, and having thus made a full-size paper pattern, cut out the Pannier, and then the Sash. The diagram consists of two pieces.

No. 1. HALF OF PANNIER.

No. 2. HALF OF SASH.  
 This is one of the prettiest styles that has come out from Paris, and is exceedingly easy to cut out and make up, and will amply repay for making it.

## PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



ANY scraps of velvet, cashmere, or silk, will make the ground-work for a very pretty little cushion, as seen above. The cuts below give designs for the top and bottom, which may be worked in cordon with any colors which may contrast with the ground. The side may be made of a strip of velvet with two rows of coral-stitch upon it. A little wadding should be laid over the cardboard rounds previously to putting on the embroidered covers. Either wadding or bran will make a suitable stuffing for the cushion.



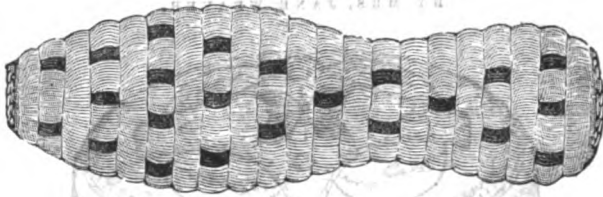
## SLIPPER IN CLOTH APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number we give an illustration (two engravings) of a toe and back of a slipper in cloth applique. The material of the slipper is gray cloth; the patterns are worked in applique, in black and colored cloth, sewn on with colored purse-silk. The stitch to be worked can be seen in illustration. The slipper can be made of any other color, according to taste.

## CROCHET SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is a very warm slipper, and, therefore, most suitable for an elderly person, or one suffering from cold feet. It is worked in ribbed or Russian crochet, (which is plain double crochet worked always in the back of the loop instead of the front,) with a row of looped crochet between. The detail No. 1 *a* gives such a clear idea of the stitch that it scarcely requires more explanation; but for those who may not be able to work from it, we will describe the manner of its execution.

In making a looped stitch, you still take up the back of the loop, take up the stitch, then wind the wool 3 times round the mesh, pass the crochet-hook under the loops, draw the wool under, then loop the wool over the loops; then draw through the two on the needle. The loop can be made quite as well by winding over the fingers and working in the same manner. The top of the shoe is worked to the shape required of alternate rows of black and white loops. Your shoemaker will give you a pattern. The stitches are increased by working 2 stitches in the 2nd stitch at the commencement of a row, and 2 in the last but one of the same row. In working the rows, always make 1 ch before commencing. After these explanations, you will only require the number of looped stitches and plain ones for the respective rows, to form the pattern. Materials required:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounce of white and black Angola wool, a short bone crochet-hook, medium size, a netting-mesh  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch wide.

**THE SOLE OF SHOE.**—You commence with white wool, and make a ch of 12. 1st row: Work 11 dc (double crochet.) 2nd row: 13 dc (the increasings are generally made in the plain rows.) 3rd row: 13 white looped stitches. 4th row: 15 dc. 5th row: 3 white loops, \* join the black, 1 black lp, 3 white lps; repeat twice. 6th row: 17 dc. 7th row: 17 white loops. 8th row: 19 dc. 9th row: 5 white, 1 black, 6 white, 1 black, 5 white loops. 10th row: 17 dc. 11th row: 17 white loops. 12th row: 8 white, 1 black, 8 white loops. 13th row: 15 dc. 14th row: 15 white loops. 15th row: 13 dc. 16th row: 3 white, 1 black, 5 white, 1 black, 3 white loops. 17th row: 11 dc. 18th row: 11 white loops. 19th row: 13 dc. 20th row: 6 white, 1 black, 6 white loops. 21st row: 15 dc. 22nd row: 15 white loops. 23rd row: 17 dc. 24th row: 5 white, 1 black, 5 white, 1 black, 5 white loops. 25th row: 19 dc. 26th row: 19 white loops. 27th row: 19 dc. 28th row: 4 white, \* 1 black, 4 white loops; repeat twice. 29th row: 19 dc. 30th row: 19 white loops. 31st row: 19 dc. 32nd row: 3 white, \* 1 black, 3 white loops; repeat 8 times. 33rd row: 19 dc. 34th row: 19 white loops. 35th row: 17 dc. 36th row: As the 28th row. 37th row: 15 dc. 38th row: 15 white loops. 39th row: 13 dc. 40th row: 3 white, 1 black, 5 white, 1 black, 3 white loops. 41st row: 11 dc. 42nd row: 11 white loops. The loops are to be cut and combed, which makes them more fleecy-looking.

## GLOVE-CASE IN SQUARE CROCHET, OR DARNED NETTING.

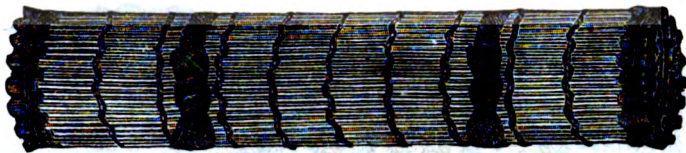
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This design, for the top of glove-case, (given in the front of the number,) may be done in fine spool cotton in square crochet, or be netted, and then darned with fine French working cotton; then stretched over a box or case of the proper

size, being previously covered with silk or carbolic of some pretty color; or again, this design may be worked upon canvas, the pattern in clear crystal beads, filling up with a solid color, either in floss silk or zephyr.

## CASE FOR KNITTING AND DARNING-NEEDLES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

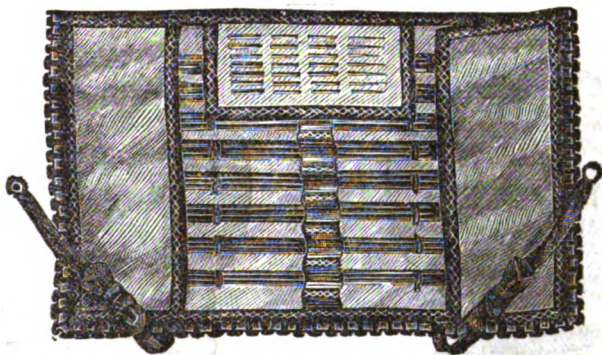


**MATERIALS.**—Fine ticking, white flannel, five yards and a half of lilac sarcenet ribbon, yellow silk cordon, lilac sewing-silk, and two little black buttons.

The foundation is ten inches long and seven inches broad. It is ornamented with loose stitches of lilac Berlin wool (see above.) The inside is furnished with a piece of flannel fifteen inches long, and six inches and a half broad, turned in two inches and a half on both sides.

A strap of sarcenet, ornamented with yellow silk cordon, is placed across the middle for holding the knitting-needles, and a piece of flannel at the side for the darning-needles, men-

surging four inches in length and two inches and a half in breadth, bound with ribbon like the rest, and ornamented with a yellow border of herring-bone stitch. The flannel and ticking parts are bound together with ribbon. One of the flannel ends turned back is left disengaged, the other is fastened as a pocket. Three sides are ornamented with a ruche and herring-bone stitch. Two ribbons, five inches long, with bows and silk eyes, and two buttons, four inches and a half distant, for fastening the case, are placed underneath the ruche. Embroidered leather canvas, Java canvas, or an applique upon cloth or reps would make a very good foundation instead of the ticking.



## BOY'S GAITER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—One ounce of white, quarter of an ounce of colored Berlin wool, four knitting-pins, No. 15, (bell gauge.)

Begin at the upper edge with white wool. Cast on sixty-three stitches—twenty on each of two pins, and twenty-three on the third. The twelfth stitch on the third pin is knitted to form the seam at the back.

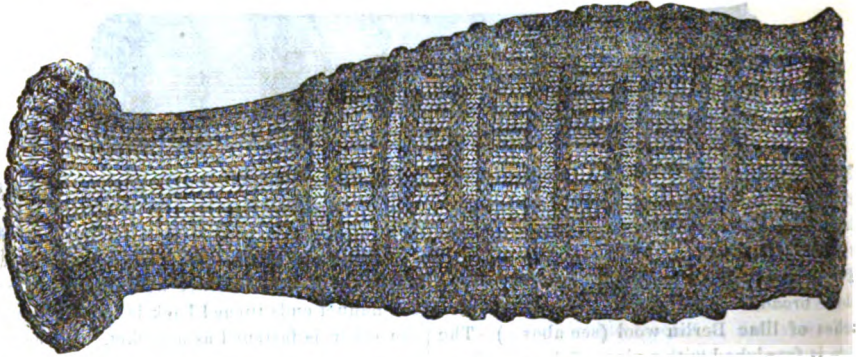
Knit eighteen rows as for a stocking, alternately, two plain, two purled; then, with colored wool, one row plain, two rows purled; then,

with white, three rows plain; then colored one row plain, and two purled. For the broad, white stripe, alternately, as follows:—Purl one, knit one, (the back part of this stitch is knitted in each instance,) so as to form a narrow perpendicular stripe. The whole stripe contains seven rows; then the colored is repeated, then the plain white stripe, and so on until, according to design, there are twelve narrow colored stripes. Between them there must, however, be a decrease in the same manner as for the

calf of a stocking, and this begins from the seventh stripe in each colored one, so that when the last of these stripes is finished the number is reduced twelve stitches. Now knit without

In each of the knitted stitches work five double-treble.

In the following row work one single, and one chain between every fifth treble. This raises the



decreasing forty rows all white of alternately one purled stitch and one plain stitch, then cast off loosely. For the under conclusion work a few rows of crochet with white wool as follows:

trebles into little flutings. At the top and bottom of these flutings work little scallops of three chain and one single, and work a line of three chain and one single at the top of the gaiter.

## WADDED WAISTCOATS.

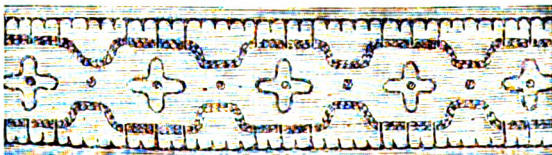
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE small waistcoats are intended for wearing under out-door coverings that are not sufficiently warm. No. 1 is made of black satin quilted with orange silk, and trimmed with orange plush. It fastens down the front, first

with hooks and eyes sewn in the inside, and then with buttons and silk cord on the outside. No. 2 is made of blue satin quilted with white silk; it is edged with swansdown. These will be found very serviceable.

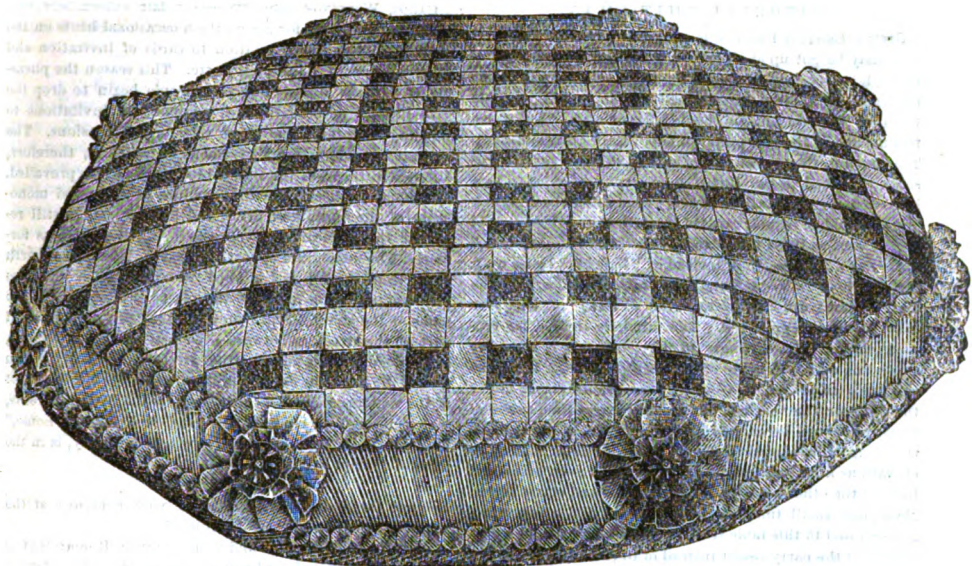
## BRETON BORDER. NAME FOR MARKING.



*Emily*

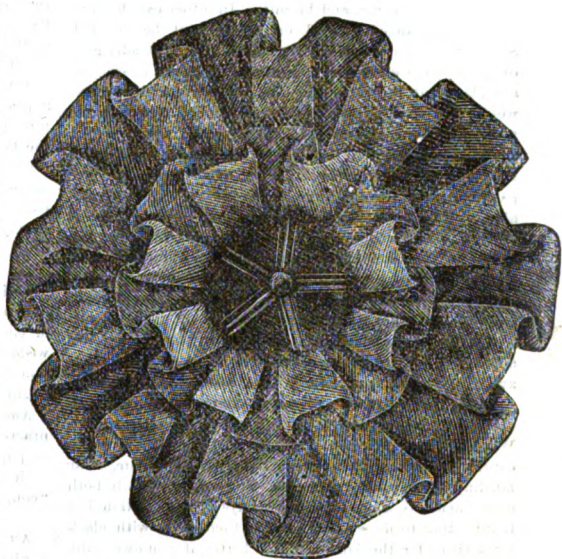
## FOOT-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Red cashmere, black ribbon velvet half an inch broad, red calico lining, sixteen dozen of little raised wooden buttons, lining, etc.

This cushion is of an octagon shape, and has on both sides a plait of cashmere strips and black velvet. The strips of cashmere are one inch broad, and are laid over thick paper half an inch broad, with the open stuff edges sewn together in such a manner that the seam lies along the middle underneath. The breadth of the velvet ribbon must correspond with the cashmere strips. The plaiting may be easily worked from the design. The length of the strips must be regulated by the size of the cushion. The outer arched surface of our model, when stuffed with horsehair, measures twenty inches in diameter; each side of the octagon measures eight inches in length. A plain edge, two inches high, joins the two outer parts of the cushion, which is lined with a firm lining. When stuffed, it is covered with a red lining, and the plaited work is placed over that. The seam is hidden by a plain red piece of cashmere. The seam of the plain stuff edge is hidden on each side by twelve little buttons covered with red cashmere, and rosettes are placed at the corners. Each



rosette consists of two straight strips of cashmere—the outer one is eighteen inches long and two and a half broad, the inner one nine inches long and one and a quarter broad. Each strip is sewn together separately, folded in half, quilled in a single quilling, and drawn round. In the center is a button covered with velvet and ornamented with beads. This is both neat and pretty.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

GIVING CROQUET-PARTIES is an art 'in itself. Informal ones may be got up at a few hours' notice. These must be small, however, and the guests must be selected with tact; for unless in a large party it will not do to bring people together who do not thoroughly harmonize. A few refreshments, in these impromptu parties, are quite sufficient. Too much in the way of eating and drinking, on such occasions, is in bad taste. But if the party is intended to be a large one, the preparations of every kind should be different. There should be regular cards of invitation, and these should be the same as those for a dance, viz., "Mrs. —, at home," with this difference, that, instead of "Dancing" being written on them, "Croquet and Tea" take its place, and the hours named are "three to seven o'clock," or whatever other hours are preferred. The numbers invited for croquet only, are from twenty to fifty; but this is a matter depending on the pleasure of the hostess. During the afternoon two tables are laid out by the servants, either under the trees or the veranda, but usually where the process of preparation can be carried on without much observation. One long table should be for tea, coffee, biscuits, and cakes of various kinds, also plates of white and brown bread and butter; the other, smaller, for champagne and claret cup in glass jugs, small tumblers in abundance, and a few wine-glasses; and to this table it is generally found that the gentlemen of the party resort instead of to the former one. To these refreshments, in the case of a very large party, may be added ices, sherry, and biscuits. In either case flowers, tastefully arranged, should on no account be omitted. Should the numbers exceed fifty, dancing also usually goes on, as it is not often that more than four games of croquet are played at the same time on one lawn, and as these would only occupy thirty-two guests at once, it is desirable to provide some amusement for the rest of the company. We may here mention that eight in each game is the usual number, but some prefer only six, as making a shorter game. A sofa here and there on the lawn is very desirable, also chairs placed together in groups of three or four in different parts, and there should be one or two near the game, as they are always acceptable to those who are waiting for their turn to play, and for these the most shady spots will be best. When croquet is the only amusement, most of the ladies wear short costumes; but at larger parties, where there is dancing, dresses with slight trains are admissible, (especially in white figured piques), and these are looped up in front over a blue, rose, or mauve camel petticoat, with a rosette to match the petticoat. Hats are universally worn, and taken off when dancing begins. When the announcement "croquet and dancing" is on the card, many young ladies wear light silk, or white, clear muslin over a colored petticoat. Some do not join in both amusements, a choice being always at their option, but if intending to do so, they provide themselves with black satin shoes for the dancing. It is better, if you owe many civilities, to return them all, at once, by a large party for both croquet and dancing; and these day-parties, in summer, and in the country, are much to be preferred to evening ones. In England they are called Lawn Parties.

IT IS NOT TOO SOON to begin to get up clubs for 1870. Every year we receive letters, in which the writers say they could have raised larger clubs, if they had begun earlier. A specimen number will be sent, gratis, to every person wishing to get up a club.

CARDS, WEDDING-CARDS, ETC.—Our fair subscribers will thank us, we know, for giving them occasional hints on the changes in fashion, in relation to cards of invitation and other matters of visiting etiquette. This season the phrasing of cards is slightly altered. People begin to drop the "At Home," as old-fashioned, especially in invitations to wedding receptions, and other very formal occasions. The invitation formula for a ceremonious wedding, therefore, differs a little from the style which has hitherto prevailed. The square note-sheet, with the white or embossed monogram of the initials of bride and bridegroom, is still required, the collocation of phrases being the same as formerly. The monogram appears at the top. About one-fourth down from the top is the word "ceremony." A few lines below appears the name of the place. Still beneath, the name of the street. Still beneath, on another line, in what part of the street, as between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, or between Walnut and Chestnut streets; and finally, at the foot of the page, the day of the ceremony. Within this sheet is the wedding reception-card issued by the bride's parents, which, instead of reading "Mr. and Mrs. — at home," with date, hour, and number of street, as formerly, is in the form of a script invitation. Thus:

"Mr. and Mrs. —

Request (or desire) the pleasure of your company at the wedding reception of their daughter."

Date, hour of the day, and number are in Roman text as before; and a second card announcing the reception days of the bride is inserted. The insertion of a card, bearing the name of the mother of the bridegroom, may be noted also as an innovation which has made its way rapidly, and is becoming quite customary and proper.

A new form of cards of announcement has also made its appearance, and, from its exceeding simplicity, is fast winning popular favor. It consists of a single card, instead of the two tied with white satin ribbon, with the name of the bridegroom prefaced with "Mr. and Mrs.," and the maiden name of the bride in the right hand lower corner. The name of the bride is preceded by *nee*—the card running simply:

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Mason,  
(Née Emma Wilson.)

1001 Fifth Avenue.

A note-sheet accompanies, and the envelope, with white or embossed monogram, is used. But even in anniversary weddings, it is now the custom to omit the phrase "At home"—issuing instead a regular note of invitation in engraved script.

Among some of the most fashionable people, it is now the practice to omit the initials of the French phrases formerly so popular, and to write instead, in pencil, plain English, such as "good-by," "we go out of town," "condolences," "congratulations," etc., etc. This is a very sensible reform.

AN EFFECTUAL REMEDY for the insect tribes that infest our gardens, such as worms, bugs, etc., etc., is as follows:—Mix in three or four gallons of warm water one pound of black or white hellebore, and add to this eight or ten pails of water. Apply to the infested trees, bushes, or vines, any way you please, but a syringe is best. The cure will be immediate and certain. We have tried it on apple-tree worms, gooseberry and currant worms, and also the rose louse.

MORE FOR THE MONEY, and of a better quality of its kind, is given in this Magazine, than in any one published. Whatever other magazine you take, take "Peterson" first.

VELOCIPEDS ARE GOING OUT OF FASHION, as they are found, in many cases, to produce dislocations of the upper extremities, fractures and sprains. Accidents, too, are very frequent. In short, they are dangerous as toys, and, on the whole, not beneficial to health.

"WE THINK THIS THE CHEAPEST, and one of the best Magazines in the Universe," says the Bryan (O.) Democrat, speaking of Peterson's Magazine. "No one can do without it."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*He Knew He Was Right.* By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol. 6 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The second part of this novel, completing the work, has now appeared. To us it is not a pleasant story. The dissensions of a young married couple are always painful to hear of in real life, and merely painful things, which do not rise to the heroic in their tragedy, are hardly fit subjects for fiction. "There is as much genius in choosing your theme," said a great writer to us once, "as there is in developing it afterward." In "He Knew He Was Right," both man and wife act with contemptible silliness. The motive in the main plot is indescribably mean and petty. Mr. Trollope seems to have realized this, when too late, for he introduces other plots, so to speak, that interweave themselves with the original one, and lighten up and dignify the book, at least in a degree. These subsidiary stories, with their heroes, and heroines, and other characters, are the best parts of the work. Miss Stansbury, the eccentric old maiden aunt, particularly, is a real original. The volume is illustrated.

*Three Seasons in European Vineyards.* By William J. Flagg. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this volume is a son-in-law of the late Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, and himself a successful grower of grapes and maker of wine. A few years ago he visited Europe; and this little book is the result. Mr. Flagg went to all the great wine-growing districts, from Bordeaux to the Rhine, from Naples to Burgundy, and treats fully and understandingly of vine-culture; vine-disease and its cure; wine-making and wines, red and white; and wine-drinking, as affecting health and morals. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the raising and drinking of light wines, especially red wines, as cheap and healthful substitutes for tea and coffee; and thinks the time will come, when every farmer, on half an acre of land, will raise enough wine to supply himself and family for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

*The Sacristan's Household.* By the author of "Mabel's Progress." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The writer of this excellent story, we understand, is not a daughter of Charles Dickens, as has been asserted, but the wife of Adolphus Trollope, author of "Beppo," "Gemma," "Leonora Casaloni," etc., etc. The scene of her novel is laid in Lippe-Detmold, a little known, but picturesque German principality. The tale is fresh, genial, and natural. The characters have a certain old-world air about them, which is as spicy and exhilarating as the fragrance of their own pine forests. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

*Fire Acres Too Much.* By R. B. Roosevelt. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This book is intended to quiz those enthusiastic agricultural writers who fancy that only half a dozen acres, well-tilled, are enough to support a man and his family. It is a pretended narrative of experiences, something in the vein of the "Sparrowgrass Papers," and will raise many a hearty laugh.

*My Daughter Elinor.* 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an American novel, by an anonymous writer, but it is, what is rare, a really praiseworthy one. The characters are types of the American people at large.

*Stretton.* By Henry Kingsley. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Not as good as "Ravenshoe," by the same author, but still a novel full of stir and life.

*Dream Numbers.* By T. Adolphus Trollope. 1 vol., 12 mo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The Italians, even in this advanced nineteenth century, are much given to lotteries, and to believing in dreams. One of the most curious things, in Rome or Florence, is to see the crowds around the lottery-offices, on the day that a drawing is to be announced. The present novel is founded on a real incident, that of a person who dreamed of certain fortunate numbers in a lottery, and is written with that thorough feeling for, and knowledge of, Italian life, which makes these stories by Adolphus Trollope so interesting and instructive. One might travel in Italy for months, if not years, without learning as much of the habits, manners, and modes of thought of the Italian people, as by reading one or two of these tales. For ourselves, we never found them dull, but always regret when we have finished them,

*Ataliah.* By J. H. Greene, Jr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This is a story of ancient Jewish life, and turns on the rebellion of Absalom against King David. It is full of stirring incidents and of glowing pictures of Palestine, but is too long, like nine-tenths of the novels now written. Is no one, in these latter times, capable of writing a tale with the unity, precision, and power of "Ellen Wareham," where the reader is taken up, as it were, in a whirl, and remains breathless to the close? We believe that "Ellen Wareham" is out of print, for it was a novel of the last generation; but it would pay some bookseller to republish it: that is, if every person who was about to write a story, would first buy and study this real master-piece before inflicting their own sham one on the public.

*Hans Breitmann's Ballads.* By Charles G. Leland. 1 vol., small 8 vo. *Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here, complete in one volume, handsomely bound in morocco cloth, gilt and gilt-edged, or in half-calf, the entire ballads of the now famous "Hans Breitmann." The humor of these ballads is universally acknowledged, not only in this country, but in England also: in their way, they are newly perfect. We are glad, therefore, to see them in a dress so entirely worthy of them. "Hans Breitmann" ought to be in every library; for it is a book that will live, like the "Biblew Papers," and be quoted, years hence, as an exponent of real American humor.

*Problematic Characters.* By Frederick Spielhagen. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—The two most popular novelists of Germany, in our day, are Auerbach and Spielhagen. While everybody is reading "On the Heights," and "The Villa on the Rhine," by the former writer, we thank Leypoldt & Holt for introducing to the public, in this admirable work of fiction, his great contemporary and rival. Like Auerbach, Spielhagen is rather long-winded, but not quite so much so, and in that respect he is to be preferred, for, really, life is too short to read many such books as "The Villa on the Rhine." The work before us comes within five hundred pages, whereas the "Villa" makes a thousand.

*Artemus Ward's Panorama.* 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This little book is edited by the executors of the late Artemus Ward. It is the series of lectures that was delivered at Egyptian Hall, in London, and is illustrated with thirty-four engravings, all full of fun. The volume deserves, and will have, an immense sale.

*Mopsa the Fairy.* By Jean Ingelow. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A charming little book, which, though written for children, grown-up men and women will be glad to read. There are several pretty songs scattered through the volume.

*Sights and Sensations in France, Germany, and Switzerland.* By E. G. Buffum. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A racy narrative of a run through Europe, full of point and force, and well worth reading, even by those who have been over the same ground themselves.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.—The newspapers, with extraordinary unanimity, pronounce "Peterson's Magazine," *the best and cheapest of all the lady's books*. These newspapers see all the monthlies, and when they give this verdict in favor of "Peterson," they speak of "that which they do know." Says the Western (Mo.) Landmark:—"No magazine can compare with 'Peterson.'" Says the Allentown (Pa.) Vindicator:—"This Magazine contains more for the money than any in the world." Says the Appleton (Wis.) Crescent:—"Should be in every household in the country." Says the Bennettsville (S. C.) Journal:—"The fashion-plates are unequalled." Says the Decatur (Mich.) Republican:—"The best Magazine published for the price." Says the Minneapolis (Minn.) Union:—"Peterson for August is at hand. It is, without doubt, the cheapest of the many magazines, as well as the best." Says the Kingston (N. Y.) Press:—"The Work-Table department is unequalled." The Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Democrat says:—"Deservedly the most popular of all the monthlies." Says the New Lisbon (O.) Patriot:—"The best and cheapest Magazine in America." Says the Albion (Mich.) Mirror:—"The reading matter is from the best female authors of the country." The London (C. W.) Prototype says:—"Its contents are of surpassing artistic and literary merit." Says the Mechanic Falls (Me.) Herald:—"Just what everybody needs in the house." The Batesville (Ark.) Times says:—"The number before us is superb." The Springfield (Mass.) Union says:—"The favorite Magazine with the ladies." The Peeksville (N. Y.) Enterprise says:—"Contains a splendid steel engraving, but what makes it still more attractive, is the attractive stories." The Douglas (Mass.) Herald says:—"In point of literary merit it is unsurpassed." The Lapeer (Mich.) Clarion says:—"There is an interest and fascination about the stories of this Magazine which few publications possess." The Reading (Pa.) Gazette says:—"Becoming more popular daily, and deservedly so." Says the Boston (Mass.) Banner of Light:—"Its brilliant fashion-plates are fresh from Paris." The Coburg (C. W.) Sentinel says:—"The literary contents are of the best description, being from the first writers of America." We could give, if we had space, hundreds of similar notices. But these are enough to prove to our subscribers that they take the best and cheapest of the lady's books.

W. F. TAYLOR, Berlin, N. Y., says:—"I have a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, (No. 283,) bought of Mr. Gardner in 1853, who having used it a year. I have used it constantly in shirt manufacturing, as well as family sewing, sixteen years. My wife ran it four years, and earned between seven hundred and eight hundred dollars, besides doing her housework. I have never expended fifty cents on it for repairs. It is today in the best of order, stitching fine linen bosoms nicely. I started manufacturing shirts with this machine, and now have over one hundred of them in use. I have paid at least three thousand dollars for the stitching done by this old machine, and it will do as much now as any machine I have."

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A COPY of "Peterson's Magazine," and a copy of the "Star of Bethlehem," will be sent to one address for \$2.50. Address C. J. Peterson, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philada., Pa.

"IN ITS PECULIAR FIELD," says the Vergennes (Vt.) Vermonter, "Peterson's Magazine is the ladies' favorite. It defies competition."

## THE WIFE'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO COOK A CHOP.—A mutton-chop is one of the best things in the world, if properly cooked: it is one of the worst if not cooked rightly. We are old-fashioned enough to think that a wife ought to know how to cook, even if she is so rich that she never needs to do any cooking herself, and, therefore, we shall give our fair readers, with their permission, a hint or two about cooking mutton-chops. It may help them out some time, in getting up an appetizing repast, when nothing but mutton-chops can be had.

The requisites for serving up a good mutton-chop are, that the chop should be cut properly; that there should be a bright, clear, fierce fire; that the chop should be broiled, and not fried; and that the cook should turn it quickly, at the right moment, and know exactly, by the change of color on the surface of the chop, when that right moment has come. A few chops, under these conditions, make a dinner of themselves.

The first thing is to have the chop cut properly. This is really the butcher's business. But butchers, like other people, frequently do not know the things they ought to know, and many of them, especially in country towns, are ignorant how to cut a chop artistically. It ought to be sawed, and not cut, (to be critical in our phraseology,) and should be at least an inch or an inch and a quarter thick. If it is too thin it will not contain sufficient gravy to keep the interior in a soft and tender condition, and in spite of all the care possible, it will become hard and tasteless in cooking. The fat, of course, must be trimmed according to taste; it is a good plan, where a number of chops are served up together, to trim them differently, so that all tastes may be suited. If there is the slightest suspicion about their tenderness, they should be well beaten with a knife-handle or silver spoon, about an hour before cooking them, taking care not to alter their natural shape.

The next consideration is the fire. This should be a bed of live coals, hickory being the best, where wood can be had, or is used. If anthracite, or bituminous, coal is employed, the fire should be intensely hot, without smoke. It is generally dangerous to touch a fire during cooking. Make a good fire at first, and the rest is comparatively easy. The gridiron, of course, should be scrupulously clean, and should be placed well slanting forward, so that the fat may trickle along the bars, and drop into the fire away from the chop, otherwise the chop will be scorched. The chop should never be turned with a fork, for this lets out all the most delicious gravy. A couple of silver spoons, properly handled, will turn it much better.

This may seem a trifling point; but it is really a very important one. Let us look into the philosophy of it for a moment. Chemists tell us, that raw meat consists principally of fibrin and certain juices holding albumen and various salts in solution. This fibrin, or solid portion of the flesh, constitutes only about one-quarter of the weight of the meat, the rest being made of a watery fluid containing the albumen and salts. The liquid portion is held by the fibrin much in the same way that water is held in a sponge; but as soon as the fibrin is submitted to the action of heat, it contracts and squeezes out these juices, which contain not only the greater portion of the nourishment, but also the flavor of the meat. The fibrin from which the juices have been separated contains scarcely any nourishment, and is almost tasteless. On the other hand, the cooked juices are rapid and full of flavor and nourishment. Hence, it is very important not to lose these juices, by sticking a fork into the chop. Of course, it is even worse to overdo the chop, and nearly as bad not to turn it at the right moment.

Let us follow this up. You put your chop down to a bright, clear, and even somewhat fierce fire. The first thing that happens is the coagulation of a portion of the albumen on the under-side of the chop, and a contraction of the fibrin which draws the juices into the center. If you leave your

chop untouched, the meat will gradually harden all the way through, driving the juices before it, and causing them to overflow into the fire from the upper-side. To counteract this you must turn your chop over the instant the under-side begins to harden. As soon as what was at first the upper-side is sufficiently hard, which generally happens with a good fire in a minute or so, it is turned once more, as I do on until the operation is complete. In fact, a game of battledore and shuttlecock must be played with the chop; the moment the juices have been driven into the middle of the meat it must be turned, and the turning repeated continually, so that each side may be done alike. The length of time for cooking a chop properly must depend on the fierceness of the fire and the tastes of the individual. Ten minutes, and at least ten turnings may be taken as the shortest period when the fire is brisk, and when an underdone chop is preferred; but there is no royal road to chop-cooking, and perfection in it can only be attained by practice and a fair amount of intelligence.

After cooking your chop, "after catching your bird," the next thing is to eat it. Some persons load their plate with vegetables of every kind in season; and with pepper, mustard, sauce, and half a dozen other incongruities. But we prefer, for ourselves, good bread and a mealy potato. Cut boldly into the middle of the chop, and soak your bread and potato in the delicious gravy that follows the knife, and you will realize that there are few things as good, and nothing better. Perhaps, if you wish perfection, you will use a dash of mushroom catchup.

A final word of advice. If you want a new bonnet, cook such a chop for your husband, and after he has eaten it, ask for the millinery. Our word for it, you will get the bonnet.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

We give this month a few more of Baron Brisse's fine receipts.

From the remains of roast poultry, especially turkey, a great delicacy can be made.

*Hashed Turkey à la Creme.*—Chop very fine the pieces of meat, after having carefully removed the bones, and season them with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Chop equally fine some shallots, and parsley; put over the fire, in a sauce-pan, a lump of butter and some flour; stir, then moisten with cream or milk, or, what is still better, half of either, with half broth, and the shallots and parsley; season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and let it stew gently for at least twenty minutes. When the sauce has good consistency, incorporate the hashed turkey, draw the sauce-pan to the corner of the range, and serve it hot, without letting it boil. To send to the table, turn the hash out on a dish and surround it with a border of fried bread and poached eggs.

*Poached Eggs.*—Put salted water, acidulated with a little vinegar, in a sauce-pan over a slow fire. When this water boils, withdraw the sauce-pan to the other side of the range, so that the ebullition shall not become too violent. Break perfectly fresh eggs, one after another, above the sauce-pan, and let them fall cautiously into the boiling water. When they are sufficiently hard take them out gently with a skimmer, watching carefully lest they break; put them to drain on a plate and serve.

When Jules Gouffe wrote his "Cook-Book" he made a series of experiments, at the end of which he felt able to declare that on a well-made fire, that is to say, composed of live coals extended on ashes for several inches beyond the gridiron, the bed of the coals being an inch thick for a "strong fire," and half an inch for a "slow fire:"

A spare-rib of three-quarters of a pound requires ten minutes over a "strong fire."

A beef-steak of the same weight seven minutes.

A mutton-cutlet, six minutes.

A mutton kidney, spitted, four minutes.

A veal-cutlet, nine minutes.

A mutton-chop, trimmed and bread-crumbed, requires ten minutes over a "slow fire."

A mutton-chop, trimmed and bread-crumbed, requires ten minutes over a "slow fire."

He adds that it is a great mistake to spare fuel in boiling; much good meat is lost by being imperfectly cooked, so as to economize a few handfuls of coals, and he is undoubtedly right. In my opinion we can only deduce from all these experiments very useful information, but no rules. One acquires from study and observation alone the art of taking a gridiron from the fire at the exact moment that the cooking is finished.

### PICKLES AND CATCHUPS.

*To Pickle Red Cabbage.*—Choose a medium-sized fresh, red cabbage; take off the coarse outer leaves; quarter it; remove the stalk; cut the cabbage into slices of about the third of an inch in thickness; place it in a bowl; strew among it two good handfuls of salt; let the whole stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it once or twice; drain it as dry as possible; place it loosely in wide-mouthed jars, and fill up with strong, raw vinegar, adding pepper-corns, capsicums, pieces of ginger, or what other spice you may fancy. This in a day or two will be of a splendid crimson color, and eat deliciously crisp. Those cooks who prefer to boil their vinegar and spices in an iron pot, and forthwith pour the pickle boiling hot upon the cabbage, may reasonably expect to find the latter limp, ill-flavored, and of a dismal purplish blue. The caution here given respecting the boiling the vinegar in an iron vessel is perfectly correct. For if done, a small quantity of the metal will be dissolved by the acid, and, although perfectly wholesome, alter materially the fine color which is so much esteemed in this pickle.

*To Pickle Mushrooms.*—Throw the smallest mushrooms you can find into spring-water, and rub them with a piece of flannel dipped in salt, throwing them back into the cold water as you do them; this makes them keep their color. Put them into a sauce-pan, strew a handful of salt over them, cover them closely, and place them over the fire for four or five minutes until they are thoroughly hot, and the liquor is quite drawn out of them. Lay them to cool between two clean cloths; put them in glass bottles, filling up with the best distilled vinegar. It is very essential that the vinegar should be good, as, if too sharp, the mushrooms will be softened by it, and they will neither keep so long nor look so white as they ought.

*Tomato Chow-Chow.*—One peck of green tomatoes brined, half a dozen onions, sliced, half a dozen chilies, if to be obtained; sprinkle over them half a pint of salt; let it stand over night, then drain off the brine; cover it with good vinegar; let it cook in the oven one hour slowly, then drain and pack in a jar; take one pound of sugar, one table-spoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, cloves, and pepper, one halfcup of ground mustard, and vinegar enough to mix thin; boil together, when boiling pour over the pulp in the jar, and cover tight. Then it is ready for use, and will keep for months.

*To Pickle Nasturtiums.*—Very frequently nasturtiums are merely thrown into seasoned vinegar; they should be gathered when it is sunshiny weather. Although this method answers tolerably well, it is preferable to put the freshly-picked nasturtiums into a strong brine of salt-and-water, and let them remain in this till they grow somewhat soft; then place them in a good deal of strong vinegar, and they will keep for years.

## MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

**Elder-Flower Wine.**—Allow three pounds of sugar for every gallon of wine; and in putting the water, great care must be taken to avoid allowing more than will make the right quantity of wine, as the allowance of three pounds of sugar to the gallon should not be at all curtailed. Place the sugar in an earthen pan sufficiently large, or in a wooden vessel in which water has stood for a day and a night. Gather for every gallon of wine to be made one quart of elder-flowers; cut from the stalks, and pour boiling water over them, allowing a pint of water to every quart of flowers. Cover them close until cold. Then add the flowers and their liquor to the sugar, and as much water as will make the quantity of wine desired. Let it work by stirring in yeast, allowing a tablespoonful to every gallon; cover it with a cloth; stir it thoroughly every day for three or four days. Then skim the surface clean, and tun the wine, adding for every two gallons the juice of one lemon, and the peel taken off, so as to divide the globules. As the wine works over, fill up by dropping in raisins, previously cut, at the bung-hole, a quarter of a pound to every gallon. The time the wine continues to work in the cask will depend on the weather, position, etc., but it will generally be ready to have the bung put over the hole in a week, and fastened down a few days later. It may be drunk at the end of six months, but it will be better if kept in the cask a year.

**Milk-Toast.**—Boil a pint of rich milk, and then take it off and stir into it a quarter of a pound of fresh butter mixed with a small tablespoonful of flour. Then let it again come to a boil. Have ready two deep plates, with half a dozen slices of toast in each. Pour the milk over them hot, and keep them covered till they go to table. Milk-toast is generally eaten at breakfast. The warming of the bread gradually through, on both sides, is a very great improvement upon the quality of the toast. All kinds of toast must be done the same way; but if to be served under a bird, eggs, or kidneys, it requires to be toasted drier. Dry toast should not be made until quite ready to serve; when done, place it in a toast-rack, or upon its edges, one piece resting against another. Any kind of toast that has been made half an hour is not worth eating.

**Lard.**—Leaf lard is the nicest for all cooking purposes; skin all the fat that is to be fried into lard, and commence by frying gently a little leaf lard, or your fat will scorch; let it cook slowly, and dip off the fat as fast as it is liquefied, and strain it through a cloth; when all is strained that can be dipped off, squeeze the remainder by itself in the cloth. If the lard is to be used for cooking, salt it a trifle when first put on; much of the salt will be found at the bottom of the kettle undissolved; still it would seem better that salt should be used.

**Milk-Punch.**—(1.) Pare the rind off twelve lemons and two Seville oranges thinly; put them to steep in six pints of rum, brandy, or whisky for twenty-four hours, then add two pounds of loaf-sugar, three pints of water, two nutmegs, grated, and one pint of lemon-juice; stir it till the sugar is dissolved, then take three pints of new milk, boiling hot, and pour on the ingredients: let it stand twelve hours, closely covered; strain through a Jolly-bag till quite clear; bottle it.

(2.) Pare eighteen lemons very thin, infuse the peel in one quart of rum, and keep it closely covered. The next day squeeze the juice of the eighteen lemons over four pounds of white sugar, and keep this also closely covered. The third day mix the above ingredients together, and add three quarts more of rum (or else one quart of rum and two quarts of best cognac, which is preferred by some,) and five quarts of water that has been boiled, but is cold when added, also two quarts of boiling milk; stir the whole mixture for about ten minutes, cover close, and let it stand for about three hours, until quite cold; strain through a flannel-bag two or three times till quite clear. In bottling care should be taken that the corks fit tight, and it will keep three or four years.

**Pickle Chow-chow.**—A quarter of a peck of green tomatoes, a quarter of a peck of white onions, a quarter of a peck of pickling beans, one dozen green cucumbers, one dozen green peppers, one large head of cabbage. Season with mustard, celery-seed, salt to suit the taste. Cover the mixture with the best vinegar. Boil two hours slowly, continually stirring, and add two tablespoonfuls of salad-oil while hot.

## FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

**FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF SULTAN-COLORED SILK.**—The skirt is made with one deep flounce, pointed at the top and bottom, bound with black silk, and put on with a narrow bias band; a deep, full puff without trimming falls nearly to the top of the flounce at the back. The small mantilla, round at the back, with long, square ends in front, has a round hood, and is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Black lace bonnet, with a sultan-colored agriette at the side.

**FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF CANARY-COLORED TABLETAN.**—The skirt is trimmed with three ruffles; the bottom one extends all around the skirt; the other two finish the two full puffs at the back, and in the middle are fastened by two wide satin bows; a row of smaller bows trims the front of the dress. The effectiveness of this dress is very much increased by the white flowers, with black velvet leaves which ornament it. The hair is studded with white flowers and black leaves.

**FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF APRICOT-COLORED SATIN.**—The lower-skirt has only a rich quilling of satin; the upper-skirt is very short, and is of blue satin, trimmed with ruffles and puffs of satin. There is a low, square, blue waist attached to the skirt, which comes just below the quilling of the apricot-colored waist.

**FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN STRIPED SILK.**—The long skirt has one bias flounce of medium width; the low corsage is covered in front and at the back with a white muslin cape, trimmed with Valenciennes, and fastened on the shoulder by a bow of green ribbon. A similar bow ornaments the front. Broad ribbon sash at the back, and long, close sleeves.

**FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT CLARET-COLORED POPLIN.**—The skirt is quite plain. Confection of black silk. It is quite short in front, but at the back it falls low, and is trimmed with a ruffle; the side-pieces and square cape are trimmed with lace; from the cape at the back to where the side-pieces meet, a puffing of silk gives it the appearance of a Watteau Mantle. Small Versailles hat.

**FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF STONE-COLORED POPLIN.**—The under-skirt is made with two deep ruffles, not put on very full; the upper-skirt and body are cut in one, forming a deep cascade, which opens in front, and is looped up in two places on each side, and trimmed with fringe.

**FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED POPLIN.**—The lower-skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces put on in full plaits. The upper-skirt and body (all in one) is of dark-gray poplin, trimmed with a plaiting like that on the lower-skirt.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—The bodice of white muslin is made in small puffs, open in front, and trimmed with black or colored velvet. Black velvet bows upon the sleeves and bosom.

THE ISABEAU BODICE is of black or colored silk, cut low and square, and ornamented with a deep lace border, standing up like old-fashioned collarettes. Short sleeves, puffed, trimmed with two lace borders. Fash with wide lapels and bow of a new shape.

THE CHEMISE RUSE is of white cashmere, trimmed with rows of blue velvet; red, green, violet, or black velvet may be employed in place of the blue, or black, violet, red, or blue cashmere may be used, as fancy dictates.

We also give the latest novelties in the way of bonnets and hats—nothing very different from those which have been worn; but it is too early in the season for any decided change.

The chemisette has become an important part of the toilet, now that so many bodices are worn open in front or cut square. Among the new models we have seen this month the most elegant is the Raphael pattern, forming a stomacher of strips of insertion in lace and embroidery, with a jabot formed of a wide strip of lace arranged in slightly gathered coils; a double lace frill forms the collar. The sleeves are tight, with two strips of embroidery and one of lace in the middle, and a lace frill at the bottom. The same style of square chemisette is made with wide strips of Valenciennes lace insertion, divided by garlands of leaves in embroidery to match with the pattern of the lace. Two rows of Valenciennes lace form cravat ends in front. The tight sleeves are trimmed with insertion and embroidery. A Scudery chemisette, open in the shape of a heart, and formed of strips of Mechlin lace insertion, is trimmed round with a deep stand-up border of the same lace. Lace ruffles to correspond.

The Elizabethan collars, of which we spoke above, are becoming very fashionable; they are called in Paris collars *a la Medicis*.

We only repeat ourselves when we attempt to describe the modes of making and trimming dresses. Never was the fashion so varied, as will be seen from the great variety of the figures in the plates; but we have so often described what we think the prettiest styles, that we have nothing new to record till the colder weather, and the return of the fashionable world to Paris, will have induced the leading modistes to open their stores of novelties. But the following hints may be useful in this mid-season.

Silk, poplin, foulard, and mohair, may be either straight or bias, plaited or gathered. The flounces that require least material are bias and gathered scantily, with only one-fourth additional fullness. Narrow silk flounces are sometimes raveled half an inch at the edges, others are notched like saw-teeth, or pinked in scallops. Again, there are points or deep scallops, faced with silk, run together on the wrong side and turned. Many of heavy silk are simply hemmed by the machine, and a few are bound with contrasting colors. The plaits of flounces are fancifully arranged in groups; two or three box-plaits are together, with a plain interval between, on which is a rosette or hollow bow. Others have clusters of plaits all turned one way. Flat bands of plaits are lined with thin foundation, the material being hemmed over it loosely, the stitches not showing outside. On many suits are seen two frills a quarter of a yard wide, while on others are five or seven frills a finger deep. Another fancy is a wide ruffle above a narrow one. Many skirts have four inches of plain space below the frills. Box-plaited ruffles of inch-wide satin ribbon are much worn on alpaca and summer poplins. Others of silk, in double box-plaits, are two inches wide, raveled or notched at the edges.

English embroidery, as it is called, is very fashionable for piques, thick, white muslins, and colored laines or linen dresses. This embroidery is only the heavy worked ruffling, edging and insertion, which was so popular a few years ago.

A mixture of colors is more allowable now than it was a year or so ago, and the stronger the contrast the more stylish it is considered. This is, however, a dangerous ground for an inexperienced eye, for if the tones of color are not well selected the effect will be uncomfortable, and even "loud." Thus pearl-gray and pink, gray and blue, black and scarlet, buff and blue, yellow and black, etc., etc., are all fashionable combinations.

Added to this, lace trimmings are often worn. Thus on the pearl-gray and pink, black lace is a rich adjunct; and on the buff and blue, or on the gray and blue, white lace would look well.

It is evident that a more ample and flowing style of dress than that worn of late years, is now deemed indispensable to all who would lay any claim to elegance.

The dress, fully gathered at the back, must be more or

less puffed out; not is this unbecoming when not exaggerated; far from it, it sets off a slight figure to great advantage. When no puff is worn, the *sash-bow* is made very full, with a large number of *coque* loops, but no lappets, or very short, wide ones.

**STAGGERERS TO STOUT FIGURES.**—Stout persons complain of the fashions now in vogue. Double skirts, panniers, and bouffant sashes, are not for them. Tight casques disclose the figure too plainly, and shawls, gathered up over the arms, increase the appearance of the size. The best drapery for such ample figures is that which fits the shoulders closely, and hangs loosely below, such as short, loose sacques without sleeves for young ladies, baschliks and mantillas for those more advanced. Trained skirts give the appearance of less breadth. Short dresses are unbecoming, and should be worn to touch the floor. An upper-skirt may be outlined by a scant ruffle ten inches wide, on which two very narrow ruffles are placed. Folds and other flat trimmings should be used by large ladies. Low-throated dresses are becoming to short necks. A bonnet without a coronet or face-trimming is best suited to broad faces.

The chignon is no longer indispensable; we may add that it is given up by a large number of ladies of the best society. The hair is plaited and simply arranged, without the help of the least crepe. A great simplicity is about to succeed to the elaborate coiffures we have seen too long; curls or plaits will constitute all the ornament of the hair. In front, the hair is still raised as high as possible, and the ears remain free. For quite young girls, two bandeaux are raised off in front, fastened very high at the back, and then droop in curls, if long enough. All the rest of the hair is left loose, in curls, or simply waved. If the hair is very long, however, it is plaited, as above mentioned.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, vandyked at both the top and bottom edge. *Confection* is the shape of a skeleton body of black silk. Violet hat, and white plume.

FIG. II.—KICKERBOCKER SUIT OF BROWN VELVETEEN, trimmed with black braid, for a boy. Glazed sailor hat.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF BROWN MOHAIR, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt has three narrow ruffles, body and sleeves plain. An upper-dress of gray mohair has a low, square waist, and the skirt is looped up and trimmed with brown rosettes. Hat of Chinese shape, trimmed with roses.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF BLUE AND BLACK STRIPED POPLIN, FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt, body, and sleeves, are quite plain; the upper-skirt has a low, square waist, is made of plait blue poplin, is a good deal puffed at the back, has long lapels at the side, and is trimmed with black ribbon. Black ribbon sash. Black straw hat, and blue plume.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF YELLOW MARSEILLES, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt is trimmed with three rows of broad, white cotton braid. The loose paleot is made with a cape looped up on the shoulders, and is trimmed with braid and a white, wash fringe. White felt hat, and plume.

FIG. VI.—APRON FOR A GIRL FROM THREE TO FIVE.—The model is made of white *pique*, braided with scarlet, the edge being festooned in button-hole stitch, with scarlet wool. Brown holland might also be used, and black braid substituted for scarlet.

FIG. VII.—DRESS FOR A GIRL FROM FOUR TO SIX.—This frock is made of white *pique*; the over-skirt, waistband, and epaulets of buff *pique*. The under-skirt is braided with fine black mohair braid, and the edge of the upper-skirt is button-holed, according to illustration, with fine black wool. The top of the bodice and the edge of under-skirt are bordered with narrow white embroidery. The frock fastens at the back with four pearl buttons.

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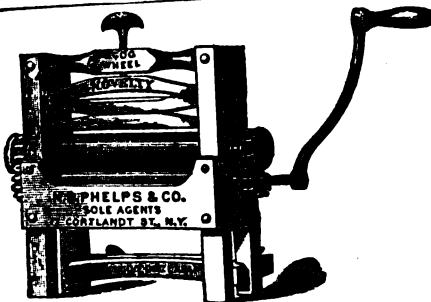
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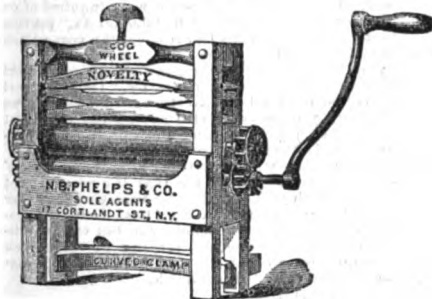
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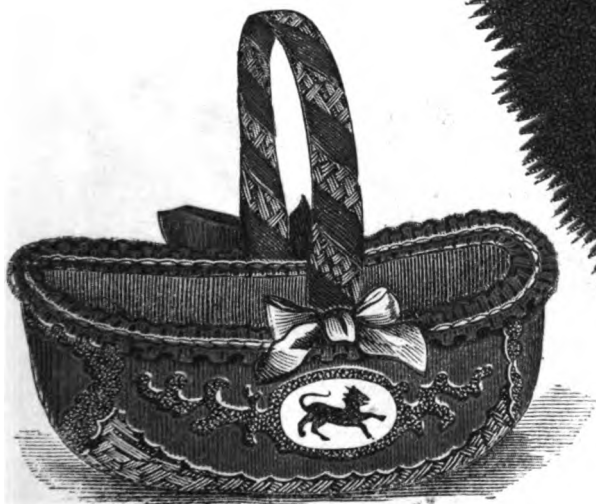
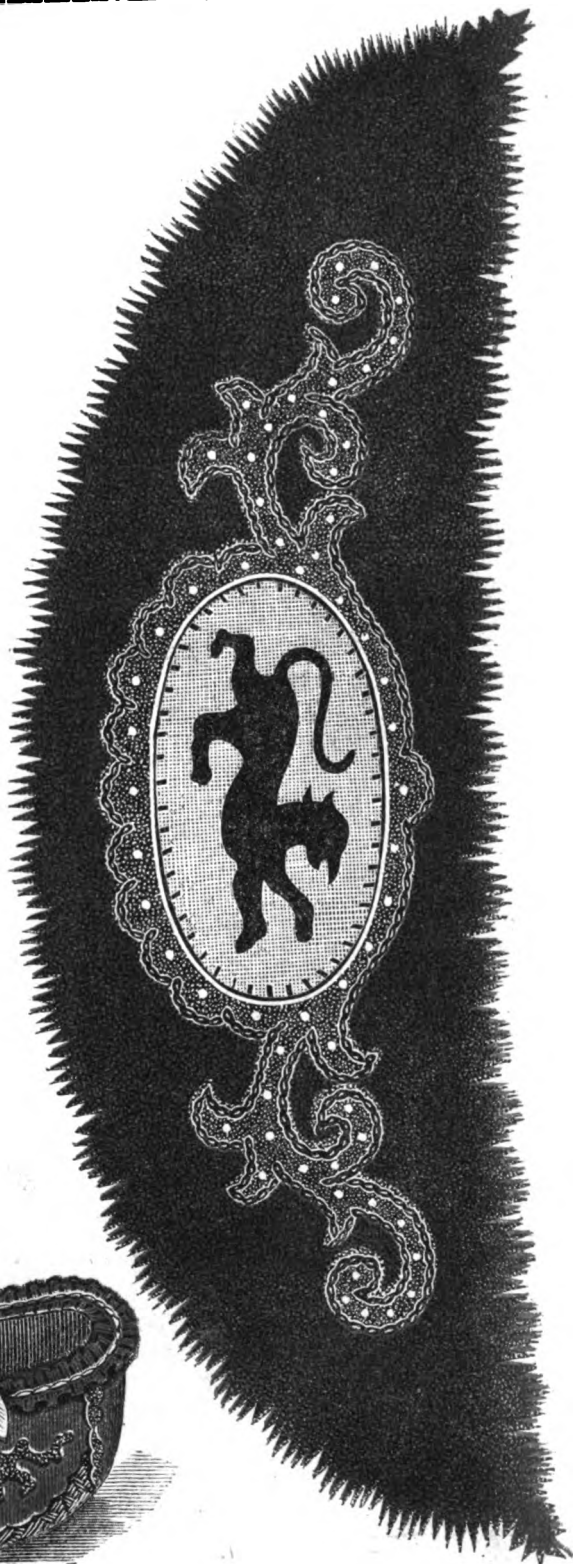








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THE BLIND RUSH-SELLER.

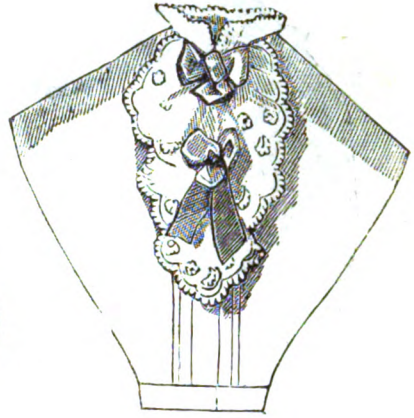
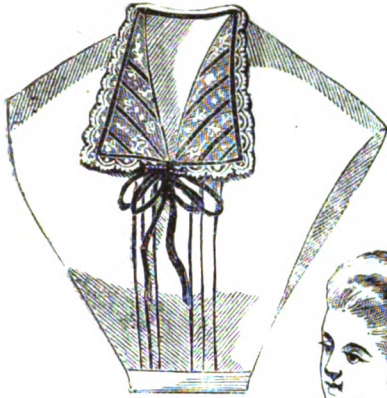


CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.





EVENING-DRESS. COLLAR. WHITE BODY.

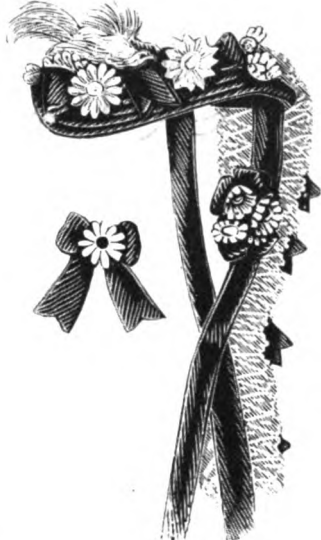


DRESS FOR THE OPERA. NEW STYLES OF COLLARS.

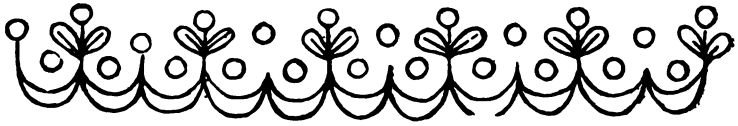




WALKING-DRESS. NEW STYLES OF FALL HATS.



DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY. NEW STYLES OF FALL HATS.



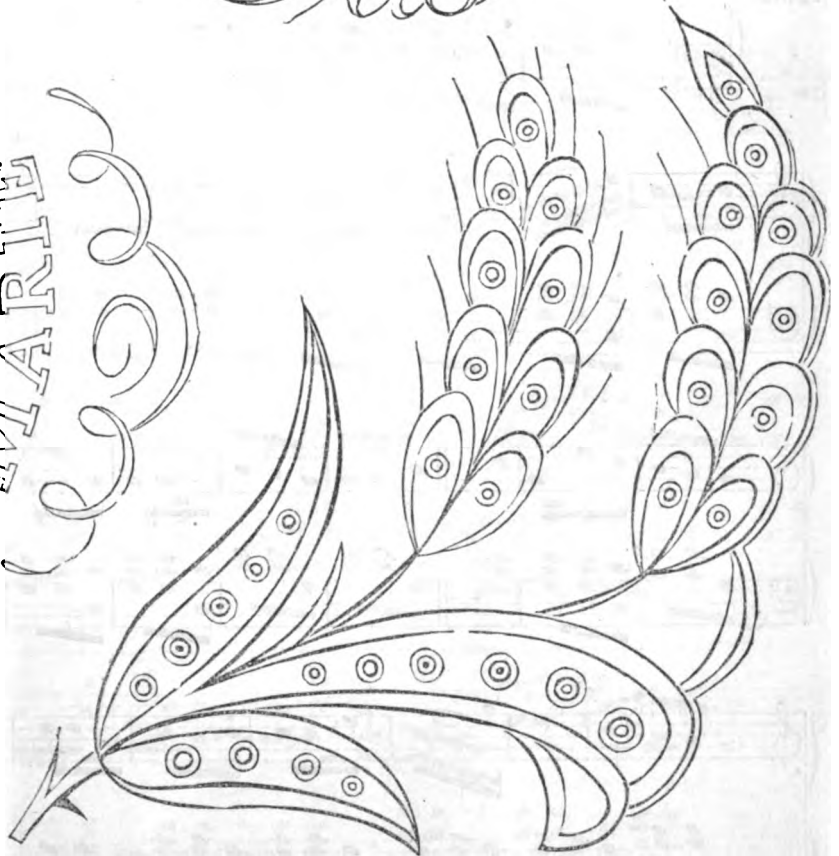
EDGING. EMBROIDERY IN SILK. NAMES FOR MARKING. INSERTION.



ELEONORE

Elise

MARIE



EDGING. NAMES FOR MARKING. CORNER FOR FLANNEL SHAWL IN SILK EMBROIDERY.

To Moggie F. Winner.

# IRMA WALTZ.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

BY WALTER IRVING.

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*ALLEGRETTO.*

PIANO. *mf*

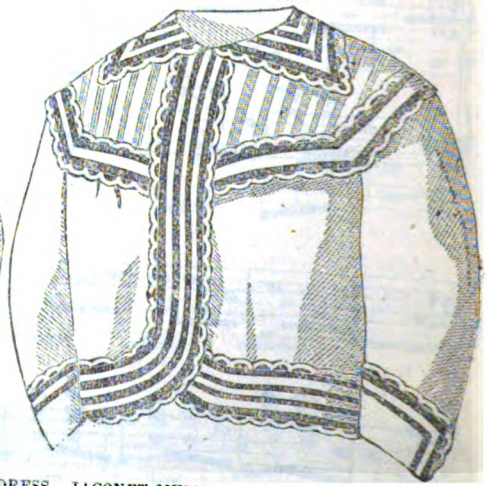
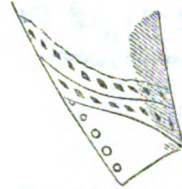
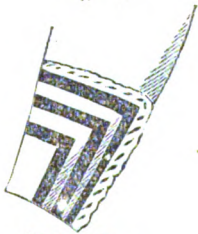
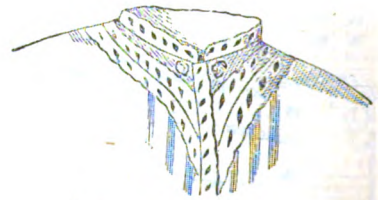
The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff. The first system is marked 'ALLEGRETTO.' and 'PIANO. mf'. The music is in 3/8 time. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the fourth system.

IRMA WALTZ.

*TRIO.*  
*dolce. p*

*p* *cres.*

*REPEAT 8va.*  
*f*



BONNETS. COLLARS AND CUFFS. NIGHT-DRESS. JACONET MUSLIN CAMISOLE.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1869.

No. 4.

## THE BLIND RUSH-SELLER.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE quaint, old town of Rouen lay glittering in the early sunlight of an autumn morning—an October morning, clear, crisp, sparkling, with just a suggestion of winter in its bracing atmosphere. Every spire, and tower, and gable in the old town was aflame with splendor; every sail on the bosom of the Seine seemed touched with unwonted splendor; and the river itself, lapsing in drowsy waves upon its sunny shores, flashed, in every wave and bubble, like molten gold.

A royal morning and a royal day in Rouen. In the newer and more fashionable parts of the town, near the public garden and depot, gay equipages rolled along; and along the Rue de L'Imperatrice, gay ladies sauntered, and fluttered, and gathered in little, chattering bevy, like flocks of bright-plumaged birds. Sounds of stirring music filled the air, snatches of merry song, and bursts of happy laughter. In the older and quainter parts of the town, the voices of the tradespeople were heard crying their different wares. Now a pretty rustic trilled out her posies for sale in silvery notes, and anon a stout fish-woman bawled vociferously over her baskets. At intervals, in a patient, mournful monotone, came the cry, "Rushes, rushes for sale—who'll buy?"

But no one seemed to hear or notice. The busy crowd bustled onward, and the old Rush-Seller stood patiently in the sunlight, lifting his poor, sightless eyes to the glittering sky; while at his side, shy and pitiful as some little, motherless bird, clung his little, half-clad granddaughter. "Rushes, rushes—who'll buy?"

Over and over again the patient cry was repeated; and when the old man grew weary, the little thing at his side took it up and piped it out in her shrill, childish treble.

The morning wore away, and the October sun stood at noontide, flaming down upon the old town in cloudless splendor. The crowds

began to disperse, the streets grew quieter. The old man dropped his head upon his breast, and the little child, nestling down at his feet, let her heavy, brown locks fall over her eyes to shut out the blinding glare, and resting her dimpled cheeks in her little, brown palms, fell into a placid sleep, from which she started ever and anon, and half-unclosing her sleepy, brown eyes, took up the monotonous cry, "Rushes for sale!"

But nobody bought. The noontide waned, and the evening shadows began to lengthen. The old man stooped, and taking the child's hand, called gently,

"Come, Matihl, we may as well plod homeward, little one, our chances are over for to-day."

The child roused up and started on ahead, leading the old man along the silent, sunny streets, until they reached their humble abode. At the door of the lowly habitation he paused, removing his hat, and turned his face westward, as if even through his sealed eyelids penetrated some sense of the glory and magnificence of the declining day. Just then there came a mellow peal of bells, and the swelling music of an evening hymn from the grand old cathedral near at hand. Both went down upon their knees for a moment, then arose and entered.

A square, comfortless room, with a small, cheap bed, and a few articles of broken furniture, prominent among which was a huge arm-chair, made of some old-fashioned wood, elaborately carved, and cushioned with tattered brocatelle, which in its day had been royal both in tint and texture. Indeed, the old chair, despite its age and ill-usage, was still rather an imposing object, and looked a good deal out of place in the squalid and poverty-stricken abode of the old Rush-Seller.

The old man entered, and after depositing



his bundle of rushes in one corner of the small room, threw himself down in the old chair with a heavy sigh.

"Another day," he murmured, "and not a penny, and the poor child half-famished. The good God pity us!"

In the meantime, little Matihl had crept to the hearth, and raking open the coals, she sat swaying herself to and fro, and whimpering in a babyish way.

"What is it little one?" called the old man.

"Oh, grandpap! I'm so tired, and so cold, and so very, very hungry. If we only had some supper!"

By a kind of instinct he turned his sightless eyes toward the one window, through whose dingy panes the pomp and splendor of the closing day were visible, and his lips moved silently, as if asking help from some source more compassionate than man.

"Run down to the baker's, Matihl," he said, at last, his voice slow and hesitating, as if the resolution pained him, "and ask him to trust me for a loaf. I think I can raise enough to pay him to-morrow."

The child went off like a bird on the wing, her brown hair streaming behind her in disheveled masses; but in a few moments she returned, drooping and dispirited.

"He wouldn't let me have it, grandpap," she sobbed; "and ordered me out of the shop for a beggar."

The old man made no answer, but leaned his head upon his hand, while the tears fell silently. The weary child soon sobbed herself to sleep. But still he sat there, in the purple twilight, silent, and thinking of the past.

For even this poor, blind Rush-Seller had his happy memories. There had been a day, when he was young and strong, and as gallant a soldier, perhaps, as could be found in Rouen. His father, Pierre De Courcy, was a wealthy and reputable citizen, and at his death Jacques had looked forward to the possession of a handsome income. But when that event occurred, he found, to his dismay and astonishment, that his father was a bankrupt. Too proud to remain in Rouen, he wandered off to the South of France. Here his wife died. Here, too, one fine day, when looking at a parade, a piece of artillery exploded, and the poor man was blind for life.

But he still had one blessing left, an only son, who was now growing to manhood. The son married, and of this union the little Matihl was the offspring. When she was a babe in her mother's arms, her father went off to the Aus-

trian wars, and in less than a month fell fatally wounded. His wife, too frail to endure the shock, soon followed her husband, and little Matihl and her blind, old grandfather were left alone in the world.

Actuated by that yearning, instinctive love of home, which is as deathless as the soul itself, they wandered back to Rouen. The quaint, old city was unchanged; but its streets were thronged with unfamiliar faces; and led along by his little grandchild, Jacques De Courcy found that he was as utterly unknown and forgotten in his native town as if he had never existed.

Friendless, nameless, and well-nigh penniless, yet too proud of heart to make himself known, he settled down in a humble quarter of the city, and took to selling rushes for a livelihood. A meagre subsistence it brought him, but the poor, old man could do nothing better; and he must do something, for the paltry sum which had accrued to him from the disposal of his household effects was well-nigh gone.

And one sunny afternoon, strolling along with his little guide, and amusing himself by listening to the idle chat of the by-standers, he chanced upon a small crowd collected around the sale of some old books and second-hand furniture. The auctioneer had just put up an old chair, and was descanting quite volubly upon its rare merits. "It was worth buying," he said, "as a relic, if nothing more. It had belonged to the De Courcies, one of the best families in Rouen in their day, and had been handed down from one to another as a kind of heir-loom."

Old Jacques waited to hear no more. He arose, and groping across to where the old chair stood, fell to passing his hands over its quaint carvings with a kind of caressing fondness. It was the same, the dear old chair in which he had seen his father, and his grandfather before him, sit so often. With tears running down his furrowed cheeks he bought it back, glad to get it, though it took the last sous from his pocket. He had it conveyed to his poor lodgings, and those who noticed, wondered what in the world old Jacques, the Rush-Seller, wanted with the De Courcy chair.

And thus, having spent the last of his little mite of money, he had nothing to fall back upon when his rush-selling failed him; and poor, little Matihl, as we have seen, was forced to go supperless to bed. She awoke in the morning with no prospect of breakfast. Her grandfather, worn-out by hunger and anxiety, was still asleep. Noiselessly the little thing unbolted the door,

and went out. The day was dawning grandly over quaint, old Rouen. The child went round to the window-ledge to look at her pansies. There were two pretty purple things, with lustrous, golden hearts. An old market-woman had given her the plant, and the child watched and nurtured it with a kind of adoration. Her pansy-pot was the shrine at which she worshipped. Looking at the dewy blossoms, a sudden thought flashed upon her. What if she should break them off and run out and sell them! Surely they would bring enough to buy them some breakfast! But her lips quivered, and tears filled her eyes. It almost broke her heart to give up her pansies. But she was so hungry, and poor grandpa would have no breakfast. At this last thought, she put out her hand resolutely and broke them off; then ran away as fast as she could.

At a corner of the market-place she paused breathless. A fine gentleman was passing by, and extending the tiny, brown hand that held the blossoms, she said timidly,

"Will you please, sir, buy my pansies?"

But he pushed on, well-nigh brushing them from her grasp. The next passer was an old countryman, with a wagon filled with milk-cans rattling ahead of him. The child put out her blossoms, and repeated her meek entreaty. The old man paused. His garden was overrun with such things, but the child's little, eager face touched him.

"Buy your pansies?" he said. "Why, bless your poor, little heart, to be sure I will, if you want to sell 'em. What do you want for 'em?"

"Only enough to buy a loaf, sir. We are so hungry, grandpap and I."

The countryman's eyes filled with tears.

"Give me the blossoms," he said. "I'll take 'em home to my little girl; and you come along, you poor, hungry, little bird, and get a drink o' fresh milk."

The child followed him eagerly, drinking the milk, and clutched at the wheaten roll he gave her. But before she had swallowed the second mouthful she paused, holding the bread in her hand.

"Why don't you eat?" he said.

"Grandpap," she half sobbed, "he's so hungry, too!"

"Then take this," continued the man, drawing his sleeve across his eyes, "and run home and buy him some breakfast."

He put a silver piece in her hand. She grasped it with dilating eyes.

"The good God reward you!" she murmured,

kissing his hands vehemently. Then, before he was aware of her motion, she had disappeared.

"Grandpap! Oh, grandpap! see what I've got," she cried, bursting into the little room a few minutes later; "see what I sold my pansies for. We'll have such a breakfast now, bread and sausage, and——"

But she stopped short, for, in the middle of the room, the old man lay prone on his face. She flew to his side, with a startled cry, tossing her silver piece into the old chair.

"Oh, grandpap!" raising his head, "what is it? Speak to me, grandpap!"

The old man slowly roused, and tottered to his feet. His face looked ghastly, he had fasted so long, and he shook with weakness.

"Grandpap," the child continued, "you shan't be sick any more; it is because you're hungry—you shall have plenty of breakfast now I've sold my pansies, and—oh! where is the money? I threw it in the chair when I was so frightened. Oh! it's gone, it's gone. It's slipped down behind the cushion," she said, examining it closely. "May I try to raise the cushion up and find it?"

"Yes; but don't hurt the old chair, Matihl," said the old man, anxiously.

The child ran her little fingers into every crevice, and at last she fell to working vigorously at the huge cushion. It was covered with leather beneath the brocatelle, but it was decayed and rotten, and a few vigorous tugs from her nervous little hands broke it loose with a crash.

"Oh, grandpap!" she cried, starting back in amazement, for, as it yielded, a glittering stream came flashing and tinkling to the floor.

The old man, hearing the sound, crossed over. A sudden light seemed to dawn upon him. He threw up his hands, and cried,

"Shut the door, Matihl, and tell me what they are like."

The child obeyed, dropping on her knees before the old chair.

"Here's jewels, grandpap," she said, in an awed whisper, "just like the empress wore when she rode through Rouen that day—whole heaps of 'em, as bright as stars; and great piles of gold, and papers with Jacques De Courcy marked on 'em."

"Put them all back, Matihl," said the old man, quietly; "and then run down to the good abbe's and ask him to come here."

"But our breakfast, grandpap?" said the child, pausing in the door-way.

"We can afford to wait a little while for

that," replied the old man, smiling. "We shall never want for breakfasts any more, little Mathl."

"This is a letter from Piere De Courcy," said the abbe, after a careful examination of the contents of the chair, "telling his only son, Jacques De Courcy, that these treasures were concealed in the chair, in order that, if fortune went against him, he might have something to fall back upon. But the chair seems to have passed from the family. Where can this Jacques De Courcy be?"

"I am the man," said the old Rush-Seller,

proudly. "Jacques De Courcy, son of Piere De Courcy, thank God!"

After that morning, the market-people missed the old Rush-Seller and his little granddaughter, and passing the sunny nook where they had stood so long, wondered what had become of them. If they had chanced to pass the ancestral villa, formerly occupied by the De Courcies, they would have found them. The old man sitting in his garden, and little Mathl tending her roses and pansies that grew along its borders, the happiest pair that could be found in the quiet, sunny, old city.

## ROBERT AND THE ROBIN.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

ROBERT and robin were out on the lea,  
And the robin was merry as robin could be;  
I saw him sit singing the spruces among,  
Sipping the dew from their branches hung;  
Eagerly singing of things that he knew,  
Dancing so lightly in ether so blue.

Holding on to a twig with his little brown hands,  
Talking of things he so well understands,  
Singing, at least so it seemed unto me,  
Of things that he fancied no other could see;  
Airily swinging like pendulum there,  
He seemed to be saying, "You know I don't care."

So careless he seems, idly fluttering there,  
So thoughtlessly saying, "You know I don't care;"  
So fearlessly telling whatever he knows,  
Unmindful what wit and what folly he shows;  
I wonder what makes him so frank and so free,  
What makes him keep telling that story to me.

Airily swinging, like spirit in air,  
He seemed to be saying, "You know I don't care."  
I wonder what makes him so frank and so free,  
What makes him keep telling that story to me;  
He seems to be saying, "You know it is true,  
And that's why I'm telling the story to you."

But while I am looking the robin has flown,  
And the dew on the spruce has exhaled and is gone;  
And while I am thinking the songster has fled,  
And the wind shakes the bough, and its odors are shed;  
He has gone like the wind through the ether so blue,  
But the soul of his song lives with me and with you.

He has gone like the wind away over the town,  
With his eye full of light, and his heart full of down;  
And Robert sits looking up into the sky,  
And wishing he, too, like the robin might fly;  
And the bird means, be happy, be careless, be free,  
For the hand that has made, cares for you and for me.

## OCTOBER.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

A GLORY rests o'er all the sea and land;  
The hills are folded in a robe of mist;  
Across the hyaline, by daylight spanned,  
The clouds are wrought of purest amethyst.  
The languid air is heavy with the sweet  
Of Summer flowers dying 'neath our feet.

The royal Autumn, queenly in her pride,  
Comes forth attended by a fairy train;  
About her all the softest odors glide,  
Sweet music chaunts for her its low refrain.  
We catch her noiseless footfalls 'neath the shade,  
And mark the sunshine by her presence made.

Our life is launched upon a sea of dream,  
Above whose misty depths we float serene;  
We revel in the light that o'er us beams,

As on we glide the sea and sky between.  
The dew of morn upon our pathway lies,  
And evening wraps us in her tryan dyes.

Rich globes of honeyed sweets hang in the sun,  
Their ruby blushes deepening day by day;  
From all the golden Summer they have won,  
The treasured stores so deftly hid away.  
With nectared lip, and downy cheek they shine,  
A sumptuous banquet for a taste divine.

The winds are hushed to stillness; on the air  
There falls the drowsy hum of insect life;  
The droning beetle hurls, with little care,  
His whirring lance of sound amid the strife.  
Our lives flow on toward the sunset verge,  
With neither break of wave nor roar of surge.

# KATE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

## CHAPTER I.

OUTSIDE, the roll of carriages, the low-toned but vigorous ejaculations of coachmen, the impatient orders from youthful masculines, eager for the fray, glimpses of cloaked and hooded women mounting the steps of the brilliantly-lighted mansion; gathered about, the crowd of idle boys and shabby men that such a scene usually brings.

Within, a noble suite of rooms, furnished in a way that showed that wealth had been aided by a refined and elegant taste, filled with a gay crowd who surged back and forth through the stately apartments, going or returning from paying salutations to the hostess, who owned and deserved the reputation of being the most graceful woman in America.

There, you have the ground-work upon which I mean to bring forward the people whom I want you to know; but I must add that the scene was Washington—and a Washington ball is like nothing else under the sun; whether that be complimentary or not you shall decide for yourselves; looking back on certain experiences, I am inclined to answer in the affirmative; but, as I am not coming into this story myself, perhaps my opinion is of no consequence.

It was the opening-ball of the season—I say ball, because I am tired of that odious word, "party"—and it was evident that the mistress of the revels, as old-fashioned novelists were fond of calling those unfortunate wretches who are forced to give monstrous entertainments to monstrous bores, had evidently meant to make it so unique and perfect, that all women who must needs follow in her wake, would be ready to expire when they recollected that their soirees must be given, and that coming after this success, they would be as poor as two or three miserable little meteors coming a few nights after a September shower of falling-stars.

She had meant it, and had succeeded; what was more, not a woman present but was forced to confess that, difficult as it might have been; and, after all, though we pretend to think them slight things, a great social triumph is just as pleasant as ever one of Napoleon's was.

The ball-room was thrown open at last—a temporary affair, built out in the garden, reached from the balcony at the back of the house, draped

with lovely rose-colored hangings, decorated with masses of green vines and choice flowers, with the marine band—really a good one, though not playing exactly like seraphs, even if Washington people do force one to say so at the point of the bayonet—rolling out a stormy galop that would have made a wooden-legged man dance, and the full, delightful insanity of the evening had begun.

It happened that it was quite late when Kate Wallingford arrived. There was a lull in the music, so everybody had leisure, as she stood in the entrance of the ball-room, leaning on her uncle's arm, and exchanging laughing salutations with her graceful hostess.

Just a beautiful girl, not tall, but so perfectly formed that she seemed so; one of those pliable, willowy shapes that could no more be ungraceful than a bird; a face that depended more upon its coloring and expression for loveliness than on perfection of feature, with a power of change that, perhaps, was somewhat indicative of the character within; crowned with masses of wavy, golden hair, lighted up by a pair of great, purple eyes, that looked black at night, dressed in white, with wreaths of some odd, green sea-plant; there you have all the description I can give of her, and, of course, it gives you no idea at all—but no matter.

Men go mad enough over a new face anywhere, but never so hopelessly insane as they do in Washington. Of course, there was a rush, from members of cabinet down to the humblest dandy—if ever a dandy was humble; and if in the next quarter of an hour Kate Wallingford felt very much as Victoria may have done the day she was crowned queen, (barring the feeling of responsibility which made it all the more delightful, lacking that, I mean.) I suppose no one could blame her.

Somebody whirled her away in the mazes of a heavenly waltz that had just struck up, and as she was being led to a seat, at its conclusion, in that delightful state of intoxication which only a waltz can produce, she found herself face to face with Harry Everett; and Harry Everett's face was the first masculine one that had not smiled admiration and approval at her since her arrival in the capitol—an event of only ten days back.

She started, and gave an odd little gasp of surprise; but it was over in a second, and she held out her pretty hand and said gayly,

"I thought you were a ghost at first! I supposed you were in New Orleans by this time."

"I am here, you see; I hope not sorry to see it," he added, in a lower tone, as she sunk into her chair.

She hesitated, and he observed it.

"I hope not sorry?" he repeated, somewhat impatiently, after masculine habit.

"No," she answered, doubtfully, and then looking up, beheld the crowd of men again gathering about her, and became conscious that she had told a white lie, for she was sorry to have that reproving face, and those jealous eyes, come in between her and the full enjoyment of her hour of triumph.

But there was no opportunity for Harry Everett to indulge in sentiment, for up came her promised partners, and there was a struggle as to whose right came first, and Harry had only time to whisper,

"At least save me one waltz, Kate—one waltz."

Then she was gone, and he could only stare disconsolately after her, and utter mental anathemas against Washington.

He could not even indulge in that healthful recreation long, for he was a dancing man, and his hostess knew it; so up she came, captured him, led him off, and victimized him on the shrine of a young woman in green, and all the while he was waltzing with her, Harry felt sea-sick, and wished to goodness that her back hair would fall off, or some other calamity occur, which would make it necessary for her to beat a retreat.

But he was not to be let off in that way. After the young woman in green came one in yellow, then a red female, and so on, through all the variations of color, till Harry felt as if he made part of some hideous rainbow, through whose distorted arc he looked out and occasionally caught glimpses of Kate so radiant and happy, that he was ready to do theatre in the most exaggerated manner.

At last he got near her again, and found an opportunity to whisper in her ear; and with the usual stupidity of people in love, he could not help doing it in that injured tone which is always so aggravating to the one whispered at.

"I suppose you have not been able to save me a single waltz, Kate?"

"Indeed, I am afraid not," she answered. "I am very sorry, but I was engaged ever so many deep before you came." Then she saw

the cloud gather on his forehead, and could not resist adding, fretfully, "It is not my fault."

"You begin to defend yourself before you are accused," he said, in an irritating way.

"I was not defending myself," Kate replied, with sufficiently natural impatience.

"You do not take the trouble, I suppose," quoth Harry.

Again Kate felt rising in her heart that wish that he had not intruded himself between her and her season of success; but, woman-like, she was conscience-pricked for allowing the wish a resting-place in her mind; and besides, she hated having anybody look cross at her, and to feel that anybody was uncomfortable, so she added, softly,

"I should not mind the trouble, or think it one; but I've done nothing to make it necessary, Harry," and she spoke his name with a gentle lingering on the word that would have mollified him if he had been a second Othello.

"No, no, I am sure you have not," he returned in haste, with that charming inconsistency which characterizes lovers; "I am sure of that, Kate."

Perhaps they might have come to a thoroughly good understanding, and so spoiled this history, if there had been time; but just then the supper march pealed out, and a bewhiskered and decorated foreigner, with an unpronounceable name, tetered up to lead Kate away.

## CHAPTER II.

KATE cared nothing for him, and probably would not have remembered his face an hour after; but for the life of her she could not help smiling and looking up slyly with her great luminous eyes, all of which meant nothing at all—and Harry might have known it, instead of fuming and raging internally, as he did, and condemning her as a flirt.

Though he was not wrong there—Kate Wallingford was one of those unfortunate creatures, a born flirt. Other people blame, I pity the man or woman cursed with that fatal desire to please any person of the opposite sex who comes near—that strange faculty of being pleased for the hour with attentions that mean nothing, with that more fatal gift of being able to attract and keep attention, which always goes with a temperament like that.

Mind you, I am not talking about coquets, male or female; a flirt is a different species of animal, always in scrapes, always sorry, really doing mischief in spite of self—that was Kate Wallingford exactly.

All the rest of the night Kate was too closely surrounded for Everett to get near her; and as soon as she lost sight of his face she forgot all about him and his annoyance, and floated up on the topmost wave of enjoyment and excitement.

It was not until she was coming down, cloaked and hooded, to the carriage, that she saw him again. He was watching her from a little distance as she stood with one man insisting that she was not sufficiently wrapped up, another securing the floating end of a scarf, another pleading for a flower from her bouquet, two or three more saying exaggerated nothings—Kate too much excited to know exactly how much brilliant nonsense she was talking—then she saw him. It was like a cold wind blowing over her; she was vexed, then sorry, then vexed again; then, dreading a scene, she made a little deprecating sign, and allowed herself to be led away.

After she was seated in the carriage, Harry Everett, somewhat unceremoniously, pushed his way between the men who were hovering about the door, and whispered,

“Shall you be at home in the morning?”

Kate nodded.

“I shall come to see you—that is, if you can spare me a few moments. I should be sorry to detain you from your hosts of new and fascinating friends.”

Kate said in a stately manner,

“You are very kind.”

Everett bowed as stiffly as Sir Charles Grandison himself could have done, and stepped back.

“Don't forget to-morrow, Miss Wallingford,” called somebody from the steps.

Then Kate remembered there had been an engagement to go down to the Navy Yard to have an impromptu dance; and she bent forward to tell Harry and ask him to join them, but he was no longer in sight.

She leaned back in her seat, and was driven off, feeling a sudden reaction of spirits that made her shiver, till her uncle asked what was the matter; and she had great difficulty in keeping back a rush of hysterical tears as she answered,

“Only a little cold, and so sleepy.”

Then the lady who was playing chaperone began dilating on her triumphs, while Mr. Wallingford went to sleep in the corner of the carriage; and Kate wished that good Mrs. Fairfield might be struck dumb, or herself deaf, and all the other abominable wishes that will overtake one when one is tired from over excitement.

Kate was weary enough to fall asleep very soon after her head touched the pillow, in spite

of the little pangs Harry Everett's conduct had caused her, and never woke until her maid roused her, with the information that breakfast had been over a long time, and her uncle was just going out.

She remembered the proposed expedition—it was so late that she had to dress at once; but before drinking her coffee she wrote a line to Everett explaining the reason of her absence. Before she was ready the carriage drove to the door, and up came merry messages from the party; and altogether she was in such haste that she forgot to give orders to have her note sent off, and went away leaving it on her dressing-table.

Of course, half an hour after she had gone Everett reached the house, and was informed of her departure. Being a man, and in love, it was natural enough that he should rush into a stormy rage, and metaphorically shake the dust off his feet as he left the house.

But going down the avenue he met a young officer, who was driving back in hot haste to the Navy Yard, to be in time for the matinee, and nothing would do but Everett must accompany him. Harry was vexed with himself for yielding; but, in spite of feeling it beneath the dignity of his twenty-five years to follow a girl who had treated him with such barbarous neglect, he could not resist the temptation of meeting her, and having the pleasure of overwhelming her by his stately disregard of her proceedings in all ways.

So he got into the carriage with young Graves, and listened to his nonsense with all the attention he could give; smoked, talked of horses and women, after the fashion of youthful cubs, and felt what a dreary mockery it was all the while; and really made himself quite happy in the contemplation of his own misery, as poor human nature has a trick of doing.

Then came a fresh pang when the drive was over. He followed Graves into the dancing-room, for there was Kate flying about the hall in the arms of Philip Marsden, to the tones of the craziest waltz that ever did duty at Mabillo before attempting its appearance in decorous society.

To make matters worse, up came Marsden's wife, whom Everett knew better than most people, and cordially hated in consequence—the prettiest, smoothest, soft-voiced, green-eyed little woman that ever did mischief without a pang of conscience.

“You're a dear, good fellow to have come,” said she, slipping her exquisitely gloved hand through his arm. “I scarcely got a chance to

speak to you last night. I scolded Kate well for not asking you to come with us."

"You were very kind to take so much trouble on my account," returned Everett, stiffly.

"Ah! now you needn't be stately," said Circe, in a plaintive tone. "See how good I have been to you! I have kept Kate away from all those devouring dragons, and made her dance with my husband. I think you might be a little grateful, instead of glaring as if you were the wolf in Red Riding Hood, and meant to eat poor little me."

"I am at a loss to understand why I should be especially grateful," Everett said, coldly.

"Oh, nonsense! You needn't attempt that with me," returned Mrs. Marsden, shaking her head and laughing gayly. "I know all about it, so you may just as well be frank with me."

"I don't see any necessity either for frankness or reserve," replied Everett; and his words would have sounded rude had they not been softened by his tone and manner.

"You are not behaving well to me!" exclaimed Circe, with a bewildering glance from the emerald eyes. "Ah, Harry! we used to be good friends. Why do you dislike and avoid me always now?"

It was not easy to tell her the truth, that he knew her thoroughly, so Everett answered,

"I was not conscious of having done so."

"Please don't deny it—I'd rather you were frank. This fall, when I was in New York, you never came near me; never answered my little note last summer. I don't think it was nice of you, Harry, for when you were here last winter we were such good friends! Do tell me what I have done?"

Another long, bewitching glance of those dangerous eyes; but it had no effect whatever on Everett, except to put him more on his guard, and make him feel as if the pretty creature hanging on his arm were a lithesome snake, only waiting an opportunity to sting.

### CHAPTER III.

Yes, they had been good friends the previous winter, when Everett was in Washington; that is, in plain English, before Everett knew where he was. He found himself involved in a flirtation, from which he extricated himself with considerable difficulty.

There was no wrong where he was concerned, beyond the folly of having said and looked foolish things; but circumstances transpired which made him well acquainted with the real characters of both husband and wife; and he

felt that he would rather see Kate dead than the intimate friend of Circe, as people called her; that to behold the girl he loved with Marsden's arm about her waist was a positive degradation, which absolutely made his blood run cold to watch.

And Circe was whispering again in his ear; and sweet as the voice was, it sounded to Everett like a hiss, and he longed to strangle the woman where she stood.

"You haven't asked me to dance, Harry—you used to like to waltz with me, or you said so."

"I believe my dancing days are about over, Mrs. Marsden," he answered.

"Mrs. Marsden! So you won't be friends? Oh! what have I done to you, Harry? I suppose I must say Mr. Everett now."

"I thought we were very good friends," Everett said, ignoring the latter part of her speech.

"When you treat me in such a stately way! No, no, I remember how different you can be! Oh, dear! I'm such a silly little thing—I never can forget."

And then a sigh, a quick glance, a slight pressure on his arm, all beautifully done, but wasted, and Circe felt it, and began to hate him accordingly.

"Allow me the pleasure of this waltz," cried she, with a sudden change of manner and a merry laugh. "Leap year, is it not? Oh! you cross old bachelor, I am furious with you; but you shall dance."

There was nothing for it but to whirl her off into the ring, of course; and she lay back in his arms, and looked up in his eyes, and whispered,

"Have you forgotten how jealous Marsden got of our waltzing so much together?"

The recollection made Everett set his teeth hard, and he mentally called Circe the daughter of a dreadful old personage, who lives in a very hot place, and devoutly wished that she might go straight to her natural home.

He believed in his heart that it had been a deliberate plot between husband and wife to force him into paying a lot of money—and he had good reason for his suspicions; but it had been a failure, and the doughty colonel found himself met in so decided a manner that he had been glad to be the first to retreat, and smooth matters over as well as he was able.

When the dance was ended, Everett got rid of his tormentor and went in search of Kate.

"I owe you many thanks for paying so much regard to your promise of last night," said he.

Kate was just getting her breath after the last rapid whirl, and asked, thoughtlessly,

"What promise?"

"You do not even remember that you told me you would be at home this morning?" said he, bitterly.

"Oh, Harry! I had forgotten about the matinee here—I had, indeed; but I wrote——"

"Kate!" he interrupted, sternly, for, unlike most of the present generation, he was very strict about what we call white lies; strict not only for others, but absolutely about telling them.

Then Kate remembered that in her hurry she had forgotten her note on her dressing-table; but she was very angry at his suspecting her of having told an untruth.

"Have the kindness to allow me to finish," said she; "and be a little careful how you insinuate even that you think I am telling a falsehood—that is an insult I will not permit from any one."

The great purple eyes began to blaze, and the hot color came into her cheeks. She looked aggravatingly beautiful, and Harry said more weekly,

"I received no note or message, at all events."

"That is not surprising," returned Kate, coolly, feeling that she had the advantage, and meaning to make the most of it. "The carriage came before I was through dressing, and in my hurry I forgot to send it."

"You might as well have not written!" exclaimed Everett, growing angry again.

"Quite as well to anybody so utterly unreasonable," retorted Kate.

"You call it unreasonable for me not to be willing to be treated as if——"

"As if?" repeated Kate. "Pray go on."

"Oh, Kate!" he said, trying to control himself when he saw that she was growing angry, "I did not come here to quarrel."

"No?" drawled she, with a delightfully assumed indifference. "Then you must have changed your intention since you arrived."

"See, Kate, I have only a day or two to stay. Don't let us pass it in useless disagreements."

Kate was a little horrified to feel that the first part of his sentence gave her a feeling of relief, and she replied quickly,

"I have no wish to quarrel—it is your own fault. You came on here without warning; you find me enjoying myself, and you are furious—that is the whole story. There is neither sense or reason in it, and I do not intend to submit to such treatment. I did not come here to shut myself up like a nun, and I shall not do it. There, we might talk a week, I could not say any more."

Everett knew that Circe had been at work

already; at least, he must put Kate on her guard against both husband and wife.

"I have no desire to tyrannize," he said, "nor have I the right, since you have told me that you did not consider our engagement more than a conditional one; but I thought—I thought you loved me, Kate."

He leaned forward and looked full in her face with his honest, brown eyes. Kate's heart began to flutter. For an instant all this new life upon which she had entered, this rush of gaiety, this fresh love of admiration, this newly-developed desire of attention, the flatteries, the adoration, all seemed poor and worthless enough beside the dream which had made the quiet summer in the country so beautiful.

She was softened, and if Everett had followed up his advantage he might have worked some good; but being only a man, his head could hold but one idea at a time, and he was busy with his desire to warn her against her new friends.

"Promise me one thing, Kate," he said; "you must do that."

He did not mean to speak in a dictatorial way, it was only his eagerness; but, of course, Kate did not know that, and her head lifted itself proudly as she repeated under her breath, "Must!"

She waited with an ominous quiet for Everett to go on; but he was too much engrossed to notice the warning signs.

"Those people—you will be careful; I cannot explain now, but keep away from them——"

"Do you mean the people here, or all Washington? You are so charmingly vague that I have not the slightest idea who or what you do mean?" interrupted Kate, with elaborate courtesy.

"You know perfectly well that I am talking about that abominable Marsden and his wife," returned Everett, angry at her assumption of indifference.

"You are speaking of my friends," said Kate; "you will have the kindness to choose other expressions."

"Friends! People that you have only known since last autumn."

"That has nothing to do with the matter," returned Kate, with more decision than logic.

"I know them thoroughly! I know how that woman works. They want to use your uncle through you! The man is a contemptible lobbyist, among other things, and she——"

"Is a woman, and my friend—be good enough to remember that."

"Do you know what she has done several



times? Encouraged young girls to receive her husband's attentions, as she does you; then suddenly gone off into a pretended jealous fit, and made them absurd, or worse, in the eyes of the whole world."

"You are talking worse than nonsense!" exclaimed Kate.

"It is not, as you will find to your cost——"

"Excuse me, Mr. Graves is coming. I proposed to dance with him."

"Then you refuse to listen? You wish me to think you utterly heartless and indifferent?"

"You must think what you choose—I am sick of scenes!"

As Everett stood silently raging, up came Kate's partner. At the same instant Circe, who had been watching, glided near, and whispered to her,

"Is my lord playing master already? Be a good little girl and obey—we are only women, and must give up our wills."

Kate was hurried away with a storm of angry thoughts in her mind; and Circe stood close by Everett, and was saying in her softest voice,

"Can't we be friends, Harry? Only say that you do not absolutely hate me! I'm a silly thing, but I cannot bear to think anybody is vexed with me; and I like little Kate so much—oh, so much!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

MR. WALLINGFORD possessed the doubtful advantage of being one of the rulers of this blessed country; and as his Senatorial term had only lately commenced, the pleasant days were still making sunshine about his path. That is to say, he was still approved of, his speeches admired, his course considered that of a true patriot; and he received success, as he had done most things in this life, with perfect composure.

Kate had come on to spend the winter with him, and beyond a short season during the past summer; society and its gayeties were entirely new to her; for, though almost nineteen, she had only then emerged from the retirement of a quiet school in the country, where her uncle had seen fit to keep her much longer than the generality of the wonderful and precocious young women of this land will consent to be detained.

Harry Everett she had known all her life, and probably neither of them could have told when the affection that existed between them began; and I am inclined to think that a love like that brings with it, at least to a young girl, many doubts as to whether it be the strong passion of

which she has dreamed and read. At least, it was so in Kate's case, and she had felt it more than ever since the winter began.

It was only that summer that anything like an engagement had existed between them; and with Kate's disposition, the mere fact of feeling herself in the slightest degree fettered and bound, rendered her impatient, and brought up all sorts of doubts and fears to haunt her like black shadows.

Everett had been several days in Washington now, and daily these feelings had grown stronger. He had not behaved wisely, not even well; and Kate's conduct might have been characterized, perhaps, by harsher terms.

The demon of flirtation and teasing seemed to have taken full possession of her; the innate love of approbation and attention which was in her character, rapidly developed under the influence of her new life; it really seemed as if there had been some radical change in her whole nature.

Then, too, she got into her little head those ideas that young women are very apt to during a first season in Washington, that there is nothing worthy a man's attention but politics; and as Harry Everett had developed no taste whatever in that direction, she began comparing him with men double his age, and deciding that he had neither the requisite talent or energy to satisfy a mind like hers.

When a woman begins to think that of her lover or her husband, a dangerous blow has been struck at any possibility of mutual peace and happiness.

But that was not all; Circe gained every day fresh influence over her—she was just the sort of person to fascinate a girl of Kate's age, and she was unsparing in her efforts. And Circe inoculated her with that most unfortunate malady that any woman, at least a young one, can be troubled with—an insane desire to mix herself up with politics, to make what French people would call a *salon*; to fancy herself confided in by men of position; to attempt to direct the votes of lesser lights when any measure came up in which the party she espoused was interested; to coax here, wheedle there, attempt to have a motive for every word and glance; in short, to get herself in such a muddle generally, that she fancies herself sailing smoothly away upon a bottomless sea, while she is only out a short distance in very muddy water, and, unless she has extraordinarily good luck, is pretty sure to run her frail little barque against some hidden snag, and come to grief.

Don't imagine that I am going to treat you to

politics—nothing of the sort; but it was necessary to give you, in as few words as possible, a clear understanding of what my heroine was about, and the troubled weather she was likely to bring into her sky, through her own restlessness, and the machinations of her pretended friend.

For Circe could no more have lived without being the head and center of all sorts of plots and artifices, and something on hand to make her life like a French play or a sensation novel, than an opium-eater could without his drugs.

That was the way the Marsdens lived—lobbyists by profession; and they seemed to make it pay, judging from the style in which they lived and Circe's elegant dressing: she had perfect taste—I always have forgiven her a great deal for that. By-the-way, it is odd, that virtue so often has no eye for color, but will mix tints up in a way that make one sea-sick to look at. I am sure there is some profound metaphysical marvel hidden under that fact, only I have not time to discuss it.

Of course, the Marsdens needed Kate; they hoped through her to approach the Senator—and neither cared for the means employed. Philip Marsden was to the full as fascinating as his wife—words could not go further. It was perfectly useless to have been warned against him, you could not resist his spells. Ten to one, after you have been duped and learned to avoid him, if you were able to hate him as you would have done another man, and about the only way to be sure of not being again taken in by his frankness, or his brilliant schemes, or his penitence, if that suited his purpose, was to keep out of his presence forever.

Kate was the same to Mr. Wallingford as if she had been his own daughter; but he was too much engrossed in the duties of his life to do more than see that she was comfortable in all material ways; and as far as society claims went, he expected those details to devolve upon her, both in the matter of visits and decisions as to the list of guests to be received in their own home.

So there was nobody to warn her against the intimacy into which she had rushed with the Marsdens—that is, nobody besides Harry Everett; and though it cannot be said that he failed in his duty, his efforts and expostulations naturally made her more headstrong and determined. He seemed to have forgotten his New Orleans trip; there he staid and badgered Kate's life out, and did much more harm than good, as people usually do in such cases.

They quarreled fiercely, and it did seem that

the end must be near many times; but in spite of their mutual obstinacy and wrong-headedness, they were both so true-hearted that the painful climax was slower in being reached than it would have been with a pair possessed of less brains and capabilities of affection.

Lily Marsden did her best to widen the breach; she wormed herself so artfully into Kate's confidence that, although the girl was not in the least of the gushing order, it became as natural to utter her thoughts to Lily as to think them.

"You are letting that man torment you out of your senses," she said one day, as she sat with Kate in the pretty morning-room Mr. Wallingford had had fitted up for his niece's especial benefit. "Just let him ruin all your enjoyment, and your peace into the bargain."

Mrs. Marsden had come in as Harry Everett was leaving, after a stormy scene, the effects of which were plainly visible in both Kate's face and his, at least to the eyes of the astute manœuvrer.

Kate sighed and felt like a martyr, which was a sort of consolation for the moment, as it is to most people, though she was really troubled and suffering.

"Poor child!" continued Mrs. Marsden, "I know it is hard, but it is what most women have to bear—learning that their first fancy was only an ideal. But then we women live through so much. Heigh-ho!"

"Are you not out of spirits, too, this morning?" Kate asked.

"Oh, no! not up to concert pitch, that is all. Oh, my dearest! I forgot my liege-lord's message; he wants to have the pleasure of driving you out this afternoon."

"Will you go?"

"Can't, positively. I've had an engagement for a week, with that tiresome Mrs. Rawson, to go out to Georgetown and visit her cubs, and she has set to-day."

"I wouldn't go."

"That's very fine—then she would be furious; and you will please to remember that I want her husband's countenance—what an ugly one—for my young friend, who wishes to get into the naval school."

"Then there's no help for it, I suppose."

"And you must take pity on my desolate Philip; I am not afraid of his missing me in your society."

"You know that is not true."

"Well, I believe the man does care for me more than I deserve. Still, if I am not a very affectionate wife, I am *bon comarade*, and go

with him hand-in-hand in all his plans and ambitions."

"Flirting is your one fault, Lily," Kate said.

"I confess, fair saint, *mea maxima culpa*—doesn't that sound learned? But I can say what few women can now-a-days—it means nothing, and my lord and master knows it."

"Then he is never troubled?"

"Only by a ghost! My dear, he has always been jealous of a dead man—the man, of course! Mercy! I dare say, if he had lived, he would not have been half the man Phil is; but, just because he had the luck to die, he is an angel in my eyes."

"One never can tell whether you are in jest or earnest," said Kate.

"Oh, my dear! I am just as much in earnest as if I pursed a long face, and did high tragedy. But, after all, Phil and I get on better than most people; we don't quarrel, and we have lots of fun together."

Kate, of course, had known before that there was not much affection between her friends. She was sorry, but it was too common a fact to shock her any more than it does the rest of us in similar cases.

Fond as she was of Lily, she was rather inclined to lay the blame on her. Marsden had posed before Kate in the heavy poetic style which he could so well assume, and she felt convinced that at least he was a sad, unhappy man, and pitied him accordingly.

He had adopted the confidential dodge with her, too; and his manner was so unlike flirting, that it never occurred to her there could be anything wrong or dangerous in the intimacy into which he had led her. She pitied him, and believed that his life was a disappointment; and he told her marvelous romances, and looked up in her face with those wonderful eyes, that would have sent a thrill to the heart of his own grandmother, if she had been a perfect statue of propriety.

That in any of his schemes he dreamed of making money she never for an instant suspected. She really thought he took all that trouble for other people out of sheer kindness of heart. His own career had been thwarted and blighted; in his stories some powerful enemy, mysterious and ever-present as that diabolical  $\times$  in an algebraic problem, was meeting him at every turn, and Philip could not crush him, (though he had the means in his hand,) because the innocent would suffer. Into the bargain, he had no motive for being ambitious—no home-interest, no one to care! Lily was the dearest woman in the world, but wholly

wedded to society, capable of friendship, but not love; and he, oh, bless me! Leander or Romeo never had such gushing hearts at eighteen as this poet of thirty-five, who never put his woes in verse.

It was all delightfully sketchy and vague, and wonderfully interesting to sage eighteen, learned in Owen Meredith, and all manner of modern philosophers—at least the order who put their wisdom and misanthropy into poetry and novels.

Kate was thinking of it all while Lily talked—a little more seriously than was her wont; and loving Lily, and seeing how pretty she looked, she could not find it in her heart to blame her either, so pitied both husband and wife because fate had bound them together, each admirable, but unsuited to one another.

"Bless me! where have we strayed to!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, pausing suddenly in the sentimental verbiage she had been talking, which sounded so fine, and in reality meant so little. "What Owen says of women, I suppose, is trus of men,

"Those free from faults have beds beneath the willow."

She sighed, then laughed in a bewitching way.

"Now let us come back to the actual," said she. "What are you going to wear to Mrs. Hanson's to-night?"

With all her poetry and political ambitions, Kate was woman enough to be devoted to dress—so the pair plunged into millinery at once, and were happy.

That afternoon Harry Everett saw Kate drive past with Phil Marsden. You can tell how he felt; you know the pain and agony which any human being must endure, who sees one beloved going in direct opposition to one's wishes and ideas of right.

Harry was not jealous, he knew Kate too thoroughly for that—but he loved her; and though in his solitary hours he could not help acknowledging that he had goaded her on by his ill-timed expostulations and attempts to draw the reins too tightly, he could not keep back the hardness and bitterness which rose in his mind.

He sauntered down the avenue, and passing Galt's, saw Mrs. Rawson's carriage at the door, and just then out of the shop came the lady herself, accompanied by Cicee, and Cicee laid her pretty claws on him at once, metaphorically.

"He shall go with us, Mrs. Rawson," said she. "My husband has run off with a young woman, and we will have him for cavalier."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## ONLY A WOMAN AFTER ALL.

BY LILLIAN LOUISE GILBERT.

SEPTEMBER 25th.—“Is it worth while to live?”

I must have uttered my thought, for a sweet voice behind me answered, “Is it worth while to die when youth and health are left?”

I was standing by the window, looking out at the shining river as it melted into the ocean miles away. I watched the reflections of trees and houses in its sparkling surface, and then saw in my own heart the reflections of the present. For the first time I considered my future.

“I am alone,” I said, bitterly, as the great tears fell on my clasped hands. “What does it matter what I do, or where I go?”

Little enough, certainly, to any one; but to me the necessity of doing something for a livelihood is pressing.

I may ponder once more the events of the last few weeks, and then nerve myself to work.

I was an only child, and loved and petted as all only children are. We were wealthy, and all that wealth could do and bring was mine.

I was unlike most girls, or I might have had more friends now. I cared little for society, and rarely went into company. My few companions were women, older than myself, who could teach me something, or very young girls, who, trusting me fully, came to me to confide their secrets. My shy and quiet nature I get from my mother, my desire for study and love of nature from my father.

A month ago my parents were brought home to me dead. A terrible accident had made me a penniless orphan. On examination of my father's affairs they were found to be so much involved, that to cover all his liabilities everything must be sold. Our beautiful house, and all it contained, our horses, our plate, our library, our pictures, everything, in fact, that had made our home the pleasantest for miles around.

The creditors were most generous in offering to accept much less than belonged to them, and allow me to keep the house. Of course, I could not consent to it; so I furnished a room in Mrs. Lane's little house, and having a hundred dollars left after every debt was paid, I am trying to decide what to do.

It was thinking all this made me speak the words with which this day's record is begun.

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The answer I felt as a rebuke, though it was softened by a warm kiss, and my friend, almost the only one I have now, Eliza Greggerson, stood before me.

“My dear girl,” she said, after our greetings, “why do you despond? I know how hard life seems to you, and naturally, for life is hard sometimes.” The great, salt tears welled up into her gentle eyes, and I knew she was thinking of the two fair children who slept beside each other under the violets and moss.

“But,” she continued, “there is much to make life pleasant, even when it looks most barren. I know you will say, ‘Eliza, you have John,’ and, indeed, I have in him the tenderest, best of husbands; but my heart yearns for my children sometimes as you, who have never had them, cannot guess.

“We all have our trials, which seem greater than those of our friends; though, believe me, my dear child, that life is worth living at any rate.

“And now, dear, I will tell my errand. We have a friend staying with us for a time, and as we are intending to row on the river to-night, we want you to go with us. John said I must insist on it, but I told him you should do as you liked best. Our friend is the gentleman who bought your old home, and if you would not like to meet him, you shall not. I do not think, however, it will be unpleasant to you. I shall be disappointed if you do not join us, for it will do you good, I know.”

For the moment I was angry. I hated the man who seemed to have robbed me of my home. I hated my only friends who could be his friends too. I would not meet him. Then I realized how foolish I was to vent my temper on him who had innocently bought a house, not because it was my home, but because it was for sale, and he wanted it. I could not be reconciled to any one living there who cared nothing for it, when all associations I held dear were centered in it. Eliza waited patiently until I said, “I will go.” She pressed my hand. I put on my hat, a light shawl, and, catching up my gloves, followed her from the room.

We walked in silence to the boat-house, where the gentlemen were to meet us.

As we came within hearing distance, the

delicious notes of the serenade from "Don Pasquale" floated up from the river-bank, and, mingling in sweetest unity with John Greggerson's clear tenor, came the rich, deep bass of his friend. I note this, for it was the first actual knowledge I had of his existence, and it softened my heart as nothing else would have done.

After the introductions were over, we placed ourselves in the boat, and at my request we were rowed up the river to the Pines, that we might drift down with the tide. Eliza sat in the bow dabbling her soft hands in the ripples; the gentlemen took the oars, and by tacit consent, I placed myself in the stern to manage the rudder.

We sailed on and on, and at last Eliza began to sing; the others joined her; but I could only sink to the floor, and leaning my head against the seat, weep restful tears. It was the first moment of peace I had known for weeks, and in its comfort I forgot all else.

The river smooth as any lake; the paling loveliness of the sky; the young moon whose radiance was just mellowing the twilight; the rubbing of the oars against the row-locks; the sweet voices near me; all faded slowly away, and I slept. How long I know not, for I was suddenly awakened by an arm being passed quickly under my head, and the boat twitching violently in another direction.

Mr. Barrington, to whom the arm belonged, said, "I beg your pardon, but we were nearly on the pier."

I started up, and discovered, to my horror, that we had only missed running against the bridge by a few inches, and that the fault was mine, for, in my sleep, I had lost my hold of the rudder, against which my head had fallen, and pushed in the wrong direction.

I was mortified, and annoyed, for I prided myself on my skill in steering.

All the way home I was speechless, and brought the boat up to the little wharf in good style. They all walked to Mrs. Lane's with me—I cannot call it home—as I declined going back with Eliza. We parted at the gate, and since then I've been writing these pages. Why I have dwelt so much on the trifles of this evening I cannot tell. Perhaps—but it is of no use to speculate, and I'll go to bed.

September 30th.—The next morning, after my last writing, brought Mr. Barrington to the door with an inquiry for me. I went down to the parlor, when he said, "I am the bearer of a message from Mrs. Greggerson. As we were going up the steps last night she slipped, fell,

and sprained her ankle severely; and she begs you will come over to see her, prepared to stay, if you can. I suppose she thinks John and I are not sufficiently entertaining," and he smiled.

"Oh! it's not that, I am sure," I answered, and blushed at my own earnestness. "But I dare say there are many things about the house which I can attend to for her; and then Eliza is accustomed to having me near her when she is ill. I'll get my hat immediately."

I was glad to go if Eliza needed me; but it was another day passing without any effort to "do" something, which I had told myself yesterday I must begin, or my little stock of money would soon be gone. Perhaps, though, I would talk it over with my friend and decide the matter; and it would be something to come to a conclusion. I thought I would not go to stay all night, but would leave a bag packed, which I could send for in case I found it necessary to remain. I ran down stairs, and we set out.

Mr. Barrington is a most agreeable talker, and we had reached the house before I realized we were half-way there.

I found Eliza in considerable pain, and spent the remainder of the forenoon in soothing her nerves, and looking after the household. In the afternoon Mr. Barrington came to know if we would be read to, for, John having gone away on business, he was alone. Eliza cried out, "Do, by all means. I was just wishing for it; and this poor child, here, looks so tired. I would not ask her;" and she patted my hand affectionately.

Mr. Barrington came in and sat down.

"What shall it be?" he asked. "Fact or fiction, prose or poetry?"

"Anything," Eliza answered. "Take the paper, and see if there is anything new in it. I've not read it for two or three days."

He opened the sheet and read for awhile. Very soon Eliza fell asleep. Looking up, he said, "You are feverish and tired, and she will rest better if we are not in the room. Suppose we go into the garden;" and rising, he held the door open for me to pass through.

On the terrace the talk turned on woman's rights.

"I hope, Mr. Barrington," I said, in answer to a remark of his, "that you are not one of those narrow members of your sex who believe that woman's sphere is limited by the four walls of her home; and deny her right to work outside of it, whether she has the necessity or not. If you are, we must ever be at variance."

"I am not so narrow as you fear. I acknowledge woman's right to work, while I deprecate

the necessity. I think woman should have all avenues of employment open to her, which she can tread with safety.

"That a sympathetic marriage is the true and happiest condition of any woman, I believe earnestly; but, missing that, I think there are many other things in which she can find satisfaction, and, perhaps, happiness."

"What do you mean by 'avenues which she can tread with safety?' Do you mean that she wouldn't be very well able to carry a hod of bricks up a ladder without falling off?"

"Yes, partly. I mean with both physical and moral safety. Nature has imposed so many restraints on your sex that there are many things you cannot do without injury to yourselves physically; and contact with the world has a tendency—I mean a tendency merely—to roughen and harden you morally. Do you agree with this?"

I was forced to acknowledge I did. I hate to allow there is anything we cannot do; but I know there are many roads which must remain closed till we cease to be women.

I answered, "I do agree with you. But don't you think we are prevented from doing many things now, by law and by custom, which it would be better, under all circumstances, for us to do? Don't you think our employments should be increased in equal proportion to the increase of demand?"

"Yes, I do, most certainly. But is the demand any larger than it has been, or is it only being more generally made known? For my own part, I think women ought not to work at all in any capacity, or anywhere. We ought to be the providers, you the employers, if I may use the word."

"The demand is increased by one at least. I am trying to decide at this very moment what to do for a livelihood. I presume you know my history, and that I am penniless. I am ready to do something, and am willing to work hard, but I know not what to attempt. I cannot teach, or, rather, my instincts and tastes are all against teaching; and it would be wrong for me to try to fill a place badly which some other person would fill well.

"I might—but Eliza is calling, and I must go."

So ended the first long conversation I have had with Mr. Barrington. I like him, and I don't like him. He is different from any man I have seen. I have the consciousness that he is trying to make me like him; yet when I endeavor to fix on any word or act which could give the impression, I cannot find one.

Eliza seemed so loth to let me go that night

that at last I sent for my satchel, and have promised to remain till she needs me no longer, which will be, I suppose, as long or as short as her caprice happens to be.

It is the tacit arrangement now for the gentlemen to join us in Eliza's little sitting-room after luncheon, and we while away the hours till dinner, and then to bedtime with pleasant talk, singing, and reading. I enjoy it all, and find each day the idea of going out into the world to struggle for myself harder to entertain. I must not let it slip from my grasp, for I doubt if I can bring it back readily. When I try to say to Eliza that I am wasting time, and must go to work, she answers in her pretty, petting way, "Dear girl, haven't you work enough to do to take care of me? If I'm not sufficient trouble, I can easily be more. Do put those notions out of your head, for you are going to stay here for the present." And when she kisses me, and looks so pleadingly in my eyes, I cannot say no.

If it were not for her, I would go this instant, though it will be hard to thrust behind me all this brightness, which looks like the last I shall ever have.

October 14th, 10 P. M.—The last time I wrote in this journal was, I see, a fortnight ago. That day Eliza took a severe cold from sitting in a draft. I begged her to let me close either the door or window; but she would not, for it was very warm. Her cold brought on a fever, and she is now very ill. She cannot sleep, and the doctor says she cannot get well till she is rested. Mr. Barrington proposed to Dr. Marly that I should try to magnetize her to-night, and see if that would help her. I used to put her to sleep in fun, but I never tried in earnest. I am writing to calm my nerves, for Eliza's dear life depends on the sleep she gets to-night. Dare I try such an experiment? If I succeed, all will be well; if I fail, oh! I shall never be free from the shadow of the terrible result! I shall not fail; I will not permit my mind to consider it.

Poor John is distracted, and paces back and forth from his wife's room to the library where I am writing, looking like the spectre of the man he was two weeks since.

Mr. Barrington is very kind, and does more for us than we know. Whatever is needed is always ready, and the servants go to him regularly. When Eliza was taken ill, he proposed to leave the house and go to the village: but I asked him to stay on John's account, and he has been invaluable.

Mr. Barrington has brought me a glass of

wine, and says it is time for me to try the experiment. Heaven grant me success!

October 15th, 4 A. M.—Eliza is safe! What joy it is to know it I cannot express. I find now how much my heart clings to these, almost my only, friends.

I followed Mr. Barrington to Eliza's room. As I turned to go in he laid his hand on mine, and whispered, "Courage! You will not fail. Come to the library when it is over."

As soon as I had seated myself by the bedside, Dr. Marly took John by the arm and left the room. He thought, best to prevent the possibility of exciting counter-currents.

At first I thought I could never fix Eliza's eyes on mine, they wandered so from one thing to another. After awhile they seemed fastened by mine, and I waited breathless to see the first flutter of the lids, which is always, to me, a sign that I am controlling. They stared till I almost feared her mind was gone.

At last came two or three convulsive quivers, and the eyes closed.

I longed to carry the good news to John, but dared not move. For three hours she slept, and I held her hands. During the time I know Dr. Marly came to the door and looked in more than once; often, too, I could hear John's impatient breathing, and once I felt Mr. Barrington behind me. I did not look nor speak to any of them. I feared to lessen my influence. I sat there till I ached all over, and felt sometimes that I must scream, the silence was so oppressive.

Eliza waked refreshed and renewed, it seemed, and I left her, feeling too nervous to stay.

John buried his face in the sofa-cushions and wept, when I stepped into the library to tell him the result; and his grateful smile, when he went up stairs, I shall never forget.

I found, when I came to the library, that Mr. Barrington had prepared a cup of chocolate, and a dish of oysters for me, and, although I refused them, he said, "Eat," in such a way that I began, with the words of declination on my lips. They were both delicious; and when I tasted them, I discovered I was very much in need of refreshment.

After I had eaten, Mr. Barrington sat down, and pretty soon said,

"I suppose you will stay here, at least till Mrs. Greggerson is well again?"

"I shall stay," I answered, "until she is able to come down stairs; it is out of my power to remain longer. I must and will do something. Thus far I have felt it a duty to stay; but I must begin for myself now."

"Mrs. Greggerson is very much opposed to your attempting to work for yourself, you know, and wants you to remain with her. Why don't you?"

"Eliza knows I could not accept charity, as I should have to if I remained here. I know it would delight John and Eliza to give me everything I wanted; but I cannot accept what does not rightfully belong to me. I am determined to receive no favors from any one, but to make my own way in the world."

"Do you long for a career?" And I fancied I could detect the least bit of a sarcastic smile.

"Not a public career," I answered; "that would be distasteful to me; but I do very much want to prove that a woman, alone, and unaided by friends, can, without loss of womanly delicacy or womanly dignity, make a place, however small, for herself in the world."

"Had you not put it out of my power to do so, by saying, 'unaided by friends,' I should have offered you any assistance I could render; but now I see it would be useless. If ever you do need help in any way, promise me there is no one from whom you will sooner seek it than Richard Barrington."

He held out his hand, and half reluctant, half pleased, I placed my own in it.

Presently he resumed, "Have you decided what to do yet?"

"I have decided to try to get the position of corresponding secretary in an Institution, as I happen to know the place is soon to be vacated. I shall send in an application to-morrow."

"Since you seem to desire success, let me wish it you most truly."

Again I fancied I saw the covert smile, and I exclaimed, "Why is it, Mr. Barrington, that whenever I talk of my own plans you smile, which smile, but for your politeness, would, I know, be an absolute laugh?"

"I beg your pardon; but I confess it does seem paradoxical to me to think of a young lady like yourself going out into a harsh and bitter world to do what even men, without means, often find it hard to accomplish."

"If you will strike out 'even' from your last sentence I shall like it better; and at the same time permit me to ask why you used it?"

"Because it did seem right to me. I did not intend to give you the impression that men, in my opinion, are in and of themselves better calculated to make a way in the world; but all their education, from their very babyhood, tends to that end, and so they have the advantage.

"And now let me advise you to lie down and

rest. I suppose it would be useless to urge you to go to bed.

“Good-night, or good-morning.”

Again his hand touched mine, and sent the blood tingling to my cheeks.

I suppose I'm a little goose to write all this; but it will be pleasant to look back upon when I have begun “my career,” as Mr. Barrington calls it.

There is one thing, I shall have the satisfaction of proving my theory to him, for he tells me he is coming here to live permanently. He does not mention my old home in any way, and I heartily thank him for it; for when I do have a chance to think, the awful sense of being utterly alone overwhelms me. I will lie down now, as I should have done before, had I not desired to chronicle this night while its impressions were strongest.

October 18th.—I have received an answer to my application for the secretaryship. It reads thus: “Dear Madam—We have received your note in regard to the position to be vacated in this Institution. A gentleman has already been engaged to fill the place: and even were it otherwise, we fear the duties are more arduous than a lady could perform,” which is a polite way of saying they don't think a woman knows enough. When will the world learn that justice is better than generosity, plain truth than polite falsehood?

I am discouraged, though I told myself I would not be, at the first failure. I know the way I have chosen is hard, but I will struggle along it till I show my friends I am right.

Eliza is rapidly improving. She has slept much of the time since the night of the crisis, and the physician thinks she will be able to come down stairs the first of next week. Dr. Marly says my magnetic influence over her is good, so I spend all the time she is awake in her room.

John is like himself now, and is the same kind friend he has always been.

I cannot help contrasting in my own mind Eliza's future with my own. Her husband is a generous, cultivated gentleman, devoted to her, and her life will flow happily and sweetly to the end. My future will be full of storms and darkness, through which, now and then, I shall catch glimpses of brightness and beauty that I can never reach. But I would not change with my friend. I have made my decision, and shall abide by it.

After Eliza went to sleep this afternoon, I picked up my hat and went out into the garden for a walk in the delicious breeze. I had only

gone half down the terrace when Mr. Barrington joined me. I was not inclined to talk, for I felt that every word I should utter would betray my disappointment, and to him of all persons I was unwilling to show it. He seemed to read my thoughts, for very soon he asked, “Haven't you succeeded in becoming secretary to the Institution you told me about?”

I did not answer at first, and he added,

“Pardon me, if I seem inquisitive. I am very much interested in your experiment.”

“It is an experiment which will eventually succeed, though in this particular instance I have failed.”

“Undoubtedly it will succeed, since you are determined it shall. But now I suppose you won't leave your friends so soon as you expected?”

This piqued me a little, for I felt as if he meant that I could not do without my friends; so I answered abruptly,

“I shall, probably, leave this house even sooner than I expected. Eliza is gaining so rapidly she will not need me much longer.”

“Then, if you are determined to go, won't you walk over to my new home with me, at this time to-morrow, and see a few improve—alterations I have been making? It would gratify me very much.”

At first I felt that I could not bear it; but I remembered the delicacy which changed on his lips the word improvements to alterations, and I knew I should suffer no more than I had the last time I was there. So I said, “I will go,” and came into the house.

October 30th.—How long it seems since I last made a record in this little book: and it is really only twelve days. Twelve such days as have never been to me before. When I accepted Mr. Barrington's invitation, I never dreamed that little walk would revolutionize my whole life.

At the appointed hour I found him waiting for me on the piazza, and we walked on silently. I could scarcely keep the tears back as we neared the house. All that had been, all that was to come, enveloped me in a mist of thought. We went on, I following where he led, carefully noting the few changes he had made. They were improvements, and I knew it. At last we reached the family sitting-room, and, overpowered by tender emotions, I leaned my head against the window, weeping silently. Mr. Barrington took my hands, and said, gently,

“Dear child, I will not wait longer to tell you why I brought you here. I have found something for you to do. Be my wife. I want



you to come back to your old home in this house, and your new home in my heart: to leave all your schemes for the future; to place your life and happiness in my keeping, and to assure you the trust will not be betrayed. Will you?"

A flood of happiness filled me; my plans, my ambition, my independence melted away, and as I turned toward him, and felt his arms about me, his warm kisses on hair, and cheek, and lips, I knew that the only future I cared to have must be blended with his.

After awhile he told me how from interest in me love had sprung; and how he had deter-

mined to let me try the world a little before taking me home; for he seems to have felt sure I should come, and that, after seeing my first disappointment, he could not bear to wait longer.

We only waited till Eliza was able to come to our wedding; and last night, just before dusk, Richard and I walked together to the little church beside the shining river, where I first saw him, and with John and Eliza as our only friends, we pledged our faith.

And now, at my husband's request, having written all I care to transmit to paper, I close this book, perhaps forever, and sign myself, for the first time, Hilda Home Barrington.

## VOICES OF THE TWILIGHT.

BY ADDIE A. SEARLE.

When the glory has died from the hill-tops,  
And the blue faded into the gray;  
When day is veiled from the dreamer,  
And night lingers long in the way;  
When the humming is still in the clover,  
And the night-flowers bloom on the lea,  
I list in the twilight for voices,  
That come through the stillness to me.

There's the ringing of merry laughter,  
And the prattle of childish glee;  
I peer through the gathering dimness,  
For faces I may not see;  
But I know that a little angel  
Has come through the portals of light,  
And with soft arms round me clinging,  
Has folded her wings to-night.

Then there comes the laugh of a maiden,  
And the chaunt of a school-day strain,  
And soft through the evening stillness  
Comes, in tenderest tones, my name;

And I list for the sound of a footfall,  
For the echo of parted feet;  
I grope in vain through the darkness,  
No answering touch I greet.

And then, as the shadows deepen,  
And darkness begins his reign,  
Comes a dearer than childhood's music,  
A sweeter than maiden's strain:  
From the endless brightness of Heaven,  
The home of the guardian band,  
It comes, in the childhood of even,  
At the touching of memory's wand.

I welcome the gentle presence,  
Though I see not the vanished face,  
And I know soft arms are about me,  
Though I feel not their fond embrace.  
White hands are raised in blessing,  
I kneel as in childhood there,  
And linger last in the twilight,  
The tones of a mother's prayer.

## PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

By a cottage sat, one eventide,  
An old man: withered and gray was he;  
His son was resting by his side,  
A blooming bride upon his knee;  
Bright and low, and lower yet the orb'd day went down  
before them;  
Deep and deeper yet away, the world through starry dark-  
ness bore them.  
And the father said:—  
"Thus the life-light quits my soul,  
Wears the radiant chain that bound me;  
Toward the spectral deeps I roll;  
Woe is me, ah! bitter woe,  
Son and daughter, must I go  
Far from ye, with nought around me  
Save the starry dead?"

Upon a supreme summit bright,  
Above a paradisaical star,  
Three spirits dazzled in the light  
Of universes gazed afar.  
Vast and rich, and richer yet the radiant spaces spread  
around them;  
Deep and deeper yet away, the throbbing depths of Being  
wound them!  
And exclaimed the three:—  
"Death and fear for evermore  
Have vanished from our spirit's vision,  
Space is ours from shore to shore;  
From sun to sun existence turns  
In endless gloried godlike dreams,  
In realms of bliss and thoughts elysian—  
Our soul's home is—infinity."

## SOME LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

APRIL 10th.—You ask me how I like my brother-in-law, Howard Nilmore. I scarcely know how to reply, for, to tell you the truth, I do not like him at all. I am afraid this is a breach of honor, after "eating of his salt," and perhaps, too, irreverent to "the cloth;" but he seems a cold, strange man, and I feel quite troubled for Rosalie. Sometimes, I even think he is not quite in his right mind.

I am dreadfully disappointed in my visions of an affectionate brother, a want that I have always felt from childhood; and my timid attempts at fraternizing have been so coldly, I might sometimes say even rudely, repulsed, that I have felt hurt enough to leave the house.

But Rosalie says that it is "only Howard's way."

"He is just so to me," she continues, laughing, "even when we are alone—no more demonstrative than when you see him; but as I am not one of the kind to like my hair and dress put out of order by unnecessary caresses, we get along very well. You'd break your heart in a week, Sue, if Howard were your husband; but I reason thus: if he didn't marry me for love, what did he marry me for? I am sure no one asked him to! And if he loved me well enough to marry me, he must love me as much as he is capable of loving any one. If I cried my eyes out I couldn't get more than this."

Now wouldn't any one be surprised to find that Rosalie, with her drooping curls, and helpless ways, was the greater philosopher of the two? One might expect such sentiments, perhaps, from a person with "severely-twisted hair, closely-fitting dresses, and arms and neck scrupulously concealed," (my portrait painted by Rosalie, who says that I always remind her of "Dame Durden" in Bleak House;) but from Rosalie, who is picturesque and romantic as her name, they seem entirely out of character.

Rosalie is certainly not "romantic," according to my interpretation of the word; but she reads novels, and hates everything practical, especially the Spartan virtues of patience and endurance; therefore, it has been the fashion to call her so. She makes rather an odd clergyman's wife, particularly for this out-of-the-way place, and people will make remarks; but I have great sympathy for ministers in this respect:

their parishioners would leave them no more choice in their love affairs than is usually accorded to royal personages; and as they do not hire the wife, as well as the husband, I think he has a right to please himself.

The parsonage is very pretty, "sweet," Rosalie calls it; and it is just after her pet pattern, brown and Gothic, with gossamer window-curtains, flowers, and engravings, a pretty garden in the rear, and a very English-looking little lawn in front. It is a place where happiness ought to dwell, if it is possible to cage that phantom anywhere; but I am sure that the master of the house is not happy, if one can judge from his cold, emotionless face, and rigid features—and I know that I am not.

I am afraid, too, that Howard Nilmore has a volcano-like temper; for I have seen the blood surge in an angry glow over his pale features at some unguarded remark of Rosalie's or mine; words, too, that one would think could not possibly affect him. But he has never "sinned with his lips;" sometimes, he leaves the room suddenly, or, if he remains, his face soon becomes colorless as before, and he only seems a little colder than ever.

June 12th.—I do not know what to make of this queer man—he is a perfect sphinx. I find myself watching him continually, with the fear that something dreadful will transpire; and it seems impossible to make him out at all. Only to-day, I heard him speaking so lovingly to a little crippled child, who hung upon every word—and his face glowed and softened with the expression of the beloved Apostle. But when he found that I was near, he colored angrily, I thought, and retired immediately into the Polar regions.

If I had not promised Rosalie to spend the first year with her, I would return at once to father; but aunt Darnett is taking excellent care of him, he writes, and I know that he wishes me to remain with Rosalie.

June 15th.—I have been thinking, to-day, how curiously this all came about; I mean, our close connection with Mr. Nilmore. Rosalie's, I might better say, for I certainly do not feel that I have any connection with him; and I think this is just what he desires.

How well I recollect the afternoon that father

brought him home to tea!—a stranger, who had come from a long distance to attend some important anniversary, and whom father, in his generous hospitality, seized upon with delight because he was a stranger, and needed the shelter of a friendly roof. Dear father! how many might say to him, "I was a stranger and ye took me in." Rosalie and I were too much accustomed to visitors to be at all excited at such an occurrence, for we were motherless girls, and accustomed to doing the honors of our father's house; but a handsome, gentlemanly, unmarried clergyman, like Mr. Nilmore, was not a frequent guest; and such visits were real enjoyment.

He stayed all night; and that evening was one to be remembered. How very different he then seemed, and how little one can tell what men really are! He was bright and enthusiastic, with such a charming smile; and I actually accused myself of the folly of almost losing my heart to him! He talked more to me than to Rosalie, we seemed to have more in common; but Rosalie posed herself in graceful attitudes, and I knew that he could not but admire her. There was never any feeling of rivalry between us. I think Rosalie was more generally liked than I; but the few who cared for me cared heartily, and I gave them the same in return.

When Mr. Nilmore left us, he was cordially invited to repeat his visit; and he said that, if he ever wandered so far from his parish again, he would be most happy to do so.

We supposed that this was the last of him; but a few weeks afterward, there came a very manly, straightforward sort of letter, addressed to "Miss Rosalie Benners," and requesting the pleasure of a correspondence with her with a view to their better acquaintance. The letter was signed "Howard Nilmore;" and the writer spoke of the pleasant evening spent in her society, and a strong desire for many more evenings of the same kind.

Rosalie laughed a good deal over this letter; and, as was our wont in any such matter, showed it at once to father.

"You can answer it," said he, "if you feel disposed—a correspondence with Mr. Nilmore can do you no harm."

We had considerable trouble with the answer—for I was called into council, and the great difficulty lay in the beginning. Rosalie wrote down, "My Dear Mr. Nilmore," and concluded that this was too affectionate; then, "Dear Sir," which did not seem much better; "Mr. Nilmore;" and then, "Sir;" but these

last were too stiff and business-like. His own letter began, "My Dear Miss Rosalie," and went on as naturally as though he had written to her all his life. Finally, we settled upon "Dear Mr. Nilmore;" and after much laughter, and many alterations, the epistle was, at length, disposed of.

Rosalie said that it was extremely funny, about the last thing she would have expected; and I could not tell why I felt depressed about it. Did I imagine that the letter should have been written to me?

Mr. Nilmore sent another epistle so promptly, that Rosalie declared it quite a bore to be writing to him so often. I had my sister's answers to overlook and correct; for Rosalie had a natural infirmity, peculiar to some persons, of misspelling her words: neither were her sentences always grammatically arranged. Once, when she was sick, she fairly teased me into writing an entire letter for her, which she copied and sent with much satisfaction. Mr. Nilmore's next letter spoke of this enthusiastically, declaring it to be the most charming epistle she had written to him. Rosalie laughed; but she was not troubled about it, as I would have been.

Soon after this came the proposal; and my sister seemed scarcely to know her own mind in the business. Father gave his consent, with the warmest expressions of satisfaction; but Rosalie told me in confidence that "she didn't think she was a bit in love."

"Then I wouldn't marry him," said I, decidedly.

"But, perhaps, I never shall be in love," continued my sister.

"Then," I replied, "never marry."

"But, Susan," pursued Rosalie, "I don't want to be an old maid!"

"Ah, me!" I thought, "how often, in this world, are 'pearls cast before swine!'"

"I am a little afraid of Mr. Nilmore," said my sister; "and as I rather like any one I am afraid of, I think I shall take him into consideration. Then, too, he has such a pretty parsonage—he has written me all about it; and I should think it might be rather nice to be a clergyman's wife."

Another impassioned letter soon arrived from Mr. Nilmore, in which he added so many arguments, that Rosalie was finally prevailed on to decide favorably.

Then poured in congratulations, for my sister seemed rather proud of publishing the fact that she was to marry a clergyman, and go off so many hundred miles to live; and one of those persons, whose mission seems to be to say some-

thing disagreeable on every possible occasion, remarked to me, in a sympathizing tone,

"Quite trying for you, I have no doubt, to have your younger sister married first. I think you would have made a far better clergyman's wife than Rosalie. I wonder how it happened!"

I could not tell, and, therefore, I said nothing.

Mr. Nilmore had apologized for not being able to leave his parish, except for a day or two before the wedding; but Rosalie seemed too much occupied with her bridal finery to be troubled at his absence.

The day drew near; and finally, came the evening on which the bridegroom was to arrive. After much giggling and blushing, Rosalie went down to receive him; and when a reasonable time had been allotted to the lovers for a private interview, Mr. Nilmore was presented to the family in his new relation.

I saw, at the first glance, that he was painfully changed; he looked as though he had passed through a great shock, or a severe fit of illness. He smiled faintly at the latter suggestion, and said that he was subject to nervous headaches; but as his eyes rested on me for a moment, I fancied that they had the glare of incipient madness.

"I declare," said Rosalie, pouting, as we went to our room for the night, "I think that Howard Nilmore is a dreadfully stupid man, if he is to be my husband! How could we ever have thought him bright? I do believe that, if it were not for all these new clothes and things, I wouldn't marry him, after all!"

"Rosalie," said I, solemnly, "I wish that you would give him up. I really think that Mr. Nilmore is not quite in his right mind—he glares at me so fearfully. Perhaps, he has had some great trouble since we saw him."

"Nonsense, Sue!" laughed Rosalie, "you are always fancying such outlandish things! Thinking and writing men, like Howard, are apt to be absent-minded; and often stare at people for an hour together without being aware of their presence. I dare say he was puzzling over some knotty point in theology, when, as you say, he 'glared' at you; but I would really be obliged to him if he would just put his studies aside long enough to get married decently. As to 'giving him up,' do you see those rows of new shoes, and that box of new gloves? I never had so many before in my life; and, taking all things into consideration, I certainly will not 'desert Mr. Micawber.'"

I sighed at this flippancy in what seemed to me so serious a matter; but as remonstrance

was useless, I ceased to trouble Rosalie with my fears and conjectures.

My sister made a very pretty bride, and was in the gayest spirits on her wedding-morning; but the bridegroom looked as though he had not slept for a week, and seemed taken with an ague-fit on entering the church. Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance at the heart-searching words,

"If any person can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

During the short pause that ensued, Mr. Nilmore glanced about as though searching for aid, or dreading exposure, I could not tell which; for who knew what dark story lay at the bottom of his strange manner? It seemed to me that our knowledge of him was very slight; and a life of misery might, perhaps, be in store for Rosalie.

They were married, however, without any disturbance; and when the carriage containing the bride and groom had driven away, I went into our lonely room to have a good cry. They were gone on a wedding-tour of two weeks, and were to stop on their return for me; Rosalie having insisted upon the arrangement that I was to go to the parsonage for a year.

And this brings me to where I am now.

July 1st.—It is a very disagreeably-perplexing circumstance to find that a person from whom you have a right to expect very different feelings, and whom you have timidly sought to propitiate, persists in regarding you with calm disfavor.

I cannot complain of any want of politeness on my brother-in-law's part; but his manner toward me is so exceedingly frigid, considering our relationship, that I am constantly thrown back upon myself in a way that makes me both curious and indignant.

I have spoken of this to Rosalie; and she said, half laughingly,

"Well, it is a little odd, Sue, about you and Howard—you don't seem to get on a bit. I think, however, that you are not easy to get acquainted with: you have a way of stiffening yourself up without knowing it. I am sure, though, that Howard really considers you a piece of perfection, judging from various things he has said to me."

As "pieces of perfection" are invariably disagreeable, it is quite probable that my brother-in-law may regard me in this light.

August 3rd.—We came here last October; and before the month comes round again, I hope

that his baby's smile will wake an answering sunshine in Howard's face.

I am sure he was not always so moody and distant; for an old woman told me confidentially, the other day, that "Mr. Nilmore was so still-like, since he married, people wondered what had come over him." The old women and children almost worship him; and few clergymen are as generally beloved in their parish as Howard.

I can see that people look pityingly at Rosalie—they evidently think that, by some strange mistake, she has gotten into a place for which she is quite unfit.

September 15th.—Rosalie is lying very ill, having taken a turn for the worse that puzzles us not a little, and the doctor evidently does not understand it. Her baby girl is five days old, and, until the third day, the mother seemed unusually strong and well. A bright fever spot burns on either cheek, and they have cut off all her pretty curls. She is very much changed, and her mind wanders continually. There is a constitutional tendency to disease, the doctor says, never before developed.

I cannot do much else but pray. Howard makes the tenderest of nurses, and looks more like a ghost than ever.

September 20th.—I am holding a newspaper in my hand, with my eyes fixed on two lines, that I study again and again, in the vain hope of being able to realize the sad truth:

"Died, on the twenty-fourth instant, Rosalie, wife of the Rev. Howard Nilmore, aged twenty one years."

I cannot realize that my bright, young sister is soon to be laid in the grave. Oh, Rosalie! my sister! How willingly I would have died in your stead! I have nothing to live for; but you had so much!

October 20th.—"You will not leave me yet, Susan?" said my brother-in-law, imploringly, when we returned from the funeral. "I know that you will care for Rosalie's child."

"I care for you, too, very much," I said, completely melted by the scene through which we had passed, and by the thought of what he must be suffering in his quiet, enduring fashion. "I care very much for Rosalie's husband and child; and I shall not leave you, if my presence is any comfort, until it is my duty to go elsewhere."

A faint smile of gratitude, that made him look more as he did when I first saw him, lighted up his face; and with the scarcely audible words, "Thank you," he went into his study, and I saw him no more that night.

Poor, motherless baby! My heart bled for

her when the nurse brought her down, with black ribbons on her little sleeves—and I took the poor little thing to my affections at once. Her father loves her, too, and will hold her by the hour together. She is a pretty child, but delicate as a spring blossom; and we call her, "Wind-Flower."

Howard is certainly softened; he seems no longer stern—only sad. He never speaks of Rosalie—I believe he loved her very deeply, after all; and now that she is gone, he is more kind to me because I am her sister.

December 9th.—Would it not be a charitable enterprise to get up a society to provide employment of mind for people who have nothing to do but to attend to their neighbors' affairs? One of these unfortunate ones said to me to day,

"People think that Mr. Nilmore will not go very far to look for a second wife. It must be quite a different feeling to be step-mother to a sister's child, instead of a stranger's."

"A second wife!" And poor Rosalie scarcely cold in her grave! I was filled with wrath; and I answered warmly,

"People think' and say a great deal that they have no right to think and say. Can they not respect our grief at such a time as this, instead of publishing their coarse surmises? As far as I am concerned, and I now say it once for all, I could never look upon a dead sister's husband in any other light than that of a brother; and I am sure that Mr. Nilmore would be equally shocked by such a revolting idea. I beg to hear no more of this—but it shall not prevent me from doing my duty."

March 20th.—For six months our little blossom looked, with wondering eyes, upon this curious world, and then went back to heaven. I robbed the waxen form in its prettiest dress, and laid it in the flower-wreathed casket. When they opened the mother's grave, and laid her babe again upon her bosom, I felt that I had done my last duty to Rosalie and her child.

Soon I was on my homeward way, with the recollection of Howard's warm, clasping hand; and his murmured, "God bless you, Susan! for all your kindness to me and mine! You have been an angel of light to this sorrow-stricken dwelling; don't forget the lonely minister in your far-off home."

December 19th.—Nearly Christmas again, the second Christmas since Rosalie's death; and my story is coming out so strangely that I know not how to write it. Not long ago, I had a letter from Howard—a letter that sent the blood in quick bounds through my veins, and nearly deprived me of every portion of my sober senses.

"I have a story to tell," said the writer, "which must be told, although it may not avail me now. I love you, sweet Susan, and have loved you from the first moment I saw you.

"Do not turn from this in scorn. I was at your father's house, you will remember, but one evening, on that first visit; and by some stupid mistake on my part, I thought they called you 'Rosalie.' Your face and your words haunted me when I returned to my quiet parsonage—I felt that you were just the wife I wanted. I could not leave my duties again to renew our acquaintance, and so penned that letter—directed to your sister, but intended for you. Your reply, as I thought it, did not quite answer my expectations, as coming from you; but the next letter I liked better; and, finally, I asked you to become my wife, and was accepted by your sister.

"Never, as long as I live, can I forget the night that opened to me the dreadful truth. I sat listening for your footstep, picturing to myself your elegant face, and scarcely able to wait for your coming to clasp you to my bosom, and call you mine.

"In the midst of these thoughts the door opened, and Rosalie appeared, blushing, expectant, with a face and manner that told the whole dreadful mistake. For a moment the room seemed to reel around me, and I had to struggle hard to retain possession of my senses; but a stern feeling of honor nerved me to endurance, as I glanced at the pretty, timid-looking girl, who had confided herself to my love and tenderness.

"I do not know what I said; but when I met you, my senses nearly forsook me again. Oh, beloved! it is a hard and bitter thing for a man to see before him the woman he loves, and the woman to whom his honor is pledged, and to find that they are not one, but two! No one knows what I suffered in those first hours. You asked me if I had been sick, and I felt like replying, 'I am sick, sick unto death.' I saw that you looked upon me with distrust, and I hardened myself into frigidness, for fear of betraying my feelings.

"I know that you thought me cold, and even rude, perhaps, in my own house; but my teeth were hard set in endurance, and I dared not

assume toward you a brother's manner, lest I should unguardedly betray the lover. Innocent words were often spoken by you and Rosalie that sent a sharp pain to my heart; and, at times, the very sight of you was almost maddening. In those occasional moments, when we have been alone together, I have been on the point of saying, 'Go! leave my sight, or I shall tell you all!'"

"I believe that Rosalie was a happy wife; I think no suspicion of the truth ever crossed her mind; and it is now more than a year since we laid her in the grave. Will you, my first, my only love, not take the place offered to you before, and be to me what no other woman ever could be, my wife in the best and holiest sense of the word?"

I read this letter with many tears; and I felt then that I had loved Howard Nilmore, not as a brother, but even as he loved me.

My love, however, was not allowed to run riot over every other feeling. I asked myself seriously if I could go to that home where my sister had reigned so short a time before, and where gossips were waiting for this very confirmation of their surmises. I did not think I could face it; for although the circumstances entirely changed my sentiments with respect to marrying a sister's husband, yet I had uttered those sentiments there most decidedly; and I could not make our story public.

So I wrote to Howard as gently as I could, telling him of all these things, and begging him to think more of his usefulness as a Christian minister than of a few short years of happiness for us on earth.

I have made a great sacrifice, but I fully mean it; he has set me a noble example.

January 1st.—Another letter from that persevering man! Howard had long thought it best, for many reasons, to change his parish; and in the course of the coming year, he will remove to L—, a place only ten miles from my own home.

There came also a letter for father, who seems ready to give Howard Nilmore all the daughters he possesses. A few weeks hence I shall stand in the very parlor which poor Rosalie entered with such different feelings, waiting for the lover who has always been mine.

## THEY DO NOT DIE.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

Why should we, for the dying, weep?  
They do not die, they only sleep.  
'Tis not the soul, 'tis but the shell

We bury with the funeral knell.  
This sorrowing life, thank God, is brief;  
But that's eternal—why this grief?

## THE LIBRARY OF FATE.

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The few students, who still lingered in the dusky hall, hastened to obey the suggestions thus plainly given, and one after another passed through the open door with a brief good-night to the janitor, and, perhaps, some slight word of farewell to each other, as most of them were habitual visitors, and a sort of acquaintance had grown up from the mere fact of sitting several hours a day in each other's society without, however, even hearing each other's names.

"All gone! Then I'll go, too," remarked Peters, the janitor, turning round from a last survey of the smouldering fire, which he was allowed to kindle in the disused fire-place, for his own especial benefit, in this chilly weather of early summer.

"All gone! Yes," repeated the janitor, absently, as he went out, locked the door, clumped down the stairs, and out into the wintry street, where the gas, just lighted, contended with the dying daylight.

But Peters had not perceived, nor had any one of the readers so unceremoniously ejected, that one of their number remained behind; and that the worthy janitor's remark, "All gone!" was consequently an untruth, for Romuald Braithe, fast asleep in a distant alcove, had neither heard the announcement of sunset, nor the steps of his departing comrades, nor the clang of the closing door.

But then, to be sure, Romuald Braithe had an excuse for sleepiness, in the fact of having remained awake and afoot all the previous night, his reason for this vigil being the simple fact, that in all the vast city, where he found himself, he possessed neither home, friend, or the means of buying even the semblance of those comforts.

Not to evade a truth that must finally be confessed, this hero of ours is hardly better than a good-looking, gentlemanly, well-educated vagrant, without property or resources other than the capricious benevolence of an ill-tempered old man, his uncle, who, having bred him in luxury, had, in a fit of anger at some unexpected opposition to his will, turned him out-of-doors, just about a year before this night. In the

course of that year, Romuald had discovered that the friends, even the lovers, of a wild, young man, with his pockets full of money, not even the acquaintances of a poor devil without one cent to jingle against another in those same pockets, that the accomplishments, or even the now solid acquirements of such a young man, are not available as legal tender on 'Change; and, finally, that he who cannot dig, while to beg he is ashamed, runs every chance of starving to death, even in the midst of plenty.

"I will go to Gomorrah. Surely, in the largest and wealthiest city of my native land, there must be some honest work which even I can do," said our young friend at last; and by the next steamer-boat he arrived in Gomorrah with precisely nine cents in his pocket. Nine cents will not pay for even a very modest lodging in Gomorrah, a city where prices are proportioned to the income-tax of its upper ten thousand tax-payers; but it will purchase a limited amount of food, and, consequently, in food did Romuald Braithe expend it, purchasing, after long consideration, twelve large, soft crackers, for which he paid five cents, and a crumb of cheese, for which he gave the other four. The city stood treat for water enough to wash down this simple repast, and also extended the hospitality of the streets to the houseless wanderer, who promenaded them until daylight, when he took the liberty of stretching himself upon a bench in the Park and going to sleep, a proceeding permitted after sunrise, but severely censured during the hours of darkness by the astute guardians of the public safety.

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Chewing this reflection instead of the missing meal, our young philosopher next set forth in search of work, and, of course, found none. Gomorrah governing itself strictly upon the Biblical principle. "To him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath."

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resolution into individuals. Say as he might, and as he did, he found it impossible to select one face or form from the densest group, and make of it a distinct impression upon his brain, each seemed to melt into each, to change and disappear, and yet return with increasing motion, so that Braithe found himself at last seriously questioning whether he was surrounded by a vast multitude of persons, or whether he was quite alone, nay deprived even of the company of his own senses and his own identity.

From this speculation he was roused by the vague voice of the librarian, who was saying, as he walked down one of the long arcades at his side,

"Of course, being here, you wish to see your volume?"

"Yes," answered the young man, mechanically.

"But do you know how uncommon a privilege this is which you enjoy? Had not you been born at precisely midnight of midsummer-eve, it would have been impossible, and now it is only once in seven of your birthnights, and then but for an hour, that you enjoy the privilege."

"But all these?" asked Braithe, pointing at the throng about him, which, as before, seemed to melt away the moment he closely inspected it. His conductor glanced carelessly in the direction of his gesture, and replied,

"Ah, yes! these to be sure. But where are their bodies, you know?"

"Why, are they not in their bodies?"

"Of course not. These are all souls, which, having left the bodies to which they belong fast asleep, have sped hither to take a peep into their respective volumes. To-morrow, when they and their bodies awaken, there will remain within the souls some memories, perhaps, so vivid as to be called dreams, perhaps so vague as to vanish the instant the coarser perceptions attempt to lay hold upon them, but, at any rate, all that the poor souls succeed in carrying away of all that they learn here. Were you never yourself conscious, on first waking, of some such reminiscence? An impression of something highly important and valuable which you have known while you were asleep, and which eludes your waking consciousness?"

"Yes, I have had such experiences," replied Braithe, eagerly.

"Well, it was because your soul had been here while you slept. But to-night you are here in the body, and, as I say, it is a rare privilege."

"Is no one else here in the same way to-night?"

"Not one."

"And you?" asked Braithe, hesitatingly.

"I—I am myself the embodiment of fate. As you see me now I have always existed, and shall always exist until——"

"Until when?"

"How can I tell? Fate itself has limits, and I know not mine."

The voice of the librarian seemed to die away with the last words, not so much as if he had ceased to speak, as if he could speak no more, and Braithe, turning suddenly toward him, was hardly surprised at seeing nothing, but almost before he was conscious of the fact, the same weird voice spoke at his other side.

"Here is your volume—do you see it?"

He pointed as he spoke to a volume, upon whose back Romuald Braithe read his own name. He extended his hand eagerly, but was checked by the librarian.

"Have a care," said he. "Do not strain the cords."

"The cords!" echoed the young man, pausing with his hand upon the book.

"Yes. Take it down; in fact, no one but yourself has the power to touch it at all, but handle it carefully."

Braithe did as he was ordered, and carefully drawing the volume from its place, he perceived that several fine cords proceeding from between its pages, connected it more or less nearly with other volumes in the same compartment, and that, although these cords were elastic and strong, a rough motion upon his part might sever them.

"Whose volumes are these to which I am thus bound?" asked he, turning to the librarian.

"Those persons with whom fate has connected you from the moment of your birth."

"But the ties can be broken."

"Yes, and fate would reunite them. But the knots and weak places thus caused would give you and the others infinite trouble when you arrived at them."

"Here is one of silk and gold. To whom does this unite me?" asked the young man, curiously examining the cords which he held in his hand.

"Open to the page it marks and read. But your hour is nearly gone; you have need to hasten."

Braithe opened precipitately. The page was covered with close, crabbed characters in some unknown language, as incomprehensible to him as if it had been the ancient Copt, or the primitive Sanscrit. Bitterly disappointed, he turned to the librarian, who, with a shadowy smile, replied to his unspoken appeal.

"To be sure. I forgot that the eyes of your soul are buried in those bodily organs, which, however, can be opened, as thus."

And with a sudden movement he placed a finger-tip upon each of Braithe's eyes, who started back with a low cry, for the sensation was as of red-hot needles penetrating the ball.

"Now look at your book," said the librarian, quietly.

Braithe obeyed, and, to his delight, found that the page stood before him distinct and clear, although, whether it had become translated into his own tongue, or whether he had suddenly acquired that new language in which it had at first appeared written, he could not decide.

"Now read, and quickly, for the clock is on the stroke of one," murmured the vague voice at his side; and, without further delay, Braithe began at the top of the page marked by the cord of silk and gold, and read as follows:

— "He will refuse to avail himself of the opportunity, fancying his mind fixed in the other direction; but it is decided that no choice shall be left him, and that what appears his greatest loss shall prove his greatest gain. For finding——"

One! Told the nearest clock; and one! and one! repented all the others; but at the first stroke, Braithe felt a hand laid over his eyes, and the book gently taken from his hand.

"Your hour is past," murmured the visionary voice of the librarian in his ear, and then he felt himself resistlessly borne backward to the floor, while a deep sleep settled upon his senses.

When he awoke it was broad daylight, and the sound of footsteps and voices announced that the library was open and occupied. Rousing himself, and passing down the long hall, Braithe recognized many of the faces he had seen upon the previous afternoon, and, conspicuously, that of the janitor, who hovered over his just-kindled fire.

"It did not keep alive all night, then?" asked Braithe, lingering for a moment beside him.

"All night? No. I don't remember your name now, sir. Do you come here a good deal?"

"They always demand one's name here. I wonder if this old man would hand me down my Fate-book, as the other one did, if I gave him the name he asks!"

So muttering, Braithe passed out of the library and into the street, whose chill, morning air awakened afresh the pangs of hunger which sleep had stilled.

"I must beg or starve—which I wonder is harder?" thought he, dragging himself along

the streets busy with morning traffic. Presently he reached others, where the smell of savory breakfasts, arising from half-opened basement-windows, saluted him with mocking invitation.

"Good God! To starve among all these people! Can it be! Shall it be!" cried he aloud, as he clung to the iron-railing opposite one of these tantalizing breakfast-rooms, and felt the delicious fumes mount to his brain.

"What do you say? To starve! Are you starving?" asked a clear voice above him, and raising his dim eyes Braithe saw a fresh and lovely young girl's face at an open window just over his head.

"Yes, I am starving," said he, in a hollow voice, his eyes clinging to that face, as his cold and crisped fingers clung to the iron-railing.

"Goodness! how horrible! Here, wait a minute." And the young girl disappeared, but the next moment showed herself at the hall-door.

"Come in directly! Come, do you hear!" cried she, in peremptory and terrified tones. "Are you too far gone to move? Here, James! James!"

But Braithe, disregarding the proffered help of the footman, feebly climbed the high stone-steps, and, hat in hand, bowed to the benevolent fairy who stood waiting to continue her ministrations.

"Come straight in, never mind explaining—you must have something to eat and drink first of all. This way."

And the fairy led the way down stairs, hesitated an instant at the entrance of the kitchen-passage, and then, with a decided gesture, opened the door of an elegant dining-room, where stood a small round-table, spread for one, and combining that agreeable glitter of silver, glass, china, and polished damask, so conducive to decorum. The room was empty, and Braithe's fairy stopped, and looked inquiringly back at James, who followed them.

"My father?" asked she.

"Mr. Lorimer took breakfast early, and went down town. He left word, Miss Edith, that he hoped you'd excuse him, and make a good breakfast."

"Has Mr. Edward been in this morning?"

"No, Miss Edith."

"Very well. Set another plate for this gentleman, and bring breakfast."

And Miss Edith Lorimer, with a slightly flushed face, and slightly doubtful voice, turned to her guest.

"My father and brother are not at home this morning, sir, but I am sure they would be glad to have me——"

"Relieve a poor starving fellow; although, no doubt, Miss Lorimer, they would suggest that the kitchen is a more suitable place than your own table in which to do so."

"One does not ask a gentleman into the kitchen, whatever his momentary misfortunes may be," said Miss Lorimer, her indecision over, now that she heard his speech.

"Thank you. May I introduce myself as Romuald Braithe, the veritable 'man without a home;' and also coming under the penal statute as being without visible means of livelihood. You will not have me committed?"

"Mr. Braithe, excuse me, you are growing frightfully pale; here, do drink this tea at once."

And Miss Lorimer, hastily pouring some tea and preparing it, brought it with her own hands and held it to the ashen lips of the young man, who was, in fact, upon the verge of swooning.

Braithe drank, then murmured,

"Pray, do not—the servant! Set it down!"

With a rosy blush the young girl obeyed; and when stately James entered the room with his salver, his young mistress sat in her own place at the table, while the stranger, bending over his teacup, feebly raised it to his mouth.

"Some dry toast, James," ordered Miss Lorimer, opening an egg; and while James ordered the toast, she adroitly transferred the prepared egg to the other end of the table, and helped herself to another.

"There, for goodness sake, do eat something! No matter about waiting for me," said she, in pretty impatience; and Braithe obeyed without reply.

Breakfast over, the young lady led her guest up stairs to a handsome library.

"Before you go away, Mr. Braithe," said she, with a shade of reserve in her manner, "I should be glad to know if we cannot be of some permanent use to you. My father is a merchant down town; he might find some business for you in his office or warehouse. Should you like it?"

"Miss Lorimer, why not ask me also, whether I liked the food and drink with which you just fed me?"

"Then I will give you a note to my father, and you can——"

But at this moment the door flew violently open, and a second young lady, as bright, and dark, and sparkling as the first was soft, and rosy, and delicate, rushed into the room, exclaiming,

"Oh! Edith, Edith, Edith! What are we to do?"

"Good gracious, Priscilla! what is the matter?" and with a slight gesture of apology to

her guest, Miss Lorimer led the exclamatory young lady into the recess of a bay-window, where the conversation, at first carried on in murmurs, presently became so audible that Braithe most unwillingly became an auditor.

"And I told him that I would go, and I would dance with whom I liked, and I wouldn't be dictated to. Now, Edy, wasn't I right?"

"Of course, you were, darling."

"And then he said he wouldn't go with us to the picnic to-day; and I said I'd go without him; and he said, 'with Mr. Hunslow?' and I said with whomever I liked; and so we parted, and I haven't seen or heard from him this morning; but I'm resolved to go to the picnic, just to show that I can do as I choose, and that I will, too."

"But how are we to manage, darling? It wouldn't do to go with only a groom," said Edith, thoughtfully.

"N—o, I suppose not. Edy, I do think men are perfectly detestable, don't you?"

"When they behave like this bad brother of mine; but you will forgive him before night. The question now is, how shall we get to Claremont?"

"Who is your visitor? Why not ask him?"

"Hush!" And then followed a whispered explanation, succeeded by an eager debate in the same tone. At the end of it, the two young ladies approached Braithe.

"Do you ride, Mr. Braithe?" asked Miss Lorimer, biting her under-lip, and blushing violently in the effort to suppress some emotion.

"Yes, Miss Lorimer, I have ridden a good deal."

"And would you like to accompany us to a little picnic at Claremont?"

"If you see fit to honor me with an invitation," replied Braithe, inwardly wondering what manner of innocent or reckless children he had stumbled upon.

"Certainly. Miss Belmont, let me present Mr. Braithe. You see, Mr. Braithe, that we are disappointed of the —— of my brother's escort, and we do not wish to stay at home for very particular reasons——"

"Pardon me," interposed Braithe, pitying her confusion. "But I could not avoid hearing a good deal of what you and Miss Belmont were saying, and I believe I understand the matter pretty thoroughly."

"That's splendid, and saves a world of explanation," coolly replied Miss Belmont, not in the least abashed, and then turning to Edith,

"So, pet, if you will order the horses, I will run home and put on my habit, and you and Mr. ——"

"Braithe," quietly suggested the owner of that name.

"Excuse me, certainly—Mr. Braithe will call for me in about half an hour."

"Yes, darling!"

"And I shan't mention to mamma about the peculiar circumstances, you understand?" continued Priscilla, darting a droll glance at Braithe as she left the room.

"Miss Belmont is engaged to my brother," explained Edith, when the door was closed. "She is the dearest girl, but very, very high-spirited; and Ned is a little so also; and so they do not always quite agree, you know. But excuse me, Mr. Braithe, should you like to go to a dressing-room, and, perhaps, if some of Ned's things would—of course, you are not prepared——"

"Thank you very much, Miss Lorimer. I should of all things like the privilege of the bathing-room; but, although it is quite evident I am not prepared, as you say, I can hardly borrow your brother's clothes without his leave, more especially for the present expedition."

"Why, no, to be sure," laughed Edith. "But if you wouldn't mind, I have some things put away to—give to people, you know; and those are quite my own, and nobody would ever be the wiser——"

"Thank you. I will accept them with great pleasure, or rather the use of them for the day," said Braithe, and then, more gravely, "one word more, Miss Lorimer. I feel it due to myself to say that, unless I were conscious of having the right in all but fortune to associate with you and your friends, upon equal terms, not even your kindness would tempt me——"

"Dear me, Mr. Braithe, don't I know it? Now, please, come quick, for Priscilla will be waiting."

Half an hour later, Miss Lorimer, attended by a gentleman, faultless in appearance, manners, and horsemanship, called for her friend, Miss Belmont, whom she found ready and waiting; and the three, followed by a groom, rode briskly up the avenue, along which, some hours previously, Braithe had tottered, starving, homeless, and utterly forlorn.

"I wonder if the silk and gold cord connected me with Edith Lorimer," thought he, watching the pure color deepening in her cheek as they rode on; "or could it be this saucy brunette," added he, turning to glance at Priscilla, who gayly cried,

"Well, Mr. Braithe, a penny——"

"I was recalling a—dream, I suppose, I must call it, or, perhaps, a fancy of mine last night," said the young man.

"I'll warrant you did not dream of being where you now are," replied Miss Belmont, laughing so as to show two rows of clear white teeth; but at this moment the sound of horses' feet, in rapid pursuit of the party, caused every one to turn around, and the two girls to exclaim, "Edward!" in tones of surprise, and a little alarm.

Edward, a handsome, and somewhat imperious-looking youth, overtook them upon the instant, acknowledged his sister's quiet introduction of "Mr. Braithe, Edward," with an impatient bow, and then manœuvred his horse close to Miss Belmont's, which sagacious beast immediately fell back and slackened his pace.

"He has repented, and wants to make up," murmured Edith.

"And 'Othello's occupation's gone,'" replied Braithe, in the same tone.

"Not unless Othello chooses," replied Edith, kindly; and on they rode in great and mutual content.

Arrived at the scene of the festival, Braithe was not surprised at being somewhat sternly summoned to a private interview with Edward Lorimer.

"I should like, sir, to ask some explanation of the relations in which I find you toward my sister and Miss Belmont, who declines to give me any satisfaction upon the subject."

"You are entitled to such explanation, and shall have it," replied Braithe; and in five minutes presented a hasty sketch of his life, his struggles since he had been turned off by his uncle, and his adventures of the morning; everything, in fact, except his visit to the Library of Fate. At the close, he produced some letters and papers which he had preserved through everything for just such an emergency.

"Romuald Braithe!" exclaimed Lorimer, glancing at the address upon one of them. "Well, by all that's wonderful! Why——" but here he checked himself, walked to the window, stared out for a moment, then strode back with outstretched hand,

"I am quite satisfied, Mr. Braithe, and if you please, we will return to the ladies."

"Certainly," replied Braithe, too proud to ask an explanation so evidently withheld from him; and the two young men, returning to the ladies, were met by the anxious glances of two pairs of eyes, which glances turned to smiles as soon as the *entente cordial* of the young men became apparent.

"I am so glad Ned is satisfied," murmured Edith.

"He'd better be pretty indulgent, if he wants pardon for his own sins," returned Priscilla, defiantly.

The picnic was charming, of course; but it is no affair of ours, and we rejoin our young people as they enter the door of the Lorimer mansion.

"You will spend the night with us, Mr. Braithe," said Edward, courteously; and as Edith seconded the invitation with a look, it was accepted.

"Is my father in the house, James?"

"Yes, sir: just come in."

"Pris, will you excuse me for a moment? I want to say two words to my father, and then I will take you home. Mr. Braithe, will you stand by Miss Belmont a moment, while I run into the house?"

At the end of the moment, which really was not more than five, Lorimer, Jr., reappeared, followed by a fine old gentleman, none other than Lorimer, Sr., who, being introduced, seconded his son's hospitable overtures so cordially as to quite set Braithe's mind at rest; and he followed the old gentleman and the young lady into the house with much content, while Lorimer, Jr., and Miss Belmont rode away in a similar state of mind.

The next day a place in Lorimer, Sr.'s, counting-house was provided for Romuald Braithe, who accepted it, as also his position of guest in his employer's house, with a mild protest in his own mind against all this being any doing of his, and waited.

Nor did he wait without results; for one evening, as the family seated themselves at dinner, in walked a second old gentleman, stout, florid, and absolute of manner, who bustled up to Braithe, exclaiming,

"Caught you, you dog!" and shook him by both hands.

"Uncle!" exclaimed Braithe, coloring with delight.

"Yes, uncle, you young scamp: and if you had waited to hear all I had to say, instead of flying in my face and putting me in a passion before I had even told you what I wanted, why all this fuss and feathers would have been spared."

"I hope you'll forgive me, sir," began Braithe, penitently. "But I could not have consented with any propriety——"

"Couldn't consent, you young scamp," roared the uncle. "There, that's just the way you started off last time, never waiting to hear what I had to say, or—— Why you blockhead!" and the stout, little uncle raised himself on tip-toe to whisper in the tall nephew's ear,

"That's the girl herself!"

"What! You don't—you're not deceiving me?" gasped Braithe, while the Lorimers, senior and junior, joined in the laugh with which his uncle replied to him.

Edith did not laugh, for she did not know the jest, and Braithe did not laugh, being too much bewildered and delighted, nor Priscilla, who was too full of curiosity.

But after dinner the two old gentlemen had Braithe into the library, to which room Edith was presently summoned, and thus addressed by the elder Braithe,

"You see, my dear, I was thinking what a capital idea it would be for my boy here to marry you—but he wouldn't; that is, the minute I told him I had selected a wife for him, he flew out, said he could select one for himself; and so we went from bad to worse, until I turned him out of my house, neck and heels, without his even hearing you name spoken. Then I wrote to your father, who was in it, and we agreed to let him run awhile, and see if he didn't come to his senses. But the deuce of it was that I lost sight of him, and try as I would, couldn't hear a word about him till about a month ago your father wrote, and told me that he was here, and—— Well, he thought I'd better let it alone for awhile, which I did as long as I could stand it to be out of the spirit, and then I came on; and here I am, and here he is; and, Lorimer, you and I am better out of the way than in it."

With which wise conclusion the two old fellows bundled out of the room, and Edith would have followed, but Braithe detained her.

"You told your uncle you had already chosen for yourself," said she, turning away her face.

"I thought I loved a woman, who forsook me as soon as she found that I had lost all but her; but, Edith, I was not then half so poor as when you took me in, and so generously gave me the confidence and courtesy which were more to me than food, starving though I was."

It was not hard to convince her, and the rest is what we can all imagine, or remember, or hope for.

"The cord of silk and gold led to your Fate-book, darling. I have been hoping so from the very first," said Braithe, sometime afterward.

"What do you mean, child?" asked his betrothed. So he told her the story of the Fate Library, to which she listened with wondering eyes, and at the close nestled nearer to his side.

"You make me shiver with such stories. Was it a dream?"

"No, love, no dream, but sweetest fact," said Braithe, kissing her upturned face

## MISS WOOLEY'S LOVERS.

BY FRANCES LEE.

MISS PATIENCE WOOLEY was the homeliest woman that was ever seen, and as queer as she was homely.

She took care of the village church, and lived in a little, high house in one corner of the church-yard, with a wide-topped chimney, and "lean-to" at one end, where she kept her cooking-stove, her jugs and kettles, her strings of dried pumpkin and peppers, and her kindling-wood.

She had her monument already set in the grave-yard, behind the church, with her name upon it; and in the third drawer of her best pine bureau was a white grave-robe that was done up afresh every June, and sprinkled over with thyme and bergamot-leaves.

One summer's day, Miss Wooley was looking for hens' eggs among the tall grass of the grave-yard. She had a Leghorn hat upon her head, banded about with a strip of red calico, with a broad brim that flapped at every step; and she wore a gown made of bright-green chintz, flowered over with great red poppies and yellow tulips.

"The black hen has hid away her nest somewhere," said she, talking to herself, for she was a very social person, as she groped with an old umbrella-staff in the plot of clover behind her own monument. "And if I can't find it no how else, I must tie one end of a ball of twine to her leg and follow her up by that."

Meanwhile, the black hen was composedly laying her morning egg in Mr. Vincent's lumber-yard across the railroad track; and Mr. Vincent's duck was snapping off Miss Wooley's peas, as though they had been planted, and shone, and rained upon for this sole end.

Presently a sharp click of the gate-latch caused her to look up.

"Ah, Mr. Lanesley!" said she, with her primest bow and her politest pucker, "you gave me quite a start coming upon me unaware," said she.

Miss Wooley's recourse of hard words was rather greater than the dictionary; and she pelted her acquaintances with them with as little mercy as the old man showed the rude boy on his apple-tree.

"Butiful weather! And such an embracing atmosphere this morning," she continued, from behind the bulwark of her tomb-stone.

"Quite so," returned Mr. Lanesley, timidly. He was a little man, with a rusty weed on his hat, and a general look of forlornness hanging over him; and he had come on the harmless errand of planting a rose-tree by the grave of his late wife.

"She was a great hand for roses," said he. "Red, or white, or yellow, I don't care what kind; anything that was a rose. Now, for my own part, I never know one blow from another."

"There is no flower like the rose," remarked Miss Wooley, reverently; "their fragrance is so ineffable."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the widower, nothing else occurring to him to say.

So he proceeded with his transplanting, and Miss Wooley went decorously home.

Later in the day, as she sat with her mitts on, reading Fox's "Book of the Martyrs," there came a tap at her half-open door, and a young girl entered with a covered basket on her arm.

"Is it nobody but you, Tilly Bryan? Bless me! If I am not thankful though!" exclaimed Miss Wooley, with a sigh that savored rather of resignation. "I thought much as anything it was that ridiculous Mr. Lanesley after me again. It is wonderful that men can't have more sense of what is becoming, and his poor wife hardly cold in her grave."

"So Mr Lanesley has been offering himself to you already," said the new comer, who was a very lively young lady. "I must confess, Miss Wooley, I did not expect it so soon. How did you manage to decline him without hurting his feelings? I know you are always so tender about that."

Miss Wooley shook her homely head with a heavy air of responsibility as she replied,

"I didn't say, did I, Tilly, that Mr. Lanesley actually came to the point of offering himself outright? I understand how to give an answer before it comes quite to the man his had so much experience! But I have ludickerous to see the rouse that was really played to get an interview with the poor man em-morning. I suppose you will tell me this very lieve me if I should tell you would scarcely be me in the cemetery about my affairs, made an excuse to bring along a root he designated to implant by the monument of his deceased partner, if he could make sure it was the root of a

rose of any sort. He owned he couldn't tell that from a dandelion—I suppose his mind was in some bewilderment. Of course, I set him all right on the matter of its being a bonny filthy rose, and so he went on and implanted it. It was really touching to observe how ready he was to hear to me in every little suggestion I happened to drop; and I felt sorry for the poor man, I did so. But I could never undertake the care of his six children, and I come off at once to give him to understand as much."

"How did he seem to take it, Miss Wooley?" cried Tilly, her eyes sparkling with wicked delight.

"Well, hard, Tilly; but not so hard as some does. I let him see at once there was no use thinking of an alienation between us for a moment. And, too, I was a good deal pestered at his audacity in following me to the cemetery, as though he had had an assignment to meet me there."

"Then you have really made up your mind you shan't have Mr. Lanesley? How hard-hearted you are, Miss Wooley!"

"Oh, yes! I can't have everybody," replied Miss Wooley, with more truth than she usually had on her side; "and I scarcely know how it is I am in such a demand. But it has always been just the way wherever I am. Somehow, here or there, my luck has seemed to follow me. There is never a widower anywheres about but originally me and him has words."

Miss Wooley meant to say eventually, but one word was as good as the other.

"What a nuisance it must be!" returned Tilly. "But I mustn't stay here listening to your love stories; I have got to practice awhile before dinner. And, oh! by-the-way, mother has been boiling some crullers this morning, and she wondered if you wouldn't like to try them."

"Oh! thank your dear mother for me! She very thoughtful. Will you just please put

is them on a plate you will find in the hither side cup-board in the lean-to? Tell your of my am ineffably obliged to her. It hardly mother I ke up a mess of crullers for one, they pays to ma. And there is not a person in day so soon. cooking tastes so correspond- Haxleton who does as your dear mother's." indly like my ow.

Miss Wooley was supported in great part by her neighbors; but some friendly guise must be wrapped about every gift, like apple-sauce around a pill, for she would have resented as unpardonable impertinence a bare-faced charity.

"My mother will be very proud to hear what you say," replied Tilly, gravely, as she took from her basket biscuit, cold meat and eggs, as

well as the crullers. "And there, if I didn't come near forgetting! With all you had to tell me, no wonder it was put out of my head! But I called at Dr. Greenough's on the way here, and you must be sure and go up there to-morrow and spend the day; right off, soon as ever you have swallowed your breakfast. Mrs. Greenough is so dreadfully busy to-day she can't get away to bring you the invitation herself; but, of course, you will excuse the informality. And don't you say a word that I told you, Miss Wooley, but they are expecting the doctor's brother there to-morrow. He is quite a young man, not very much older than yourself; but in need of a wife, and I suspect from a hint or two that he has heard of you."

Miss Wooley's mouth gathered itself up till it was no bigger than a bead.

"He needn't think of me," said she, "not for one instant. But I will go. Nobody shall have an opportunity to accuse me of cowardish. No, I have nerves enough to walk up to the mouth of a cannon, if duty called me, or to any other mouth."

"I believe you, Miss Wooley. Well, you be sure you go. Now I must run. Good-by."

And with that, Tilly disappeared behind the lindens that lined the village street, laughing as she went with mischievous mirth.

There was not half a chance that Miss Wooley would slight the invitation for the next day. Tale-telling and dining out were far too dear to her heart.

So she was astir early as the thriftest robin, and appeared in Dr. Greenough's yard just as Mrs. Greenough had come to the door to shake the table-cloth.

"Dear! Dear! What can have brought Miss Wooley at this hour," thought she, as innocent of sending, or desiring to send, an invitation to her as the clouds in the sky. "Come to spend the day, too, as sure as I am born, by the way she is tricked out! What shall I do?"

Meanwhile, Miss Wooley was coming serenely up the graveled walk that led around from the front to the back door. She had on her Sunday pucker and her Sunday gown, which was made of ultra-marine blue paper-cambric, the glazed side out.

"I have arrove!" said she. "Ma'be you wasn't looking for me so early?"

"Oh! the time makes no difference," said Mrs. Greenough, trying to throw a veil of cordiality over her face. "I shall have to be in the kitchen this morning awhile, for I never trust Ann to do my baking, but I know you will excuse that."

"Certainly! Certainly! Don't let me be any put out to your work. I know what it is to be a family woman, and I will take my chair and come right in the kitchen with you," replied Miss Wooley, cheerfully.

Which accordingly she did; and while Mrs. Greenough and her girl, Ann, brought as many odors from the pantry and stove-oven as though they had been priests before a pagan altar, Miss Wooley knit contentedly on a blue stocking-foot and talked.

"It is my custom to knit up a lot of feet; tops always outwears feet; so I have an extra pair to sew right on when the feet gives out," said she, with a capable nod. "I have done for myself long enough to learn how to manage equinominically, and that naturally makes me notice waste in others. For example, Mrs. Greenough, I see you break your eggs into your pan, and then give the shells a fling. Now you should always stop and dreen your egg-shells—my mother instructed me in that—and you can save in this way as good as one whole egg in a dozen."

"I want to know if that is so, Miss Wooley? Such an idea never crossed my mind before," replied Mrs. Greenough, pinching the edge of her custard-pie with her thumb and finger.

"So they all say. I've let a great many people know it first and last," returned the spinster, complacently. "I have told other things, too. It was me that first let Mr. Applegate know Bell Stroud was engaged to Chester Lynn; and in a month he married to her himself."

"How you talk, Miss Wooley!" remarked Mrs. Greenough, with a great show of interest in her tone; for by far the easiest and most acceptable entertainment for the visitor was in allowing her to "fight her battles o'er again."

"Why, yes! I couldn't be persuaded to think of such a thing as going on to that gre't farm myself, and I felt sorry for the poor man. I can never help having my sympathies drawn out; so I just turned him off by saying, 'There is Bell Stroud,' said I. 'She would make the excellentest of wives, and she is not bespoke.' 'Are you sure of what you say?' said Mr. Applegate to me, said he, looking like a drowned man clutching at a straw. 'Are you sure?' said he. 'I have thought all along she was keeping company with Chester Lynn,' said he. 'Oh, no!' said I, 'that is all done and through with. She didn't fancy him out and out; it may be her heart was otherwise fixed,' said I, looking meaningly at him. He took the hint without any more ado, and married to her in a month."

"So you will feel responsible for the happi-

ness of that marriage?" suggested Mrs. Greenough, by way of keeping the ball rolling of itself, as she wanted to fix her mind on a new receipt for sousing salted salmon, that she was trying for the first time.

"Well, perhaps I ought to in two ways. Both for the recommend of his wife to Mr. Applegate, and also for declining to fill the place myself," returned Miss Wooley, with a great deal of meaning in her tone.

"I don't blame you a bit, Miss Wooley, for refusing to undertake Mr. Applegate's twelve cows; and then those old people, and the crazy aunt—they must be a world of care," remarked Mrs. Greenough, absently, with her eyes on a receipt-book.

"So I thought, and that was why I didn't invite him in. I knew he would understand the reason, so I just let him do his talking through the window. It was upon a May morning, and my lilac-tree was in full blow right above his head. He looked quite romantic out there. I felt as though it was almost too bad, when he had come all the way from Imlays-town, not to so much as give him an invite into the house; but I know how it is with these men. If you give them a thread of encouragement, it is twice as hard getting rid of them."

Thus the morning passed, and at dinner-time Dr. Greenough's brother came. Quite a youth, with his hair parted in the middle, and a dimple in his chin.

"Younger than I expected, though Tilly Bryan did say he wasn't much older than I, and he looks susceptible. I am about sorry I wore my blue gown, for I expect it becomes my style better than any of my other dresses; and I wouldn't do anything to draw him on, no more than nothing. I wouldn't hurt the feelings of a musquito, not if I could help it," mused the perplexed maiden, as she toed-off her stocking-foot.

However, she did not let this regret come between her and her dinner—for roast-turkey and cranberries were not an everyday affair. And while she devoted herself to her plate, young Greenough, unwarned, and unsuspecting of the danger lurking about, thought only of two laughing black eyes, that looked up at him from his goblet, from the vase of roses in the center of the table, and even from the folds of his napkin.

"How did you like Dr. Greenough's brother, Miss Wooley?" asked the owner of these very same black eyes, upon the next day, as she looked in at the window where Mr. Applegate, and his disappointed heart had looked in before, under the blossoming lilac.



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What did it mean? Had the woman who had suffered so long and struggled so bravely lost all sense of enjoyment? Had sorrow absolutely killed hope in her bosom?

"But, mamma, you would both have grown older, even if this great calamity had not fallen upon you," said the young girl, striving to reassure her mother.

"Yes; but not here, not here," cried Madame Gosner, pressing a hand upon her heart. "Ah! this is terrible—we shall meet and not know each other. We shall look into each other's eyes and see nothing there but wondering sorrow."

"But there will be love also," murmured the young girl.

"Love? Yes, but never again the old love; regret, compassion, that infinite tenderness which springs out of infinite sorrow will be ours; but the darkness we leave behind will forever cast its shadows upon us."

"Not so, mamma. We will leave this terrible country; back in your own home, you and my poor father will yet find that life has its sunshine."

"But this is my own native land."

"I know it, mamma; but it has only given you sorrow."

"And what have I given it? Nothing but my sorrows."

"What else had you to give? Alas! what else?"

"My life, my energies, every thought of my brain, every pulse of my heart; but I was selfish—one idea filled my existence. In my love for him all other duties, all other wrongs merged themselves. I was a wife, and could not be a patriot."

"God be thanked that it is so!" said Marguerite. "The woman who loves her husband and her home best is a patriot in spite of herself, for she gives strength and power to the man whose duty it is to govern."

Madame Gosner kissed the lips that uttered this noble truth, and lay back upon her pillow silent and thoughtful. Then she murmured to herself, "He will know, he will decide."

Marguerite was also silent, the words uttered so passionately by her mother troubled her. Did she, indeed, think with so much regret of the country they were in? Could that overbalance the gratitude for the royal clemency? Could she accept this noble act of pardon with a feeling of revolt in her mind?

"Henceforth," said Marguerite, with gentle firmness, "it will be our duty to pray for the King and Queen of France, to live for them, die for them, if need be."

The mother was silent, to her this obligation of eternal gratitude was a question of sacrifice. In her heart she loved France; but her life in Paris had gradually uprooted all love of royalty there. To have saved her own life she would not have asked mercy at the hands of a Bourbon king; to save her husband she had done more, sunk upon her knees at the roadside, only to be covered with mud from the royal cavalcade as it swept by her. She remembered, though her daughter did not, that the pardon had been granted as a reward for services rendered to the queen, not from an absolute sense of justice. With all the passions and prejudices of a Jacobin strong in her bosom, it was hard for this woman to accept simple obligations of gratitude from a king she had learned to hate, and a queen slander and misrepresentation had taught her to despise.

All this passed while the gray dawn was breaking, and after a night of utter sleeplessness; but when the sunshine came, warm and golden, into the windows, the woman arose in her bed, held out her arms to the light, and thanked God for the blessed day which was to give back her husband from his living tomb! Then a feeling of intense gratitude possessed her. She flung aside the dark feelings that had haunted her soul in the night, and was once more pure, womanly. All that she asked was, that *he* might share her life in any peaceful place that promised safety and shelter for the coming age which would soon be upon them.

Marguerite saw the change, and it completed her happiness. To her gratitude had been prompt and natural as rain is to the earth. Heart and soul she was devoted to the royal couple of France next to her mother, and the father she expected to see, for the first time, that day; her thoughts were given to the two persons who had been so good and kind to her.

The sun was scarcely up when these two persons were ready for the summons which they expected from Monsieur Jaque. The remnant of a poor wardrobe was brought forth and arranged by Marguerite so deftly that an air of youth and refinement was imparted to the mother, which gave back something of her lost loveliness. Never had that young face looked so bright; never had the eyes danced with such living joy; those slender fingers absolutely seemed to be doing fairy-work with the ravages of time.

It was a great relief to the girl that there was something for her to accomplish; but for that the suspense would have been terrible. As it was, Monsieur Jaque called an hour before

there was any hope of being admitted into the prison. "They would walk slowly," he said, "and be there at the moment. It would not be the first time he had wandered around that old moat, and watched the green towers as they blackened the sky. Now, thank God! he would look upon them with a hope."

Marguerite lifted her blue eyes to his face as he said this. They were bright as stars, and for the first time this strong man felt a thrill of something like hope in his bosom. But for him Marguerite knew well enough that her father's freedom would never have been wrought out, and she longed to throw herself at his feet, and bless him for all the joy that made the morning as heaven to her.

They set forth more than an hour before the time—Marguerite still carrying the precious pardon in her bosom; the mother, pale as death, for to her the next hour was momentous beyond anything a human life can experience but once; and Jaque, so strong, so hilarious in his rejoicing, that his very steps seemed regulated to martial music, and his face was almost handsome in its exceeding brightness.

"Another hour," he said, as he came in sight of the Bastile, "another hour, and the sun will shine on him."

All at once a new idea struck him. He had been to the Bastile in disguise more than once, through that means many of its secrets had become known, among the most important that of Dr. Gosner's identity. If he presented the king's pardon, the keeper might recognize him, and thus destroy all chance of further information.

This fear made Monsieur Jaque hesitate. Madame Gosner saw this, and the color left her face; at every step she had feared some delay, for nothing but disappointment and trouble seemed absolutely real to her.

"What is it?" she said, in breathless terror. "Why do you hesitate?"

Monsieur Jaque explained the cause of his uneasiness. But directly the cloud left his face. "It proves nothing," he argued, "except that I am connected with those who have power with the king. Let them recognize my face, the paper itself is our indorsement of loyalty."

Madame Gosner drew a deep breath, and the light came back to Marguerite's frightened eyes.

"I feared you were about to forsake us," she said.

"Did you, indeed, fear it?" he asked, kindling with gratitude.

The intensity of his voice surprised her; she looked up wonderingly. To her Monsieur Jaque was like a brother on whom her weakness could

lean with a certainty of support. Could she have seen the smothered passion that lay crouching like a lion in his heart, ready to leap forth at a word or smile from her, the truth would have frightened her. As it was, she gave him a pathetic smile; for, with her whole being so preoccupied, she could do no more than that, but it touched him to the heart.

By this time they were in sight of the Bastile, which was approached through a tangle of narrow streets, and surrounded, so far as the moat would permit, by low and squalid buildings, for the very atmosphere of the prison drove thrift and cheerfulness away. Nothing but misery itself could be forced into propinquity with the fetid waters of that moat, or the sounds that come across it sometimes, when the night was still.

Those three persons stood upon the brink of the moat, and looked across it with eager, wistful glances. The gaunt towers, blackened with age, into which the light crept sluggishly through narrow loop-holes that gashed them like wounds; the flat, dead walls, thick almost as the quarries from which they were dug, pierced in like manner with deep slits, which drank up all the light before it penetrated to the dungeons, flung their terrible shadows across the greenness of the moat, and enveloped them in unwholesome gloom. Before them was the draw-bridge, with its ponderous timbers uplifted and held in place by bars of iron that seemed to have rusted in their staples, against which it strained and creaked like a monster bolted to the wall. At their feet crept a sluggish mass of waters, slimed over with unhealthy greenness, torpid, thick, dead, yet teeming with reptile life, and licking the stones that held them in with a faint gurgle inexpressibly repulsive.

Not a sound of life was heard in all that vast fortress; not a movement, save of the ponderous rope-ladder that coiled down one of the towers and swayed heavily to the morning wind, as it fell from the sunshine playing around the top of the towers into the darkness forever sleeping below. This ladder, with the great, rusty chains swinging from the draw-bridge, moved against the wall like vast serpents writhing there, and took an appearance of sluggish vitality more horrible than the deathly stillness.

Madame Gosner was deadly pale. She was looking upon the tomb of her living husband. Would it ever be opened? Was there force enough in that little slip of paper to loosen the hinges of that massive draw-bridge, and unlock the iron-clad door that frowned behind it?



Time wore on. They saw the golden sunshine creep slowly down the towers, bathing the top, but leaving the base in eternal shadows. Then there was a movement at the draw-bridge, the chains began to rattle, the timbers groaned, swayed downward, and settled heavily across the moat. Guards were being placed for the day.

Monsieur Jaque advanced and presented his order. The guards passed him and his companions without a word—the king's signature was enough. In the guard-room they found Christopher. A grim smile quivered across his mouth as he read the paper. Madame Gosner shuddered. She could not mistake that smile for one of pleasure that a prisoner was to be released. Still nothing could be more urbane than this man. "He would call the governor; when an order of release came directly from his majesty, it was usually honored by that high functionary in his own person. Would monsieur and the ladies walk this way?"

There was something forced and hollow in all this politeness, that made the heart in that poor woman's bosom sink like lead as she followed Christopher into the presence of his master.

The governor, like his subordinate, was eloquent in expressions of pleasure that the good king had at last extended mercy to a prisoner whose fate had so much in it to deplore. "But he had a doubt, a fear, that the prisoner might be unable to leave the prison for a day or two. There had been a report that he was not quite well; indeed, that was not wonderful. Dr. Gosner was almost the oldest prisoner now in the Bastille, that is, counting from the date of his entrance into the fortress. But the goodness of the king might give him new life. The ladies and their friend should judge for themselves; they had no concealments in the Bastille. When the relatives of a prisoner come with an order from the king, all doors were flung open. Would madame please to descend?"

Christopher appeared with the keys, and taking upon himself the air of a commander, led the way into the heart of the prison. There was something unnatural in this man's demeanor, an air of bravado, which they all noticed without comprehending.

"I think," he said, loitering by the side of Jaque, "that I have had the pleasure of meeting monsieur before, but where, that I cannot remember."

Jaque had dressed himself that morning with unusual care. A suit of clothes, discarded during the last year, had been brought forth for

the occasion; and though Jaque was deficient in the high breeding which so strongly distinguished the man of birth at that period, he possessed the air and look of a man who had thought much, and would act his part bravely, whatever it might be. The wild masses of hair that usually half-concealed his eyes, was now parted, perfumed, and curled in waves that revealed the white breadth of his forehead, and the keen power of those deep-set eyes. With his coarse clothes he had flung off the slouching gait and heavy tread of the workman, and it was with the air of a person who considers the familiarity of strangers an impertinence that he turned full upon the head keeper.

"If you have been much in Paris when gentlemen happen to stir abroad, it is possible," he said, "though I have no recollection of the honor."

He looked earnestly at Christopher as he spoke, and moved on with an appearance of so much tranquillity, that the man was baffled, and muttering an excuse, walked on swinging his keys.

That little group moved forward in silence, the governor was restless and preoccupied, the two females, pale with expectation, and faint from the nauseous atmosphere into which they were descending, along dark, damp passages, down slippery stairs, in and out of vaulted corridors, where they could hear that sluggish water lapping against the stones, and feel the scared reptiles scampering away from the light, they made progress toward that dungeon two of the party had visited only the previous night. The door was heavy, and so sodden with damp that the iron-headed spikes rattled in their sockets as it was swung open, and they could see water-drops glistening thickly on the walls as the light was held into the dungeon a moment before Christopher entered.

At last he stepped in, and advancing to some mouldy straw that lay in a corner, spoke to the man who lay upon it, motionless, and apparently asleep.

"Wake up, number five!" exclaimed the keeper, swaying his lantern to and fro over the prostrate man. Dr. Gosner! Dr. Gosner! Look up, if you have not outlived the name; here is your wife and daughter come to take you home!"

The man did not move, his face was turned to the wall, a mass of iron-gray hair swept back and mingled itself with the straw, in which there was the stir and sound of something creeping away from sight.

Madame Gosner pushed the keeper aside, and

falling upon her knees, took the gray head between her trembling hands. The moment she touched it, an awful whiteness came to her face. Seized with trembling, she turned upon the governor, her eyes full of horrible questioning, her lips apart, her teeth gleaming. She spoke no word, uttered no sound, but fell down by the dead body, lifeless, and still as it was.

Marguerite saw it all, and recognized the calamity that had fallen upon them; but the disappointment was too mighty for words, far too awful for tears; the light reeled before her eyes, the dungeon seemed to contract itself into a grave. She felt herself falling, but Monsieur Jaque caught her in his arms, and carried her from the dungeon. With the speed and strength of a wild animal he threaded that labyrinth of horrors, mounted the broken stairs, and carried her out into an open guard-room, through which the morning air swept. Here he bathed her face with water, rubbed her hands, dashed into the governor's apartments and came forth with brandy, which he forced through those white lips—but all was in vain; the dead man he had just left upon the straw did not seem more lifeless than this young girl.

Jaque had left three living persons in the cell with that dead man, but they were more like ghosts than human beings. The governor was terror-stricken; the lantern shook in Christopher's strong hand.

"Is she, too, gone?" faltered the governor, looking down at the pale form lying by the dead upon the straw. "God help us! This is fearful!"

"I do not know, she does not seem to breathe," answered Christopher, holding the light on a level with the deathly face. "If it were so, a world of trouble might be spared us."

"I almost wish we had not meddled with this. I fear me his death will bring us greater evil than if we had turned him free into the street."

"Hush!" said Christopher. "She moves, her eyes open. Heavens, how they look!"

The woman arose upon her hands and knees painfully and with evident dizziness. Then she stooped over the dead man, and turned his face to the light. The whole body moved in the straw as she did this; but wonderful strength seemed given to her, and though it was like moving a statue of marble, she did it tenderly. She put the scattering locks back from the worn face, and pored over it with yearning fondness, as if they had parted but yesterday, and she hoped yet to arouse him.

"Changed! Oh, my love! how changed! and it seems such a little time, now that we are

together. Wake him for me—you can; it is the chill and the damp of this awful place. No wonder he is cold! I, too, am shivering. Wake him, I say—you should know how."

"My poor lady, he is dead! I have no power over him now," answered the governor, shrinking from her outstretched arms.

Madame Gosner arose and stood upright, regarding the two scared faces with a fixed look.

"It was you that killed him," she said; "but who gave the order? Was it the king?"

"The king! Madame, this is treason!"

"And this is death!" cried the woman, pointing downward with her finger, "death! for which there shall be a terrible atonement. Where is my child? Is she afraid of this poor clay, which was her father—her father? Oh, my God! and he was alive but yesterday. Only one day too late. Where is my child, I say? There is something for her to do."

"She has gone away with your friend; doubtless they are in the guard-room. Shall I show you the way, madame?"

"No. Bring them to me here—my daughter and my friend."

The governor went out, glad to leave Christopher with the woman whose very presence terrified him. He found Marguerite just coming out of her fainting fit, and besought her to go down and persuade her mother to leave the dungeon.

Marguerite arose, shuddering at the thought of going down those horrible passages again; but she gathered up her strength, and half-supported, half-carried by Monsieur Jaque, moved away into the darkness.

"Come hither! Come hither, my child! it is your father who speaks. It is he who asks us with those mute lips to avenge his murder. Kneel down, my child—kneel down, my friend. It is he who commands it. It is the dead who speaks."

Awed by her words, and the deep solemnity of her manner, Marguerite sunk upon her knees and touched the cold hand of her mother, which lay upon the dead man's forehead. Marguerite felt the cold chill strike through to her fingers, but she was brave, and did not once attempt to draw back. Madame Gosner turned her eyes upon Jaque; he, too, knelt and bent over the dead.

Madame Gosner lifted her right hand.

"Listen, oh, my God! here, in this awful place, and in the presence of my dead, I swear, that I will neither rest, or take thought of any other thing, until the place in which my husband met his slow murder is razed to the ground, and

those who slew him are brought to justice. This child in her innocence, this man in his strength, shall bear witness of my oath."

The woman arose slowly to her feet as she spoke, her hand still uplifted, her finger pointed heavenward, the fire of a terrible resolve burned in her eyes; her lips were set, her form dilated. She turned to the governor, commanding him like a sybel,

"Bring men hither who shall carry forth my dead. The people of Paris must know how innocent men can be tortured out of their lives. Send two of your guards. I will not leave the dungeon save with him."

"It cannot be, madame. The king's order demands the living body of Dr. Gosner. It is not here. The man who died was a prisoner, and as such he must be buried. This is the law."

"But I, his wife, having the king's order, command you."

"Hardly, if the king himself commanded, could I obey him, for even he must bow to the law."

"Even he and his myrmidons shall bow to that stronger and grander power than kings—the people!" she exclaimed; and turning to the dead man, she took off her muslin scarf and laid it reverently over his face. "Stronger now than in his life," she said, passing out of the dungeon with a firm step. "The last stone of this fortress shall be his monument, and the people of France shall build it for him."

She moved through the door saying this, leading Marguerite by the hand. The governor followed her; but Monsieur Jaque remained behind, though Christopher stood waiting for him to depart, holding the door with his hand. He had set down the lantern in the passage that those who went out might have more light.

All at once Jaque took up the lantern, passed through the door, and lifting Madame Gosner's scarf from the dead man's face, held down the light and closely examined the features. A quick intelligence came to his eyes. He glanced at Christopher, and saw that he watched these proceedings uneasily.

"Monsieur forgets that the governor and his own friends are standing in the dark," said the guard, impatiently.

"No," answered Jaque; "monsieur forgets nothing."

Saying this, he set down the lantern, drew a knife from his pocket, and stooping down, cut a lock of hair from the dead man's temple. All this was done with his back to the guard, who sprang forward and snatched up the light at the moment, and thus was unconscious of the act.

A moment after the two men passed into the passage, the dungeon-door fell to with a crash, and Christopher turned his key in the ponderous lock with a smothered exclamation of thankfulness.

In an upper corridor Madame Gosner turned and addressed a sentence to the governor, who was walking fast, as if anxious to escape from the gloom of the place. She paused a moment while speaking, and stood close by the oaken door which marked the position of some cell which her voice had penetrated. From that cell came a cry so wild, so plaintive and thrilling, that the whole group stopped, awe-stricken.

"Move on," said the governor, addressing Christopher, who had paused with the rest. "It is only some prisoner who has heard our voices. No wonder he cries out; few strangers are ever admitted here, and conversation in these vaults is an unknown thing."

Marguerite went close to her mother, who stood immovable, listening keenly. It seemed to her that she had heard her own name pronounced.

"Did any one speak to me?"

The words left her lips unconsciously, but with a loud, ringing sound. Instantly a tumult of words seemed forcing themselves through the oaken door, against which some heavy weight flung itself with a violence that made all the rusty iron holding it together rattle in staples and sockets.

"Move on! Move on!" cried the governor, stamping his foot with vehement impatience. "Move on, madame! The prison has laws, and you are in the act of breaking them."

Christopher, who carried the light, obeyed this mandate promptly, and the rest were forced to move forward. When Madame Gosner came into the light of the guard-room her eyes gleamed like stars, and the deadly pallor of her face was terrible to look upon. It seemed as if she had been walking through burning ploughshares, and was ready to go still further along the fiery path. The disappointment, which would have taken away all strength from another woman, had given to her almost superhuman power.

The governor had recovered all his silky equanimity. With urbane politeness he invited madame and her friends into his own apartments, offered them wine and confections, as if people so disturbed could partake of such dainties; and with elaborate hypocrisy regretted the event which had made their visit to the prison so severe a disappointment.

Madame Gosner listened to all this dumbly,

and like one in a trance. Had the man been a statue of granite, she could not have looked in his face with less consciousness of the life that was in him. Some new idea had taken possession of her faculties and locked up her whole being.

Glances of unrest passed between the governor and his subordinate; the marble stillness of this woman seemed to threaten them with danger; her appearance puzzled them. In her dress, and somewhat in her air, she might have belonged to the people; but her language was pure, her manner commanding. If she really was of the lower order, she must be one of those who wield a powerful influence among her compeers, for when she spoke, her words were impressive; when passion swayed her, as it had done in the dungeon, they swelled into powerful eloquence that would have stirred crowds with enthusiasm. She was the very woman to sway ignorant masses; and such women were even now kindling up terrible discontent among the people of Paris.

It was for this reason the governor strove to conciliate the woman before she left the Bastile.

But Madame Gosner would neither eat or drink in his presence. Once she crossed the room suddenly, as he was speaking, and laid her hand on his arm, as if about to question him. But a change evidently came over her purpose, and she drew back without having uttered a word.

Then, in dread silence, the party left the prison, pale, haggard, and so depressed by bitter disappointment, that they seemed more like prisoners worn out with suffering than human beings moving about of their own free will.

Madame Gosner entered her room, and bade her two companions enter also. Up to this time she had not spoken, but walked rapidly through the streets of Paris, looking straight ahead and pressing her lips firmly together, as if some sharp cry were attempting to break forth which she would not permit to escape her.

When the door was closed and bolted, she turned upon Monsieur Jaque, and looked him steadily in the face.

"Monsieur, you visited the prisoners not many months ago. Was the man we saw lying dead in a dungeon of the Bastile my husband?"

"Madame, you ask me a hard question. I had my doubts, I have them still. This man was of the same size, thin, emaciated, tall, with masses of gray hair—all these belonged to your husband: but his eyes were closed, all the sweet expression which made his face beautiful, even

in that prison, had disappeared. It may have been the work of death, but my mind rejects the identity."

"My God, help us! How are we to know? In what way can the truth be discovered?" exclaimed the woman, passionately.

Monsieur Jaque drew a lock of hair from his bosom, which he held toward her.

"I cut this from his head. The suspicion was strong upon me, and I thought it might aid us in discovering the truth. Look! You should know the color of his hair, for this is not all gray."

Madame Gosner reached forth her hand, but drew it back again, shrinking from a touch of the hair. She dreaded the conviction it might bring, for wild as the hope was that had sprung up in her heart, she felt that all strength would go from her if it was utterly lost. But she took the hair at last, something in the color reassured her.

"It is darker, less sickly, coarser!" she exclaimed. "His hair was like an infant's, almost flaxen, with glosses of gold in it."

"But time changes the hair more than anything else," said Monsieur Jaque. "I was wrong to think it a sure test. We must have some more certain proof"

"For another this may be insufficient, but I ask nothing more. My husband's hair never could become so dark or coarse as this."

"Still opinion is no proof. Why should an imposition be practiced upon us? How did the governor know that a pardon was coming?"

"Only through one channel. The king who signed the pardon may have taken this method of evading it."

"No, no! he never did that," cried Marguerite.

"No one else had the power," answered Madame Gosner. "If my husband is yet alive, as I solemnly believe he is, and that I have heard his voice this day, the fraud practiced upon us was known to the king, and done under his sanction."

"I would give my life to know the truth," murmured Marguerite. "Oh! if they would have taken my liberty in exchange for his!"

Monsieur Jaque drew close to the girl and bent over her.

"Would you give the man who searched out the truth, and afterward saved your father, something dearer than liberty, your love?" he said.

She looked up earnestly.

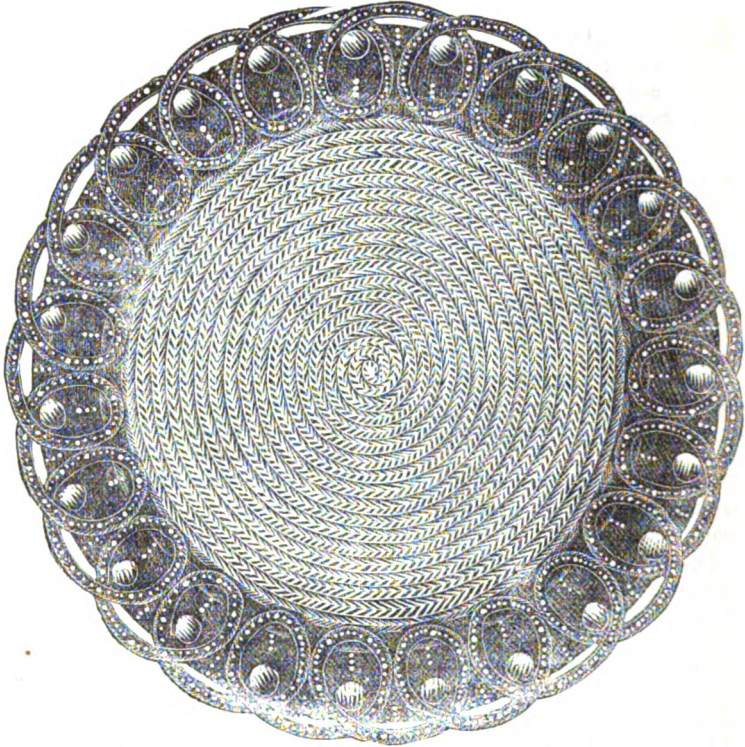
"As God witnesseth the promise, I will!"

Monsieur Jaque fell upon his knees, pressed a burning kiss upon her hand, dropped it, and left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LAMP-MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS:**—Pasteboard, black velvet one inch broad, scarlet cord or braid, pearl beads, chalk-white beads, steel beads, and sewing-silk.

The illustration is considerably reduced in size; it represents a mat ten inches in diameter. Cut a thin pasteboard the required size. It must not be too stiff for a needle to pass through. Fasten round the outer edge a black velvet ribbon about an inch broad, and turn it over upon the inside in little folds, as flat as possible, as represented in the design. The foundation consists of thick cord wound round and round, com-

mencing at the middle and fastened together on the wrong side with stitches of red silk. When about half the foundation is finished, place it upon the covered pasteboard, putting the middle to the middle as smoothly and evenly as possible, joining it underneath and to the pasteboard with almost invisible stitches as far as the velvet edge. When all the cord is wound round, place a looping of cord, as shown in the design, and fasten it at the places where the cord crosses, and at the upper middle. Ornament it with a trimming of beads, according to design.

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## CROCHET CURTAIN-BAND.

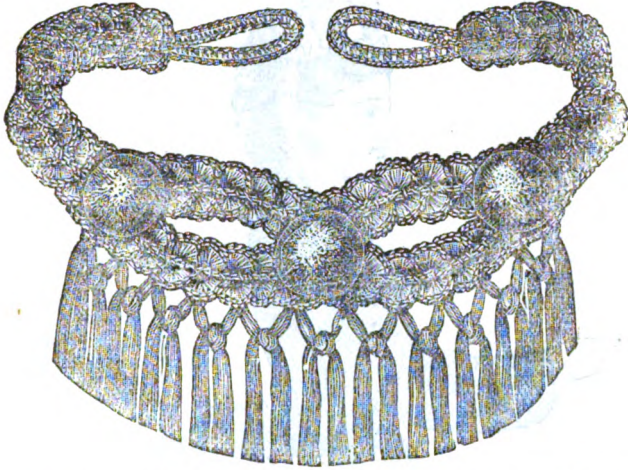
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Work with fine cotton piping-cord. Our model represents stripes of a double kind of shell pattern. Commence with a line of fifty-three shells placed at great and small distances.

Work alternately one shell, beginning with eleven chain, and, as in tricot, sticking always in one stitch; collect ten stitch-loops loosely upon the needle, draw them all through together

with one thread loop, and afterward by one chain. Inclose them all closely together, (see No. 2. Then, for the next pattern, commence with fourteen stitches; the three additional stitches are for the chain between the shells.

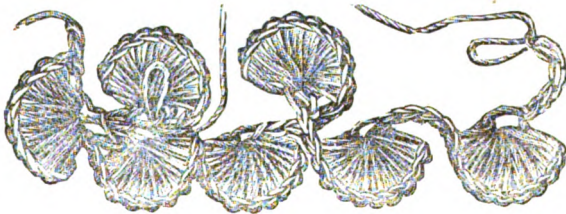
through these two stitches at the same time. The back of the crochet is the right side of the work. The patterns are further joined by an interrupted treble row, eighteen inches long, upon a chain-stitch chain, which is sewn on



When the line is completely finished, the patterns are always placed with their right side upward. They are made to form a double line by separate single. For this carry the needle, according to No. 2, first through the chain which incloses the bunch of stitches, and then returning through the middle-stitch of the three chain—the joining chain—so that the shell lies over the joining chain, and the stitch-loop is drawn

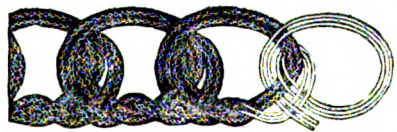
underneath along the middle, and the ends extending beyond form a loop for hanging the curtain-band on.

Join the two stripes in a serpentine form, as shown in No. 1, and ornament them with little balls of twist and fringe of the same material. The fringe is three inches long, and is tied into the row lying at the back of the shells.



## BRAID TRIMMINGS.

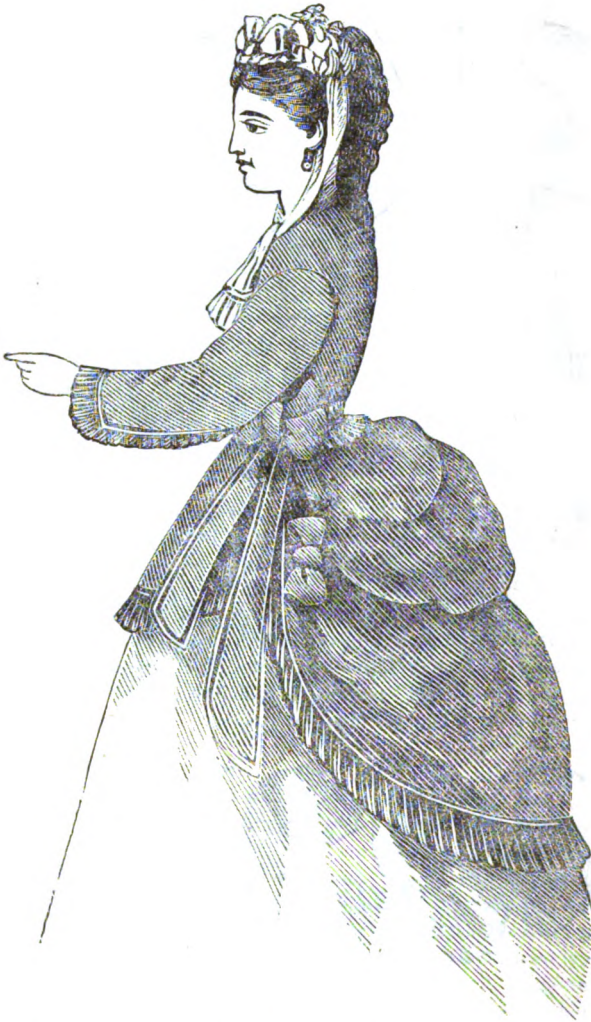
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



These braid trimmings are very easily made, as will be seen in the designs. They serve to ornament children's dresses and ladies' morning costumes.

## AUTUMN JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



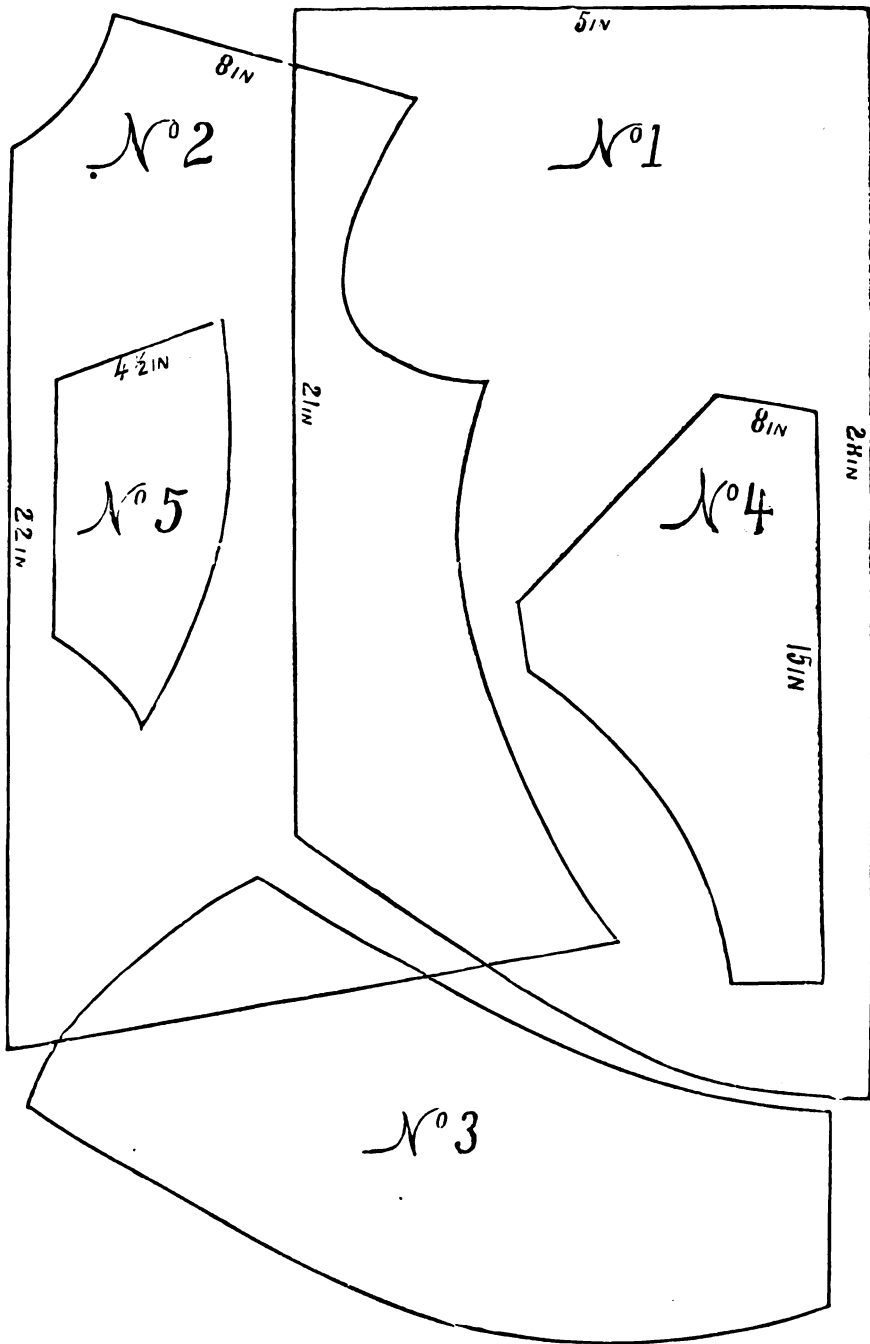
WE give, above, an engraving of a very desirable jacket for fall wear. The pattern consists of five pieces. Half of front and half of back, side-piece, half of panier, and upper part of sleeve, (the under part being marked on the paper.) There is a notch on the front to mark where the seam of the sleeves is placed. A plait is pricked on the front, so that the *casaque* falls to the figure. The panier is gathered at the top and sewn on to the back of the waist: the line where the pricked marks are should

also be gathered. The sides of the panier are filled in to the front at the upper part, both being caught or bunched up with bow and ends.

The sash is made of the same material as the rest of the mantle. Our model is of black silk, and trimmed with frills and satin rouleaux.

This jacket takes two yards and a quarter of a material that measures twenty-seven inches in width.

On the next page we give a diagram of the five pieces of which this jacket is composed.



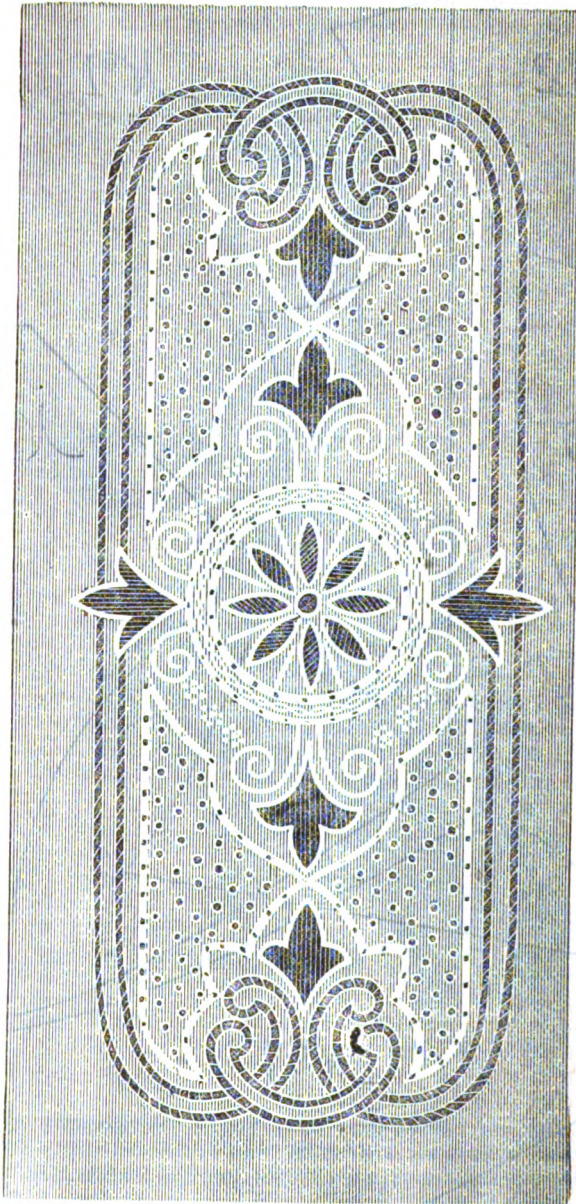
BORDER IN POINT RUSSE. CROCHET EDGE.





# SEGAR-CASE IN LEATHER EMBROIDERY.

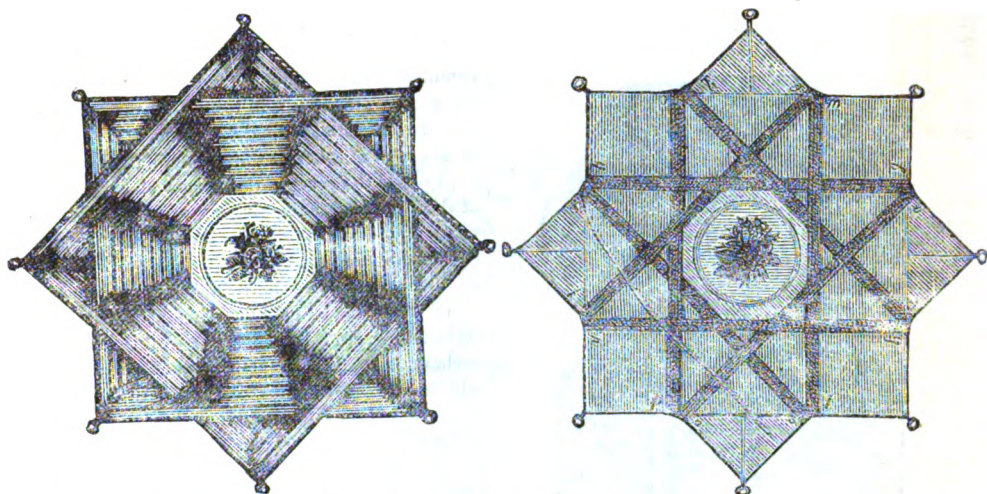
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE foundation of the Segar-Case is of a light gray kid or Chamoise leather, the outer lines of black silk braid, sewed over with gold thread. All the solid black trefoils and the middle star cut out of black velvet, and gum them on carefully, sewing them down with white or maize-colored silk. Fill out the other parts of the design with chain-stitch in fine white sewing-silk, ornamented with fine jet beads. For this single color we give for the thread-like parts of the design; a variety of colored silks may be introduced, and give it quite an Oriental appearance. Make the case up over cardboard, or send it to the pocket-book manufactory to be made up.

## SILK-WINDER IN THE SHAPE OF A STAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE winders are meant to show how to wind cotton or silk in the shape of a star. Take two pieces of cardboard one inch and three-quarters square, pasted one over the other in such a manner as to form a star pattern with eight branches, as can be seen in No. 1. Insert into these eight pins, (see No. 2;) these pins are meant to fasten the windings of the cotton, and ornament the star in the center with a colored wafer, or point Russe embroidery pattern. Begin to wind the cotton at the place marked *a*; continue to wind it from No. 2, always four

times double; follow the order of the letters—that is, wind four times from *a* to *b*, carry the thread on the wrong side from *b* to *c*, wind four times from *c* to *d*, then four times from *e* to *f*, and so on. When you have come back again to *a*, repeat as before till the cardboard is covered, as can be seen in No. 1. The cotton is then fastened on the wrong side.

These winders make exceedingly pretty frames for small photograph pictures, done in brown cotton; the imitation of Walnut is quite good.

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## WORK-BASKET.

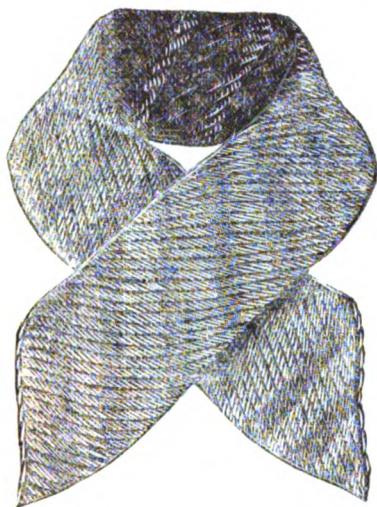
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A basket, red and white cloth, black velvet, black, white, gold and red purse-silk, maroon ribbon, No. 4. (The pattern is the colored one in the front of the number.) To make this original-looking receptacle for either work or keys first procure a basket of the required form, line it with quilted, red silk, and proceed to decorate it outside with four lambrequins, as illustrated in colored engraving. The lambrequin is cut out of maroon or red cloth, and a medallion of white cloth is pasted in the center. A griffin is cut out of black velvet, and pasted in the center of the white medallion, the edges being sewn down with neat, invisible stitches taken in fine black sewing-silk. The

white medallion is sewn down with button-hole stitches taken in black silk at prolonged intervals. A line of gold silk in back stitches follows the contour of the medallion. The arabesques are produced by chain-stitches taken with black silk, and the dots are French knots in white silk. These four decorated pieces of cloth are arranged on the outside of the basket in their respective places, and a quilling of maroon colored ribbon is added at the top; bows decorate the ends of the handle, and some of the ribbon is wrapped around it. This may be made in a variety of colors—a combination of blue and black, red and gray, yellow and black; any of these combinations will be found pretty.

## CROCHET SHAWL FOR GENTLEMEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—White, dark-red, lilac, dark-green, cerise, blue, and fawn-colored Berlin wool, lilac, blue, green, maize, and dark-red Shetland wool, a suitable hook for tricôt.

This shawl is worked in stripes of interrupted tricôt. Commence with seventy stitches with the white wool, and crochet the first row in

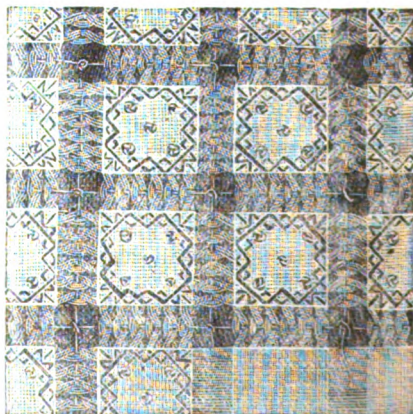
common tricôt. The second row commences the pattern, in which, in taking up the stitches, the thread is always drawn under the firm, single edge stitches of the preceding row.

In order to preserve the proper slanting form of the shawl, at the beginning of every row forward, stick the needle in the first hole, and at the end in the last hole of the preceding row. The number of stitches must always remain the same. Our model consists of red, lilac, green, cerise, blue, and brown stripes of three rows each, and separated by four rows of white. The middle row of these is worked with Shetland wool four times double, lilac, green, yellow, and red twisted together. Repeat this striped pattern until the work is thirteen inches and a half broad, and thirty-four inches long, finishing with a white stripe. Fold the work, which will form the sloped ends of the shawl. The corners must be filled in afterward. Chain off only half of the stitches, and work out the corners with the remainder; for this, at the beginning of each row on the open side of the work, decrease regularly, and join the other side of the work, which is to be worked straight at each row to the chained-off stitches. Sew the outer edges of the finished shawl together with white wool.

## OPEN PATTERN ON LINEN, FOR INSERTIONS FOR DRAWERS.

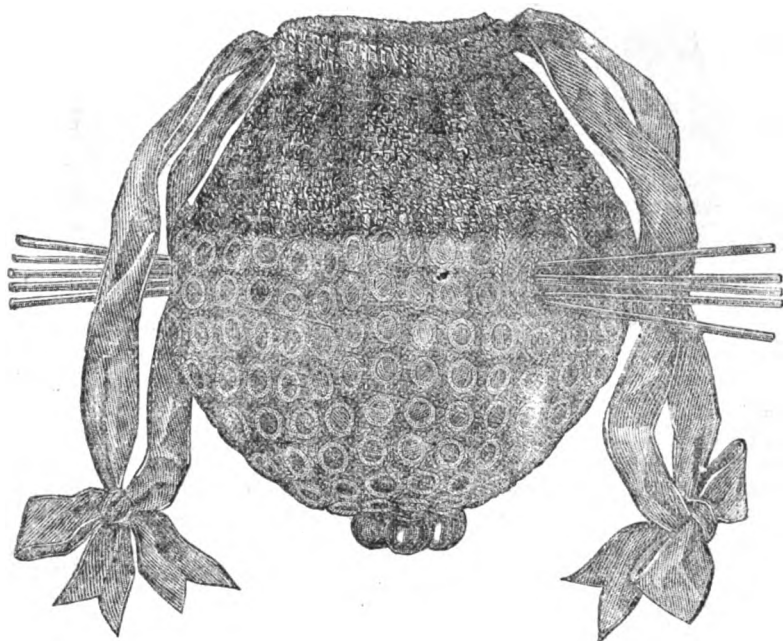
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The cotton must be coarser or finer, according to the material. Draw out fifteen threads lengthwise and crosswise, and leave in eighteen threads; from one of these draw out stripes to the other. Then draw a thread a little coarser than the linen, through the part where the threads are drawn out, (see design,) and cross four and four threads with it. A thread is drawn through the empty squares; the cross stitches extend over eight threads in breadth and height. The plain, thick squares may be filled up with little knots or stars in point Russe, with white or colored thread. This pattern is extremely pretty in Java canvas for anti-macassars, etc.



## BASKET FOR KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



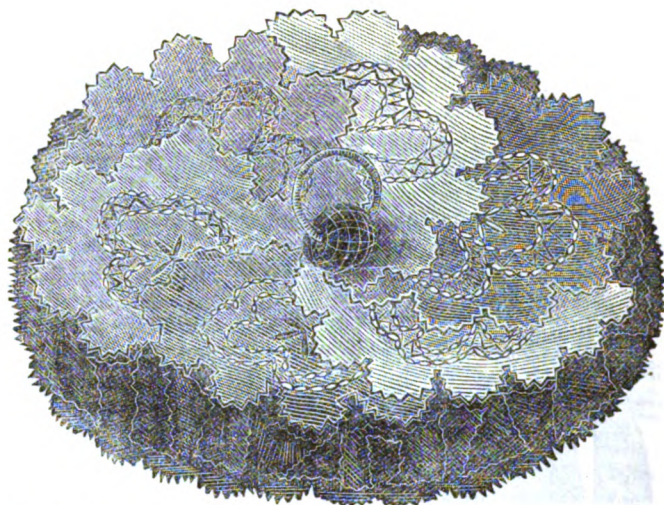
**MATERIALS.**—Five skeins of green silk cord, one yard and a half of green sarcenet ribbon an inch broad, little pieces of white sarcenet, one hundred and fifty brass rings measuring half an inch, two larger rings, four raised buttons, a little powdered violet-root.

The under part, consisting of rings covered with crochet, is made with the help of a large India-rubber ball, to form the round. Begin with the middle ring at the bottom, which, like the rest, is worked over with crochet, but separately. Join the other rings all together in a round; for this, crochet over only half of each ring first, and then lay on another ring close to it; then, in order to keep the rings at the proper distance, work two single on to the ring of the preceding row. In working over the second half of the ring, loop round the second ring with two single. The first row contains six rings, the second eleven rings; then follow rows with sixteen, twenty-one, twenty-five; and the sixth row contains twenty-eight rings. For

each fresh row it is advisable to place the round over the ball to try the shape. As shown in the design, a ring of double the diameter divides the seventh and eighth rows in two halves after each thirteenth ring: this is to pass the pins through. Twelve interrupted treble rows and one row of double-treble form the upper part of the basket. In working the former there must be two trebles upon each ring, always one double-treble over the joining of the two rings. At the bottom, inside the basket, a round cushion is placed, two inches in diameter, of white sarcenet, and filled with violet powder. The upper part is crochet, worked round in double-stitch, beginning in the middle and properly widened. Four round buttons with eyes—one fastened in the middle ring of the bottom of the basket, the three others in the first row of rings—are placed so as to form a triangle; these serve for the foot. A ribbon is drawn through at the top, and tied in a bow at the sides to complete the whole.

## PEN-WIPER.

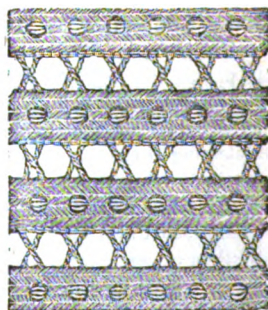
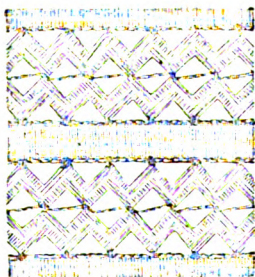
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Upon a round of cardboard, measuring two inches and a quarter, fasten a double round of dark-colored cloth, scalloped at the edge, measuring four inches in diameter. Upon this fasten a scalloped strip, thickly pleated. Above this are six oval-scalloped pieces, measuring two inches by one inch and a half, and alternating in color. The patterns shown in the engraving are worked upon them with cordon of a contrasting color. A button, covered with silk or crochet, and ring for a handle, hide the place where the separate parts are fastened to the double round underneath. They are fastened firmly at the back to each other and to the folds.

## INSERTION IN STRIPES, ETC., ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



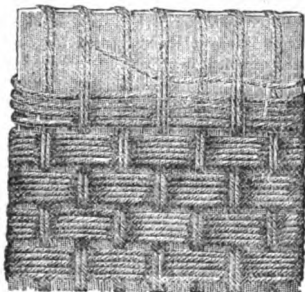
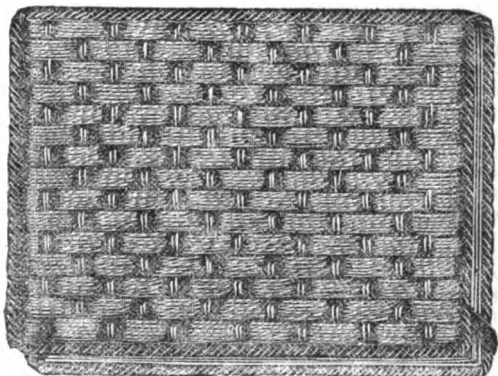
We give here two new and pretty designs. The first is an insertion in stripes of braid and muslin. The two braid scallops are fastened at the points on the wrong side. The thread, which is always carried on, must be twisted several times in returning to give firmness to the work. The stripes of muslin are double, and must be sewn on. The other is a striped pattern of braid and crochet. The braid is joined by cross-trebles, and ornamented with raised embroidery dots.

## WRITING-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—Blue silk, coarse gray crocheted cotton, blue silk cord, cardboard, blue filoselle.

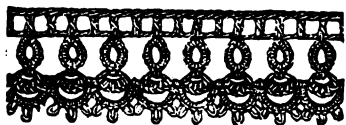
This Writing-Case is very pretty and easily made. It is covered with gray cotton plaiting, varnished with copal varnish, so as to imitate carved wood. The back and pockets of the case are of blue glace silk, ornamented round the edge with blue silk braid. Cut first the covers of thick cardboard, each twelve inches long, nine inches wide, and cover them with plaiting from No. 2, which shows that the cotton is not cut off at the edges of the cardboard. Both covers are joined together on one side



with a strip of blue silk one inch and a fifth wide, which forms the back; the same material

lines the wrong side of the covers. A piece of coarse tape must be sewn in at the back. For the pockets, which are fastened inside the covers, cut two pieces of blue silk, lined with thin cardboard. The pockets must be much longer than the covers, so as to make a deep pleat at the sides, which is to take the place of gores. Then sew the cardboard lining into the pockets with button-hole stitches of blue silk, and fasten the pockets on three sides of the cover. Lastly, edge the case with blue silk braid, and fasten some fly-leaves of blotting-paper by means of a piece of blue silk ribbon.

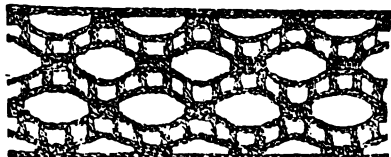
## TATTED AND CROCHET EDGE.



With coarse cotton work first the Josephine knots containing six of the concluding stitches of a double knot. They are joined on one side

by the outer scallops, worked with the helping-thread, and on the other by the closed eyes, worked with fine cotton. The scallops contain three double knots, three picots separated by two double knots, and three double knots; the closed eyes contain twelve double knots. The footing consists of an interrupted row of treble in the joining thread of the closed eyes.

## INITIALS. CROCHET.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

**A WORD ABOUT INDIGESTION.**—Dyspepsia, or indigestion, is a common American disease. We eat too much, as a people, and take too little invigorating exercise, and as a consequence pay the penalty of dyspepsia, as may be seen in our comparatively sallow complexions, and is felt by tens of thousands of us in headaches, nervousness, and other ailments. Every physician knows that indigestion is the cause of half the minor diseases to which he is called to administer. It results from various causes besides those we have mentioned. Grief, anxiety, hard study, indolence, excessive drinking, and smoking, improper food, imperfect mastication from loss of teeth, and over-feeding are the causes which usually occasion dyspepsia; the most common of all being the use of spirituous liquors, and the habit of bolting the food. When mastication is imperfectly performed the appetite is not so soon satisfied, and the result is, the patient continues eating, and the stomach becomes distended before he is conscious that he has had enough. Now, however, he regrets his hearty meal, as the organ, from its loaded condition, gravitates downward; or, as it presses upward, preventing the descent of the diaphragm, and thereby obstructing his breathing, he feels considerable discomfort, and expresses himself at a loss to understand why it is he should feel such a sinking sensation, such a fluttering at his chest, after taking food. "At one time," he will exclaim, "I could eat anything; but now the slightest thing seems to disagree with me." A dilated stomach, in consequence of over-feeding, is the secret of his discomfort, and accompanying this he may have actual pain at the pit of the stomach; he may suffer from water-brash, or flatulence, with a torpid condition of bowels, and palpitation. Or, in addition to all this, he may be afflicted with great depression of spirits amounting to melancholy, may have the fear of sudden death, or even be disposed to suicide.

Now what is the cure? In the treatment of dyspepsia medicines can be of but little avail if the patient cannot be induced, in the first place, to depart from the habits which have been the cause of his illness. If mental emotion, anxiety, or close application to study or business be the cause, change of air, fresh scenery, and agreeable society will do much for the patient; but if his symptoms be attributable to late hours, the luxurious table, the vitiated atmosphere of the theatre and the ball-room, he must forsake these baneful associations, at least in part, ere he can hope to derive any benefit. In a word, he must live according to the laws of nature. So must a woman, too, if she would escape dyspepsia. We say women also, for in this country the sex, perhaps, suffers more from this evil than man.

**BLACK VELVET ORNAMENTS** are very fashionable, this fall, on dresses of every description. They came in, first, as trimmings on white *piques*. They are now used on white woolen toilets, such as those made of thick, white serge, when the petticoat is trimmed with flounces separated by black velvet bands. At the extreme edge of the tunic a row of Thibet fringe is sewn, which fringe is likewise headed with a line of black velvet. The small *paletot* corresponds in style with the rest of the costume. Nothing can be prettier than these black velvet trimmings, when used with taste and discretion.

**SASHES** are still fashionable. Very pretty little cravats are made to match the sashes. Velvet and lace are the trimmings in vogue.

**A NEW STYLE OF TUNIC** has been introduced that can be worn indiscriminately, no matter whether the dress be high or low. The material of the tunic is China *crepe*: the front describes a round *tablier*, and at the back it forms a double *panier*, the whole being bordered with black velvet, and either fringe or guipure; a bodice is sewn to the tunic; it is low and square, and a wide band of black velvet replaces the *berthe*; short sleeves, edged with black velvet; black velvet sash, with a bow at the side, and a large velvet bow fastening up the *panier*. The same style is also made in white China *crepe*, with cross-cut bands of white *gros grain*, ornamented with gimp.

**TO MAKE LINEN WHITE.**—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax-powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; and they save in soap nearly half. For laces, cambrics, etc., an extra quantity of the powder is used. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; it softens the hardest water, and, therefore, it should be kept on every toilet-table. It is advantageously used for cleansing the hair, and is an excellent dentifrice.

**NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.**—The *Manistee* (Mich.) Times says of this Magazine:—"It has steadily adhered to its original price, while all others have advanced." This is true. While most of the other magazines advanced, during the war, from three to four dollars, "Peterson" maintained its old price of two dollars. That it has not declined in merit, but on the contrary, improved, anybody can see by comparing the numbers for 1869 with those before the war. That it is better, at two dollars, than others at a higher price, can be verified by placing it side by side with those others.

**OUR COLORED PLATES OF THE FASHIONS**, remember! are engraved on steel, and not on wood, as are the fashion-plates of most other magazines. Compare our plates with these elsewhere and you will see their immense superiority. If we gave colored wood-cuts, instead of these costly steel plates, we could save thousands of dollars annually. But we are determined to make and keep "Peterson" the best Magazine of its kind, in every particular, no matter what the cost.

**WE HAVE RECEIVED** from Turner Brothers & Co., 808 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, copies of "Pendennis," "The Virginians," "Philip" and "Esmond," forming part of a new edition of Thackeray's works, published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston. The style is similar to that of "Charles Reade's novels," issued by the same house. The price is \$1.25 a volume.

**YOU CANNOT BEGIN TOO EARLY** to get up clubs for 1870. In our next number we shall print our new Prospectus. Meantime, rely on this, we shall give more for the money, and of a better quality, than any other lady's magazine. "Peterson" has never disappointed its patrons, and is not going to begin now.

**"NO BETTER PUBLICATION."**—The *Alexandria* (Minn.) Post says of this Magazine:—"It is astonishing what an amount of information of importance to the family is conveyed to thousands of homes each month by this Magazine. There is no better publication in the country for the family."

A NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING.—For next year we shall have another new premium engraving, "Our Father Who Art in Heaven." The subject is one that will appeal to every true woman's heart. The picture is large-sized for framing, (20 inches by 16;) is executed in the best manner; and will, we think, be more generally liked than even "The Star of Bethlehem." Every person getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this really exquisite work of art. A very little exertion will enable you to procure three subscribers and earn this beautiful picture. With a little more exertion you can get five subscribers, which secures for you an extra copy of the Magazine in addition to the engraving. Or, a larger club, at lower rates per copy, and, therefore, easier got, will be remunerated in the same way. Be early in the field, before canvassers for other periodicals get around. The picture will be sent, carefully wrapped on a roller, postage paid.

If, however, you prefer it, we will send either of our old premium engravings, instead of the new one, viz., "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Bunyan in Jail," or "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

BONNETS are worn higher than ever. The newest way of fastening the veil is with a beetle, or insect of some kind, attached to a pin, and put in the center of the chignon at the back, where the ends meet.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Horse in the Stable and the Field; his Management in Health and Disease.* By J. H. Welsh, F. R. C. S. From the last London edition. With copious Notes and Additions, by Robert McClure, M. D., V. S. And an Essay on the American Trotting Horse, and Suggestions on the Breeding and Training of Trotters. By Ellwood Harvey, M. D. Illustrated with over eighty engravings. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.—This is the best treatise of the kind which has ever come under our observation. It was written originally in London, by the celebrated "Stonehenge," author of "British Rural Sports," etc., etc. Prior to its republication here, Dr. McClure, a veterinary surgeon of eminent reputation, was employed to write notes to it, in order to adapt it to the American market. The result is a thoroughly comprehensive work, in which the diseases of the horse, and the remedies for such diseases are discussed, so that, with its aid, a veterinary surgeon may, in almost every case, be dispensed with. The remarks on the management of a horse are also excellent. Dr. Harvey's essay on the American Trotter is very able. It compresses, into a comparatively short compass, all that can be said on the subject, and is itself worth the price of the volume to any one about to buy a horse, or already owning one. The engravings, illustrating the text, are all good.

*Famous London Merchants.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This book will be the delight of boys. Beginning with Whittington, in the fourteenth century, it tells the story of the most famous London Merchants, Crosby, Gresham, Middleton, Coutts, and others, down to our own time, ending with George Peabody, in some respects the best and most famous of them all. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. We have said it is a book that will delight boys, but we know at least one person of mature age, who has been as pleased with its chatty, anecdotal pages, as if he had still been in his teens.

*Rhetoric: A Text-Book.* By Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., LL. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very excellent text-book for use in schools. Its author is President of the University of Michigan.

*Papers from Over the Water.* By Sinclair Tousey. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: The American News Company.—This is a collection of letters from Europe, in which the practical sagacity, which has made Mr. Tousey so successful in business, comes prominently to the front. Hence it is that the book is different from, and in one sense fresher than, most works of foreign travel. We would recommend to persons about going abroad, and wishing not only to economize time and travel as much as possible, but to do their work thoroughly as far as circumstances allow, to buy this and one other book, "Latrobe's Six Months in Europe," and study them well before setting out. Mr. Tousey, as well as Mr. Latrobe, have been among the first persons to realize that travelers, now-a-days, do not so much want descriptions of foreign sights, as they do intelligent hints how to see them for themselves in the best way, and with the least waste of time and strength. Having been over most of the ground which Mr. Tousey traversed, and followed nearly the same route as Mr. Latrobe, we know experimentally of what we speak.

*Cyclo.* 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—"This volume," says the author, "is devoted to those inquiries which now agitate the thinking world. It is committed to the care of the Christian Church. Its truths are God's, and will live forever; its errors are the author's, and will be over-ruled, forgotten, and, he trusts, forgiven." We can add nothing to this, except to say that the work is a defence, and an able one, of the Christian revelation.

*Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets.* By Edwin P. Hood. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—Under this somewhat fanciful title we have a series of lectures on the vocation of the preacher, illustrated by anecdotes, biographical, historical, etc., the result being a rather quaint, but, on the whole, interesting book.

*Married Against Reason.* By Mrs. A. Shelton Mackenzie. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—A charmingly told story, the scene of which is laid in Germany. Mrs. Mackenzie, if we are not mistaken, is a native of that country, and her novel is full of local color. We commend the tale to all who wish to while away an hour pleasantly and yet advantageously.

*The Hollands.* By Virginia F. Townsend. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This popular writer has given us here her best work. Her novels are always true to life. But in this one, the scenery, the characters, the customs of the people, come out, even more distinctly and boldly than usual.

*Uncle John's Flower-Gatherers.* By Jane Jay Fuller. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—An agreeably written book, conveying much information on flowers, their structure, habits, etc., told in the guise of a story for children.

*Love and Liberty.* By Alexander Dumas. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel, by one of the most popular of the French novelists. It is a story of the Revolution of 1792, and very powerfully written.

*Countess Gisela. From the German of E. Marlitt.* By Mrs. A. L. Wither. Part I. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A very charming story, and admirably translated. The second and concluding part will follow speedily.

*An American Woman in Europe.* By Mrs. S. R. Urbino. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—This is a journal of two years and a half spent in Germany, Switzerland, France, and Italy. It is rather above the average of such books.

*Philip Brantley's Life Work, and How He Found It.* By M. E. W. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: M. W. Dodd.—A religious story, very well told. We think it may do much good.



## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**Mrs. Southworth's Novels.**—Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, publish a new and uniform edition of all the celebrated novels written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. The following are their names:

The Changed Brides.  
 The Bride's Fate. A Sequel to "The Changed Brides."  
 Fair Play; or, Britomarte, the Mau Hater.  
 How He Won Her. A Sequel to "Fair Play."  
 Fallen Pride; or, The Mountain Girl's Love.  
 The Prince of Darkness.  
 The Widow's Son; or, Left Alone.  
 The Bride of Llewellyn; a Sequel to "The Widow's Son."  
 The Fortune Seeker; or, Astrea, the Bridal Day.  
 Allworth Abbey; or, Eudora.  
 The Bridal Eve; or, Rose Elmer.  
 The Fatal Marriage; or, Orville Devillo.  
 Love's Labor Won.  
 The Gipsy's Prophecy; or, The Bride of an Evening.  
 Vivian; or, The Secret of Power.  
 India; or, The Pearl of Pearl River.  
 The Mother-in-Law; or, Married in Haste.  
 The Discarded Daughter.  
 The Two Sisters; or, Virginia and Magdalene.  
 The Three Beauties; or, Shanondale.  
 The Haunted Homestead.  
 The Wife's Victory.  
 The Lost Heiress.  
 Retribution: A Tale of Passion.  
 The Deserted Wife.  
 The Lady of the Isle; or, The Island Princess.  
 The Missing Bride; or Miriam, the Avenger.  
 The Curse of Clifton.

Copies of either or all of the above books will be sent by mail, post-paid, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., in paper covers, for \$1.50, or in cloth, for \$1.75 each; or they may be had of all Booksellers.

**CABINET ORGANS AT LOW PRICES.**—Some feeling has been excited among manufacturers of Reed Organs, by the low prices at which the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company are now offering their well-known instruments.

It is claimed that instruments of such quality cannot be afforded at such prices, and that the Company are, therefore, by their course, ruining the business of other manufacturers without benefiting themselves. The ground taken by the Mason & Hamlin Company is, that this course is only in accordance with their fixed policy to sell always the best instruments at the lowest remunerative price. With the rapid growth of their business, which has now assumed very large proportions, they have been enabled to avail themselves of new facilities, such as improved machinery, so that, notwithstanding they are now producing the best Organs they have ever made, the cost is at the same time reduced, so that they can afford what seemed to makers having less facilities to be ruinously low prices for work of such fine quality.

It is admitted that no instruments can surpass these; and the ambition of most manufacturers is satisfied when they believe they are turning out Organs "equal to the Mason & Hamlin."

**Mrs. A. F. STICKLAND, Dress and Cloak-Maker, Ware, Mass.** says:—"I have used a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine in my shop for eight years, on an average of eight hours a day, making garments from the heaviest beaver to the finest cambric. I have taught at least twenty different persons to run it, and you know beginners do not improve a machine. It has never been out of repair, and is good for ten years more, if used properly."

**OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.**—The Waterford (N. Y.) Sentinel says:—"Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine gives more for the money than any other monthly." The Herkimer (N. Y.) Democrat says:—"It gives a larger amount of reading matter and fashions than any other ladies' book." The Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer says:—"It is as full of attractions for the ladies as any of its competitors, and is the cheapest of the ladies' magazines published." "Every lady should take it," says the Painesville (O.) Advertiser. "In the fore-front of the fashion journals: no lady should be without it," says the St. Joseph (Mo.) Union. "A superb number," says the Vinton (Iowa) Eagle: "the most popular and cheapest of the ladies' magazines." The Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman says:—"The most entertaining and valuable Magazine in the country, yet furnished at a less price than any other." Says the Cape Ann (Mass.) Advertiser, "Abounds in fine embellishments and interesting matter." The Rhineback (N. Y.) Tribune says:—"The literary contents are of the first order, while the fashion-plates are quite equal to those in more costly publications." The Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) Sentinel Says:—"Like wine, it improves by age." The Kent (O.) Bulletin says:—"The fashion-plates, illustrations, patterns, etc., are equal to the higher-priced publications. *The ladies will find attractions in its pages that no other magazine can supply.*"

**Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ** has always been one of the most popular of American novelists. Among her writings are such popular books as

Courtship and Marriage,	Rena; or, the Snow-Bird.
Ernest Linwood.	Marcus Warland.
The Lost Daughter.	Love After Marriage.
Planter's Northern Bride,	Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale.
Linda; or, the Young Pilot of	Planter's Daughter.
the Belle Creole.	Forsaken Daughter.
Robert Graham; a sequel to	Helen and Arthur.
"Linda, the Young Pilot."	The Banished Son.

Above books are published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Price of each one, in paper cover, is \$1.50; or in cloth, \$1.75. Copies of either or all will be mailed to any address on receipt of price; or they will be found for sale by all Booksellers.

**CORRECTION.**—In the June number of "Peterson," Tremaine & Brothers' Cabinet Organs were advertised at Five Dollars; the price should be Forty-Five Dollars, as corrected in the July number.

"ONE OF THE PRETTIEST steel engravings we have ever seen," says the Searcy (Ark.) Record, "is in Peterson. This Magazine is hard to beat."

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

*Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

## DESSERTS.

**Rich Bread-and-Butter Pudding.**—Give a good flavor of lemon-rind and bitter almonds, or of cinnamon, if preferred, to a pint of new milk; and, when it has simmered a sufficient time for this, strain and mix it with a quarter of a pint of rich cream. Sweeten it with four ounces of sugar in lumps, and, while still hot, stir in five well-beaten eggs. Throw in a few grains of salt, and move the mixture briskly with a spoon, as a glass of brandy is added to it. Have ready, in a thickly-buttered dish, three layers of thin bread-and-butter, cut from a half-quarter loaf, with four ounces of currants, and one ounce and a half of finely-shred candied peel, strowed between and over them. Pour the eggs and milk on them by degrees, letting the bread absorb one portion before another is added; it should soak for a couple of

hours before the pudding is taken to the oven, which should be a moderate one. Half an hour will bake it. It is very good when made with new milk only; and some persons use no more than a pint of liquid in all, but part of the whites of the eggs may then be omitted. Cream may be substituted for the entire quantity of milk at pleasure.

*Junior United Pudding.*—Cut into slices a quarter of an inch thick, half a pound of sponge-cake two days old; spread one side with fresh butter, (three ounces the whole,) and the other with marmalade (half a pound for the pudding.) Boil two ounces of loaf-sugar in half a pint of new milk; beat four fresh eggs; add the milk to the eggs while hot, but not boiling. Butter a plain tin pint-and-a-half mould; lay in the cake (buttered side next the tin) and custard alternately till full. Let it stand half an hour to soak; then bake in a well-heated oven for an hour and ten minutes. Turn out carefully, and serve with or without sauce.

*Milanese Cream.*—A pint of new milk and five ounces of loaf-sugar, boiled, three-quarters of an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in a gill of water, the yolks of eight fresh eggs, well beaten; add the milk to the eggs while hot, but not boiling; stir over a gentle fire till at boiling heat; strain into a basin; stir in the isinglass and a gill of thick cream; flavor with twenty-five drops of any kind of essence, or with three tablespoonfuls of Marachino, Curaco, or rum. Pour the mixture into a mould slightly rubbed with oil of sweet almonds, and let it stand in a cool place till firmly set.

*Lemon-Jelly.*—Rub ten ounces of loaf-sugar on the rind of eight lemons, to extract the essence; express and strain the juice; put the juice and the sugar into a pint of water, and boil (skimming carefully) till it becomes quite bright; add a few drops of burnt sugar to color it. Dissolve an ounce and a quarter of isinglass in a gill of water; mix this with the rest; add a wineglassful of whisky or gin, and strain through a jelly-bag. Put the jelly into a mould, and let it stand in a cool place till set, or on ice for an hour.

*Jam-Pudding, with Bread.*—Butter a basin, and line it with bread-and-butter, then fill up with slices of bread, spread with jam or marmalade; make a custard, (two eggs to three-quarters of a pint of milk, flavored and sweetened,) and pour over, letting it stand a little while to soak; tie over with a cloth, and boil about an hour and a half. This is a nice pudding without the jam, all bread-and-butter. The basin should then be ornamented with raisins before putting in the bread, and a little candied peel added.

*Custard-Fritters.*—Beat the yolks of four eggs with a desertspoonful of flour, a little nutmeg, salt, and brandy; add half a pint of cream; sweeten it to taste, and bake it in a small dish for a quarter of an hour. When cold, cut it into quarters, and dip them into batter made with a quarter of a pint of each of milk and cream, the whites of four eggs, a little flour, and a good bit of grated-ginger; fry them of a nice brown; grate sugar over them, and serve them as hot as possible.

*Spongy Cream.*—Mix overnight half an ounce of isinglass, one wineglassful of sherry, and two wineglassfuls of water; let these stand till morning, then boil them till the isinglass is dissolved, and strain through a piece of muslin into a pint of good thick cream, to which two ounces of sifted-sugar have been added; stir gently for a few minutes, and pour all into the mould, until set sufficiently to turn out. Flavor to taste.

*Egg Cheese-Cakes.*—Twelve eggs, boiled hard and rubbed through a sieve while hot, with half a pound of butter; then add half a pound of pounded loaf-sugar, half a pound of currants, and a little nutmeg. Brandy may be added, which flavors them nicely; or, if preferred, a few drops of essence of lemon or almonds.

*Bibasse.*—One pint of cream, whipped until stiff, one ounce of isinglass, boiled and strained in about one pint of water until reduced to half a pint, four ounces of sugar, one vanilla bean; stir in the cream when the isinglass gets blood heat. Then mould and eat with whipped cream.

*Buttered Orange-Juice—A Cold Dish.*—Mix the juice of seven Seville oranges with four spoonfuls of rose-water, and add the whole to the yolks of eight, and whites of four eggs, well beaten; then strain the liquor, and add half a pound of sugar, pounded: stir it over a gentle fire, and when it begins to thicken, put in butter, about the size of a small walnut, keep it over the fire a few minutes longer, then pour it into a flat dish, and serve to eat cold. It may be done in a china basin, in a sauce-pan of boiling water, the top of which will just receive the basin.

*Cakes for Dessert.*—Four eggs, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of flour. Mix the butter, sugar, and yolks of the eggs thoroughly, then add the flour and mix again, then the whites of the eggs, beaten to a thick froth. Grate in a little lemon-rind. Put in little tins, filling each about one-third full, and bake till done.

## CAKES.

*Savoy Cakes—Cold Mixture.*—Separate the yolks from the whites when you break the eggs. Put the yolks into a clean pan with the sugar, and the whites in another by themselves. Let the pans be quite free from grease. If they are rubbed round with a little flour, it will take off any which may be left about them. Wipe them out with a clean cloth. Beat up the yolks and sugar by themselves, with a wooden spoon, and afterward whip up the whites to a very strong froth. If they should happen to be rather weak, a bit of powdered alum may be added. When the whites are whisked up firm, stir in the yolks and sugar. Sift the flour and mix it lightly with the spatula, adding a little essence of lemon to flavor it. Fill the moulds and bake as before. When cakes are made in this way, the eggs should be quite fresh and good, otherwise the whites cannot be whipped up. When weak, pickled eggs are used. A good method is to heat the eggs first by themselves, over a fire, until they are warm: then add the sugar, and whip it over the fire until it is again warm, or make as for hot mixtures, and heat it twice.

*Flaky and Short Crusts.*—In making a flaky crust a part of the butter or lard should be worked with the hand to a cream, and then the whole of the flour well rubbed into it before any water or milk is added. The remainder must be stuck on the paste and be rolled out. For crisp crust, by far the most wholesome, the whole of the shortening should be rubbed in and thoroughly incorporated with the flour. Water or milk must be added when this is done, and the dough, or rather paste, made up. The pie-board and rolling-pin should be well dusted with flour, and the dough should be well beaten with the pin to thoroughly mix it and render it light. In rolling out the paste, do not drive the pin backward and forward, but always keep rolling from you. In making flaky crusts the paste must be rolled out thin, and the butter laid all over it; then roll it up and beat it till it puffs up in little bladders; it should be then finally rolled out and put in the oven as quickly as possible.

*Irish Cake.*—Take about two pounds of flour, warm it in a pan before the fire, stirring it with the hand to lighten it; then add four or six potatoes, boiled previously, and rubbed through a sieve. This done, add a good pinch of salt, not quite half a pound of currants, a piece of salt butter, about the size of a large walnut, and twice that quantity of lard or pork-dripping, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, two ounces of sugar. The whole being well mixed, wet with buttermilk or new milk: roll it into large, flat cakes, and place them on a gridle, turning them over when one side is partly done, and then back again to prevent burning; or cut in smaller shapes and bake on tins. They may be eaten at an early tea, and are sometimes bit and buttered hot when brought to table, which is the favorite way of eating them; but if small and cold, they may be eaten at any time, but require quite a quarter of a pound of sugar instead of two ounces.

**Luncheon Cake.**—Two excellent luncheon cakes can be made by following these directions. One pound of flour, four ounces of butter, six ounces of moist sugar, a quarter of a pound of currants, a quarter of a pound of stoned raisins, spices and candied peel to the taste; a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda mixed in half a pint of cold milk; all to be mixed together and beaten into a paste, then put into the oven without being set to rise; it will take an hour and a half to bake. Another: Five eggs, leaving out two of the whites, the yolks and whites to be beaten separately, the latter to a froth like snow; five ounces of lump-sugar, dissolved in a wineglass of water; put it into a sauce-pan to boil, pour the dissolved sugar boiling to the eggs, stirring it well at the time, beat it, and when nearly cold, mix in a quarter of a pound of flour by degrees; three-quarters of an hour will bake it.

**French Biscuits.**—Three new-laid eggs, the weight of these in dried flour, the same weight of finely-powdered sugar. Beat up the whites of the eggs with a whisk till they are of a fine froth, then whip in half an ounce of candied lemon-peel, cut very thin and fine; by degrees whip in the flour and sugar; then put in the yolks of the eggs, and with a spoon mix them well together, drop your biscuits on fine, white paper, and throw powdered sugar over them. Bake them in a moderate oven, not too hot, to give them a good color. When they are baked, cut them off the paper with a knife. They must be kept dry.

**Derby Short-Cake.**—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, and mix one egg, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, and as much milk as will make a paste. Roll this out thin, and cut out the cakes with any fancy shapes, or the top of a wineglass. Place on tin plates, strew over with sugar, or cover the top of each with icing, and bake for ten minutes.

**Rice Pound-Cake.**—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, twelve ounces of flour, half a pound of ground rice, and twelve eggs. Mix as Italian bread, and bake it in a papered hoop. If it is required with fruit, put two pounds of currants, three-quarters of a pound of peel, one nutmeg, grated, and a little pounded mace.

**Spanish Buns.**—Take one pound of fine flour, rub into it half a pound of butter; add half a pound of sugar, the same of currants, a little nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon; mix it with five eggs, well beaten. Make this up into small buns, and bake them on tins twenty minutes; when half done, brush them over with a little hot milk.

**Half Pound-Cake.**—Take a quarter of a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, five eggs, and half a pound of flour. Proceed in the same manner as for pound-cakes. If currants are required, add about six ounces with the flour. This furnishes a very superior cake.

#### WARDROBE.

**Grease-Spots.**—Mix powdered French chalk with lavender-water to the thickness of mustard. Put it on the stain, and rub it gently with the finger or palm of the hand. Put a sheet of clean blotting-paper and brown paper over it, and smooth it with a warm iron. When dry, the chalk must be removed, and the silk gently dusted with a white handkerchief. If a faint mark still remains, a second application of French chalk and lavender-water will generally remove it. If wax has fallen thickly on the silk, it will be better to remove it first very carefully with a penknife.

**To Clean Amber Beads.**—Rinse them well in cold water, put them on a cloth to drain, and when half dry, rub them with wash-leather to brighten them: leather instead of cloth, because the amber, possessing highly-electrical properties, would, when rubbed, attract all the loose fibrous particles of the cloth or towel, which would stick to the beads, and make them more troublesome to dry and brighten. If the polish should be entirely gone, the beads can be repolished by a jeweler or lapidist.

**To Clean Feathers.**—Dissolve four ounces of white soap, cut small, in four pounds of water, moderately hot, in a basin, and make the solution into a lather by beating it with a small rod; then introduce the feathers, and rub them well with the hands for five minutes. They are next to be washed in clean water, as hot as the hand can bear it.

#### FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

**FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF GREEN SILK.**—The skirt is long, but quite plain; the body is cut low in front, but is worn with a square lace chemisette, made with alternate stripes of Valenciennes insertion and green ribbon; it is edged with a wide Valenciennes lace. Half-long silk sleeves, finished with lace sleeves to the elbow. Wide, green sash with several loops.

**FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT-YELLOW TARLETON.**—The lower-skirt is made with a deep flounce pleated on and pinked at the edge, and headed by a full ruche of tulle, pinked at both edges. The upper-skirt opens at the side, is longer in front than behind, is trimmed to correspond with the lower-skirt, and is confined at the sides by loops of yellow satin. The low corsage is trimmed by a full ruche of tarleton; yellow satin sash at the back.

**FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK POPLIN.**—The *sacque* of maroon-colored velvet, is partially loose, and has a *cape* cut out in front to correspond with the style of the lower part of the garment. It is trimmed with deep chemise fringe. Black velvet hat, with maroon feathers.

**FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK.**—The skirt is not very long, and is trimmed with a wide flounce, headed by a bias band of silk. Shawl-mantle of blue silk, drawn in at the waist, and trimmed with a puffing and flounce of blue, edged with narrow black lace. White tulle bonnet, trimmed with pink roses.

**FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CAFFEE AU LAIT-COLORED SILK.**—The skirt is moderately long, and trimmed with two ruffles, each headed by a puffing and narrower ruffle. The upper-skirt is looped at the sides and trimmed with black lace. The body is high at the back, open low in front, and worn over a white lace chemisette. Long, tight sleeves, with full puffs at the top.

**FIG. VI.—EVENING-DRESS OF PINK SILK.**—The skirt is trimmed with four flounces, one being of white lace. The overdress is a Watteau of white gauze, trimmed with white lace, and looped with pink ribbon bows.

**FIG. VII.—EVENING-DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED SATIN.**—The skirt is long and plain; the opera *sacque* is of fine white cashmere, trimmed with a heavy gold embroidery just above the gold and white fringe.

**FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF HAVANA BROWN POPLIN.**—The under-skirt is trimmed with four ruffles. The overdress is short, and trimmed with two shades of brown fringe; the part which forms the *panier* at the back is not trimmed, but it falls quite low on the under-skirt.

**FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED POPLIN.**—The under-skirt is trimmed with three ruffles edged with narrow, black guipure, and each ruffle is headed by a row of narrow velvet. The upper-skirt has one ruffle, and is caught up on the hips by a bow of black velvet; the sleeves are of violet silk, with bands of black velvet running around them. Black lace guipure cape, with square tabs back and front.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—We give this month a *Jaconet Camisole*. The upper part is of pleated muslin disposed as a square pelerine. The whole is ornamented with printed strips, edged with scallops in thick button-hole strips. Large sailor's collar. Coat-sleeves, with facings at the wrists. Also a night-dress of fine longcloth, with narrow tucks, trimmed with strips of insertion, edged with button-hole stitch. This trimming, which forms a round pelerine at the back, is tucked like the front part. Long coat-sleeves, with cuffs to match.

We also give various styles of collars, such as are now most worn; also a white waist, trimmed with bows without ends of green satin ribbon; the bodice is cut rather low in front, and the sleeves reach to the elbow, where they are finished by a fall of lace. Also four hats of various styles; for no one can be said to be more fashionable than another, as now people have the good sense, *sometimes*, to wear what is the best becoming to the individual face.

LONG DRESSES are in great favor for the house, whilst the short ones retain an undiminished popularity for the street. The former are usually trimmed with ruffles, or one deep flounce, whilst the latter are also ruffled, ruched, and puffed up as at the back, as has been the fashion for some time. The gored dresses, which were so much worn two or three years ago, now look very antiquated in the present full, flowing style of costume; but they can be utilized by wearing them as under-skirts, for the upper-skirts, even when no bouffant or puff is made at the back, are very fully gathered all round, except in front, and a scant dress cannot by any means be made to look fashionable. But any silk skirt can be worn as under-skirt with a short, black silk dress, and the material taken off in the upper part to shorten it can be used to trim it with a flounce or fluting round the bottom.

An old silk dress can be freshened up very nicely by putting ruffles, plaitings, or flounces of clear white organdy, or Swiss muslin on it. If the wearer is very slim, this can be extended to the waist, or a thin, white muslin dress can be looped up over an old silk, if it is of a pretty bright color, to look very stylish.

Some new-fashioned Garibaldi bodices are made of white alpaca, with blue satin trimmings laid on to simulate a sailor's shirt. A wide piece of blue satin is put on at the neck, which is very open, just as sailors' shirts are; wide cuffs of blue satin, and three bands of blue in front, to imitate three folds, complete the trimming.

Since sashes are now considered the indispensable adjunct of a mantle, of whatever style, shawls and loose paletots are altogether discarded, with one exception, however.

Ladies who possess handsome Chantilly, or even llama lace shawls, are not willing to part with, or even give up wearing them. Nor need they; with a little ingenuity it is easy to adapt them, like mantelets, to the present fashion. The following are various ways of modernizing lace shawls:

First, at the back of the shawl, in the middle, form a Watteau pleat, beginning at the neck, and becoming gradually larger toward the lower part, where it disappears. Upon the whole length of this large double pleat place at regular distances small bows of black satin ribbon, composed merely of two loops and a cross-piece. At the waist place several wide loops of similar ribbon; under these sew on a round waistband, which is fastened in front, either over or under the front points of the shawl, according to taste. Besides this, the shawl must be taken in a little on either side, just over the shoulders, and also gathered up at the back of the arms, lengthwise from the waist to the lower edges.

Secondly, instead of the Watteau pleat, one can make from the neck down to the waist a slanting seam, so as to make the shawl fit to the figure, and to form a sort of narrow-pointed hood, as in a lace burnous. This hood is trimmed with satin bows; the loops of ribbon at the waist, the seams on the shoulders, and the gathers near the arms, are made as in the first arrangement of the shawl. The waistband may be omitted; but should it be put on, and especially should it be fastened over the front points of the shawl, these points must be gathered just in front of the arms, from the waist downward, so as to leave the liberty of movement to the arms, and by decreasing the length of the shawl to give it the fullness required by modern fashions.

Of black embroidered cashmere shawls, trimmed with lace or fringe, it is also easy to form fashionable mantles by forming a full pleat in the middle of the back, and fitting them to the figure with a waistband fastened either over or

under the front points. Elderly ladies can wear either the circular or loose mantelet, with or without the ornamental bow at the back, according to taste.

BONNETS still retain the high, diadem front, and the thought of frame back of it; whilst the hair is worn so high it will be impossible to make the bonnets larger, though the milliners are constantly predicting an increase of size. If the cost of a bonnet increases with the size of it, it will soon be beyond the fortunes of most persons to purchase them. Elderly ladies usually wear Fanchons, with a fall of lace at the back. One of the prettiest of this kind which we have seen is of black lace; the shape, a rounded Fanchon, with a sort of tulle crown at the back, concealed by a deep fall of lace. In front the lace forms a ruched border with a bow of black satin ribbon on one side, on the other a bunch of beautifully-shaded pansies.

MUSLIN APOONS are still very popular. Some of the new ones have bibs; others are square, with a goffered frill of muslin edged with lace all round; above the frill at the bottom, and not at the sides, there is a filling of muslin, with bright-colored ribbon underneath it; a similar fulling goes round the top where the apron is gathered into the band. The pockets are put on very full, like watch-pockets, and gathered in at the top with a runner of ribbon with a bow in the center.

THERE IS CERTAINLY A SHADE MORE SIMPLICITY THIS YEAR IN THE STYLE OF HEAD-DRESSES.—True, in front, the hair is still much raised and elaborately puffed out, but at the back, instead of the enormous chignons which we have so often spoken against, we now see thick plaits of hair, or long curls, simply arranged.

A new kind of shoe is of a very peculiar shape. Instead of the front part of it coming on to the instep, it is open very nearly to the toe, and finished off there with a rosette. Of course, it must be very easy to the feet. Rosettes on shoes are worn longer and narrower; the broad ones were a mistake—they are most unbecoming to the foot.

STOCKINGS are made expressly for shoes with the top of the instep and the front of the leg to about six inches above the ankle of an inch wide, with lace on both sides, closely ruched in double plaits. Sometimes they are made of bright-colored silk, with lace run on.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE, FOR A VERY SMALL BOY.—It is cut square in the neck, and opens over a white plaited bosom; very short sleeves; two skirts, which, with the body, are trimmed with ruffles of English embroidery.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The under-skirt is of blue and white striped poplin. The upper-skirt is of plain blue poplin, looped up with loops of blue ribbon. The body is made with a square basque and cape. Long, tight, blue sleeves. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbons.

FIG. III.—BOY'S DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED CASHMERE.—The trousers are of the Knickerbocker style. The blouse is braided in black, and belted in at the waist. Straw hat, bound with violet velvet, and a violet-colored wing at one side.

FIG. IV.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF TAN-COLORED CASHMERE.—The lower-skirt is trimmed with one flounce, put on under a plain bias band; the body is low; the upper-skirt and body are made in one, and trimmed with a ruffle. This body is high and cut open in front, and the skirt is looped up with a rosette.

FIG. V.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED FRENCH LACE.—The under-skirt is quite plain, with the exception of five cherry-colored bows down the front. The upper-skirt and body are cut in one; the body is square. The open skirt is turned back from the front, and looped up behind with a wide sash. The trimmings are of cherry-colored ribbon.

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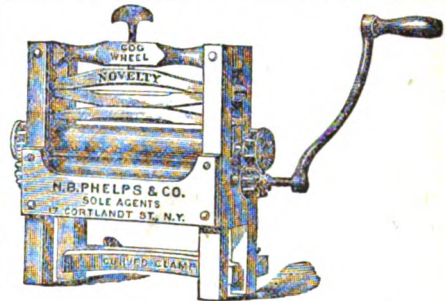
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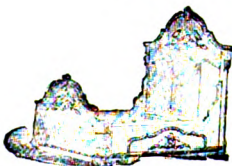
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## THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

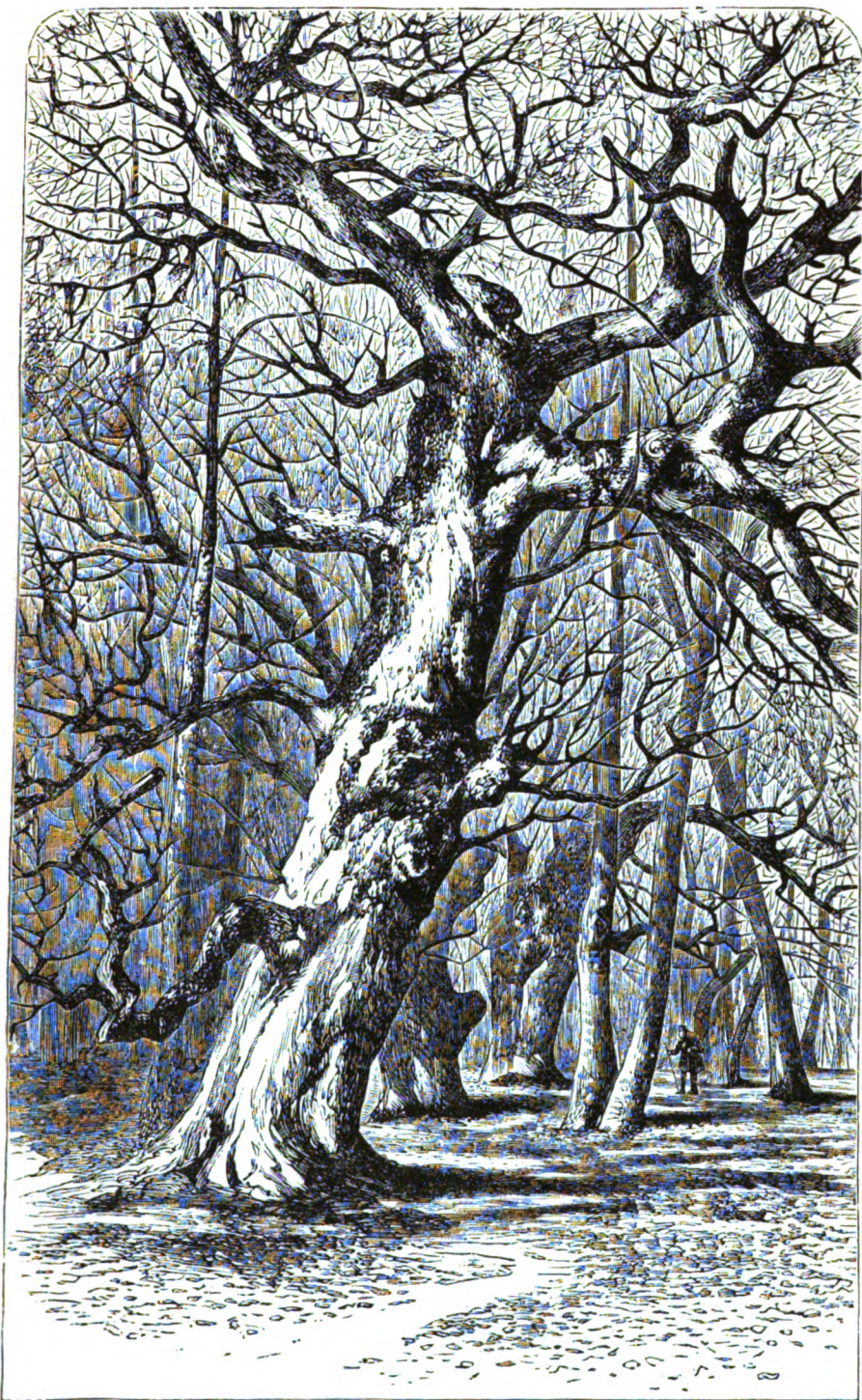
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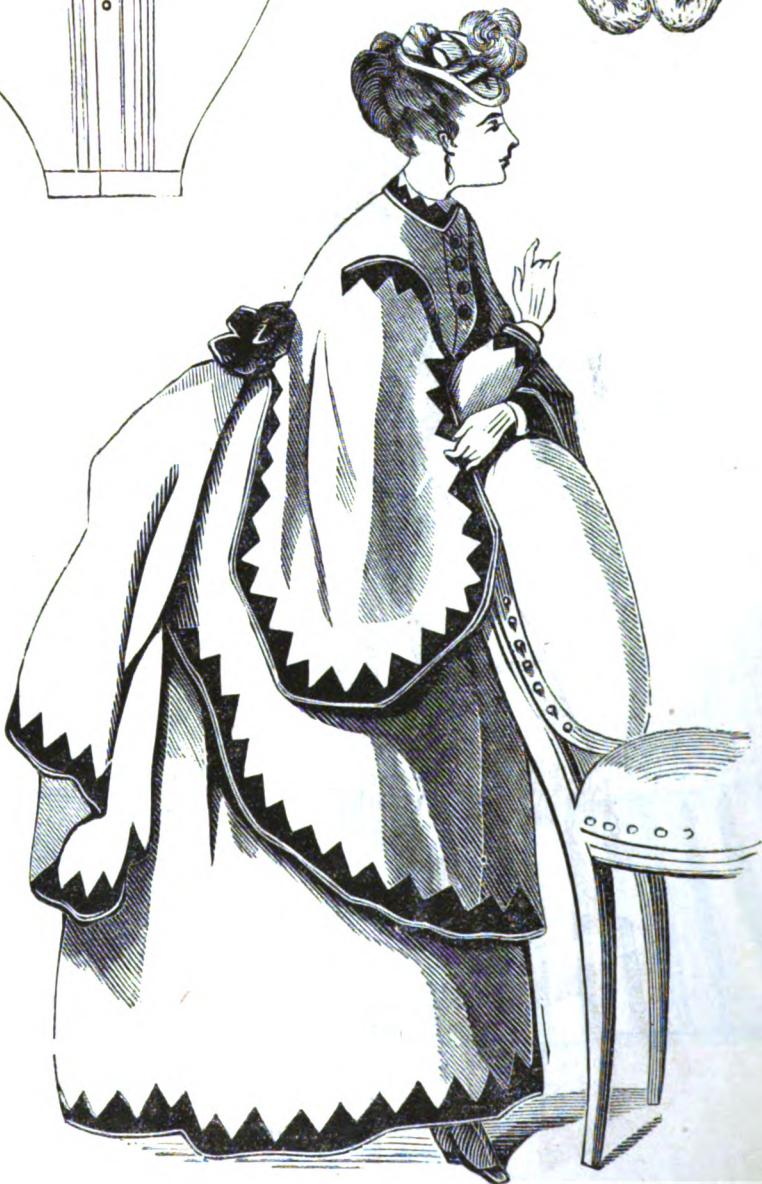
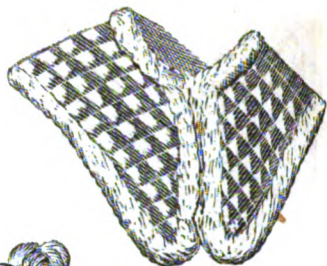
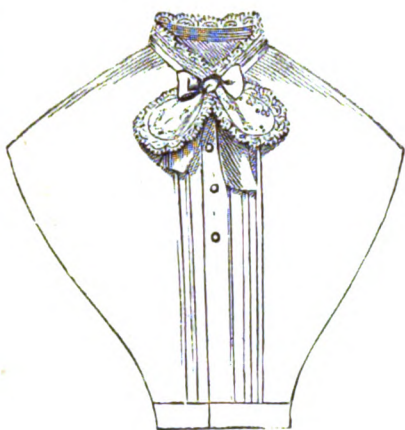
THE LEAFLESS WOODS.



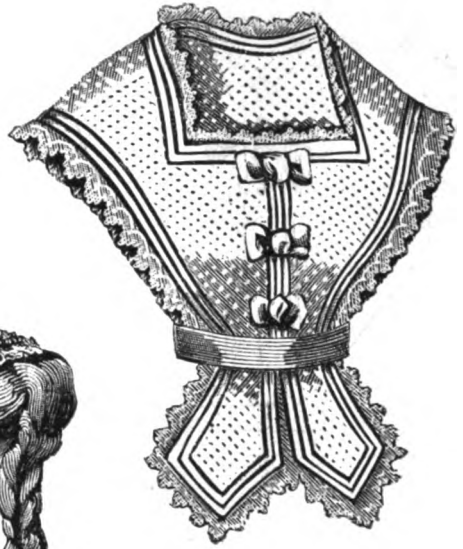


YOUNG LADY'S DRESS. CHILD'S DRESS.

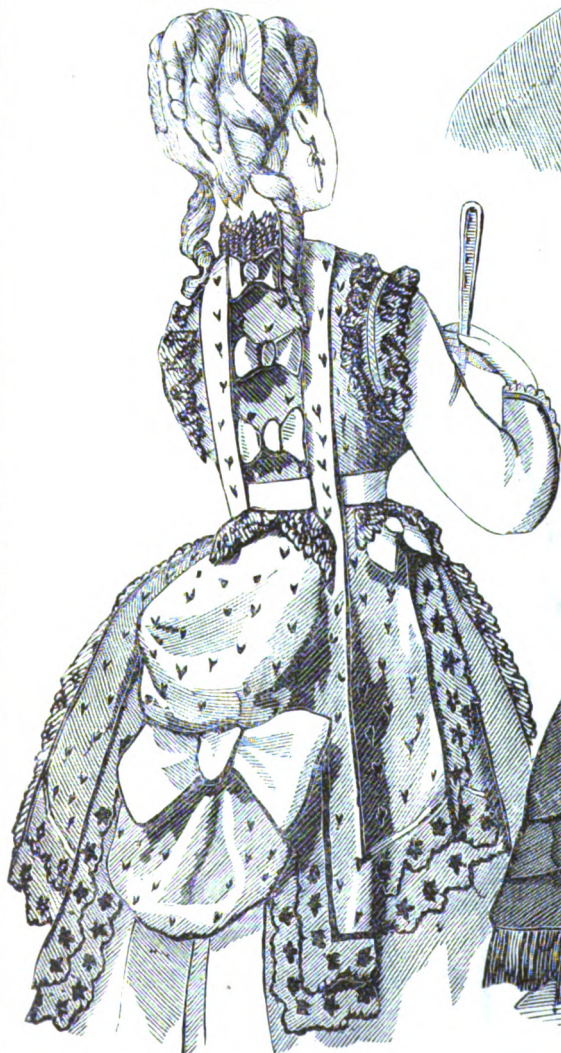
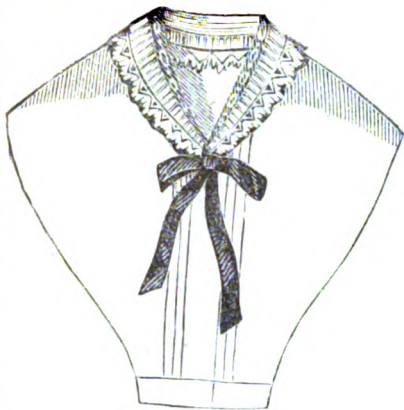




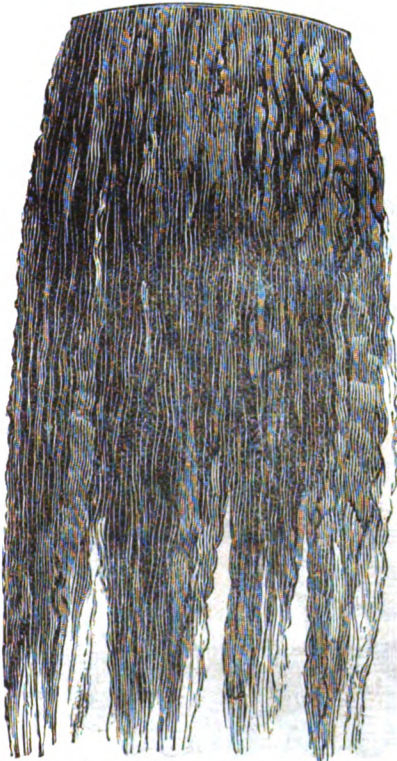
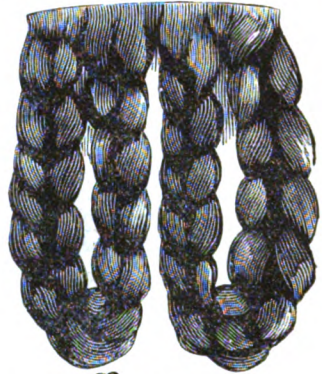
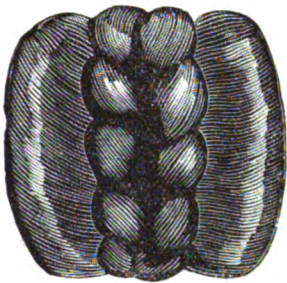
WALKING-DRESS. COLLAR. QUILTED CAPE.



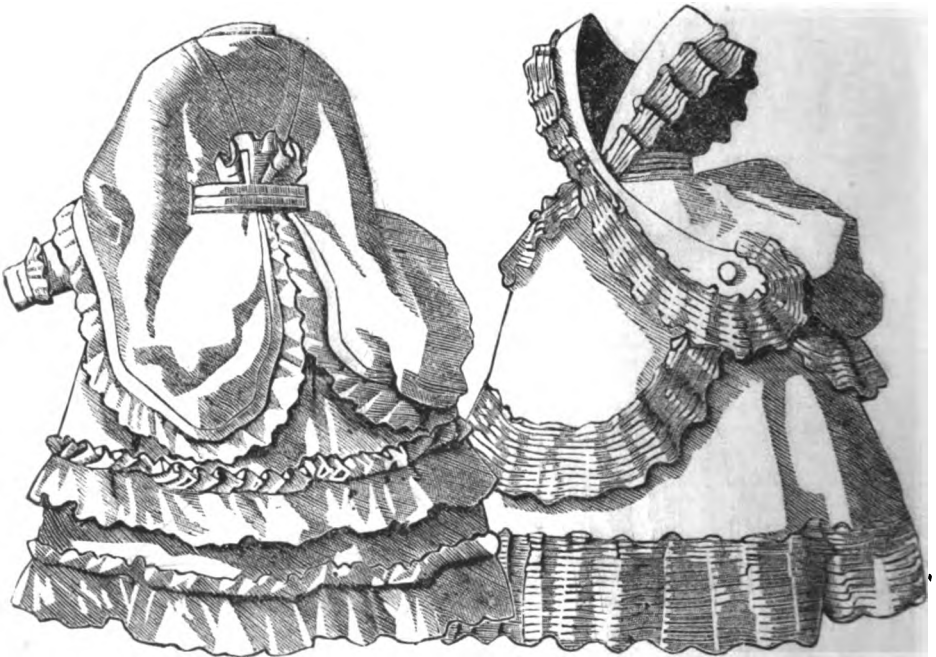
WALKING-DRESS. SQUARE NECKED CAPE. WHITE PUFFED BODY FOR YOUNG GIRL.



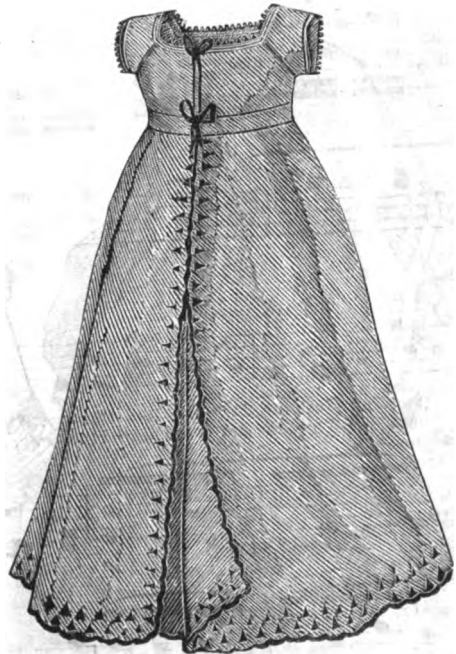
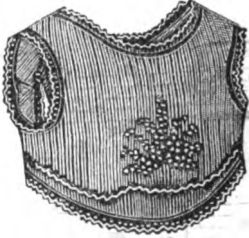
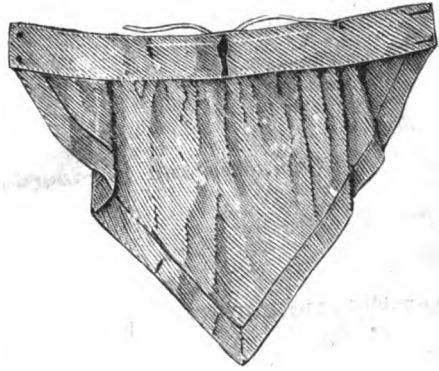
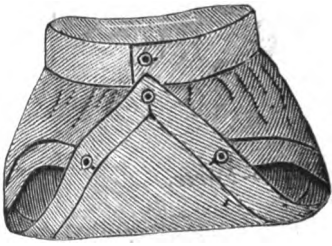
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# NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

Composed and Arranged for the Piano-Forte.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 1008 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

WORDS BY HERBERT FRY.

MUSIC BY J. L. HATTON.

ALLEGRETTO.

PIANO.



brillante. Ped.

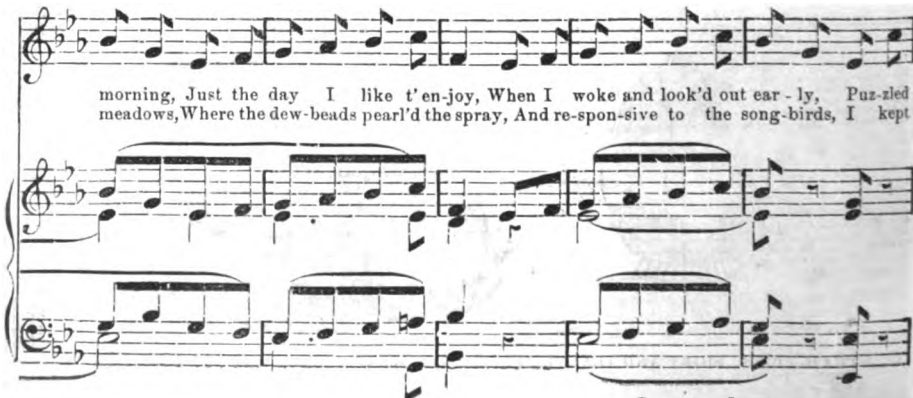
The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of sixteenth-note chords in a descending sequence, while the left hand plays a simple eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRETTO' and the performance style is 'brillante'. A 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction is placed below the first few measures.



1. 'Twas a pleasant summer's  
2. Off I start-ed through the

dim.

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: '1. 'Twas a pleasant summer's' and '2. Off I start-ed through the'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'dim.' (diminuendo) instruction.



morning, Just the day I like t'en-joy, When I woke and look'd out ear-ly, Puz-zled  
meadows, Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray, And re-spon-sive to the song-birds, I kept

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'morning, Just the day I like t'en-joy, When I woke and look'd out ear-ly, Puz-zled meadows, Where the dew-beads pearl'd the spray, And re-spon-sive to the song-birds, I kept'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

how my time t' employ; In such fine and splendid weather, I don't care for work, do  
singing all the way; Quite surpris'd she was to see me Come so ear-ly there to

you? So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd nothing else to  
woo, Till I said I'd just walk'd o - ver, 'Cause I'd nothing else to

*ad lib.*  
do, So I went to see my sweetheart, As I'd nothing else to  
do, Till I said I'd just walk o - ver, 'Cause I'd nothing else to

*colla voce.*

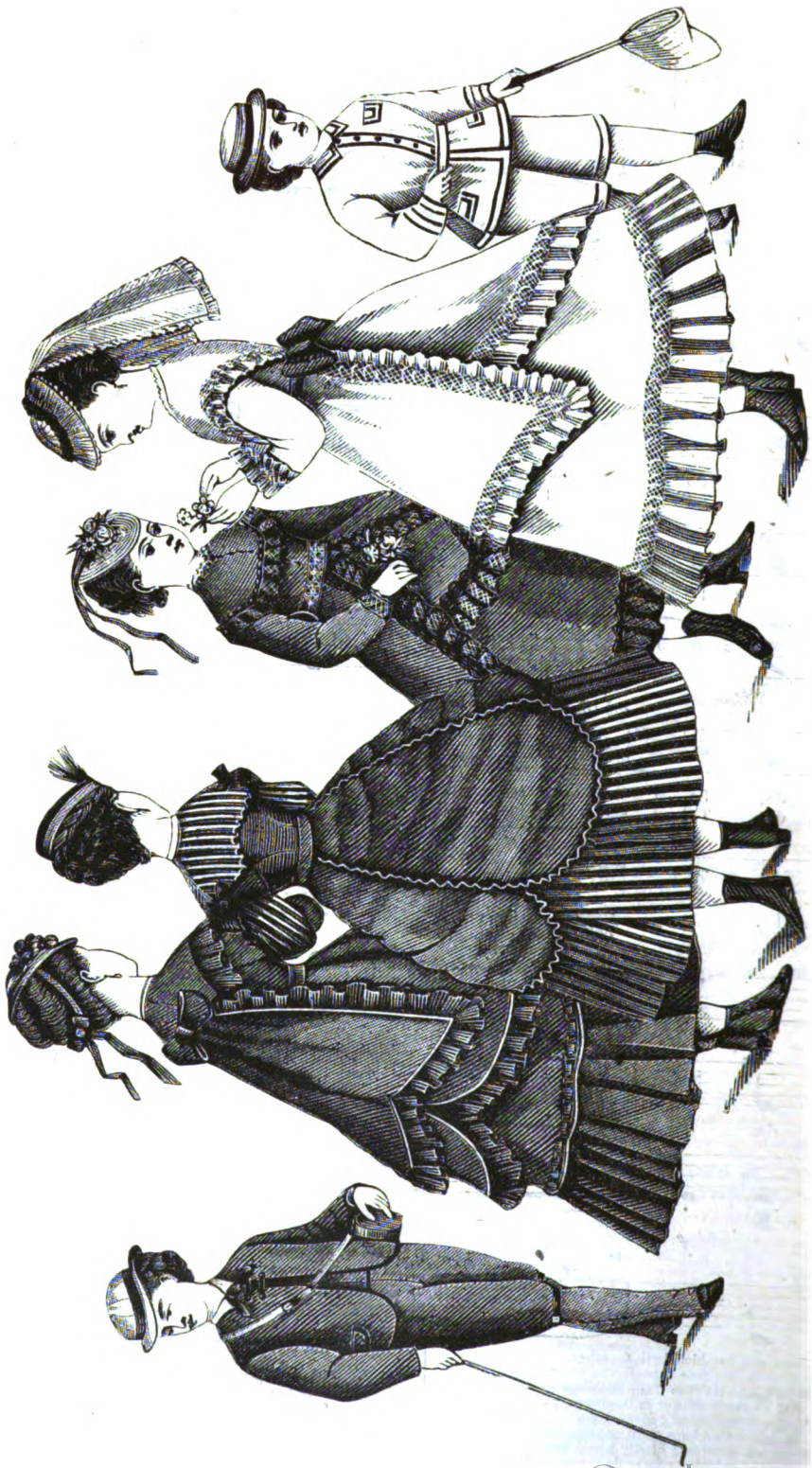
do.

*f* *dim.*

3 Then we rambled forth together.  
Down the lane beneath the trees,  
While gently stirr'd the shadows  
Of their branches in the breeze;  
And when'er our conversation  
Languish'd for a word or two,  
Why, of course, I kindly kiss'd her,  
As I'd nothing else to do,

But before the day was over,  
I'd somehow made up my mind,  
That I'd pop the question to her,  
If to me her heart inclined;  
So I whisper'd, "Sweet, my darling,  
Will you have me, Yes, or No?"  
"Well," said she, "perhaps I may, my dear,  
When I've nothing else to do."





CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1869.

No. 5.

## THE MESSENGER OF LOVE.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

"Come, Madge, sit beside me on this grassy rock for just five minutes, I have something to tell you that you will like to hear."

"Oh! but I don't wish to, Gerald!" I replied, leaning against the beech-tree which overshadowed the broad rock upon which sat my affianced lover, Gerald Livingstone.

"You abuse my friend Cecile, when you know how very disagreeable it is to me to hear one single word against her, and then expect me to treat you with the utmost good-humor. You torment me so, Gerald," I added, pettishly, pushing a fallen beech-nut with my foot until it rolled over the steep bank, and fell far through the depths below into the blue Hudson.

"Torment you!" repeated Gerald, slowly, looking up to me with his deep gray eyes. "Oh, Madge! who is it, during all this afternoon, that has perversely misinterpreted every word I have said, listened to me with profound indifference, and been more interested in the letter received from that confounded cousin of yours, than in anything I could do or say?"

"But you should not call Cecile Bassigny a crazy Frenchwoman," said I, ignoring the charges brought against me, and intent upon sending another beech-nut to destruction. "I believe you have fallen in love with Cecile yourself, and only want to persuade me that you hate her."

"Love Cecile Bassigny! Madge, how can you even make such a jest? You know too well that with all your caprice there is but one love for me."

"Look, look, Gerald!" I cried, interrupting him, and peeping over the bank. "I do believe that beech-nut has struck that fisherman on the head."

Gerald sprang to his feet; but instead of contemplating the phenomenon so absorbing to me, he drew my arm in his with an imperative action, and seated me on the rock by his side.

I never liked Gerald half so well as when he

chose the imperative mood; but on this especial afternoon I felt unusually lawless, and absolutely disinclined to a hasty surrender.

"Well," I said, crossing my arms and leaning forward, looking into his face with dancing eyes, "now that I am here, what have you to say to me?"

Gerald regarded me for a moment with an earnest look, which changed to one of displeasure, and said coldly,

"Nothing, whilst you are in so frivolous a temper. Perhaps we had better start homeward. Your father and mother go to New York this evening, do they not?"

Without giving me time to reply he rose, assisting me courteously as he spoke, but with no more softness in voice or touch.

I was much astonished, this was so unlike the termination of similar scenes, which usually ended in mutual confessions of tenderness, secretly dear to my proud spirit.

But with an indifferent air I sauntered along the river road by his side. As we entered the lodge-gates and passed up the broad avenue of Gresham, my beautiful home, a little lad came running toward us, carrying in his arms a pigeon white as a snow-wreath.

"Here's the pigeon, Mr. Livingstone; I've been waiting for you an hour, sir," he said, and was about to give the gentle little thing to Gerald, but the latter said, "For Miss Gresham," and the white bird was carefully laid in my hands; and then the boy ran off.

"Oh! what a dear little pigeon!" I exclaimed. "Is it for me, and a carrier, Gerald?"

Gerald's face softened at my evident pleasure.

"Yes, I have trained it for you—I have kept it in my room at Beechwood, so that now, if you let it fly, it will come straight to my window and tap until I admit it. You have only to keep it in some apartment an equal time, and it will return to you with the same readiness."

I was touched beyond measure at the thought

of Gerald's perpetual care for my pleasure and amusement, and at the idea of this little white messenger flying between us; but pride at the recollection of Gerald's abrupt departure at the beech-tree closed my lips. I said a few unsatisfactory words of thanks and bent over my new treasure, pressing my lips repeatedly to its glossy head.

"Madge," said my lover, "cross over with me to clematis-gate. Your mother has, probably, many charges to give you before she goes, so I will not further occupy your attention."

"Oh, no!" I began; but checked myself to remember that never before had Gerald parted from me so soon. I surely could not stoop to intreat.

The clematis-gate was at the further end of a winding path, which led through a thicket of evergreens to a fanciful rustic gate which formed one of the exits from my father's estate. The hemlocks, young cedars, and larches, which bordered the path were overgrown with a tangled web of clinging roses and white clematis, which in the soft summer air of that afternoon poured out all their golden perfume, never too rich or too heavy for me.

Gerald and I walked silently and soberly along. The sweet scent of the jasmines, the little bird resting so quietly in my arms—a thousand dear recollections brought to me by every turn of that path, all conspired to soften my bitter and resentful feelings. I was just about to make a timid little overture for peace when Gerald spoke,

"Madge," he said, "you have chosen, why I do not know, to show me such lightness of manner, and such entire disregard to my feelings, that I have come to the conclusion that I have, perhaps, made myself unwelcome by my frequent presence, and that it will, therefore, be more agreeable to you if I stay away until next week, in which interval you may discover that I am not as agreeable to you as you would wish your future husband to be."

At this speech my hesitating repentance fled away: grief and anger struggled so in my heart that I could not trust my voice for a moment. When I spoke, it was proudly.

"Stay as long as you think proper, Mr. Livingstone, I will never be the one to recall you."

We stopped at the rustic gate. I leaned upon it, heedlessly crushing the clustering clematis flowers, stroking and smoothing my pigeon diligently. Gerald looked at me steadily for a few minutes, then, bending over me, he whispered passionately,

"Madge, my own Madge, you know that I

love you deeply. Madge, tell me that you love me, do not part from me so coldly. With that averted head and those proud lips, give me one kiss, my darling Madge."

I made no reply. Gerald, with flashing eyes, vaulted over the low gate, and was out of sight directly. The spirit of evil had regained complete possession of me, and as I leaned, like Sir Launcelot,

"Half in disgust at life, love, all things,"

I heard the rustling of a silk dress, and there stood by my side a slight, little woman. The white cap drawn closely around the pale face, heavy mourning garments draping her form, told the tale of widowhood but too plainly. Her eyes were rather remarkable, black, and the whites strongly tinged with blue—eyes which were always raised to you imploringly, though their owner did not speak to give words to their petition; but there was a certain look in those beseeching eyes not altogether pleasant to see, which came across them from time to time, a look of despair, which changed to one of brooding purpose; but if you did not like the eyes, you could not help being interested in the air of deep, unconquerable sadness which pervaded her whole demeanor. This was Madame Bassigny, who had been a school-mate of mine for many years. She was a Creole, and whilst a mere school-girl, had been passionately attached to a French gentleman, whom she had known at her home in New Orleans. He was much her senior, and from all I could hear, of a most cold, forbidding temper, but this seemed to attract all the more strongly the ardent, impulsive nature of the Southern girl. Cecile Herron was very wealthy, and I strongly suspected that pleasure-loving, selfish Monsieur Bassigny was willing, for the sake of her tempting thousands, to accept the heart of Cecile, and feign a preference which he never felt. However it was, Cecile's married life had been anything but well-ordered; and she awoke from her happy dream to find herself wretched beyond measure, in being united to a man who not only treated her with absolute neglect, but stooped to render her still more unhappy by a system of petty persecutions. Added to this, her unfortunate love still clung to her despite all. When Monsieur Bassigny was suddenly killed in an affair of honor, Cecile fell into a settled melancholy. I was in New Orleans at the time, and insisted upon bringing my poor friend home with me, hoping that entire change of scene would make Cecile what my dear school companion had been. Her habits had not endeared her in the least to my family. She would wander alone for

hours in the shrubbery and groves at Gresham; and she took no pains to conceal that I was the only one of the whole household with whom she cared to exchange a word. To me she clung with a fondness which touched me to the heart, and I was always ready to defend her against the depreciating comments of my mother and father, which irritated me beyond measure, though I could not but acknowledge to myself that they were sometimes too well merited.

"Madge," said Cecile, in her sad voice, "has your lover gone?"

"Yes," I answered, very decidedly; "and I must return to the house immediately to say farewell to papa and mamma."

Cecile gazed at me, and said,

"Yes, yes, you must, by all means, bid them adieu this evening."

"Won't you go with me, Cecile?"

She shook her head, and knowing her habits, I did not urge her, but returned slowly home.

My first act was to run up stairs to my own room, and place my carrier pigeon in a pretty canary cage, tenantless since the death of Christy, a former favorite. My spirits had returned. I thought that Gerald would certainly relent, return in the morning as usual, and all would be well. I had no warning of the fearful ordeal which was to bring me to bitter repentance of my incessant trifling with Gerald's devoted love. I laid my cheek caressingly against the bars of the cage and talked to my bird.

"What name shall I call you, pretty creature? What word will tell your pure whiteness and gentle loveliness! Shall I call you Cloud? Shall I call you Flight? I will give you the Norwegian name for snow-flake—Sneeflocken."

Suddenly mindful of my mother's approaching departure, I hurried down stairs.

"Madge," said my mother, "I have been looking over the lawn for you. Come into the library for a few moments, I wish to speak to you alone."

I followed her.

"My dear child," she said, with an anxious face, "I do not like the idea of going off in this hurried manner, and leaving you alone so unprotected; your father thinks you had better put a few things together and come with us. Your grandmother's sudden indisposition and desire for our presence will scarcely keep us more than two days."

"Oh! not for the world, mamma! I am not in the least afraid; there is Cecile, you know, for company."

"Cecilia, indeed," muttered my father, who

had come in after mamma. "A crazy French-woman—much good she will do you. I have given Thomas very particular directions; I dare say you will get along very well. But come, Eliza, my dear, the carriage waits. Good-by, Madge, God bless you, my daughter! take good care of yourself."

My mother kissed me with her anxiety somewhat lightened by my cheerfulness and fearlessness, and the carriage drove off in the gathering dusk. I stood on the steps and nodded gayly to my mother, who, after the manner of mammas, looked through the back window of the carriage to see the last of her only child. As they disappeared behind the trees of the avenue, over which the veil of twilight was fast falling, a recollection of all the thousand tender and thoughtful deeds that my dear mother had done for me came swiftly to my mind. I seemed to see, as in a mirror, all her unflinching kindnesses, and the ungrateful, unthankful returns I had made. Tears filled my eyes; the dreary thought suggested itself that, perhaps, it was too late to make them up to her in the future by studied thoughtfulness for her comfort. Perhaps I never would see my mother again. Why had she looked so anxiously at me as we parted? I turned and entered the house, endeavoring to shake off the depression which hung over me.

"Thomas," I said to our gray-haired domestic, "I wish you to shut up all the house carefully now before it gets late."

"Mrs. Bassigny is in, Miss, I suppose?"

"Yes, I imagine she must be."

He went on his errand, whilst I walked into the library, where a bright fire was burning, the evening having turned suddenly cool, as is too often the case in our northern climate. The banging and bolting of shutters and doors struck a chill to my spirit as old Thomas went through the lower rooms.

Scarcely had he finished the last bolt, and the echo of his footsteps died away, when I was startled by a violent knocking at the hall-door. I sprang to my feet and listened. Bang, bang, bang—who on earth could it be?

Recovering my composure, I walked to the door and unbarred it. There stood Cecile, her thin, black dress clinging to her figure with the heavy dew, her black eyes shining in the dim light.

"Why, Cecile!" I exclaimed, almost angrily, "what are you doing out so late in the evening, and why didn't you ring, instead of making that abominable noise?"

Without paying me the smallest attention

she passed by me, and went rapidly up the stair-case.

My friend's conduct surprised me. I had hitherto been incredulous of those exhibitions of temper, which made Cecile so obnoxious to all.

I returned to the library, and drawing up an arm-chair to the fire, I strove to drive out unpleasant thoughts with sweet imaginations of my next meeting with Gerald; but the bright visions would not come as their wont was. Thomas entered, and I had every gas jet turned up to its brightest, to give to the room a faint semblance of its customary cheerfulness. The tea equipage was brought in. A maid was sent to Madame Bassigny's apartment to let her know that tea was served. The maid came back to say that madame did not care to come down.

"Did you ask her if she would have the tea in her room?" I asked.

"Yes, Miss; and she said she did not wish any tea at all."

"What was she doing, Ellen?"

"Why, Miss, she was acting quite queer. She had a lot of pictures and papers lying all over the floor, and she was walking up and down right over them."

I ran up stairs myself, and rapped at Cecile's door. There was no reply.

"Cecile, let me in, won't you?"

No sound save a series of deep sighs. I knocked and called loudly,

"Cecile, let me in, your friend Madge. Are you ill, Cecile?"

At length there was a slight movement within, and a constrained voice said,

"Leave me. I am quite well."

Still unsatisfied, I waited a few minutes at the door; but hearing no more, I went down. The varied events of the afternoon, and Cecile's strange conduct, had utterly deprived me of appetite; so, merely swallowing a cup of strong tea, I ordered the rest to be taken away.

Thomas stood irresolutely for a moment after the tea arrangements had been removed.

"If you please, Miss Madge," (I looked up,) "if you would not think it strange of me, Miss, I don't want to do it; but it's a hard thing for a man to get 'round, Miss——"

"What?" I said, impatiently.

"Why, Miss Madge, there's a messenger come from over the river to Mr. Pleasants, where my wife lives, to say that my wife is taken very sick, indeed, and nothing will do the poor woman but that I must come over to see her; the man is waiting with the boat, Miss."

I instantly felt that it would be no pleasant

thing to be left in that large house without a man to protect me in case of danger. I am not especially timid by nature; but Gresham was well-known as an elegantly appointed establishment, only too tempting to evil-doers. But a second thought showed me the poor, sick wife, to whom the wooden-featured Thomas was, probably, as dear as my handsome Gerald to me, (this last argument prevailed over my nervousness;) so, with a mighty effort, I gave the old man-servant the permission he waited for. Thomas thanked me gratefully, and for a few moments the glow of my self-denial, the consciousness of generosity, made me quite jubilant; but suddenly the whole sense of my utter loneliness struck upon me. The maid-servants all slept in a remote wing of the house; Cecile's room was quite distant from mine. I was completely isolated.

I would have given worlds to recall that hasty permission to Thomas. I ran through the hall, hoping he was not yet gone, calling his name repeatedly; but my loud heart-beats were my only answer. I returned to the library, and summoned all my common sense and fortitude. Trying to laugh at my childish and nameless fears, I sat down with a novel, resolved to forget everything but the heroines and heroes of fiction. But my choice of a love-story was unfortunate—it was the sad story of Rupert and Cyrilla von Adlerkron. In the excited state of my nerves, I felt as if the parting between myself and Gerald might be followed by some awful tragedy to part us forever, like those two young lovers. I threw the book down with a shudder, and extinguishing the lights, retired to my own room. Once within that familiar precinct, my fears gradually faded away. I threw a few additional lumps of coal on the fire, drew up to it my wide arm-chair, and sunk, with a feeling of relief, into its soft embrace. I thought of Gerald, pictured to myself the years of happiness that would yet be ours. I seemed to feel his loving eyes bent on me; my hand in the firm, warm clasp of his, until my waking dreams glided gently into the vivid phantoms of sleep. I was suddenly awakened by a long-drawn sigh.

Kneeling on the hearth-rug, the fire-light flickering over her strongly-marked features, was Cecile. The long, black hair of the Creole hung in heavy masses to the floor; her face, always pale, was now unutterably ghastly; broad, black rings encircled her eyes, which glowed with a restless light.

"Good heavens, Cecile! what is the matter?" I cried, springing to my feet.

"Sit down," she said, forcibly pushing me back into my chair, "I want to speak to you."

Turning those burning eyes full upon me, she said, "Madge, my poor Madge, do you love that young man to whom you are betrothed?"

"Yes," I replied, under my breath, subdued by those gazing eyes.

"And are you so blind and deluded as to believe that he loves you?"

"I trust him with all my heart."

"Then," said she, in a low voice, "it is even as I thought. And you do not believe that his truth will turn to treachery, his fond words and smiles to sneers and taunts?"

"No, surely not, Cecile."

"No; and it shall not be," she cried, with a sudden flash, "I will save you from that destroying fate. I will liberate your soul while it is yet young with hope. The anguish which has corroded my life shall not be yours."

"What do you mean, Cecile?" I asked, filled with a vague alarm.

"I will cut the thread of your life—see," said she, drawing from the folds of her dress a long carving-knife, stolen, I suppose, from the butler's pantry. "I will pass this across your throat once, only once, and you will be safe, Madge, and free."

For the first time the fearful truth flashed upon me—Cecile was mad.

I turned icy cold; but steadying my nerves, replied calmly,

"Cecile, I do not wish to die. I do not dread the fate that you think is in store for me; you do not know Gerald."

"I know best what is for your good. You must die!"

"But I am not ready to die yet. Give me a few days to prepare for death."

"No!" she cried, with gathering excitement, "you shall not have another day. I have waited for this hour."

I tried to think. Should I call? Thomas was the only one who could have heard me, and he was far away.

"Cecile, you do not feel well, I will bring you a glass of wine." With a quick movement, as I spoke, I rose from my chair and moved toward the door. But the Frenchwoman was quicker. She seized me by the shoulders. I tried to release myself; but she shook me violently, as you would a small child, and forcing me back into the chair, said with a look of wicked cunning,

"Oh! your strength is nothing when measured with mine. Why, little fool, I could crush you with one embrace to-night."

I leaned my face upon my hands, shuddering to contemplate that swollen visage. A confused recollection of the last words of the doctor in New Orleans, "If Madame Bassigny cannot be diverted from that profound melancholy, there are grave fears that her mind may sink under so heavy a pressure;" the careless comments of all upon her strange ways surged over my mind. Cecile had loved me, dreamed, poor wretch, that she loved me still; but could I argue with a maniac? It was no longer my well-known friend—it was a creature utterly bereft of all that distinguishes mankind from the brutes that perish. I was beyond the hearing of any human being. Despair, sudden and sharp, clutched at my heart.

Cecile had been walking hurriedly up and down the room, muttering and whispering to herself. At a slight movement from me she paused, flashed once more before my eyes that deadly knife, and said, in the constrained voice I remembered so well, "I have spoken to them; at twelve o'clock your happy spirit will leave this blighted earth. Do not fear, you shall not go alone."

Like lightning she drew the key from the door and turned it from the outside; with a sudden peal of loud laughter she sped down the passage. My first thought was, would her darkened mind hold the design which rioted in its empty chambers? Would she return, as she said, at twelve o'clock, to give me to a violent death? It could not be. She would forget, and vent her frenzy in impotent ravings. But, not her sole mania was to spare me, by an early death, the miseries of her own blighted life; there was no hope that her object would be forgotten. I had often said, that to die seemed no terror to me; but at this sudden view of death so near, so dreadful, my strong, young life rose up in fixed resistance to a fate so cruel. I sprung to the door and tried the lock—of course it resisted me. I put my hand to my forehead, I tried to remember how it was that a lock was forced. I thought of the scissors—with the thought they were in my hand inserting them carefully into the lock. I tried to turn it, the faithless steel snapped. A fender of thick wire stood in one corner of the room; with hands lacerated by their ragged edges, I tore the wires apart, twisted off a scrap of the thickest, and bent it, as nearly as I could remember, into the shape of the little tool used by locksmiths. Alas! the broken fragments of scissors left in the lock rendered that effort useless. A strong, iron poker was lying on the hearth. I inserted it into the ward, and exerted my utmost strength

to pry back the hasp—it would not move. I dashed myself against the door—the firm, oaken panels did not shake. The courage which until now upheld me, gave way before these repeated failures. I burst into a passion of tears.

“I will be murdered here, all alone. Mamma! Papa! Where are you? Why are you away from you poor, poor daughter? Gerald! Oh, Gerald! save me! dear, dear Gerald!”

I sunk on the floor. As in a kaleidoscope I saw all my happy past, all my bright hopes of a brilliant future—my woeful present. Gerald's last-words rang in my ear. “Give me one kiss, my darling Madge.” A bitter thought was that last cold parting. A ray of moonlight shot athwart the floor; it revealed to me a new chance of life. I ran to the window, it was far from the ground; but I had not forgotten the skill which, in my school-girl days, awarded me the topmost boughs of the cherry-trees; with a rope of shawls and blankets I might reach the earth. Once in the shrubbery the way would be clear. The lonely road presented no terrors to me—anything, everything, rather than Cecile with the gleaming knife. My one blanket was not long enough. I looked around for a shawl, a folded camel's hair lay upon a chair. To tie the long shawl and the blanket together was the work of a moment. I fastened one end securely to a table which stood near the window, and with a prayer was about to trust myself fearlessly to the uncertain ladder, when, for prudence sake, I looked first out of the window. Oh, horror! there stood Cecile, waving her hands over her head, and brandishing the knife with every wild gesticulation. Escape was impossible while she roamed the lawn.

Utterly overcome at this last obstacle, I prostrated myself upon the floor, and prayed in agony of spirit, for succor where no succor seemed possible. As I lay exhausted from the violence of my petitions, a thought, heaven sent, came to me—the carrier pigeon! With trembling hands I snatched up a slip of paper and wrote, “Gerald, my own darling! Gerald, come, oh! come to me quickly—Cecile is mad!” I approached the corner where hung the pigeon's cage; I put my hand within the door and drew out the little thing. With a ribbon torn from my hair I attached the paper to its wing; I opened the window and loosed my hands. The bird flew out; but instead of striking straight in the direction of Beechwold, the bewildered little creature alighted gently on the nearest bough. I could not call to it, for fear of attracting the attention of Cecile, who was still on the lawn. With clasped hands I prayed that this

last venture might not perish. Suddenly the bird rose in the air, and flew steadily across the Gresham woods toward Beechwold.

I watched it until it faded from sight. I looked at my watch—it was eleven o'clock; just one hour in which Gerald must welcome my frail messenger, or just one hour for me to spend in prayer and preparation for departure, by a terrible means, from all that was dear to me in the world.

I cannot tell how that dreadful hour was passed. I only know that I was prone upon the floor when the noise of footsteps approaching along the passage struck my ear. My heart seemed to stand still. I listened, breathless; they grew more distinct. As a last instinct of self-defence, I sprang behind the head-board of my low bedstead. With strained eyes and parted lips I gazed upon the door; the latch turned, the door opened; but instead of the distorted features of Cecile, it was the face of my lover that I looked upon.

“Gerald!” and I was senseless in his arms.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on my little lounge, with my head resting on the dear arm that had saved me, Gerald holding to my lips a teaspoonful of Cologne and water, which was the nearest restorative. For a moment Gerald caressed me silently, the thought of what might have been was still too near.

“Did the pigeon wake you, Gerald?” I said, at length.

“Why, hardly. I scarcely think I would have heeded the gentle tapping, had not my sleep been light and disturbed by my perplexed and troubled thoughts of you. I was lying awake, thinking of what had happened during the afternoon, when I heard the sound at the window.”

“What has been done with Cecile?” I cried, interrupting him.

“We found her on the north side of the house. With the gardener's help, my father and I overpowered her, though she struggled fearfully. I contrived to get the knife from her, receiving but a slight scratch.” He touched his left wrist as he spoke: it was bleeding from a deep gash. “Madame Bassigny has been secured in her own room, under the care of the gardener. Here is my father to say that the carriage is ready to take you to Beechwold, if you feel now sufficiently restored.”

I was sufficiently restored, not only to go to Beechwold, but first to tie up with my finest, softest handkerchief, the poor, wounded wrist, which Gerald laughed at, and then go to Cecile's

room, to see that everything that was possible had been done for her comfort.

Mrs. Livingstone's kind offices, and Mrs. Livingstone's luxurious bedchamber, completed Gerald's gentle ministrations; and I awoke the

next morning, inclined to believe that the events of the night had been only a dream. Alas! they would have been a tragic dream, if it had not been for Gerald's gift—that MESSENGER OF LOVE.

PLANCHETTE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

WHAT are you, what are you,  
My little Planchette?  
None of the wisacres  
Enlighten us yet.

Are you spirit or fairy,  
Jack-o'-lantern or quick?  
I hardly dare whisper—  
Some say the Old Nick.

The thoughts we but breathe  
In our innermost heart,  
You answer so pat,  
That you quite make us start.

And again, when we question you  
In solemn tone,  
On business important,  
You only write fun.

I have an idea  
Of how you were made;  
A lovely coquette  
Saw her beauty must fade,

So petitioned of Jove  
A new form to get;  
And that was the way  
They fashioned Planchette.

SPRING.

BY A. F. ADAMS.

Now smiling Spring returns again  
To deck the land with flowers;  
And songsters wake a rich refrain  
Among the woodland bowers.

The murmuring streams, with sparkling glee,  
Dance lightly o'er the plain;  
Rejoicing now, unfettered, free  
From Winter's icy chain.

And mossy moor and mountain crest  
At every morn are seen,  
By vernal showers newly drest,  
In Summer robes of green.

While evening zephyrs gently breathe  
At twilight's pensive hour;  
And fairy hands fresh garlands weave,  
To crown each sylvan bower.

But fairer still the scene will break  
On our enraptured vision,  
When in that blissful world we wake,  
Which holds the fields Elysian.

Upon those bright and shining plains,  
By angel fingers strung,  
The tuneful harps wake sweeter strains  
Than mortals ever sung.

“GOOD-BY!”

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

Knowest thou aught of the world you are seeking?  
Dearest no ill of the fortune you try?  
Flashed with the hope of success, you are speaking,  
Clear and distinctly, the solemn “good-by!”  
Youth has her aims you are panting to follow,  
Mantled with charms that you cannot defy;  
Prove they as free from the false and the hollow,  
Falseless as now, when you bid me “good-by!”

Go! as the future spreads smiling before thee,  
Brilliant and flush with her promises; why  
Shadow one thought of discouragement o'er thee,  
Gather one doubt as you bid me “good-by!”

Go! there are ties to which earth will unite thee,  
Friendships and friends that you cannot deny;  
Joys will arise in their midst to delight thee—  
Why should you fear as you whisper, “good-by!”

Hope for the best, there is pleasure in knowing  
Sunshine and shade both have birth in the sky;  
Dreary thy lot if forever bestowing  
Ill-omened thoughts on the future “good-by!”  
Go! though the hearth will be lonely without thee,  
Why should our parting be sorrowful, why?  
Love spreads a halo of blessing about thee;  
Peace be thy motto forever—“Good-by!”



# KATE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 268.

## CHAPTER V.

Mrs. RAWSON had nothing to offer but a vacant smile and a "very happy," as far as she ever got in the art of being agreeable; though she was perfectly satisfied with her own attempts, being always engrossed in serene contemplation of her grandeur.

"You must go with us," persisted Circe; then she added in a whisper, "Please to go, Harry. I don't ask favors of you often enough now-a-days for you to refuse me so slight a one."

And Harry, being in a mood to do anything desperate or outrageous, got into the carriage; and Mrs. Rawson being a little deaf, (though she would have died rather than acknowledge it,) Circe had it all her own way. She managed to keep up two distinct conversations, and for all Harry understood her so well, and hated her so cordially, he could not help yielding a little to her fascinations.

So they drove out to Georgetown, and lo and behold, one of Mrs. Rawson's cubs was ill—and Mrs. Rawson was a devoted mother. So go back she could not, and would not. Mrs. Marsden must return with Mr. Everett; they must send a message to the Hon. Rawson, to the effect that he was to come down the instant the House adjourned.

"But Mrs. Hanson's party!" exclaimed Circe.

"As if I could go," said the mother, reproachfully.

"Of course not! Oh, dear Mrs. Rawson! I almost envy you your anxiety. If I only had children to love," moaned Circe. "But I can't leave you; I shall let Mr. Everett go back alone—my place is here by you."

Of course, Mrs. Rawson would not hear of that; so, after doing self-abnegation to a proper extent, Circe allowed herself to be persuaded to return; and once in the carriage she made the best use of her time, and took as long a drive as she dared.

And out of his anger and desperation Harry flashed into brilliant, factitious spirits, and flirted with Circe to her heart's content, perfectly conscious that he was doing an insane thing, and helping Kate to destroy any hope of mutual peace, but unable to check himself,

perhaps not caring to—you know how evil gets possession of all of us at times.

Just at the turn by the great, staring new Treasury Department, which Washingtonians force one to admire, they met Marsden's trap making for the avenue likewise.

Kate looked, bowed, and smiled, but she was angry. Everett had told her that he had a business engagement, and could not put it off, when, in a pause of their morning's quarrel, she had asked him to go out with her. Here he was driving with Lily, after all he had said about her, too, his hints, his professions of dislike.

Kate was angry, and glancing at Marsden, she saw on his face a sorrowful expression, that he often assumed for her benefit.

"I thought you told me Mr. Everett was up at the State Department," he said.

"He told me that he had business there."

Marsden sighed.

"I wish—I wish——"

He paused abruptly, and naturally Kate was dying to have him finish the broken sentence uttered in the most pathetic tone.

"You wish?"

"I beg your pardon! I came near thinking aloud—such an absurd habit for a man of the world, only I am afraid I shall always be impulsive as a boy. It is ridiculous!"

"It is just what makes you so different from other men," Kate said, warmly.

"After that, I will never regret it," Marsden answered, laughing, but with a long glance from his beautiful eyes, which made the words earnest.

"Then tell me what you were wishing."

"You will not think I mean more than the bare words express?"

"Certainly not."

"I was wishing that Lily would be more careful. I know she will flirt, but I should be sorry to see anything of that sort with Everett."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Because—don't be angry—I have supposed you were engaged to him; and few things could pain me so much as to have your friendship for my wife in any way disturbed; you are such a

help to Lily—your influence over her is so exactly what she needs.”

“It will not be disturbed, Mr. Marsden. I have no cause to be vexed—am sure I shall have none; but no matter what Mr. Everett might be to me, I am not quite one of those silly women who vent their rage on another woman and excuse the man.”

“I might have known that! Then Lily's idea is true?”

“What is that?”

“Don't think me impertinent! You know I have learned to feel as if you were a dear, younger sister; anything that concerns you, interests me. You are engaged to Harry Everett?”

“Conditionally, yes.”

“I am sorry! Don't think I mean anything against him; he is a fine fellow, as far as he goes. But I should hate to see you marry any young chap; with your talents you ought to become the wife of a man of established position, one with the hope of a great future before him.”

Then he went on as if he believed her a happy combination between Joan of Arc and Corinne, with a large portion of the angelic element thrown in; and it was so beautifully done, that any woman would have taken it for earnest.

Then they were at Kate's home, and it was getting late, so she had only time to dress for dinner, and after that to dress for the party; and all the while her brain was in a whirl between hosts of contending thoughts. Marsden's praise, her anger at Everett, her doubts as to what she ought to do; and into the bargain, some wonderful part she was to play in some scheme of Philip's, which was to do so much good in some direction; and to further which, she was to essay her powers of persuasion upon her uncle, and several of his intimates among his senatorial brethren.

It was very late when she and Mrs. Fairfield reached the Hansons; and the first sight she saw, as she entered the parlors, was Everett holding Lily Marsden in his arms, and flying about in the very swiftest of *deux temps* measures.

Most women glory in being inconsistent themselves; but it is a privilege they are not willing to accord the male portion of humanity—and Kate was more angry than ever.

When Everett came up to her, at the close of the dance, she snubbed him beautifully and unmercifully; kept the best men in the room about her; got her spirits up to fever-heat, and before supper-time was just excited and crazy enough to enjoy and believe in all the stilted nonsense,

beautiful sophistries, and devil-born theories, to which Philip Marsden found an opportunity of treating her.

Mrs. Lily had no mind to relinquish her prey, and Everett yielded like a mad man; and the pair rather astonished even a Washington ball-room. I don't know that I could say more.

It was just as they were going into supper that Lily got close to Kate, and whispered,

“Are you vexed with me? Phil is furious.”

“Not a bit,” said Kate.

“You're a duck! My dear, I only wanted to prove to you what that man is made of! I am as sure as I am of being alive that he has abused me to you like a pickpocket, and yet you see.”

Then Philip, with his mournful voice, and his great eyes, that ought to have belonged to a poet, said,

“It is not for myself, Kate—I am not jealous; but I can't bear to see Lily seem to do a heartless thing by you.”

“I understand Lily's motive perfectly,” she replied. “I am not in the least vexed with her—rather obliged than otherwise.”

“Please let me take you into supper. I have scarcely been able to get near you all the evening.”

“Of course you shall.”

“And I want you to be civil to Jo Vance. He can do so much in that matter.”

And Jo Vance—always called that in spite of his being a Senator—had a reputation for infamous vices of all sorts, that ought to have made him shunned as a moral pestilence. To-night he was rather more sober than usual; and there Kate stood and talked with him, and smiled at him, and imagined she was doing political strategy, and by her conduct that evening fully established the fact of her being “fast;” and when a girl has once done that, she may do penance in sackcloth and ashes, the name will cling to her, and the most trivial act be judged accordingly.

Everett saw and heard it all—the whispers, the glances exchanged among the women; and he realized fully the harm Kate was doing herself, and understood that it was precisely what Circe and her husband had intended to bring about.

“For God's sake stop! let me speak to you,” he whispered, as Marsden was leading her out of the supper-room.

“Excuse me one moment,” she said to Marsden. “The next waltz is yours—I shan't forget.”

She turned to Everett, and allowed him to draw her a little out of the crowd.

"What is it?" she asked, and her voice and her angry eyes cut his heart like a knife. "I should have listened just as quickly without your swearing."

"Don't speak in that way, Kate!" he exclaimed, in a tone that trembled with suppressed feeling; but it sounded so abrupt and quick that Kate mistook the emotion for anger.

"If you wish to hold any conversation with me, I should advise you to adopt a different manner," she said, with the same forced calmness. "I do not choose to be insulted or made ridiculous."

"Oh, Kate! is it really you speaking?" he faltered.

"Really myself, Mr. Everett; and I am rapidly discovering which is the real you—a very different man from the person I thought I knew."

He could not trust his voice for a moment; besides, he remembered that they could not stand so near the crowd and do private theatricals. He led her away through the dancing-room into a little boudoir which chanced to be empty, and Circe and her fiend, standing side by side, saw them go.

Phil Marsden muttered a naughty word, and Circe laughed outright.

"Afraid of a reconciliation?" sneered she.

"You know very well it would upset all our plans," he answered, in a low tone.

"And I understand all your private ones, too," she answered, with a gracious smile, meant for any lookers-on, and a gleam in her eyes intended for Phil's special benefit.

"Don't talk melodrama," said he, impatiently.

"Nonsense, as if I didn't see! You have gone crazy over the creature's golden hair and white shoulders."

"Now come up with your jealousy and spoil everything," he muttered. "I can tell you one thing, if we fail in this plan, and don't make anything out of old Wallingford, you will have to shift for yourself, for I shall be done up."

"Jealous of you! Run away with the girl, if you please, and she is fool enough to go."

"Yes, you would like playing the part of the injured wife, wouldn't you, Mrs. Lily?"

"Very much; I dare say I could make it pay."

"Don't let's quarrel," returned he, quietly. "We always ruin things if we both get angry at once."

"Well said, Philip, my king—to hear is to obey! Speak your commands."

"Don't give that fellow a chance to talk her over, that's all."

"No danger. Your white dove—was that what you named her? has a fine temper of her

own. But I'll manage to be in at the death. You go and dance—it's no time for you to meddle."

Kate and Everett stood in the dimly-lighted chamber, with the gny music and the laughing murmurs of the crowd surging in from the ball-room, and Everett was saying,

"What did you mean, Kate? How have you found me so different from the man you believed me?"

"Every way!" she exclaimed, passionately. "You have taught me to doubt your word; to see that you are deceitful, imperious, exacting, determined that I shall be a slave to your whims, while you enjoy the largest liberty——"

"Go on," he said, when she paused in her insane tirade, "you can't have exhausted all your powers of invective yet."

"Let this end," cried she, stung into fresh anger. "No two people were ever so utterly unsuited to each other. You haven't an ambition in the world; to flirt, dance, be a mere man of society is enough for you. I want more than that."

"What more?"

"So much more than you could offer that it is idle to talk of it."

"You are serious? You wish to part forever?"

"Is it any good to keep up this farce of an engagement? You say that I make you wretched; I know I am so—let it end. We will each go on alone."

"And this is a woman's faith, a woman's truth!" he exclaimed. "So be it—let it end! Go your own way—I warn you where it will lead! Trust those people—as sure as you and I live they will bring you into trouble and disgrace."

"Do you dare to use a word like that in connection with my name?" she cried. "You have reminded me that I am a woman, as if no other word could express your contempt. At least, remember that because I am one, I am powerless to avenge an insult."

"You know that I had no intention of insulting you, Kate! You have tried me beyond the possibility of forbearance——"

"And you have repaid me in return—we are quits every way."

"At least, remember my last words—beware of those people! If possible, the woman is worse than——"

"Stop! Don't come from whispering compliments in her ear to hissing slanders into mine."

"Remember, I warned you—I can do nothing more. You are wild, mad! When this insanity

for excitement has worn off, you will see where you stand."

"I shall not ask your aid, at least."

"Oh! you never loved me!" he groaned, in mingled anger and despair. "You were false from the first—you have no heart."

"If I had, you would have broken it," she answered. "Now go; I will not speak again."

More insane words were on his lips; they died suddenly, for Circe's laughing voice sounded from the door-way, where she stood as pretty as a flower-crowned sylph, calling out,

"Babes in the woods, please to come back to the ordinary world—you are both wanted."

Everett dashed past her out of the room without a word, and hurried from the house.

"Bless me, what a tragic exit!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "Such a combination of King Lear and Hamlet I never saw in all my life."

Then, as if she, for the first time, perceived Kate's strange look and statue-like attitude, she hurried toward her, saying, in her tenderest voice,

"My darling, what has happened? Are you ill?"

"No, no!" cried Kate.

"What has he said or done? Oh, Kate! that man will kill you yet."

"That man will not trouble me any more, Lily."

"What, is it all ended?"

"Yes! There, don't ask me questions! I must go and dance. Where is your husband? this waltz is his. Where is Mr. Marsden?"

"Here—always at your service," said Phil Marsden's silky voice.

"And he had always better be, if he expects me to tolerate him," laughed Circe. "Remember that, Kate."

Kate laughed in return; and as Marsden whirled her away among the dancers, it seemed to her as if the whole world were sweeping into chaos before her eyes.

## CHAPTER VI.

DATING from that night, Kate's willfulness and craving for excitement seemed daily to increase.

It was the gayest winter Washington had known for years; a new Administration was coming in, so that, beside the unusual festivities, party plots, and political machinations of all sorts and sizes were more rife than usual.

Everett was gone, he firmly believed forever; though the fact that he could not bring himself to start on his southern trip, and the eagerness

with which he devoured every scrap of Washington intelligence, where its social life was concerned, might have made him doubt the stability of many of his stately resolutions, if it had been another's case, and he able, with all the facts before him, to give a more unbiased opinion than he could do in this personal matter.

For a time his anger kept him strong, as that unchristian passion generally does; but not being blessed or cursed with quite so much obstinacy as many, when the separation from Kate dulled the edge of his rage, such hosts of painful thoughts made his heart ache, that he was forced to confess he had by no means succeeded in uprooting her empire over that very necessary but exceedingly uncomfortable organ.

Showing him to you only as a man in love, I dare say you have gained no high opinion of Harry Everett's abilities. That is your mistake, owing to my stupidity; but he was a man really possessed of an unusual amount of brains. That, in a certain way, some of the best talents he owned had been slower in development than is customary with most of our precocious youths, (who graduate from college at eighteen with such *clat* that, if they lived to the age of the patriarchs, they would never get a step beyond the promise of their early successes,) was the very best augury for his future.

While Harry endured his heartaches, his remorse for whatever he felt had been his fault, struggled along under the dreadful feeling that the world had come to an end, and that all coming time could hold no hope of peace or happiness for him, Kate was rushing on in her career, and piling up troubles enough to dash her youth out when the final crush should come.

As far as an unmarried girl could be, she was at the head and front of all social triumphs—and you can imagine how women hated her. It was not enough for her to have the ordinary successes of young ladyhood, she must needs rush into the married women's province—make her uncle's parties and dinners the notable feature of the season, flirt with married men, and do petticoated politics. Her triumph was complete, and neither she or her uncle had the slightest suspicion of all the harsh things that were whispered about her.

Her intimacy with the Marsdens increased daily, and though there were those who could have warned her—of course, nobody did it; probably she would not have listened if anybody had. Did you ever profit by another person's experience?

She gave herself no time to think where Harry Everett was concerned. At first she told herself fiercely that she was glad—glad! But it is not so easy to tear out and erase the affection of a whole life. Those passionate loves, kindled by a glance, a first meeting, show for much more, in the way of strength and intensity, than a love such as Kate's had been, but they are not so hard to kill—absence and anger together will usually do it.

I said she took no time to think; she was furious with herself when she found that she dared not; but calling herself hard names, and administering mental self-flagellation, did not alter the fact. So she rushed about from the time she got out of bed till she got into it, so tired physically by the incessant round that she would have slept if she had been going to execution the next morning.

But, no matter how great the excitement, how pleasant the ball or concert, how complete her triumph, that dull ache haunted her heart, followed her into her dreams, and, worst of all, in sleep, her will was powerless, and she would see and hear him as he had been when he was most loving and tender, and most noble in her eyes; and she would be conscious that she loved him, and have to wake and rage against herself for being mean-spirited enough to have such visions.

Phil Marsden haunted her like her shadow. His constant attentions were beginning to be freely commented on; but Kate did not dream of that.

"It is so much better for a young girl, left so much alone as you are, to have a married man like Philip ready to attend you." Circe said. "If you let any unmarried fellow hang about you too much, they will say you are engaged—and you don't want that."

"Indeed, I don't," cried Kate, with a shudder.

"And you know Philip and I are always glad, either of us, to be of the least service to you. Phil says you seem just like a younger sister. I don't know how I should live without you, so patient with all my whims and follies."

Kate no longer contradicted her when she uttered such self-reproaches. She loved Lily as well as ever, but she had learned to consider her both capricious and imprudent.

If everybody could have shown her that she was allowing a married man to make her the confidant of his heart and home disappointments, she would have been shocked and horrified at herself. But Marsden had managed so artfully, gone his way so cautiously, and it had all come about so gradually, that she did not in

the least realize the position that their friendship had assumed.

She had learned to let him appeal openly to her for sympathy in his lonely life, as well as for interest in his hopes and aims. He told her that her talent was so immense, her intuitions so unerring, that he would rather take her advice than that of the shrewdest diplomatist living; and she believed that she understood him thoroughly, and thought all his plans so noble.

Circe omitted no opportunity of throwing them together. She would make appointments to take Kate out and send Phil instead, ask her to her house, and be gone, and leave word that she was to let Phil entertain her during that unavoidable absence.

And Phil Marsden could hardly have failed to make himself agreeable to any woman. His skill in reading character was something almost supernatural; and Kate was too impulsive not to be transparent, so that he understood her much more thoroughly than she did herself.

He was too astute not to do her full justice; too clever a villain to disbelieve in truth, honor, and purity, just because he did not possess them. And he knew that no woodland lake, in the sunshine, was ever more unstained than the girl's soul. Theoretically, she had a great many ideas that she would have been better without—that is true of all girls with any brains at all. The course of education, the books they are allowed to read, the state society is in, all combine to make that true. I am inclined to believe that Innocence disappeared from earth a great while ago. Theoretically, everybody knows everything; but purity, after all, is a great deal better, since, nine times out of ten, Innocence used to go over the bay when temptation came, just because she did not recognize it until too late.

With all their efforts, and notwithstanding their intimacy with Kate, the Marsdens found themselves proceeding very slowly in their attempts to reach Mr. Wallingford.

He was not fond of society, and never went out when he could help it; and when Circe did meet him, she was so much puzzled by his quiet reserve that she was afraid of making a wrong move, and Phil succeeded even more poorly.

When Mr. Wallingford thought about these people, he had a vague feeling of distrust in his mind; but he was so much occupied that he seldom did remember their existence any more than that of the other butterflies whom he saw flitting about his niece.

And just now the Marsdens were passing

through troubled waters. They had been all winter promising a man their help in some measure in which he was interested, had assured him of success, proved to him that they possessed ways and means, and had already persuaded him into advancing a good deal of money.

Now he began to grow impatient, and allowed them plainly to see that he had no intention of being trifled with; and that if they did not do something soon to make good their pledges, he would break with them and expose both, leaving them in a position very little more enviable than that of common swindlers.

It was only through Mr. Wallingford and his compeer, old Mr. Fenton, that they had any hopes; and Kate had been unable, in spite of the wonderful talent Phil assured her that she had for politics, to lend them the least aid. In many other cases they had used her; she had been persuaded into teasing men for their votes or support, and in quarters where, if the fact came to her uncle's knowledge, would anger him greatly, which, if known outside, would make her more gossiped about than she was at present.

So now Kate was to persuade her uncle into giving a little supper—no strangers—just the men they wanted to reach, and the Marsdens.

That part Kate could do easily enough; her uncle had an evening to give to euchre—his one amusement—and was soon persuaded that he owed a little civility to the men she mentioned. But the Marsdens, when Kate came to throwing their names in as carelessly and naturally as she could, Mr. Wallingford looked up from his paper, and, for the first time, remembered to say something that had been on his mind for several days.

"It seems to me those Marsdens are always of our parties, whoever may be coming."

"It is so much pleasanter for me to have some young married lady to give me countenance," Kate said, trying to speak laughingly, though she was a little startled.

"I should think Mrs. Fairfield and I could give you countenance enough, as you call it, in your own house."

"Yes, of course; I was only talking nonsense. But Mrs. Marsden is so handsome and full of spirits, and such a favorite with gentlemen."

"Indeed! Are you very intimate with them?"

"I see a good deal of them," Kate answered; then her conscience pricked her, for she was not given to prevarication, and she added, courageously, "I like them both exceedingly—she is the most charming woman I know."

"Very well, let them come; but I don't quite——"

Then he caught sight of something in the paper that interested him; besides, he was not exactly certain what he had meant to say; there was a vague idea in his mind that he had heard or seen something which prejudiced him against the pair; but he lost it all in reading the comments on his last speech.

Kate waited for him to pursue the subject, but he had evidently forgotten all about it, and she was afraid to renew it.

## CHAPTER VII.

WHEN he had left the house, she wrote at once to Circe to tell her to be in readiness for the evening. The message arrived at a fortunate moment for the Marsdens; their Texas man was there, and making a little scene, and Kate's note restored a temporary serenity.

Kate was alone that morning, and as she sat pretending to herself that she was busy with a wonderful piece of embroidery she held in her hands, there were a good many uncomfortable thoughts in her mind.

It was not only that recollections of her girlish dream would come back, bringing Harry Everett's image to torment her, but her uncle's broken remarks in regard to the Marsdens had set her to thinking. There was a great deal in Circe's conduct that she could not approve of; and reflecting upon that, made her, for the first time, dimly see the ground upon which she stood with Philip—and she was a little startled.

Once or twice of late there had been a change in his manner, something so undefinable that she could not have put it in words; but as she sat there, recalling the events of the past weeks, she wished that she had not allowed him to confide in her so wholly; she wondered at several imprudent little things she had done where he was concerned.

In the midst of her meditations the bell rang, and Mr. Marsden was shown in. It struck her, for the first time, how entirely even the servants understood that she was always visible to him, from the fact that he was at once ushered into her presence without even being called on to go through the ceremony of sending up his card.

"I am very glad to have found you," he said, as he bowed over her hand with that charming courtesy which made him so unlike most men. "Lily had an enjoyment with her old man of the sea—Mrs. Rawson; and she wished me to

come this way and express our mutual thanks for your kindness."

"You both know there are none needed," Kate answered, frankly; and as she met the honest glance of his eyes, and felt the subtle magnetic influence of the man's presence, she forgot the half-doubts which had intruded into her mind as she sat there alone.

"That doesn't prevent our feeling grateful. Our old Texan friend has this matter so much at heart that we can't bear to think of his being disappointed."

"I hope he will not be," Kate said; "but, to tell you the truth, my uncle is a very unapproachable man."

"But this is so clearly a matter of right, if I can only have an opportunity to set it fairly before him, or Lily, either, for she understands it quite as well as I do."

"Well," returned Kate, smiling a little anxiously, "I have done my part."

"Perfectly—as you always do."

He took a seat near her, and sat with his head slightly bowed, looking up in her face with those changeful eyes, that would have been a fortune to an actor.

"How is Lily this morning?" Kate asked.

"Quite well, overflowing with gayety, as usual."

He sighed, started a little, as if annoyed with himself for having given that evidence that his bosom's lord did not sit so lightly on his throne as he had announced that his wife's did, and said, in his most artfully modulated tone,

"I do not think you are quite in your usual spirits this morning."

"A little tired, I fancy; that German lasted so long last night."

"I looked at you and envied you that faculty of enjoyment which belongs to your age," Marsden said, sadly.

"One would think you Methuselah to hear you talk," Kate said.

"Two or three years past thirty, to a man whose life has been as varied and full of trouble as mine, make him feel rather like one of the patriarchs," Phil answered, with a playfulness which he was careful to make appear feigned.

"And yet he has still his whole life before him," Kate said, sententiously.

"If he has anything to make life worth possessing," returned Marsden, gloomily; "I have not."

"Mr. Marsden!" exclaimed Kate, growing a little uncomfortable.

"I have nothing," Phil repeated. "No chil-

dren; a wife who does not love me; the one great ambition of my youth thwarted and crushed by the treachery of a pretended friend—there is nothing left."

With her new vague fears in her mind, Kate knew that she ought not to listen to such conversation, yet she could not help sympathizing with him.

"It pains me to hear you speak so sadly," she said.

"And I have no right to do that—no right," he replied, in that studied monotone, which on the stage is supposed to signify suppressed emotion. "I know, too, that it is weak, unmanly to complain and appeal to your sympathy; but it is very sweet to me, and you are the first human being of whom I have ever asked it."

And Kate, being eighteen instead of thirty, believed it, and felt flattered.

"I think this winter I should have broken down utterly without your friendship," he went on. "I have tried to be a better man just to be worthy of it."

"And for Lily's sake," Kate said, and felt the color come into her cheeks, though she could not exactly have told why.

"For Lily's sake?" he repeated, tragically. "It is useless to keep up any shadow of pretence longer where Lily is concerned—with you, at least. I should not have the world know I am nothing to Lily, except as my money and my exertions surround her with the luxury that she craves. I believe there are times when she actually hates me; yet I have tried—I have tried."

"And will," Kate said, softly.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, starting up, then sinking back in his chair; really, the voice and attitude would have "brought the house down," both were so admirable. "I will do my duty; she shall have amusement, liberty, dress—all that she desires; but I will no longer try to make myself believe that it is my duty to attempt to care for a woman who has treated me so heartlessly."

"Don't teach me to dislike her," Kate said.

"Not for the world; if anything can help her it will be your influence. I do not often allow myself to have these bitter feelings; but sometimes, when I think how different my life might have been, if I had waited until my heart really spoke—had kept myself free——"

He broke off abruptly, and covered his face with his hand.

Kate did not know how to speak; she was confused and troubled, but there was no fear in her mind. She believed in him so entirely that

she could not dream he would insult her by any protestation of love; though, for the first time, she began vaguely to understand that it was in connection with her that these sorrowful fancies had first assailed him.

"It is never worth while to lament what is irrevocable," she said, more coldly.

He gave her a pained, patient smile.

"You are quite right to remind me that I am talking like an idiot," he answered. "Why should you be bored with my lamentations?"

"You know I did not mean that," she said, quickly. "You know that I am your friend; I like and respect you."

"Liking and respect," he said, as if thinking aloud; "and in this world that is the nearest approach to happiness I can hope to have."

Kate looked up at him with a quick, startled expression. There was a step without; the door-knob turned with an aggravating click.

"At least, it is something that it is you I have to thank for them," he said, hurriedly.

Kate had no time to speak if she had known what to say, for Mrs. Fairfield entered, having just returned from her shopping expedition.

So Marsden took his departure, and Kate would have gladly got away to her own room. She was a little frightened, and wanted to be alone to think; there had been that in Philip's eyes and words which startled her into new reflections. But there was no opportunity; it was somebody's reception day, and Mrs. Fairfield had just remembered it, and returned in hot haste to drag Kate off to do her duty.

That evening the supper-party came off as had been agreed upon, and Lily Marsden floated into the room on her husband's arm after the other guests were assembled, so gay and bewitching that any masculine heart must have been triple armed to resist her fascinations.

Unfortunately for her, Mr. Wallingford had no heart at all, except as it was displayed in a fatherly affection for Kate. Anything approaching flirtation in a married woman was simply detestable to him; but poor Lily had to employ such weapons as she had—and how could she suppose that he was so much more rigid in his ideas than the generality of men?

So she set herself to the work of fascinating Mr. Wallingford—and she did her part splendidly; the only trouble was, that it was all as much wasted as it would have been on one of the marble tables; and he saw through her as easily as if she had been a pane of glass. To make matters worse, she began to have an uncomfortable perception that such was the case; and then she grew angry, but recollected her-

self in time, and attempted the frank and heedless style.

"I have not asked a single favor of you this winter," said she; "my conscience reproaches me! What's the good of knowing great men, if one doesn't tease them for something?"

He laughed pleasantly enough.

"What will you have—an order for unlimited flowers, or boxes of quill pens?"

"No quill pens, they make such a horrid scratching! As many flowers as you please; but don't think to get off that way—I want more than that."

"One would suppose Mrs. Marsden had about all this world could give worth having."

"Now don't take refuge in pretty speeches! I have my business-cap on to-night."

"It is very becoming—like everything you wear."

"Don't be aggravating, or I shall have my nerves excited and make a scene! It always makes me ill if I don't have my own way."

"Certainly; then you can't often be ill."

"Oh! that's a doubtful compliment! Now will you do what I want?"

"At least, I promise to hear what it is, if you choose to tell."

"Oh, this insensible man!" cried Circe, laughing gayly. "But now listen—I am sure I shall never make myself understood. I never can explain things with this feather-head of mine."

She did herself injustice there, for she made her case remarkably clear, and was so plausible, that if Mr. Wallingford had not chanced to know a good deal about the Texan and his scheme in advance, he might, probably, have been as much deceived as I have occasionally seen more than one of our stately law-makers deluded and wheedled by an artful woman.

To make it worse for Circe, that very day more things concerning the Marsdens had come to his knowledge than he had ever before known about them; hints of certain matters in which they had mixed Kate up, and he was angry with them, and annoyed with his niece, though he had as yet found no opportunity of speaking with her.

The consequence was, that he heard Circe through, and then snubbed her. He did it very cautiously—but he snubbed her; and proceeded, after the fashion of elderly men, to offer a little unasked advice.

He told her, with the same old-fashioned courtesy, but very firmly, that he disapproved of women meddling with such matters in any way, and wound up with,

"You will excuse my requesting that my niece may in no manner be led into having anything



to do with such transactions—it would be a thing I could not forgive.”

Circe felt as if she had just fallen out of a balloon.

At that moment Mr. Henton got away from Philip, who had been flattering himself that he was making an easy prey of the old gentleman, and came toward the sofa, saying aloud,

“Mr. Marsden has been talking about that Matthews affair, Wallingford, you remember?”

“I do,” said he; “the man need have no hope of succeeding, I can give him my word. In the first place, there is neither justice or reason in the matter; in the next, it is quite enough for me to know that he has been making bets on his success, and saying that he has friends who will bring over at least three of the committee.”

Circe stole a glance at Philip and felt herself tremble, but he spoke at once.

“That I don’t believe; I know Mr. Matthews very well.”

Circe recovered herself and began to laugh.

“What a barbarous speech, Mr. Wallingford,” said she. “Good gracious! you are thinking all sorts of dreadful things about me because I spoke in favor of my Texan bear.”

“I should never dream of insulting any guest of mine by a supposition that he or she could be actuated by other than motives of kindness or friendship,” he said, gravely.

He looked full at Philip, and Philip felt the ground sound hollow under his feet.

Supper was over before this matter came up; the euchre had been a failure so far since; but now Mr. Wallingford proposed resuming the game, and the Marsdens knew that they had struck their grand *coup*, and failed signally.

It was very nearly ruin to them; but they had passed through too many dangerous crises to show any signs of discomfiture or failure. Lily’s laugh never rang out more gayly, Philip was never more witty or brilliant; but every time they met Mr. Wallingford’s eye they knew that it was a failure every way.

Kate was anxious and alarmed, and she knew

by a score of little symptoms, not perceptible to the others, that her uncle was displeased.

Philip Marsden played his game of euchre, and reflected what his next move should be, occasionally casting earnest glances at Kate, smiling, placid, and all the while thinking that through this girl he should still be able to manage the impracticable old man.

They were all going away at last.

“I am so, so sorry,” Kate found an opportunity to whisper to Philip.

“Don’t think of it—you have done your best.”

“Come and see me to-morrow,” said Circe, obeying a private hint from her lord. “Be sure and come, I have something important to say; your uncle seems to have heard something you have been doing—I’ll explain.”

She added that by way of having a little revenge—it was some satisfaction to sting poor Kate. Then she kissed Kate affectionately, made her adieus to the rest, and floated off on Philip’s arm.

Kate was not by any means comfortable when she found herself alone with her uncle, but he only said,

“You had better go to your room at once, Kate, you look pale and tired.”

Small wonder if she did! All her imprudences of the past weeks rushed in review before her as Circe spoke—the look in Philip’s eyes this night; then she was brought back to the exigencies of the moment by her uncle speaking again.

“And Kate——”

“Yes, uncle.”

“I want you to see less of your new friends—you are somewhat mistaken in them.”

Kate was too much subdued, for the moment, to flame up in their defence. She said good-night very meekly, and went away to her room, and a very stormy night she had of it; and through her fears, her trouble, came that dull ache at her heart, with a new and sharper pang, and sent sleep still further aloof.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## THE SILVER SEA.

BY MRS. A. E. WOODBURY.

WHEN twilight spreads her dusky wing,  
I wander by a silver sea;  
So wondrous are the waters clear,  
I stop and gaze with ecstasy.

But, though its mirror bring such joy,  
I may not tell what there I see;  
The birds which sing upon its shore,  
Would hush their sweet-toned minstrelsy.

While day her care around me throws,  
I cannot walk beside that sea;  
The world’s rude noise would well-nigh drown  
The “still, small voice” so dear to me.

In childhood’s hours my spirit asked,  
“What is thy name, oh, silver sea?”  
And came the answer, murmuring soft,  
“My name, oh, child! is Memory!”

## CAPTAIN JEAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOTH."

I CANNOT claim that any patriotism led me into the war—I had formed no opinion about it. I was more familiar with the deeds of Arthur's knights than the squabbles of Congress; the authorship of Junius was a question which interested me more than that of State Rights; the flag to me was only so much bunting.

No. But I had lived for twenty-two years in the world, long enough to discover that the mighty fate which rules it had set his face irrevocably against me. Nature meant me to dwell in the dimness and repose of a quiet, affluent life, to feed my soul on the rarest fruits gathered by the great gleaners for truth gone before me, until it reached its full development. Destiny drew me, half-educated, behind a counter, to earn my bread and meat—the bread and meat of a cheap boarding-house; my liver was inactive; the woman I loved—— But no more. My pain may seem contemptible to others, yet it was real to me.

If I had been a woman I would have cried out that I was weary of the world, or have written out my diseased heart in a book. Being a man, I resolved to throw away the life which was a burden to me. The tide of civil war was rising around me. I suffered myself to drift into it, too apathetic to go forward with energy to meet even welcome death.

Through the influence of some friends I received a lieutenantancy in a Pennsylvania regiment, and went down to the county town to meet my company. Whatever glamour my imagination had thrown over the deadly struggle disappeared before the reality. A vacant carpenter's-shop was used as an enlisting-office; and when Judge Croft and I walked up to it on a bright summer's morning, we found it filled with a crowd of young farmers, clerks, and mechanics, all in a sort of half-uniform, smoking, chattering, joking together.

"A vulgar mood in which to go out to face death," I said.

"It is the captain, Deffon," said the judge. "He is the very prince of good fellows. But vulgar? I differ with you there, Ames."

I stopped with a vague sense of disgust on the outskirts of the crowd. Hilarity always appeared degrading and unmanly to me.

"Deffon has life enough to inspire a whole

regiment," continued the judge, smiling as he caught a voice within. "He has raised this company unaided."

I have a morbidly keen sense about voices. They are usually mere mechanical vehicles for words—they rasp, cackle, hiss, or chirp, with no more meaning in themselves than the sounds we make in eating. There was life of its own in this voice—magnetic, infectious life. Besides, it was a high-bred voice, the inflections clear and pure. I could not hear the words, but the tones had in them a light-heartedness, a genial ring, that brought an unwilling smile to my lips.

"The captain is a gentleman," I said.

"I believe you! There's no such blood in Pennsylvania as that of the Du Fonds, Deffon, we call them. Well, whoever is lost in the bloody war yonder, I hope that jolly devil will come out of it again. He has kept this town alive for many a year."

I waited to see my captain, I had fancied a gallant, heroic figure to match the voice. A homely, slight little man came out, with a face deeply pitted by small-pox, lighted by laughing blue eyes. He greeted me with as hearty zest as though we were comrades for a pleasure-party.

We made slow progress down the street. Every man we met had business with Du Fond, to which he lent himself in the same gay, eager fashion; the very children ran up to him to be tossed up in the air, or carried on his shoulders for a square. Before we had reached the foot of the hilly village street, I felt as though the whole man lay open and known to me; and when the judge left us, I disclosed to him my disappointment and chagrin. People always spoke to Du Fond candidly, as I found afterward.

"You enter on this work with different feelings from mine."

He was serious in a moment. "Ah! how's that?"

"The quarrel which brings brother to war against brother, father against son, is no joke."

"That's true! God knows that's true!" pulling at his peaked, black beard thoughtfully.

"Besides, in all probability we will never come back. I cannot go to meet death with jests."

"Of course not. Now, that you speak of it, it's the part of a fool to trifle on the brink of a precipice—it's blasphemous. But the truth is, lieutenant," with a cheery, ashamed little laugh, "this is a very pleasant, genial town. One cannot help but be jolly in it. I was born here, and I've never had time yet to look at the serious side of life. But I'll begin! I'll begin! Now that you mention it."

He was serious for ten minutes. Too long; the odd charm about him vanished when he was grave. In deadly earnest though I was, I yet preferred Philip drunk to Philip sober.

Before we reached the place where the grassy street lapsed gradually into a lonely road, he was his gay, frothy self again. I would come out to La Chaumiere, to see his home and his mother? There was the most exquisite bit of landscape at La Chaumiere in the world. It reminded his mother of her native Burgundy. He would promise me grapes that had the real Amontillado flavor; there was a rosery—birds. Ah! here we were! Swinging open a little gate.

My visions of a modern chateau vanished—La Chaumiere was literally a cottage, little better than a hut. The grape of Amontillado flavor was an ordinary vine of Catawbas; the rosery consisted of a half-dozen common bushes in the border. Birds there were none, unless he reckoned the swallows that swarmed about the barn. The Du Fonds were wretchedly poor, judged by the rude plenty of the Pennsylvania farms to which I had been used. The little wooden house, however, was stained the exact color of the earth in which the vines and roses grew, and being covered with vines itself, had an odd air of harmony, of belonging to the soil which I had never seen in any house before. There was a curious content and brightness in the very air; there was also an inexplicable feeling on my part that my admission into this house was an event in my life. Never had I been welcomed before with such cordial, gracious courtesy as that with which Du Fond ushered me up the rickety plank steps; he might have been a prince of the blood at his ancestral gates. The little nut-shell of a house, with its rag-carpets, and pretty chintz hangings, was so royal a dwelling in his eyes that it actually began to have a palatial air in mine. Afterward, there came Madame Du Fond, his mother, and her niece, Amy Ford. They made me at home, yet without a word of welcome. It was as if they said, our house is kept locked against strangers, but here is the private key for you. The manner was indescribable; it was the very flower and crown of hospitality.

But when the evening was over, and I was back in my inn room, I began to sum it all up. There had been a poor house, a plain supper, a little, vivacious old lady, with white hair puffed airily about her wrinkled face; a faintly colored and outlined girl, who looked as if she had been tired of the world before she began it, and who listened to Du Fond and his mother as though they first had found the fabled elixir of life for her. What was there in this that should have bewildered me as though I had fallen among a new order of beings? Why should I have forgotten for three whole hours my lost Ada, and my coming search for death?

The old Frenchwoman and her son had no elixir of life for me. What boyish fancy was it that made them seem to me as people who had found a sunny height above me, and who were calling to me to come up to their level?

Judge Croft came in at the moment. "You've been with the Deffons, eh?" eagerly. "Well! Well! You did not expect to find such people in this out-of-the-way village? The best men in the country make pilgrimages here to see the old lady and her son."

"They are French!"

"By that you mean——"

"By that I mean that they are frivolous and insincere," critically knocking the ash from my segar. "Madame Du Fond's welcome was really for me, as cordial and warm as though she had known of my coming by second-sight. No doubt it is the same for any stranger."

"Certainly. Why not?"

Now I did not know why not, and, therefore, continued with increasing disappointment and ill-temper. Our talk was not only cheerful, but gay. It ran, too, on the most commonplace topics. "Is this a time to be chattering about bee-raising." I said, at last, "or telling stories of our childish days? Only foreigners could be so callous to the horrors of war around them."

"But you were interested, Ames? And you told of your own pranks when you were a boy, I'll wager? And it did you good to tell them."

"What did these people know of me?" I said, evading the question. "Why should they take me in as one of themselves? They kept nothing back which the current of conversation suggested. Their little home-jests; the amount of their income; the robin's-nest in the well-roof—I saw it all! Bah! They are refined and delicate. I confess; but how could they know I had the refinement and delicacy to comprehend them? A man has no right to open his life in that way, like water bubbling in the sun. Du Fond has not a secret in the world from anybody. I fancy."

Croft was silent. He may have thought my criticisms coarse return for the hospitality I had shared; but my griefs had taught me to regard with contempt the minor virtues of courtesy.

The delicious introduction of the evening's pleasure was passing away, and left me more sourly in love with melancholy than ever. "It is altogether a serious thing to be alive," I said, quoting Carlyle.

"It has been serious enough to Jean Deffon," he replied, rising to go. "The reason the village is so proud of the boy is that he has made so good a fight among us for his and his mother's *soup mейre*. Bread and meat they rarely taste, I fear. She educated him. Yes, she was capable," in reply to my look of surprise. "There was no more brilliant woman, I have heard, in Paris, in Louis the Eighteenth's reign, than Madame Du Fond. Her husband was one of the ministry *doctrinaire* under Decazes, and lost place with him. He died soon after, leaving her childless."

"And the captain?"

"Is a nephew—an adopted son. Her estates were swept away in the Revolution; but she had intrusted a large sum to an English house some years before. If she could recover it, she could return to her native land and old estate; but there is some difficulty. The suit goes on—but English law is slow."

"Why, this is a tragedy that you hint at, Croft," I cried, with energy. "Think what a galling yoke poverty must be upon the soul of such a woman. Upon my word, I supposed the swarming of her bees had been one of the chief interests of her life! Why, she told me the story of her dog with a humor and pathos which brought tears to my eyes. If it had been her own story——"

"She would have passed it over, most probably, with a jest and flutter of her fingers. You saw Amy? Poor little rabbit of a woman, eh? Had rough usage, I fancy, till madame and Jean took her in hand. Jean was to marry her this month. He had just begun to practice as a physician when the war broke out, and he gave up all—home, and business, and wife."

We waited marching orders, knowing that they would arrive within a week. Now I had intended to spend it in a sort of knightly vigil, remembering Deodato. I would pass in review all this miserable life before casting it from me forever. Capt. Du Fond came to me, however, early the next morning. "Madame was desirous of giving me pleasure; she had devised a little *fete* that day—*tea al fresco*, peaches, music; a dance under the trees, a row upon the river by

moonlight. There were some charming young girls in the village. I would consent?"

I assented coldly. "But we may be summoned at any moment. You would go to the battle from a dance?"

Capt. Du Fond looked at me steadily, his blue eyes filled with astonishment. "And why not?" he said, mildly.

I went to the *fete*. I had by this time pondered on the story of this exiled noble till I had filled the bare outline with sombre and varied coloring. I found in it a melancholy likeness to my own. I could comprehend the extent of her loss. The bare vacuity of her life in this village, the long hunger of brain and soul.

She met me with sparkling eyes. How daintily appointed was her coarse dress! How exquisite the poise of her withered old body! The fresh young girls flocking about her were awkward by contrast. How could an immortal being, so near the grave, care for the fit of a gown, or the color of a glove?

"Monsieur would observe the color of this peach? Ah! the labor which she had given to that tree! Monsieur had tasted this delicious cream? It was Lucy's work. *La petite chat!* There was no such useful little girl in the village as Lucy." Sitting on a heap of corn-stalks as though it had been a royal throne, sipping her cream delightedly, and smiling down at the little country-girl at her feet with the earnest enjoyment of a child.

"Is this acting? Does she feign happiness for her son's sake?" I said, to Croft.

"No. To-morrow it will be winter apples instead of peaches; or Sophy in place of Lucy; and she will be surprised and delighted all over again."

Just before the sun set, the captain came to me, his thin face on fire. "The order has come! We march in an hour," he whispered.

"To death!" I muttered, gloomily.

"To victory! Come! What time is this for tears? Did you ever hope that this hour could come to us dull American boys, when we used to be trading, dealing out drugs? The chance to win renown! To prove ourselves worthy of woman's love? I will have one last waltz to remember when I am gone!" He took his betrotted in his arms.

The music was soft and sweet; the setting-sun threw a warm glow over the grassy slope: the crimson fruit shone in the dusky orchard-trees overhead; the river glanced by, as the two figures swept in a slow, dreamy motion past me. The motion quickened passionately; the music throbbled into airy, vehement ecstasies. The

eyes of this man and woman, who loved each other, met; and out of that sweet delirium, I fancied, looked into the life or death waiting for them with gay and daring faith.

When the music died, he drew her away into a shadowy garden-walk. As he talked to her the girl leaned weakly on him.

"My son goes! He bids Amy farewell!" Madame Du Fond rose, the blood leaving her withered face; but in a moment it glowed bright as youth itself. "He will return! *Le bon Dieu* is always good to me! He will return full of glory—honor!"

In the confusion I turned off suddenly into the woods. The sound of the outcry followed me—sudden, enthusiastic cheers, snatches of martial songs, even shouts of laughter. I had no patience with this willful folly. Jean Du Fond, at least, left all that was good in life behind—the home he had earned through years of work, mother and wife; and it was a grinning, ghastly skeleton he went to meet, let him grasp it by the hand as he would, or give to it good-morning.

When I returned, there was silence: the men were drawn up in marching order at the foot of the little sunny slope, the girls in a group in the background, frightened and pale. Madame Du Fond came slowly down the hill toward her son; the sun shone on her gray head, and on a sword which she carried. She placed it in his hand. "Go, Jean!" she said, passionately, in her own tongue; "but thou wilt come to us again; and thou shalt find the home and the old mother always happy and ready for thee."

But Amy sat apart on the grass, her hands clasped about her knees. She was an American girl, and could not comprehend this effervescence of the French blood. When Du Fond went to her and lifted her hand, she looked dully up into his eyes. "If you do not come back to me, I shall die, Jean," she said. "You are all that I ever had."

By some means I was transferred, before reaching the seat of war, to another regiment, and lost sight of Du Fond for a year. At the end of that time I heard of him through a brother officer who had messed with him at Washington. "Know Jean Deffon? Deffon the joker? Who don't know him?"

"A gallant fellow, was he not?" I ventured.

"There's been no chance to prove his gallantry. He has been detailed to guard prisoners at Fort Delaware, on Johnson's Island, ever since the war began. But a merrier little devil is not in the service. You'll hear his jokes wherever a Federal soldier goes. They've grown into army-words. I knew him by reputation

long before I saw him; then I had the luck to bivouac with him one night in a swamp, full of gallinippers and rebels. By George! it was an experience to remember all your life!" chuckling. "The fellow was full of spirit and fun: it needed but a touch to bubble and sparkle like a flask of champagne. It was very heartening, I tell you! We had had but a cracker a day for three days' march; and by the time the night was over I felt as though I had been supping on turtle and bear's meat.

"Deffon the joker!" The idyllic picture which had lingered so long in my memory, of a low sunset gleaming through orchard-trees, of a shining river, of low, rapturous music, and two faces full of youth and love, and the sweet pain of parting began to fade. What right had this fellow to jokes and laughter, with the old mother at home deprived of her inheritance, and the woman who loved him, toiling for their daily bread? And yet he had won neither honor nor glory to recompense them for his loss. I was disgusted with the very name of Du Fond, and put it, with a vague sense of disappointment, out of my mind.

A year afterward I was in Missouri—a prisoner. It would be better that no record was kept of the manner in which the war was pursued in the border States by either side. Under cover of its fire and smoke the worst passions of the lowest class found vent; private wrongs were revenged, and atrocities were perpetrated for which neither Federal nor Confederate leaders ought to be held answerable.

With two fellow-officers I was arrested by a gang of bushwackers, headed by the half-breed, Swantee, and confined near the little village of Benton City.

A party of ten leading Secessionists in the next county had been seized a week before by the Federal officer commanding at the nearest station, who threatened to hang them for some outrages perpetrated on his troops. I and my companions were taken as hostages. The system of reprisal was actively carried on at that time in Missouri. The Missourians found it spicy, exhilarating; it gave a personal zest to the general conflict—made romance instead of history out of it.

Night found us closely guarded in a cabin—the drenching rain dropping through the cracks in the roof. It was, apparently, old camping-ground with the half-breeds; they swarmed in at nightfall to the number of twenty or thirty—greasy, dull-eyed; their black hair hanging ragged over their eyes; their only clothing, in many cases, a dirty blanket; but all of them

armed with revolvers, often costly in make, stuck in their belts. Swantee, himself, was a burly, gross-looking savage, whose thick lips hinted a mixture of black blood.

Corson and Houston, my fellow-prisoners, sat before the fire, which puffed down a volume of soot in our faces now and then. We had all been disarmed and hand-cuffed on our capture.

About nine o'clock the door was pushed open, and a young white man entered, a thin, scholarly-faced fellow, wearing spectacles, and having more the appearance of a Methodist clergyman than a coadjutor of Swantee's. He sat down beside him, however, and began to talk to him in the jargon in use among the Delawares; then he turned to us, the tones were curiously shrill and womanish.

"Pleydell holds ten men that he means to hang to-morrow—you know that?"

Said Corson, "We know nothing about Pleydell. We belong to the army. He is head of a gang of guerillas, like your own."

The Indian grunted; the white man lifted his spectacles from his lightish eyes, and looked under them steadily at Corson for a moment. There was a scuffle at the door, and two or three men were brought in. The air was so dingy that I could only see they were white, and bound like ourselves.

Swantee's conferrer replaced his spectacles, and took out a pencil and the blank half of a letter from his pocket, handing them to Corson. "You can write to Pleydell," he said, quietly; "give him your names and rank. Tell him that you are in the hands of Miss Billy, and that if the men he holds are not set free by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, you will be hung on this black-jack outside by eleven. Loose his hands," nodding to an Indian.

Corson stretched his freed arms, then began to write with such energy as to drive the stump of a pencil through the paper at every word. He was a stout, young fellow, with crisp, yellow hair, and English side-whiskers about his red face; the sort of man one sees in the scum of every society, thrown there by the love of drink. He gabbled incessantly of the opera, of stunning women, or horses, of his last bout with the tiger; but smothered somewhere under this was keen shrewdness and a warm heart. Houston, a dyspeptic boy, who used to whine about his sick stomach at mess every morning, *ad nauseum*, was grave and silent now at the near approach of death, met it with a certain manly dignity; while Corson's surface jocularly had disappeared, and left him morose, sullen, desparate.

"Tell Pleydell," said Miss Billy, leisurely, filling a pipe, "that a scouting-party of five have just been brought in, who will swing with you. There is a Federal captain among them, I don't know his name."

"Then you ought to know it, Billy," called out one of the prisoners. "You're not the man to turn your back on an old friend out of luck." The voice rang out so clear, hearty, and cheery, that it sent a sort of thrill through the room, which the moment before had seemed heavy with darkness and death. "Let me come to the stove," said the man, pushing his way up. "There's Swantee—forgotten me, too! Heh! Birchbreeches? Try another race with you to-morrow morning, and give you odds."

"Umph!" grunted the Indian; but he made room for the new-comer beside him. Miss Billy (whose real name was James Strother, one of the most savage of the white men who leagued with the Indians in Missouri) laughed. "It is you, Deffon? You've a race before you to-morrow, which Swantee will be willing you should beat."

"So they tell me," was the cool reply.

"Come up, man, and dry yourself," said the other, kicking one of the Indians to make room.

The stranger's clothes were dripping wet; but there was something indescribably gay and gallant in the little figure that stepped boldly forward among us at this invitation. It breathed life. It was Du Fond. There was the black, peaked beard, the pock-marked face, the laughing blue eyes. In the keen glance which he shot at us, I doubted whether he recognized me. At all events, he made no sign, but began talking to Billy and Swantee in the jabbering dialect which they used, bantering the Indian, apparently, by the shouts of laughter provoked from the whites.

Swantee left him alone speedily on the bench to dry his steaming legs, and proceeded to dismiss the crowd of red skins, retaining but five, well armed, to serve as a guard with himself and Miss Billy. Du Fond, meantime, took from his breast carefully a small bird of brilliant scarlet plumage, whose wing appeared to be broken. He began to bind it up anxiously, holding it to the fire.

"I found it nigh drowned in the road yonder. An odd specimen, eh? Beaked like a tanager. Hold this cord, Billy."

To my surprise, Strother assisted, watching the operation with interest. When it was done, he went to the back of the cabin with Swantee, inspecting the hand-cuffs on the prisoners. Du Fond, stroking his bird, spoke to me in French.

"How came you in this devil's clutches, *cher ami*?" he said.

"What does that matter now? He is your friend. Can you do anything with him?"

"With Miss Billy?" laughing. "Why he'll joke with me while he puts the noose around my neck, to-morrow. So, little one? Tut! tut!" turning the hurt bird softly on his palm.

"You see no chance of escape?"

"No. Pleydell has Joe Stern in his clutches, and he would not give him up for a regiment of Yankee captains. No, there's no chance; but we'll not die. Something will turn up. Jean Du Fond and death have nothing to do with each other yet awhile." He began to whistle.

Strother came back; the firelight from the stove flashed upon his effeminate figure, fair hair, and cold, shallow eyes; upon the black-lined, *insouciant* air of the Frenchman, bent over his scarlet bird, and on the scowling Indians that filled the shadowy background. Outside of the cabin the rain dripped, dripped, and the wind soughed heavily through the trees without.

Corson held up the paper. Miss Billy took it, glanced over it, and handed it back.

"You have not given Deffon's name. Pleydell knows him. It will count for more than all the others."

Du Fond looked up. "It will count for nothing. I weigh light against Joe Stern in Pleydell's eyes; but you can put it down." His hand paused an instant in stroking the bird. "Tell Pleydell to get us out of this den by day-break. We will be here like the wise and foolish virgins together."

"That is a pointless jest," growled Corson.

"A man can't choose his best arrows where death has him by the throat—put it down."

For the first time I noticed his voice testy and sharp.

Corson scrawled the message, which was given to an Indian, who set off with it at full speed. Pleydell's camp was distant but ten miles.

"It is Stern you want to keep him from going under, Billy?" said Deffon, glancing up.

"Joe Stern and I have been comrades this two years. If he's shot, I'll pay for it with the life of every white I get into my clutches," said Strother, in the quiet, womanish tone, which, more than any I had ever heard, gave the impression of cool and merciless cruelty.

There was a moment's silence. Then Du Fond put his bird away. "There's no need of the night's being dry, if it is the last, Billy. Where's your liquor? We'll take it hot, if you like."

Strother assented with an oath, saying, "There's no better punch-maker west of the

Mississip, gentlemen, than Deffon." The whisky was brought out, the whole cabin wakening up with sudden interest. Whatever materials for punch were wanting, there was, at least, a variety of liquor; and Du Fond, with a broken pitcher and iron kettle, compounded one mixture after another, joking incessantly to the manifest comfort of the whole party, who appreciated the drinks, if not the jokes.

For the first time I noticed that his left coat-sleeve was pinned to his breast. "Gone, Du Fond?" I asked.

"At Lawrence. One of Billy's conferrers chopped it off—as a souvenir. What do you think of this rum, Ames?"

I pushed back the tin cup; the shallowness of the man disgusted and wearied me. Death could matter but little to a creature like this; he would flutter out of life careless as a moth. I drew back into the corner, and covered my head. Corson, I saw, was drinking heavily; Houston sat pale and quiet. The Indians soaked in the liquor with Billy as fast as Deffon prepared it. It had no more effect on them than if it had been poured into leather casks.

The night passed in this orgie; I did not look up again. Two years ago I had hoped for death. I was a man now, not a querulous boy, and knew what life was worth to me. Through the noise of the drunken men and the storm I listened for the steps of the returning Indian, who was to bring the answer from Pleydell; yet I noted, with my habit for analyzing voices, that while those of the other men were changed by the liquor, Du Fond's was unaltered: clear and ringing, and as full as a boy's of sudden intonations.

About three o'clock the door opened, and the half-breed appeared; I had not heard a footfall on the wet grass. He gave a scrap of paper to Miss Billy, who stooped down to the stove to read it.

There was a sudden silence; Du Fond broke it. "*Bien*, Strother, let us hear the worst."

"Curse you! You'll know it to-morrow morning."

Du Fond did not speak for a moment. "He will not give them up? Come on then, another drink."

"You're a jolly dog, Deffon," with a gruff laugh.

"There's one stew I can make which is fit to bid good-by to life with; but I must have spice. What have you in that plunder of yours, Birch-breeches? Cayenne will suit your palate. Come, gentlemen!" glancing at us, "to-day is ours; there is philosophy for a life! Tra-la-la,"

humming a tune as he bent low over the steaming pitcher.

"*Viola la nuit, puis vient—vient le jour!*" he sang.

"Now your spice, Swantee, '*vient le jour—r!*' It is ready, Billy!" I fancied that his face was pale, and the glitter in his eye bore other meaning than that of drunken jollity. Billy pronounced the dram unequaled, and drank heavily; Du Fond passed it around, giving me a quick warning glance. I feigned to drink, as did Corson and the other prisoners.

When they had done, Du Fond put the pitcher to his own lips. He set it down, and lay back on the bench, trolling out some drunken French chorus. Strother swore at him, and presently he dropped asleep, and there was silence, but for the storm outside.

The fire burned down; the rain fell through the leaking roof on the faces of the men without wakening them. Crouched on the floor, I kept a close watch on Du Fond. He lay motionless as a log.

An hour passed. The storm without grew heavier instead of abating, the darkness more intense; yet it must be near dawn. By the low, yellow flashes of the fire, I saw Du Fond drag himself slowly up, steal to Billy, who sat bolt upright against the wall, and shake him gently. Corson, Houston, and the two white men at the back of the cabin were on their feet; they had kept watch like me. Du Fond stooped eagerly and began with his one hand to loosen the ropes about our ankles.

"The hand-cuffs must stay," he said.

"What was it?" whispered Corson.

"Opium."

"Dead?" repeated Corson, glancing at the motionless forms about him.

"No. I couldn't bring my mind to that; besides, I hadn't enough." With a knife, which he pulled recklessly from an Indian's belt, he cut the ropes.

"The effect will not last an hour," he said, when we were outside; "and the rest of the gang may arrive at any moment. We will go toward the river; our only chance is in meeting Pleydell."

"There's no chance there."

"I think there is; I sent him a message. Pleydell knows me; he is sharp at nosing out a hint."

Our way lay through a thick forest of black-jacks and oak shrubs underneath; the ground split into deep ravines and gullies, not to be discerned in the darkness until we fell into them.

When we reached the river, however, we were able to keep along the smooth, pebbly bank,

which stretched before us like a white belt on the edge of the black, rolling flood. Du Fond was in advance—constantly in advance; but he stopped every few moments to lean back and whisper his delight at having outwitted Strother. "I owed Miss Billy a turn!" he said. "I wrote a *billet-doux* on the floor with a bit of chalk! But the pity of it is that I won't see him read it."

"It would be better to defer your boasting till we are safe," growled Corson, savagely.

Du Fond patted him on the back good-humoredly. "Why not be comfortable as we go?" He hurried on, talking now and then in an undertone; I found afterward it was to his bird, which he had buttoned in his breast.

"Curse that Frenchman! Will nothing stop his chatter?" cried Corson.

"He saved us, Corson," said Houston, speaking for the first time. "I've heard of him before—let him alone. There is no more daring little devil in the western army."

The rain lightened. Day began to break in sombre gray streaks through the edge of the solid, black roof overhead. We were huddled on the river bank under an overhanging rock, wet to the skin, the icy wind sending a chill to the heart with every gust.

"I cannot go further," said Houston, quietly. "Leave me here—save yourselves."

"Courage, my lad!" said Du Fond, and with his one hand he stroked the boy's back as though he were a woman. That one hand, by-the-way, had reduplicated itself, had done the work of Briareus on the road, dragged its owner up impassable heights, pulled all sorts of difficulties out of the way of the hand-cuffed men, been ready at every turn, and on every side to help, and push, and urge them along.

But now he stood silent, anxiously looking in our faces. "Half a mile down the river are Swantee's wigwams," he said. "To turn back is to meet Strother. Pleydell is on the other side of the river."

We turned to the wide flood in front of us, muddy and seething, with blocks of ice rushing by in the swift, central current.

"If I were not a cripple I could swim and carry you over!" cried the little fellow, his eyes on fire. He looked down on his legs as though they were those of Hercules.

"Did you expect to find a boat in the woods? We are here like rats in a trap," sneered Corson, and turned off alone.

"I came here for the best," said Du Fond. "Our only chance was that Pleydell should send a detachment to our rescue. This was the point where he would cross the river. Hark!"



He looked up to the beetling bill over our head. But at the instant a sharp "ping!" broke from the thick undergrowth, and a bullet whizzed past my head. There was a shrill yell of triumph. Strother's face was thrust out from above, and then disappeared.

"They have gone round the bluff!"

"They're closing in on both sides!"

These were simultaneous exclamations. There was no chance of deliverance. The trap, as Corson called it, had closed on us. Before us the river, behind us the rock; we were manacled, unarmed. By one impulse we crowded behind an advanced block of gray limestone, which made a sort of cave. They must drag us out of it one by one.

They made no effort at concealment now, came swarming down the bluff after Strother, between us and the river, a dozen well-armed savages. No sooner were we behind the rock, than Du Fond scrambled up and popped his head over the top of it.

"Did you receive my adieu, Billy?" he shouted, laughing, dodging as two or three bullets were fired at him.

A moment after he looked over the top again. There was a sudden change of countenance. "Pleydell! Pleydell! The boat!" he cried.

His hand gave way, and he dropped among us. "Gentlemen! it is the boat," he said, with an hysterical sort of sob.

But this emotion lasted only for a moment. We hoisted him on our shoulders to report, frantic with delight and triumph. "He nears the bank; there are eighteen, twenty men. Ah! ha!" as the firing began rapidly on the shore. "The Indians are on the bank! They have killed the man at the rudder! They will not let them land! Give me a gun. *Mon Dieu!* let me out—out!"

We could not hold him back. With the knife he had brought in his hand he dashed us aside, and was among them with the spring and ferocity of a tiger. We felled him, but stood apart, helpless. He leaped up on the back of a burly savage between him and the river, and hurled him with the sudden impetus into the water, then grappled the boat and dragged it to shore.

In the dim light, for a few moments, we could discern nothing but a mass of desperate, clutching figures, and the flash and smoke, the glitter of knives. Then the strength of the larger number began to tell. A few stealthy, dark figures darted past us into the forest; others lay motionless in the swashing, muddy ripple.

The white men crowded about us, and began to take off our handcuffs.

"Did I not tell you, courage, my lad?" shouted Du Fond, who stood stiffly leaning against a tree. "Your knowledge of Scripture stood us in stead, old fellow," clapping Pleydell on the back.

"Yes," turning his tobacco in his mouth. "Says I, them wise and foolish virgins slumbered and slept together. That's all they did—together. And 'at daybreak,' that Deffon's up to one of his tricks, boys, I says. We'll risk it, and go."

"It's well you did."

"What ails you? Shot?"

"Here," putting his finger to a hole in his leg. "It's nothing."

Pleydell laid him down on the sand, stripped, and examined him. "You'll go to the surgeon to wonst," he said. "You'll lose that leg, Deffon."

"Then I'll not be lop-sided any longer. Left arm, right leg. It wasn't Billy gave that shot—I've paid him off. '*Vient le jour—r!*'" But his head dropped with the last syllable, and as the first clear light of sunrise struck down over the hill, he lay like one dead on the bank; the red-bird, which had fluttered itself free, perched on his breast.

Western warfare broke life into a thing of shreds and patches; you gave up all hope of any continuous tie of love or hatred. The brother of your soul shared your ration to-day, and to-morrow you heard of him lying dead, with a hundred other Jones or Walkers, and munched your hard-bake composedly to the last crumb. His turn had come before yours, that was all. When Du Fond was taken to the hospital, therefore, and I was ordered back to my regiment, it followed, as a matter of course, that I never knew afterward whether he was dead or living.

The war was over at last. I had not found in the fierce task-work which it set for soul and body, the death I sought, but a new life. I came back a thoroughly awakened man, with hearty friendships, which would endure through life; with a kindly, rational respect for the men I had fought, and with—must I say it?—the dream of a home and a wife very active in my brain. A little girl in Winchester had driven my lost Ada into that bourne of old loves whence no ghosts return.

On my way home I went to the village where I had first seen Du Fond. I had made up my mind that he not only had lived, but had returned home to find the family estates restored.

Nature was poetic in justice at times; and I resolved that this was one of the rare cases, and that I would arrive in season to see the triumphant curtain descend upon the final scene of love and happiness.

I arrived late in the afternoon. I needed to make no inquiries. Opposite the quiet inn where the stage-coach stopped was a brick office, set back in a cool, shady yard, and on the door, Jean Du Fond, Prothonotary. I crossed the street, and paused at the half-open door. Du Fond was stretched back in a wooden arm-chair, smoking. He shouted out my name, and sprang up, giving me a soldier's welcome, a trifle less courteous than his old one, but just as gay.

"They brought you through, then, Du Fond?" when we were seated. "But with the loss——" glancing down at his leg, cut off just below the knee. "I'm sorry, old fellow!"

"Sorry for me! Tut, tut! Why, they gave me this office before I'd been at home a week! I have my right hand to write with; and as for this stick," touching his club leg, "when it is tucked under the desk it seems as well as the old one did. With my office and the pension, I'm a rich man. And then—I'm married! Mother lives with us. She is as strong and happy as when you knew her. 'Pon my soul, Ames, I don't know a fellow whose lines have always been cast in as pleasant places as mine!" His eyes grew dim.

After a pause, I said, "Madame Du Fond did not receive her estate, then?"

"No. You heard that lawsuit was over? That was a great stroke of luck. It had become

a perfect incubus, I assure you—an old man of the sea in our household. The uncertainty, you understand? We had a little *fete* when it was decided. By the way, we must celebrate your return. To-morrow—a dance in the orchard, as we did before."

And so we did. There was a glowing sunset, and music, and the glancing river, and the village-girls, as before. But Jean and his wife danced no longer. They sat beside each other on the heap of hay at the old lady's feet; and they and she were merrier and lighter-hearted than ever before, as though life brought better wine to their lips every day. Yet Madame Du Fond had lost her birth-right of affluence and cultured life forever, and Jean would be a cripple, in a village office, to the end of his life.

One wonders, sometimes, what would have been the fate of the babes in the wood, if, after all, the wicked uncle's scheme had miscarried, and they had gained their lost inheritance? When they grew old, would he not have carried a stained sword by his lean side, and ruffled it with the gray old rues of the court? Would not she have taken snuff, and shaken her palsied head over *e'carte*?

Better, perhaps, that they lay down in their happy faith to sleep on the rough ground, and eat the wood-berries to keep themselves from the hunger-smart. Nature, or the Lord of Nature, never forgets to give compensation, and to such as these makes life more than pleasant, and death alluring, though the food be bitter berries, and only the birds of heaven come to cover them with leaves.

THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

BY MRS. LIZZIE BIRCH.

I HAVE dreamed bright dreams of a future life,  
Of a world all bright and fair;  
Where we'd rest in the sunshine of joy and love,  
But never a cloud of care;

Of glistening rivers, like threads of light,  
Winding through valleys green;  
All round us flowers, pure, dazzling and bright,  
The loveliest ever were seen;

Of sparkling fountains, that fall in light,  
Each drop a glittering gem,  
As bright as if gathered by fairy hands  
From a royal diadem;

Of shady bowers and spicy groves,  
Where balmy breezes blow;  
Laden with fragrance, fresh and sweet,  
Like billows of incense flow.

And where sweet melody, rich and rare,  
Bursts forth from a choral throng,  
Swelling around us, and filling the air  
With the rapturous, glad some song.

And there we'd walk with a joyous band  
Of the loved ones gone before;  
Who would come to welcome us to that land  
Which lies on the "other shore."

But this is only a beautiful dream,  
Which Fancy has painted for me;  
The half of its beauties we'll never know  
Till we pass o'er death's dreamless sea;

Till its deep, dark waters we venture in,  
And its cold waves o'er us flow;  
Then we'll land with joy in that beautiful world,  
And its full fruition know.

## MY LAST YEAR'S MAGAZINE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

DEAR MR. PETERSON—

JOSIAH had been to Jonvesville to the post office and got my last number of Peterson, and I was jest lookin at the pictures which are always as pretty as a pink, when happenin to cast my eyes out of the window, I saw Miss Gowdey and her little boy comin up the road.

Now some children I am atached to, and some I haint, and when I haint, I dont want to touch em with a 40 foot pole, or I dont know, sometimes I would like to touch em with it. I have seen childern that was so sweet lookin and innocent, that it seemed as if they wouldn't want much fixen over to make angels of em—but Johnny Gowdey would want an awful sight done to him to make an angel of him. Thomas Jefferson says he had as lives have a young tornado let loose on the farm as to have him come here a visitin—and his mother always brings him.

Wall as I said I see em comin up the road, and jest as I expected they came up to the door and knocked, I got up, and opened the door, and set em some chairs, and sez I—"Lay off your things wont you."

Sez she "I cant set but a little while, Johnny has been teazin me all day to come up here, he thinks so much of you, and finaly I told him if he would be a good boy we would come up a little while—, but I've got to get home to get supper for workfolks."

"I've been a good boy, haint I ma?"

"Yes" sez she lookin fondly down on the little white head, as he sot balancin on the very edge of the chair ready to fall out into any mischief that come along. Well she sot about  $\frac{1}{4}$  an hour, and jest before she went she took up the magazine that lay on the stand, and sez she—"I should be dreadful glad to borry this fer a day or 2."

"I haint read a word in it" sez I, "fer I jest got it."

"Should you be likely to read any in it to night," sez she, I told her I didnt know as I should—"Wall" sez she "If you'll let me take it, ill send it home by to morrow noon at the outside, and Ill try not to let you come after it as you have your other ones."

"I suppose you can take it," sez I in a cold tone, "but I wish you would be careful of it fer I want to get em bound."

She said she would lay it right on to the parlor table, and when she read in it, she would hold a paper round it. Sez I "you neednt do that!" and I must confess from that very minute I had my mind. I always mistrust folks that are 2 good, there is a megium course that I rather see folks pursue, I always love to see folks begin as they can hold out, and folks that are 2 good hardly ever hold out. When I see such folks I always think of the poor sick woman that lay sufferin in total darkness, fer a week, vainly urgin her husband to buy some candles, till finaly he went one night when she was asleep, and bought 12 candles, and lit em all and sot em in a row in front of her bed, she dreamin of confegurations, wildly started up. See what was the matter, and sunk back, sayin in low and faint accents "Daddy when you are good, you are 2 good."

When Miss Gowdey said she would keep it on the parlor table, I had my doubts, and when she said she would hold a paper round it when she read it, I thought more'n as likely as not the book was lost, but I didn't say nothin. I kep in, and done up the book and handed it to her. She took a large clean handkerchef out of her pocket, and folded it round it and started up to go, when she exclaimed all of a sudden, "Where is that boy, he will take the advantage of me, if he sees me busy a talkin." We hunted round and called him, and finaly we found him crawlin out from under the barn with his cap full of eggs, and sez he "I've found a whole lot ov em, Aunt Allen, won't you gim'me some of em?" "The hen has sot on em 2 weeks and a  $\frac{1}{2}$ " sez I in constrained accents.

"You carry em right back, you bad boy you" sez his mother, "I never did see such a child, haint you ashamed, to get the advantage of your ma, in this way?" She made him carry em back but the hen forsook her nest, and there was the end of them chickens.

if you will believe it, it run albnq as much as 2 or 3 weeks, and no book sent home, and one night when Josiah and I was a settin there alone, the childern was out to one of the neighbors, I jest broke out—and sez I

"It is a shameful piece of business, and I wont stand it."

"What is the matter" sez Josiah, layin down his newspaper.

"Miss Gowdey is the matter! My magazine is the matter," sez I, "there she has kept it most 3 weeks, and she knew I hadn't read a word in it," sez I "it is a burnin shame."

"Wall what made you let it go," sez he. "Deacon Gowdey is worth 3 times as much as I be, why dont they take their own magazines—what made you let em have it?"

"Yes," sez I "what made me let em have it. What made you let your horse rake go? It is easy enough to talk, who thought she'd keep it ferever."

"Wall why dont you send fer it" sez he.

"Because I haint a goin to," sez I "theyve borrowed my magazines every month this year, and I have had to send fer every identical one of em, and I wont send fer this if they keep it ferever."

"Wall go your own way—and dont complain to me," sez he.

"You complained to me enough, about that rake you let old Peedick have" sez I.

"I wish you wouldn't be so agravatin," sez he throwin down his boots in the corner.

"Id like to know if *you* wasnt agravatin," and sez I "I wish Josiah Allen you'd either put on your boots agin, or go to bed, you haint never contented when you get on a whole pair of socks, till you get holes in em and see me a mendin em."

"Wall! wall! I am goin to bed haint I?" and he wound up the clock and started for the bedroom. But long enough after he was asleep, I sot there a knittin, and it came to me all to once, that I would make an errant in to Gowdeys in the mornin, I wouldnt say any thing about the book, fer the old Smith blood was up, but i'd jest see if they'd mention it, they had tore my books, every one of em more or less, and kep em till I sent fer em, but they never took em befer till I had read em, that was what agravated me so now.

The next day after I done up my mornins work, I happened in there, there wasn't any body in the settin room, where I went in but Johnny, he was settin on the floor, playin with some pictures. Sez I "where is your ma Johnny?"

Sez he "She's in the kitchen, huskin some beans fer dinner, but see what i've got Aunt Allen" and he come up in front of me, with the picture of a woman cut out of a book; as he come up close to me, and held it up in front of me by the head, I knew it in a minute, it come out of my magazine, it was the very handsomest figger in the fashion plate. For a minute I was apcechless, but these thoughts raged tumultously

through my brane, "if the child is father to the man, as I heerd Thomas Jefferson readin about, here is a parent that I would like to have the care of, fer a short time,"—at this crisis in my thoughts he spoke up agin—

"I am goin to cut her petticoats down into pantaloons, and paint some whiskers on her face, and make a pirate of her."

Then the feelins I had long curbed, broke forth, and I said to him in awful tones, "you will be a pirate yourself, young man if you keep on, a bloody pirate, on the high seas," sez I "What do you mean by tearin folks'es books to pieces in this way?"

Jest at this minute Miss Gowdey come in, and heerd my last words, she jest said "How de do" to me, and then she went at Johnny—

"You awful child you, how dare you touch that book? how dare you unlock the parlor door, and climb up on the best table, and take the clean paper off of it, ore handle it? how dare you John Wesley?"

"You give it to me yourself ma, you know you did last night when the minister was here, you said if I wouldn't tease fer any more honey, you'd lem'me take it, and cant I have some honey now? say ma, cant you gim'me some?"

"I'll give you honey that you wont like," sez she, "takin the advantage of your ma and tearin folks'es books to pieces, in this way, books that you knew your ma is so careful of" and she took him by the collar of his little grey roundabout, and led him into the kitchen, and by the screamin that I heerd from there shortly, I thought he didnt like his honey. She come back into the room in a few minutes, and sez she; "I am so mortified I dont know what to do, I never did see such a child, he see me settin down shellin beans, and he took the advantage of me, and got the book, thats jest the way with him, if I dont keep my eyes on him every minute, he'l get the advantage of me, I am mortified most to death," sez she gatherin up the pieces and puttin em into the book, as she handed it to me the leaves kinder fell apart, and I see on one of the patterns, a grease spot as big as one of my hands. she see it, and broke out agin "I declare I am so mortified, I was goin to take that all out, with some powder I have got. My Sophrenie wanted to take a pattern off the night before she went away, and she hadn't any thin paper, and so she greased a piece of writin paper and luid onto it and took it off. but I was goin to take it all out every spec of it, I will give you some of the powder to take home with you."

"I dont care about any powder" sez I calmly, and I jest held on to my tongue, with all the strength I had, fer when my tongue once gets to goin on ocasions like these, you cant stop it no more than you can stop a runaway horse, by floppin an umberell in front of him. but if I can only hold on to it, and keep it from runnin in the first place it is all right, so I jest drawd the reins tight, and kep still.

"Sophrenie thinks every thing of Petersons magazine," she continude, "she likes it better than any of the others, and so do I, and so does father."

"Tirzah is going to get up a club fer it," sez I in the same calm tone "if you all like it so well I suppose you will sign fer it."

"Wall I don't know, I dont believe we can next year, there are so many ways fer what little money we have got—I promised Sophrenie a pair of earrings, and I have got to have a new head dress, there are so many things to get, that I feel as if I must get along with the necessary's, and a magazine is something we can get along without."

Thinks I to myself, "my virtuous and equimomical woman, if you dont take one another year, rich as you are, you will get along without one, for all of borrowin mine, and tearin it all to flitters." But I kep in, and only sed in a cool colected manner—"I must be goin"—and started homewards—I never got over the ground and sense'd it any less than I did then. When I am mad I tell you I always step pretty lively. Josiah was jest startin for Jonesville when I got home I jest walked right through the kitchen, and went straight to the buro draw in my bedroom, and took out 2 shillins, and sez I, "Go to the book store and get me the last number of Peterson."

"Why where is yourn," sez he.

"There is where it is!" sez I showin him the danglin leaves, "there is where it is!" sez I displayin the mutylated picture, "there is where it is!" sez I pintin out the grease spot.

"Wall," sez he "I wish you would button up my shirt sleeves."

"You take it pretty cool" sez I, as I threw off my shawl and complied with his request.

"I knew jest how it would be when you let her have it, you might ha' known better than to let it go."

"Wall you might have known better than to let old Peedick have your horse rake, and tear it all to bits."

"Throw that old rake in my face agin, will you?"

"How do you expect Josiah Allen, that I am

goin to button your shirt sleeves, if you dont stand still."

"Wall then, dont be so agravatin, you keep bringin up that old rake, every time I say anything."

Josiah is a pretty even tempered man, but he had a dreadful habit when we was first married, if any of my plans come out unfortunite, of sayin "I told you so," "I knew jest how it would be" "you might ha' known better." I am breakin him of it, fer I will not stand it. but before I had time to pursue my remarks any further, there come a knock at the door. I went and opened it, and there stood Betsey Bobbet. I see in a minute somethin was the matter of her she looked as if she had been cryin, but I didnt say anything about it till Josiah had started off.

Now I always notice, Mr. Editer, that when one thing happens, most always something more like it happens right away, good luck generally comes in batches and swarms, like wise sorrers; when company gets to coming, they will come in droves, and when I break a dish I am pretty certain to break more. Havin noticed this fer years, what follers didnt surprise me so much. Betsey looked so cast down, that to kinder take her mind off, I told her what a tower I had had with Miss Gowdey about my magazine.

"Truely this is a koinsidance," sez she "That is jest my trouble," and she took out of her pocket a magazine which was worse off than mine, fer whereas mine was cut clean with shears, hers seemed to be chawed up.

"See the Genteel Lady's Companion" sez she—"see it! It looks Genteel now, dont it, look at that cover, only a few days ago there was a lady on it, with a harp in her hand, who could make out a lady now, with her head cut off, and her hands chawed to bits, and as fer the harp, where is it," sez she wildly, "where is it?"

"It aint there," sez I in a tone of sympathy, fer her story struck a vibratin cord in my own sole.

"And look there" sez she turnin over the mangled leaves and holdin up the tattered remains of the most danglin one. "Look there! if it was any other leaf but the one my poetry was on, I wouldn't care so much: but there it is tore right into in the middle, and the baby has chawed up half the page. I hope it will lay on its stomach like a flatiron," sez she vindickturly.

"The baby haint to blame, it is his mother," sez I.

"I hope she'l have to walk the house, with him every night for a week, barefoot, on the cold floor, I should be glad of it, mebby she'd

feed him on borrowed magazines again. It does seem to me" sez she, relapsin into her usual manner, "That fate is cruel to me, it seems to me that I am marked out, fer one of her victims, that she aims her fatal arrers at, in the novels of the poet—

"I never tamed a dear cazello  
But 'twas the first to run away."

"This is the first piece of poetry I ever had printed in a magazine. I thought I was happy when I had my first poetry printed in the Gemlet, but my feelins wasn't any more to be compared to what they was now—than a small sized cook stove is to a roarin volcano, to have a piece of poetry printed in a magazine, was a pinakel I always thought would make me happy to set on, and when I got up there I was happy—I was too happy," sez she claspin her hands together. "Fate loves a shinin mark, he aimed another arrer at me, and it has struck me here," sez she, layin her bony hand upon the left breast of her brown alpacka baskeen.

"I was just as careful of this book as if it was so much gold," she contintude I have refused to lend it to as much as 2 dozon persons, but Miss Briggs, she that was Celestine Peedick wanted to take it, she said a cousin of hers, a young man was comin there a visitin, and she wanted him to read it, he was a great case fer poetry, and was real romantick, and wanted to get a romantick wife. and she urged me so to let her have it, I konsented. And now look at it," sez she, "and he didnt come, and Celestine had a letter from him, that he was married and couldn't come." She looked as if she would bust out a cryin agin—and so to kinder get her mind off of her trouble, not that I care a straw fer poetry, I spoke up and sez I

"What is the poetry—I suppose you can read it out of the fragments."

"Yes" sez she in a plaintive accent, I could rehearse it without any thing to look at." When any body has had considerable trouble, they dont mind so much havin a little more.

Sz I, "Rehearse it," and she rehearsed, as follers.

### STANZAS ON DUTY.

BY BETSEY BOBBET.

UNLESS they do thier duty see,  
Oh! who would spread thier sail,  
On matzimony's cruel sea,  
And face its angry gale;  
Oh! Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

Shall horses calmly brook a halter,  
Who over fenceless pastures stray?  
Shall females be dragged to the altar,  
And down thier freedom lay?  
No! No! No! Betsey I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

Beware! Beware! oh, rabid lover  
Who pines for intellect and beauty;  
My heart is ice to all your over-  
tures, unless I see my duty.  
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

Come not with keys of rank and splendor,  
My hearts cold portals to unlock;  
'Tis vain to search for felcins tender,  
Too late! you'll find you've struck a rock;  
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

'Tis vain fer you to pine and languish,  
I cannot soothe your bosoms pain;  
In vain are all your greous, your blandish-  
ments I warn you are in vain;  
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

I cannot staunch your bosom's bleedin,  
Sometimes I am a yieldin one;  
Sometimes I'm turned by tears and pleadin,  
But here you'll find that I am stum.  
Ah, yes! B. Bobbet I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

You needn't lay no underhanded  
Plots to ketch me—men, dezzist;  
Or in the dust you will be lauded,  
For to the last I will resist;  
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

Fond men there haint no use in kickin  
Against the prick; you'll only tear  
Your feet, for I am bound on stickin  
To what I've said. Beware! Beware!  
For Betsey Bobbet I'll remain,  
Unless I see my duty plain.

"You saw I have come out in my righ name," sez she, as she koncluded, "When person gets famous, there haint no use in konceolin thier name any longer, it looks foolish and affected, and I always want to be natural."

"You be, natural," says I to myself, "a natural fool," but I didn't speak it audible, outwardly I was kalm; fer there was still a gloomy shodder broodin over her eyebrow, and I didnt want to bruse her lacerated feelins any further. Pretty soon she spoke up agin, and sez she

"What do you think of the poetry?"

Then Mr Editer was a tryin time fer me, as a General thing I dont mince matters, I wont, but now for reasons named, I didnt come right out as I should on more festive ocasions, I kiunder turned it off by sayin in a mild yet impressive tone, "Betsey I believe you want to do your duty; and I believe you will, if it is ever made known to you by anybodys askin you."

Sz she "Josiah Allens wife, duty has always been my aim."

Any further remarks was cut short by old Mr Bobbet's going past, and Betseys hollerin to him to ride home with him.

When Josiah come home which was most night, he threw the book into my lap, as I sot knittin by the fire, and sez he, "I'll bet 45 cents aginst nothin that you'll lend that book to some women in less than a fortnit." I looked at him with my most kolected and stiddy gaze, and sez I "Josiah Allen do you konsider me any of a lunnytick?" he didnt say nothin, and agin I

inquired firmly, with my eyes bent on his, "Josiah Allen do you see any marks of lunny in my glance?"

Sez he "You are in your right mind, no trouble about that."

"Wal then," sez I "know all men" there wasn't any other man or women round but Josiah, but I began jest as solemn as if I was writin my will. "know all men; that I, Josiah Allens wife, have stood it jest as long as I will; and as for havin my next years books ravaged to pieces, as they've been this year, I wont, I who set such a store by my magazines, and was jest as careful to keep em whole and clean, as I wuz of my Sunday bonnet, now after all my pains, have got a lot of books on my hands so dirty that to discern the readin, the strongest spectacles are powerless in spots, and I have had to traipse all over the neighborhood to get their mangled remains together, to mourn over, rememberin what they wuz. Thank fortune when I borrow anything, I know enough to take care of it, but my books!" sez I extendin my hand, as the memory of my rongs flooded my sole—"My books! Old men have burnt em, by holdin of em 2 near the light. Old women have peppered

em with skotch snuff. Young men have sowed em with tobacko and watered em with tobacko juice. Young women have greased em for patterns. Children have stuck the leaves together with molasses, and pried em open with their tongues. They have been cut with shears—Gnawed by babys—and worried by pup's. They have been blackened with candle snuff, and whitened with taller. And I have had to spend money for new ones, to pay fer their ravagin my other ones to pieces. And now" sez I layin my hand on the magazine in as impressive a manner as if I was takin my oath on it. "Nor, any body that gets my magazeens this year will get em over my prostrate form."

"Wall" sez Josiah who was standin with his back to the fire, warmin him, "I wish you'd get me a little somethin to eat; I should think it was about supper time."

I rose and walked with an even and magestick step into my bedroom—put the magazine into the under buro draw—locked the draw and hung the key over my bed. and then with a firm and resolute face I calmly turned away, and hung on the teakettle. Yours truly

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

## "I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

BY ADDIE A. BEARLE.

WHEN, freed from earth, I roam the fields Elysian;  
When from my eyes the dimming tears are dried;  
I know not what may greet my new-won vision—  
I only know I shall be satisfied.

When the worn glass, through which I now see darkly,  
Has fallen, dimmed and shattered, at my side;  
I shall see face to face, the unveiled glory;  
I know I shall—I shall be satisfied.

When the glad tones that died to ears earthly,  
Shall welcome o'er the welling of the tide;

I know not with what forms my loved shall greet me:  
I only know I shall be satisfied.

I know Heaven hath not quenched the love, Gave  
In that blest home, bought by the Crucifix,  
Safe in His arms, the bonds of sin all riven,  
I shall be satisfied—be satisfied.

To be forever with the Lord arisen,  
In His eternal rest I shall abide;  
With sorrow chained in its unending prison—  
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

## ON THE RIVER.

BY IDA WHIPPLE.

UNDER a soft September sky,  
Hung like a bridal-veil on high;  
Over the waves of silver and blue,  
We sailed in the sunlight—just we two.

There was much of joy and little of care,  
And the flying hours, and the sweet, cool air  
That brought from the shore the scent of leaves,  
Of Autumn flowers, and of harvest slaves.

We watched the banks as they hurried past,  
And the ships, with their smit sails and masts;

And we saw the stream in its vain unrest,  
Clasp all, and mirror them in her breast.

Few were the words we spoke that day;  
But love can interpret love away;  
So little was said when much was meant,  
And silence, to us, was eloquent.

Many a day has passed since then,  
And our barque is out on the waves again  
For a voyage that endeth when life is through;  
And we sail in the sunlight—just we two.

## CASSIE'S PROPOSAL.

BY DAISY VENTNOR.

"He is abominably satirical."

"I could forgive him everything except his airs of calm superiority." "Simply insufferable!" and here the chorus came to a sudden pause, as the three girls looked in each other's faces, and burst into a merry peal of laughter.

It was about eleven o'clock at night, and they were in a small bedroom of the Tremont House, having a nice little chat before retiring. Coming that day to Boston with quite a large party, on their way home from a trip, late in the season, to the White Mountains, they found the hotel crowded, and consequently the three friends were bestowed in one room, and provided with a double bed and cot to sleep in. The girls took their close quarters amiably, however, and were (at the moment of their vehement canvass of some unlucky individual) perched on the bed, each engaged in taking down the mixture of rats and hair that is familiarly known as a *chignon*.

"Girls, I am perfectly astonished," said the last speaker, "I thought that I certainly had the monopoly of detestation for Mr. Roland Ainslie. What reason have you for disliking him, Josie?"

"It would be extremely difficult to define, except that he always makes me feel like a suppressed female!" and Josie Stuart twisted her very pretty features into a comical expression of dismay.

"And you, Mollie?"

"I've been fighting with him all day, dear, and, as I haven't your faculty for a return hit, I feel remarkably sore. Oh, Cassie Granger! I'd give my prettiest curl to see him taken down from his pedestal just once, and brought to a level with us poor, ordinary mortals. The trouble is that no one can catch him unawares, or surprise him out of his cool self-possession."

Cassie did not answer for a moment, and when she did, her remark sounded extremely irrelevant.

"Did you ever go to a Leap-Year party, girls?"

"No," said Josie, answering for both; "but I've wanted to, often."

"The opportunity doesn't occur too frequently," said Cassie, laughing. "Well, I mean to have one."

"Oh! how charming. When, Cassie?"

"As soon as I can after we get home. Let me see; this is the first of October, is it not? Almost every one will be in town by the twentieth—I'll fix that date for it. And I assure you that I am going to have a real Leap-Year affair, and no sham about it, so you must be ready to play your parts with the requisite spirit."

"Do you mean to let people know beforehand what sort of a party it is?" asked Mollie Jerome, curiously.

"Certainly, that's half the fun; because, some of the men (the quiet, stupid ones) will be so afraid they will not be belles on the occasion, that they'll stay away from prudential motives. And, what's more, I'll shock Mr. Roland Ainslie's proprieties by asking him to help me draw up rules——"

"Cassie, you'll never dare to!"

"Won't I?" coolly. "You were very anxious, a little while ago, to have our fine gentleman taken off his pedestal. Now, if you can keep a secret, I'll tell you what I mean to do with a view to that downfall. I will bet you each a package of gloves against a pound of Arnaud's candy, that, on the night of my Leap-Year party, I'll make Mr. Ainslie more disconcerted than he ever has been in his life!"

"Done!" cried both the laughing girls. "Fair-play, Cassie—you must do it before us, you know."

"I should like to know what plan you have in your brain," said Mollie.

"I am perfectly willing to tell you, my dear; I only intend to propose to him!" And, having thrown this startling bomb-shell in their midst, Miss Cassie Granger, like Brutus, paused for a reply. Mollie, the most timid and cautious of the three, looked horrified at the bare suggestion; but Josie, being something of a kindred spirit, burst forth,

"Your courage will never stand proof against those eye-glasses, Cassie; you'll lose, to a certainty, and Mollie and I will have gloves enough for the season."

"Not I," disdainfully. "You can be your own judges. You remember my little parlor up stairs? There is a small, dark closet, which connects with the next room, and you and Mollie can post yourselves there for observation, as I mean to offer my hand, in due form, in that apartment."



It will be a special Providence if I can keep my face straight. I would not play such a trick on the man if he were not always persecuting me, and looking solemn over my fun. He is as hard-hearted as a stone, or else he is totally blind, and likes to worry my life out. I verily believe that half the fast things I did on our trip were prompted by my intense dislike of Mr. Ainslie. But I'll be even with him yet, or my name's not Cassie Granger!"

I do not know what particular imp of mischief presided over the fate of Roland Ainslie; but he certainly must have aided the chambermaid, who arranged the room for those mad-cap girls that day, and no doubt prompted the locating of the bed against a door of communication between that and the adjoining apartment, which was a small one, and one of a suite of four. It also happened that Mr. Ainslie smoked his last cigar with Clement Ives; and that when they applied at the office for their respective keys, the clerk handed Ives the one intended for Ainslie, and, of course, that gentleman fell heir to the room destined for his friend, as he presently discovered by looking at the number. Ainslie was thoroughly tired, and having mounted four flights of stairs, felt in no humor to go down and rectify the mistake; so he took possession of No. 312 very composedly, and undressing in haste, put out the gas, and was stepping into bed, when he distinctly heard the sound of his own name! Rather startled, he looked up, and saw the light coming through a crack of the door of communication; and then, recognizing Cassie Granger's voice, he became the unwilling auditor of the delectable conversation just related. How that mischievous imp must have chuckled at the expression of Roland Ainslie's face as he listened. At first he thought he would knock softly on the door, but reflected that, if he did so, the girls would be frightened, think of robbers, and alarm the entire hotel, so he despairingly gave it up. And as Miss Cassie concluded her vehement philippic, a smile shot over Ainslie's face, and he said to himself, "Forewarned!" But the smile, strangely enough, was followed by a deep sigh; and long after the gas was out, and the lively tongues silent, he lay wide awake, thinking.

Cassie Granger was the youngest of five sisters, four of whom had married very early. So she was spoiled, not only by her parents, who doted on her fair face, but by all of her sisters in turn. She was a gay, bright, warm-hearted little creature, and, I am sorry to say, occasionally given to fast things. But she had no idea of being unwomanly, and, as she said, she did

love to shock Roland Ainslie's proprieties. One thing that he had openly taken upon himself to disapprove of, was the costume in which Cassie had elected to go up and down the mountains. It consisted of a regular Bloomer dress, made of dark-blue cloth, tied with a scarlet sash at the waist; a low, sailor's hat, with a band of blue, and her brown hair braided, gipsy fashion, down her back, and tied with scarlet ribbons. She looked excessively pretty and picturesque. It must be confessed; and she had marvelous feet and ankles, which she displayed in the drollest imitation of the cavalier's boots, laced at the top, and finished off with scarlet tassels; but the whole attire shocked his fastidious taste terribly. He had made her so thoroughly out of humor by his biting sarcasms and persistent attentions, that, when she saw his face of disapproval the first time she appeared in her startling dress, she was secretly enchanted to have shocked him, and hoped it would have the effect of keeping him at arm's length. But it did not. They traveled with a party of twenty, matronized by one of Cassie's sisters, Mrs. Clive; and no matter whether one man or three were talking to Cassie, Ainslie was sure to be at her side, making constant war with her. Cassie's two friends, Josie Stuart, and Mollie Jerome, joined in her dislike of Ainslie, but they stood in some awe of his satire, and dared not show it as plainly.

The trio were late at breakfast the next morning, Cassie, last and laziest of all, only had time to swallow a cup of hot coffee, which nearly choked her, before their departure. And she had been comfortably chatting with Clement Ives for an hour or more before Ainslie lounged along in his peculiarly deliberate fashion. The pair were monopolizing a small compartment of two seats, and Ainslie bestowed himself opposite them in the coolest manner possible.

"Miss Cassie, I am burdened with the keeping of a piece of your property," said he; "and you might be amiable enough to thank me for preserving that precious autograph fan—but you won't! You left it on the table last night."

"Blessed are they who expect nothing: on the contrary, I am very much indebted to you, indeed," said she, with a smile of merry malice. "You could only add to the obligation by writing something on it, which I should preserve as a tender souvenir of Mr. Ainslie!"

"Behold the similarity of ideas," gravely. "I knew you were pining for something to cherish. So I took the liberty to do it in rhyme; it's of a very high order, Miss Cassie."

"Where is it?" asked she, curiously. But when she saw it, she was furious enough to

have slapped him, if it hadn't been unlady-like. The epigram was—well, just like Roland Ainslie, and consisted of two lines,

"Where fools have scribbled, fools will scribble more,  
As geese behind will follow geese before!"

Beneath them an absurd picture of three geese, with wings flapping and necks outstretched, the last one bearing a particularly good caricature of Ainslie's own face, eye-glasses and all. Registering another item to be "paid" in their long account, Cassie laughed outright as she passed the fan to Mr. Ives.

"The cleverness of the sketch forces me to surrender at discretion," said she, very sweetly; "what a venerable mentor you are!" Ainslie's look of surprise at her amiability was absurdly comical, and he put out his hand for the fan.

"I beg your pardon," he said, sincerely, to Cassie's utter amazement; he had never done her such grace before. "It is only executed in pencil, and I can erase it in a few moments. Miss Cassie, what is the matter with you this morning? Yesterday I should have said you would not be at all afraid to reward me by a box on the ear." She gave him an odd smile, which he interpreted more correctly than she had any idea of.

"No, you shall not erase a line of it; it's such a characteristic rebuke for my foolishness, that I mean to keep it always before me. And now, what do you think I am meditating?"

"Some new piece of mischief."

"Or a new sensation," said Ives, with a laugh.

"Very possibly both. I mean to give a Leap-Year party!"

"Miss Cassie," with a curious twinkle of his eyes behind his eye-glasses, "I have been expecting that you would be the brave person to undertake that herculean task. Do you wish to engage me for the German?"

"No," said she, considerably vexed by his quiet reception of the affair. If he had called it "fast," or "loud," she would have been entirely satisfied. "I'm so glad you are pleased with the idea; perhaps you will be so kind as to help me make out the rules. I mean to have them very strict, you know; they are to be printed, of course."

Out came Ainslie's pencil, and he looked as amiable and gentlemanly as possible; not at all disapproving.

"Ladies, or gentlemen, Miss Cassie? Ladies first, of course."

"On the contrary; the rules for gentlemen first, please. Thank you; number one—Gentlemen are requested to conduct themselves with the most lady-like propriety." Down went number one without comment.

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"Won't you suggest the first rule for the ladies?" said Cassie, maliciously.

"Certainly. 'Ladies will endeavor to be general in their attentions.' You see, Miss Cassie, your sex are so much more careful of the feelings of others than we men are, that the caution is a necessary one. Besides, it prevents those abominable corner flirtations." Cassie bit her lips, and Clement Ives entered a protest, which Ainslie coolly vetoed.

"Number two," said Cassie, recovering herself. "'Therefore, it is expected that no gentleman will promenade alone, or leave his seat, unless escorted by a lady!'"

"Have mercy," in pretended dismay; "don't doom me to a seat near the wall for the entire evening."

"I see that your conscience is a guilty one. Number two for the ladies, Mr. Ainslie."

"Now, will this do? 'All uninteresting conversations may quietly be put an end to by resorting to the common artifice of, Excuse me for a moment!'"

"Don't you call that a reflection upon your sex?" said she, gleefully. "Well, now for mine. Number three. 'Gentlemen will please be kindly considerate, remembering the natural diffidence of their admirers!'" To her surprise he changed color, as he scribbled it rapidly off; but her momentary wish to know where she had accidentally hit him passed angrily away, as he finished his offences for that morning by saying,

"Here is my third rule; 'Ladies must keep their engagements promptly, so that gentlemen may not be left standing awkwardly alone in the center of the room.'" Down went Cassie's little foot with an energetic stamp.

"Mr. Ainslie, how dare you! I did not think that even you could be so ungenerous." Her eyes filled with tears, and she pettishly turned away from him, which was far from pleasant for Clement Ives, who did not know the story, and had not the least idea why Cassie should be offended.

Now, the truth was, that the only time in her life when pretty Miss Granger had ever experienced what is familiarly known as a "snub," happened in this way. At the Profile House they met a distinguished author, and Cassie had laid herself out to charm him, and succeeded, too, for several days. At the end of that time, lo! a plain, quiet girl made her appearance in the parlor, and Cassie, standing flirting with the "lion" in the very most conspicuous place in the room, was stopped in the middle of a sentence with— "Another time! I beg your pardon, Miss Granger—I have another engage-

ment;" and off went the gentleman, post haste, to the new-comer's side, leaving Cassie standing by herself, in the center of a crowd of strangers, who were eyeing her lovely face, and *outré* costume. For a second she stood motionless; then Roland Ainslie, at her elbow, said, in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice,

"Take my arm; I have been wondering where you were." It was both kind and graceful in him, considering the dislike with which she treated him; but Cassie, oddly enough, was sufficiently ungrateful to be angry because he had witnessed her discomfiture. And now, to have him recall her mortification—he was ungentlemanly this time; and Cassie bit her swelling lip, as she stepped abruptly out into the aisle of the car. Ainslie followed her instantly.

"Miss Cassie, for the second time this morning I feel myself a brute. Forgive me for speaking when I should have been silent."

"Why do you always treat me so disagreeably?" she asked, with a half sob; feeling strange to say, more hurt and wounded than angry. His cynical smile came back.

"You have too much sugar, Miss Cassie; take me as a dose of anything disagreeable—a sort of counter-irritant." Cassie felt piqued. Back into her mind flashed the recollection of her wager; she must not let this opportunity slip of trying to get matters on a different footing between them.

"You have made yourself appear in that guise pretty generally, Mr. Ainslie. We have fought almost constantly for two months; how would you like to be more peaceable in future? You don't know what a good friend I can be."

He took the pretty, pink palm in his; but Cassie wondered why his eyes grew so sad and grave; and she did not know—how could she—that he was saying over to himself, half sorrowfully, "I'll be even with him yet, or my name's not Cassie Granger!"

The rest of the journey was not particularly eventful, for others of the party left their several compartments, and joined the pair in the aisle, effectually preventing further *lets-a-letes*.

During the next fortnight Cassie's preparations for her Leap-Year party progressed rapidly. Mrs. Granger, after mild protestations, (which had no more effect upon her spoiled daughter than the breeze that rustled past the window,) finally yielded to Cassie's whim, and all her sisters entered spiritedly into the novel idea. Partly from wishing to torment him, partly because she considered them really bright and clever, Cassie kept the rules that Ainslie had assisted her to draw up; and, after adding several others to them, had them printed

on the same card with her dancing list. Rather to her astonishment, (and, it must be confessed, to her secret satisfaction,) she found that Ainslie meant to keep the compact they had made. He came very frequently to the house; nearly every afternoon he joined her on the Avenue; and every once in the while she caught glimpses of traits of character that she had no idea belonged to "that disagreeable Roland Ainslie!" And between her desire to be avenged for past slights, and her growing pleasure in his society, poor Cassie was getting intensely bewildered and uncomfortable. The day before the party she drove down to Josie's, and implored her to go on an expedition to Maiden Lane.

"What in the world do you want down there, Cassie?" questioned Joe.

"Fans, my dear; fans of all sorts and descriptions. Those up town are quite too fine and modern for my purposes. I want a large number of all kinds; paper ones, with large pictures in the florid style of coloring; feather ones, that carry us back to the days of our grandmothers; and a few palm-leaves. Why, Joe, they are to be left in the dressing-room, for the gentlemen to take, don't you see?"

Josie clapped her hands.

"Cassie, you're a genius! And do you suppose those men will actually carry them?"

"Why not? And the more grotesque they are, the funniest it will be. Just fancy Mr. Ainslie's eye-glasses behind a huge feather fan?"

It was a very stormy day, and Broadway was in its customary state of black mud, which is a little blacker and more tenacious than any other mud in the country. The slippery pavements made the journey a long one, and the girls were more than an hour going from Thirty-Sixth street to Maiden Lane. Once there, they flashed in and out of the queer, low shops, secure from any recognition, wrapped closely in thick veils, and overflowing with fun and high spirits. They were very successful, too; but Cassie could not find any very enormous feather fan, upon which she had set her heart, to annoy Roland Ainslie with.

"This seems to be our last resort, Cassie; there isn't another toy-shop or fancy-store in the street. It's on the ground-floor, too; stay in the carriage, and I'll look for you, as I know you are tired."

"Rather," said Cassie, "bring out all that you find, and I'll take them. And hurry, Josie, it's late now."

It had grown pretty dark, and Cassie shivered a little as she curled herself up in her carriage, cautiously getting out of the range of passers-by.

"What an atom of humanity I am in this great, busy city," she thought. "Every one rushing along through the mud looks so business-like and important; I wish I was a man! What kind of a man?" Here something said, "Roland Ainslie;" but Cassie shook her head mentally at the intruding name. "Nonsense! I wish—yes, I do wish that I had not undertaken that ridiculous wager; he isn't half as cynical and horrid as I used to think he was; and, somehow, it's a harder matter to be revengeful. Perhaps," reluctantly, "perhaps I——" But here Cassie glanced out on the pavement, and saw a poor, hungry-looking child in the act of being roughly jostled between two men. She was a forlorn object; one of the ordinary sights of New York, alas! but Cassie's quick sympathies were excited in this instance, because the child lost her balance and fell heavily against a lamp-post. She gave a cry of either fright or pain as she struck, and Cassie's hand was on the door of her carriage, getting ready to spring out, when a sudden apparition made her shrink back into her corner; and through the open window she heard Ainslie's quiet voice,

"What is the matter? Are you hurt?" said he, picking her up. The little beggar stared blankly at him for a moment, and then began to cry. Ainslie saw in an instant that the cause of her affliction was her broken pail, and the small quantity of milk which ran trickling down into the mud.

"Don't cry." The tone was very gentle and kind, and Cassie's heart thrilled with a feeling she did not pause to analyze, as she saw that he spoke as politely and deferentially as to a lady; far more so than he ever did to her! "How much milk was there?"

"Please, sir, a two-penny worth." The child actually forgot to beg in her surprise at the spontaneous notice. "There, take that, and get a new pail, and enough to fill it, and be more careful next time." He crumpled the money in the thin, clammy hand, and with a very sweet smile, which certainly had no trace of cynicism in it, Roland Ainslie strode on up to Broadway.

"My eye! he be a real 'un; from the country, I bet," soliloquized precocious misery, looking after him with a tear in her eyes.

"Little girl!" This time it was Cassie's sweet face at the carriage-window, and she dropped some money hurriedly into the extended hand as Josie came running to the door, her arms full of parcels.

"Look, Cassie, just the very article," said she, triumphantly, displaying a fan fully a foot-and-a-half in length. "You should bestow this upon

'the belle of the evening;' and I'm afraid Mr. Ainslie will never be that!"

"No matter, Joe. Home, Williams," as she pulled the check-string. And all through the ride, going up the gas-lit streets with Josie's merry chatter in her ears, Cassie was looking at Ainslie's grave face and kindly eyes, saying over and over to herself, "How shall I ever do it!"

But the vexed question must have been settled in Cassie's mind at last, for she never looked prettier, saucier, or more fully mistress of herself, than as she stood receiving her guests the next evening. Down the stair-case floated sounds of unmistakable merriment from the gentlemen's dressing-rooms as they read over the Leap-Year rules; and many a bright-eyed girl enjoyed the temporary embarrassment of some dashing beau making his *entree* upon the arm of a lady usher, and laden with bouquet, handkerchief, and burlesqued fan. Cassie was here and there "general" enough in her attentions; but she was compelled to own that, of all the crowd, Roland Ainslie was acting his part the most cleverly, as he lay back in his chair, and caricatured a languishing fair lady, while two girls were imploring.

"Just one turn in this waltz." It was a grand success as a party; but just before supper, Josie Stuart came up to Cassie.

"Flairplay," whispered she, her dark eyes dancing with fun. "When shall Mollie and I take up positions in the dark closet?"

"After supper, when you see me leave the room, run up the back stairs before me. I'll give you plenty of time," said Cassie, with a nod.

"And now, Mr. Ainslie, what can I get you for supper?" said Cassie, after she had handed him a chair, and bending down very devotedly over his elbow.

"A few, a very few oysters," fanning himself languidly, "and a sandwich. Mamma doesn't allow me to eat heavy suppers."

Off flew Cassie, and returned presently with what she thought quite a good allowance. It lasted the gentleman about two minutes.

"Would it be too much trouble?" with absurd anxiety, that made her laugh outright; "but Mrs. Grainger's oysters are so very fine—I——"

"Certainly; fried, this time, Mr. Ainslie?"

When Cassie returned from her second pilgrimage, she found him rubbing his left trouser with a dismayed face.

"A careless waiter," said he, plaintively. "Just see, Miss Cassie, the front breadth of my new *moire* ruined!"

But when she had finished her mischievous regrets, he coolly dispatched her to the table

again, and his bill of fare included terrapin, quail, oysters, grapes, ices, and mottoes, winding up with a sly, *sotto voce* request to "please bring a bottle of champagne!"

"I am shocked! Is that what you call behaving with lady-like propriety?" said Cassie. "You have had too much supper, and I shall take you for a promenade before the German."

"Oh, don't!" sighed he. "I'd rather sit on the stairs."

"Would you? But I am principled against that practice. No, I know a much nicer place for a quiet chat, my own little boudoir." So they sauntered up the stairs, Cassie feeling as if she was going to her execution, every drop of blood in her body tingling with fright and excitement. What would he say? Oh! why did she ever consent to do anything so fast? Fortune (or, perhaps, Ainslie himself) inspired her. They were sitting on a little sofa conveniently near the closet-door, and at last Ainslie laid his bouquet down on Cassie's white dress.

"What a remarkably pretty hand you have, Ainslie," she said, glancing down at it, as he toyed with the flowers in an absent sort of a way, "quite too shapely for a man."

"Do you think so?" rather indifferently, with a grave face. Cassie thought her task did not grow easy; but she persevered, and drew the flowers gently away from him. "Ridiculously like a third-rate novel—but I can't help it," she thought. Then, with a desperate plunge,

"Give them to me," said she, "and also give me the shapely hand that held them. Mr. Ainslie, will you marry me?"

Too terrified to be saucy and absurd, as she had intended, she could only raise her blue eyes and look him in the face, expecting to see bewilderment or incredulity. What she did get in return was a quiet,

"Cassie, do you really mean what you say?"

"Yes," she faltered out, turning very pale. She had never felt so utterly ashamed of herself before. How had she dared to make that dignified gentleman the subject of a wager! Well, if he tried to snub her and be hateful, she would turn it off in some way; the girls should not laugh at her defeat. "I am waiting," she said, at last, turning toward him with a smile on her lovely face that was absolutely enchanting.

"Cassie!" his hand closed on hers, "I will not waffle with you. I accept your offer!"

The room whirled around her, and she became as crimson as she was pale before. There was a moment's pause,

"Well," said he, lightly, it's over! Aren't you going to seal and sign the bond?" He bent a

little forward as if waiting for her kiss. Cassie heard a stifled laugh from the closet, and she made one last attempt to carry it off with a bold hand. Lower and lower sank her head, until she felt his curls brush her hair; and then a torrent of pride and outraged feeling rushed over her, she sprang up, wrung her hands convulsively, and darted from the room. As for Ainslie, without as much as a glance toward the now frightened listeners in the closet, he calmly walked down the stair-case, took his hat, and left the house.

My poor Cassie! Do not condemn her hastily for scandalizing the proprieties, for the suffering of her next twenty-four hours was intense. When she left Ainslie, she flew up to her own room, panting with fright, and threw herself down on the sofa, crying bitterly. Yes, her blinded eyes were rudely opened; she realized that she loved him just as she had made herself odious in his eyes. She had carried her joke to the verge of indelicacy; she had disgusted his fastidious taste; and she could not even explain the matter by saying that she had made a wager to place him in a mortifying position. Was ever unhappy girl in such a dilemma! How should they ever meet again! How much was he in earnest? And how could she endure his scorn? And Josie, Mollie—would they keep quiet about it?

At last, hearing the first strains of the waltz for the German, she rose, poured Cologne over her face and neck, and after fanning herself, and holding ice-water on her eyes, found that the traces of tears were almost imperceptible. She gave a furtive look about the parlors as she entered, but, to her relief, she saw that Ainslie had vanished. That German was one long torture to her, although she led it, and did it so gracefully, that the gentlemen were full of admiration for her pretty "take off" of masculine airs and ways. Nor was she much comforted by Josie's whisper as she said good-night.

"My dear! I think you've lost your gloves!"

A sleepless night, and more tears than she had ever shed in her life, did not tend to compose poor little Cassie's shattered nerves. It was another rainy morning, and she came down very late, with heavy eyes and pale face, feeling that the weather was in tune with her heart. Her appearance created quite an outcry at the breakfast-table; and she had to plead a headache, and tell numerous fibs to cover the real reason. After awhile she went into the library and sat down by the table. She had made up her mind that seeing Mr. Ainslie was an impossibility, and she must make him some sort

of apology for last night's scene. But how to make it! She couldn't say she had taken too much champagne, or offer to go and see his papa! Even Leap-Year would not be sufficient excuse for such a masculine proceeding. Despairing as she was, she couldn't help laughing at it. So Cassie blotted her fourth sheet of note-paper, and dropped her pen in bitter disgust. Then there was a ring of the front-door bell, a murmur of voices in the hall, and before Cassie could collect her scattered senses enough to send a "not at home," Mr. Ainslie was announced.

"You are looking dreadfully ill," he said, in a low, shocked voice, as he walked up to the motionless figure, and took her hand. "Miss Cassie, do not be so afraid of me—I have come to make you an explanation."

"I was about writing you one," she said, huskily.

He glanced at the unfinished notes.

"I hope you are not fretting over my behavior last night," he said, so very kindly that she felt a ray of encouragement; "it was a sly bit of revenge on my part. Miss Cassie, when next you make wagers about an unlucky man who has fallen under the ban of your displeasure, be careful to know who occupies the adjoining room."

Cassie's hands clasped themselves in mute astonishment.

"Yes," he went on, "I overheard your entire conversation at the Tremont, and I now fear that I have taken very ungenerous revenge—will you forgive me? Under the circumstances, you must give me permission to send the gloves to your friends, as I should certainly have been as much discomfited as you could possibly desire had I not been forewarned."

But Cassie was tongue-tied, and could only falter, incoherently,

"Oh! I beg your pardon, I am——"

"Do not," he said, looking much pained. Then, after a pause, with such growing agitation that she could hardly credit her senses, "It is not right that you should ever reproach

yourself with falling in my estimation. You could not; Cassie, for I have loved you devotedly for months. I know that you dislike me bitterly, and I am thoroughly unhappy about it; half the disagreeable things I said to you on that unlucky trip, were because I knew I could not hope for even a fair field to your favor. But, believe me, I never once have thought, you fast, or unwomanly, as you have imagined; never looked at you, save with tender, loving eyes. I should not dare to make this avowal except that I owe you something for all I made you suffer last night. You are well avenged, for I am a proud man, and I am offering affection where I know it will be scorned. And now, farewell, and try to think more kindly and gently, in the future, of my faults of temper and manner."

Was this the cold, cynical Roland Ainslie? This tender, passionate lover, who so nobly tried to save her the passing pang of her own folly? For a moment Cassie was too deeply touched to speak; and taking her silence for dismissal, he turned toward the door.

"Roland!" She was too timid to say it above a whisper, but he caught the word. A lovely blush dyed her downcast face, but with it came her old, arch smile;

"Must I say it over again? or do you not see that the worst pain of my mad frolic last night was, because I thought I had given my love unsought!"

You may depend upon it that the imp of mischief, who presided over Roland Ainslie's destiny, had a violent fit of the sulks, when he saw the sunshine that filled Mrs. Granger's library that morning. Cassie found herself obliged to tell Joe and Mollie the whole story; but Ainslie sent the gloves, notwithstanding; and she did not much mind the girls' teasing, as long as she was so happy. But although Roland Ainslie is a very devoted lover, and sees no imperfection in his little *fiancée's* winning ways; yet, notwithstanding all this, I would advise any other fair, mischief-loving girl, to beware how she takes advantage of Leap-Year to imitate anything so dangerous as **CASSIE'S PROPOSAL.**

## A L O N E.

BY FLORENCE BRENTANO.

I AM so sad and lone to-night,  
Said with a nameless pain;  
Good God! to be so desolate,  
So filled with aching pain!  
In longing deeper than any words,  
My heavy soul is steeped;

Oh, love! sweet love! come warm my life  
With snow so coldly heaped!  
The snow, the snow that fell therein,  
And froze me like a stone;  
Will never love's Spring come to me?  
Must I remain alone?

# MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 297.

## CHAPTER XVII.

DAME TILLERY called her household together, maids, stable-men, and helpers, and standing at a long table in one end of the most public room in her house, proclaimed to them the high honor that day conferred on her by the queen.

"Not altogether to myself has her majesty done this honor," she said, lifting her closed fan on high, and looking around benignly on her retainers; "but as the sun sheds light on the weeds and the grass, as well as the flowers, my glory shall, in some sort, fall on the humblest of my servants; from this hour you may look upon yourselves as next in service to the retainers of the high nobility of France. I have not decided yet upon a livery or a badge, all that will be left to more cool deliberation; but you can go forth with a feeling of high preference; and as such honors can no longer be kept secret, you have my free permission to promulgate this good news throughout the town as occasion may offer. Now, my humble friends, you may disperse for a holiday. In the tap-room a cask of wine has been broached, free to every man and woman in my employ. All that I ask is, that you drink the health of their majesties, and your liege lady, The Dame of the Dairy."

Dame Tillery opened her fan with the slow spread of a peacock's tail, waved it once or twice with superb dignity, closed it into a baton again, and retired amid the bewildered shouts of her household. On her way from the room she met the strange page, who came in hurriedly and flushed with excitement. He was about to pass the landlady, but she stood smiling in his way, and rendered that impossible.

"You had an audience, and such an one as no other person outside the court could have obtained for you," she said, in high good-humor. "Did her majesty speak of the high honor conferred on your humble servant? Did she say that, in her serene goodness, she had lifted Dame Tillery, who stands here before you, into the nobility of France? Did she tell you that this day a new order has been created, and Dame Tillery, of the Swan, stands at its head?"

The page listened impatiently, and did not seem to comprehend what the woman was talking about; but, with a sudden start of memory, he drew a rouleau of gold from his pocket and handed it to the dame.

"What is this? For whom is it intended?" she inquired, drawing her portly figure up with a swell of importance.

"It is the gold I promised for the service you have rendered me, with enough added to cover the cost of my lodging here," answered the page. "I give it now, because in a few minutes I shall take the road again."

"Nay," replied the dame, waving the gold aside with her fan, "that was all well enough yesterday, when I was only mistress of the Swan; but I have my doubts about it now. Can a person of my rank receive money in her own person? I—I am in doubt—I think not."

"I crave pardon," said the page, and a laughing imp came dancing into his eyes. "If there is any person in your household who can act as treasurer, I will give the money to him."

Dame Tillery, who had been all the while eyeing the rouleau of gold askance, broke into an approving smile, and called aloud for one of the men she had left in the public room, whom she ordered to take charge of the money, and see that it was properly bestowed in her strong coffer; then she turned to address the page again, but he was gone.

"Zamara."

The dwarf started up and opened the door, through which the page came in haste.

"Zamara, I have failed; the ring is on her finger, but I cannot get it off. Oh, Zamara! how often I have wished that wretched man had never crossed my path!"

"It was a great misfortune, my lady. Nothing seems to have gone well with us since that terrible ring was taken from his finger."

"If we could only get it back again—if we could devise some way. Zamara, can you think of nothing? The poor queen has given us nothing but kindness, and to her we have brought perpetual disappointment—perhaps undreamed of trouble. Try, marmosette. In the old times

you were never at a loss for invention—help me in this strait. I cannot go away and leave that accursed serpent clinging to her hand.”

Tears stood in this hard woman's eyes, she was passionately in earnest. Zamara started up, and seizing her hand, kissed it with heathenish devotion.

“Madame has spoken; Zamara has seen her tears, and will give his soul to the task she appoints him.”

“My good Zamara, my kind, kind friend! I know that you will wrest this talisman from her hand, if human ingenuity can do it. If I have trust in mortal being, it is in you, my poor marmosette. But to help me in this you must stay at Versailles, while I go up to Paris. Ah! this task of uprooting the wrongs one has perpetrated is a hard one. Something baffles me even when I strive to do good, while it was so easy to be wicked. Why is this I wonder! Oh, me! how different it might have proved had I been born among the great, rather than forced upon them.”

“Madame, I hear some one at your chamber-door.”

“Go, go. It is, doubtless, that tiresome woman.”

The next moment Zamara stood by Dame Tillery, who was knocking loudly at the door of Madame Du Barry's chamber.

“Ah!” he said, “let me congratulate you, dame; all the house is in commotion—such joy, such unheard-of good fortune. Why, it is like being made a princess. They wanted me to come down into the public room and drink to this new dignity—but I said no. When madame herself appears, I will drink to her health, but not with servants, only in her own august presence. This was what I said, madame.”

Zamara pressed a tiny hand upon his heart, and bent low as he finished speaking.

“That was the thought of a person endowed with most gentle breeding,” said the dame, wheeling from the door full of hospitable thoughts. “Come with me to my own room, where you will find something better than the people down yonder would know how to relish. You shall taste of Burgundy from the best bin in my cellar, the more readily because I wish to send a flask to your mistress. It was this that took me to her door but now.”

Zamara stood by howling and smiling, while the dame filled a goblet with wine from a bottle that seemed to have rested years in her cellar, and, though compelled to hold it between both hands, he drained it to the bottom.

“Now,” said the dame, giving him a salver

to carry, on which she had placed a second bottle and glasses. “Follow me to madame's room; she must not be neglected when the lowest scullion in the kitchen rejoices.”

There was no difficulty of access now. Madame Du Barry was still in bed, but resting in a recumbent position on her pillows in a demi-toilet, but with her hair less elaborately arranged than usual. She received Dame Tillery with a smile, congratulated her warmly when she heard the good news, tossed off a goblet of the sparkling Burgundy, and declared that the news had made her well—so well that she would start for Paris within the hour, leaving Zamara behind to arrange the baggage, and follow her when she should send for him.

Dame Tillery expostulated a little; but finding her guest positive, allowed her to depart, but not till the bottle of Burgundy had been drained in honor of her new dignity. What Du Barry refused to drink, the jovial dame insisted on dividing with Zamara, whose eyes twinkled with infinite mischief when she sat down with the bottle on her knee, and insisted that he should drain glass for glass with her.

So confused became the happy landlady of the Swan before the hour was gone, that she only remembered that the page had left rather abruptly, and had no definite idea of the period when Madame Du Barry took her departure.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MADAME GOSNER was absent from her apartments. The terrible disappointment which had fallen upon her was praying so heavily upon her mind that repose was impossible to her. For the time she was at war with life itself. The doubt that her husband was still living haunted her like a cry of destiny. She said little, and scarcely tasted food. The never-ending pain of her existence renewed itself, and threatened destruction to her life or reason.

Marguerite felt the change in her manner, and was so wounded by it that her young life was doubly embittered. She did not share in her mother's doubts of the king and queen; but honestly believed that her father had perished in prison, as thousands of others had in that terrible place.

All these thoughts weighed down the heart of that young girl, for now she felt more lonely than ever. She was crying bitterly in her solitude when Monsieur Jaque came in. The man was greatly changed, both in person and manner, since she first saw him. He had gradually thrown off the rude dress and seeming of a



plebeian, and assumed the garments and habits of a gentleman of the second class. His hair no longer concealed a noble forehead under its tangled masses; his hands were no longer grimmed with dust from the work-shop; his features, having thrown off their heavy expression, were grand rather than harsh. Marguerite did not know that so far herself had won this man out of his extreme radicalism, and lured him back to his old nature, but it produced a kind and winning impression on her, which deepened the gratitude already in her heart, and made love a possibility.

"Why is it that you weep?" he inquired, seating himself by the girl, and taking her hand tenderly in his, as if it had been a lost bird he feared to frighten.

"You ask me this, as if I had not double cause for tears," she said, lifting her eyes to his face with a look of pathetic desolation. "My poor father is dead, I can no longer have a hope for him; my mother is silent, stern, self-absorbed—she leaves me alone. Still you ask me not to weep."

"Marguerite!"

She looked up quickly; then her eyelids drooped, and the slow color came to her cheeks. "You were about to say something, monsieur," she said, very softly.

"Is there nothing else that makes you unhappy? Has repentance for the words you spoke the other day nothing to do with it? Is it that you think it a promise, and so weep?"

"I think it a promise, but do not weep for that," she answered, lifting her mournful eyes to his face. "But, oh, monsieur! it will never be—my poor father is dead."

Monsieur Jaque dropped her hand. Was it the certainty of her father's death that had made Marguerite so willing to give that promise?

"Marguerite!"

It was the second time he had called her by that name, in a voice so sweet and low that it thrilled her to the heart. She attempted to answer, but could not.

"Marguerite, I love you! How much no human being can ever know, and I dare not attempt to tell you lest you think me mad; but I do love you, and hoped to win some little return. You did promise to *love* the man who brought your father alive from the Bastille. Or was that one of my wild dreams?"

"It was a promise," said Marguerite, earnestly—"a promise before God!"

"And if I give freedom to your father?"

The color left the face on which his pleading

eyes were fastened. It seemed to him that a look of affright broke into her eyes; but after a moment she held out her hand.

"It was a promise and an oath before God!" she said, simply.

Monsieur Jaque flung himself on his knees before that young girl. He grasped her hands and covered them with kisses; and then she felt great, warm tears falling over them, as if in penitence to wash the kisses away.

"If it is in the power of mortal man to break through those walls to find and liberate your father, it shall be done," he said, rising from his knees and pacing the room as he spoke.

Marguerite followed him with her eyes, which slowly filled with tears.

"It will be all in vain," she murmured. "my poor father must be dead. It was no fraud that the beautiful queen and that good king committed. How can my mother, how can you, Monsieur Jaque, believe them guilty of this cruel deception?"

"Wait! Do not let us judge yet! By-and-by we shall know; for as there is a just God in heaven, not a stone shall be left upon another of that hideous building!"

As Monsieur Jaque spoke, a clear, ringing knock sounded at the door of the room, and as Marguerite arose, it was flung open, and a man, dressed as a page, and with the audacious air of a superior, entered the room.

"I was ordered," he said, looking around, "to find a lady, the wife or widow of one Dr. Gosner, who died last week in the Bastille. Is this her apartment, or have I been directed amiss?"

"Madame Gosner has gone out," answered Monsieur Jaque, for Marguerite was so taken by surprise that she could find no voice.

"Then I must wait," said the page, seating himself; "it is my orders."

"Fortunately, that is madame's step on the stairs," answered Monsieur Jaque; and that moment Madame Gosner entered the room, her noble presence, the air of refinement and authority with which she presented herself, brought the page to his feet, and prompted a low bow, while madame turned a calm and questioning look on his face.

"Madame will forgive what may seem like an intrusion," said the page; "but I am ordered by a personage that I dare not venture to disobey, and must do my errand. This personage has heard with profound regret that the husband of madame has perished in the Bastille just as the royal clemency had ordered that he should be set at liberty. There is no power in France that can bring back life, but all that

justice and sympathy can offer to his widow and child I am empowered to give. In this portfolio, lady, are twenty thousand francs, which I am ordered to present to your daughter as a marriage portion, should she ever choose to leave her mother's protection. For yourself there is an annuity already secured, which will make your future life free from care."

The page paused, and held out a small portfolio; but Madame Gosner put it gently back.

"Did this come from the king?" she inquired.

"Madame, I am forbidden to answer."

"Or the queen?"

"Here also I must be silent."

"If it comes from either King or Queen of France, take it back, with this message: say that the wife of Dr. Gosner accepts no bribes, and has no price for her husband's liberty. Say that she knows——"

Here Monsieur Jaque laid his hand on her arm, and checked the imprudent words that trembled on her lips—words that had left the cheek of the page suddenly colorless.

"The lady simply means to say that she can accept no bounty from the King or Queen of France," he interposed with dignity; "therefore your errand is so far accomplished."

The page put away the portfolio in the folds of his tunic, and moved toward the door, but a sudden thought struck him, and he turned back, drawing it forth again.

"Madame, this money does not come from their majesties, who are at this moment, for aught I know, ignorant of Dr. Gosner's death; nor is it a gratuity. In his early life that learned man did a service to the person who sent me here—a service which has never been repaid, and which, at this time, nothing but money can repay. Hearing of his hard fate, that person was conscience-stricken that a debt so justly due should have been left unpaid to his widow or his heirs: though there was some excuse for this, as it was unknown in France that the unfortunate gentleman had either a wife or child. You will not wrong a person who wishes to redeem a neglect that may have caused much trouble by refusing the privilege of restitution."

"But what was the nature of this debt? In what way was it created?" demanded Madame Gosner.

"Without danger to the person in question I cannot explain," answered the page; "but of this be assured, it is justly due, and this money will never be used for any other person. Indeed, a portion of it is invested in your name beyond recall. The rest I will not carry from this room—it is my orders."

The page waited for no answer, but laid the portfolio on a table, and went swiftly out of the room, leaving its inmates gazing on each other in blank amazement.

"Follow that man, Monsieur Jaque," exclaimed madame; "I will receive none of his money. Who has dared to force a charity on me in this way?"

Monsieur Jaque took the portfolio and hurried with it down stairs. He reached the door just in time to see the page spring upon his horse, and fling the portfolio at the animal's feet. The page dismounted, took up the portfolio, and rode away with a dejected air.

Monsieur Jaque entered Madame Gosner's room again.

"Have you done right to reject this money?" he said. "Perhaps this story is true. With all his knowledge and power, it would be strange if your husband might not have performed some act which would entitle him to a sum like this."

"But I will not take it! Who in all France, save the royal pair at Versailles, knew that my husband was supposed to have died so lately? No one but the governor of the Bastille; and he is not likely to have appeased his conscience in this way."

"But even from the king it might have been accepted in behalf of France. It would help to feed many a famished mouth."

"The people of France! Oh! I had forgot them!" cried Madame Gosner, with enthusiasm. "But, no, no! I could not have taken it even for them. Gold coming from the man and woman of Versailles would blister my palm. Let us think no more of it; while they have hands to work, neither Gosner's wife or child will ever accept alms."

"God grant that the good man still lives!" said Monsieur Jaque.

"God grant it!" answered the woman, sadly; "but sometimes it seems such a forlorn hope. If he is alive? How the words torture me! Oh! of all torments, uncertainty is the greatest!"

"Trust me it shall not long be an uncertainty."

"What do you mean—is this a promise?"

"Upon which more than my poor life depends. Within three days we will know of a certainty that Dr. Gosner is alive and still a prisoner in the Bastille, or dead—whether it is our duty to save or avenge him."

"But in either case?" questioned the woman, wistfully.

"In either case that monstrous pile is doomed. It shall no longer crouch like a monster on the

heart of France. Will you not breathe one prayer for me?"

These gentle words were spoken to the young girl, who lifted her beautiful eyes and met his gaze with a heavenly smile.

"I shall not cease to pray till we meet again," she said.

Madame Gosner heard this conversation, and was struck by the thrilling tenderness of each voice as it answered the other.

"What is the meaning of this?" she inquired, sharply. "I do not understand."

"It means," answered Monsieur Jaque, "that I love her better than my own soul. When I have rescued her father from his dungeon, the reward I shall dare to claim will be this dear hand."

The strong man fell upon his knees as he spoke, and pressed Marguerite's hand to his lips. Then he arose, saying aloud, "God and our Lady prosper this day's work—the reward is so great that it makes a coward of me."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

MONSIEUR JAQUE went to his room and prepared, with more trepidation than he had ever felt in his life, for the enterprise which would give him the only thing he asked for on earth, or throw him back into utter disappointment. Once more he flung off all the appearances of a gentleman, and put himself on a level with the rudest workmen of the city. The thick masses of his hair were dulled with powdered dust, his brows and lashes were darkened, and with a few touches of the pencil, dark circles under the eyes deepened them almost to blackness. Directly a stout, high-shouldered mechanic, in coarse workman's clothes, and carrying a box of tools in his hand, came out of the room; a cap of faded cloth was on his head, and his hair fell in unkempt locks over his forehead, half concealing his eyes. Marguerite saw him pass the door, and a faint smile stirred her lip. It was in that guise she had first seen him, and the memory of all his kindness since that day made the heart swell in her bosom. Monsieur Jaque cast one glance through the door and went on his way, nerved by the look with which those beautiful eyes had followed him. He passed through several streets, nodding now and then to a fellow workman whom he chanced to encounter, and at last entered the shop of a gunsmith and general worker in iron, where he seemed to be well known.

"Is the master no better?" he inquired of an apprentice, who was working at a vice near one of the windows.

The boy looked up, blew some iron-flings from his fingers, and answered carelessly,

"No better, and cross-grained as a file. Step in yonder, you will find him there, I suppose."

Monsieur Jaque went into the inner room to which the lad pointed, and found his friend in a great easy-chair, and with his night-cap on, nursing an unfortunate leg, which was cruelly tortured with the rheumatism.

"Ah! you have come at last; that young probate out yonder protested that he did not know where to find you. Can anything be more aggravating? Here is the governor wanting me at the Bastile. Some prisoner has nearly battered down one of the crazy doors, and so wrenched the lock that they can neither get in or out of his cell. So there is a chance that the fellow may starve to death for his pains, for I could not walk a step to save my life."

The locksmith gave a dash at his aching leg, as if violence could help the matter, and, settling back in his chair, waited for his visitor to speak.

"I heard that you were ill, and happened to remember that this was your usual day for service at the prison. Having represented you before, I suppose they will accept me again. If there are keys to be fitted, let me have them; and if you will write a line to the governor, saying that I am sent as the most trusty of your workmen, it will save all trouble about the admission."

"You are kind, my friend. So good a craftsman is not often found ready to take a sick man's place. Give me pen and paper, I will write a line to my friend Christopher—it is not necessary to trouble the governor; but you must put forth all your strength here, for they are getting terribly anxious about the safety of their prisoners; and no wonder, the damp of those vaults are enough to corrode the best lock ever forged in a single month, and after that there is no key that will turn against the rust. Still I ought not to complain, it rolls up my bill handsomely at the end of the year; and there is no lack of good wine at the Bastile after the work is done."

"I remember it," said Jaque, with a relishing movement of the lip; "one does not readily forget such wine. I hope they will be as liberal to the man as they are to the master. Oh! you have finished the paper, and I have no time to lose."

Monsieur Jaque took up his case of tools, put the paper in his pocket, and went out, smiling cheerfully. In half an hour he stood before the draw-bridge of the Bastile, presented his note to the guard, and was admitted to the interior

of the prison. He found Christopher in a guard-room, where he was giving some extra orders to half a dozen of the prison-guards, who had done something to displease him. He looked around as Jaque entered, recognized him as a person who had done duty there before, and went on with his lecture, not considering a humble blacksmith worthy of his immediate attention.

Jaque sat down his tool-case, and seemed to be absorbed in the pompous reprimand Christopher was dealing out to the poor fellows who had been so unfortunate as to offend him. This attention touched the keeper's vanity, and he launched out into more fervid eloquence for his especial benefit. At last he sent the delinquents away with a lofty wave of the hand, and bestowed his entire attention on the locksmith.

"So," he said, reaching forth his hand for the paper which Jaque gave him, "the old locksmith is down again, chained by the leg fast as any prisoner in the Bastille. It is no time for strange hands to be let into the fortress; but if he is so ill, there is no help for it. Wait a moment; if I remember rightly you have been here before?"

Monsieur Jaque would have betrayed himself by a sudden flush or pallor but for the brown hue which had been imparted to his complexion in the room that morning. As it was, a flickering light in the eye alone revealed the panic that seized upon him. It was needless. Christopher only alluded to the workman whom he remembered to have come on the same errand once before. He had not the remotest idea that he had so lately seen the man in another capacity; nor did he recognize the voice, which was peculiarly rich and deep, for Jaque had put a leaden bullet under his tongue, which confused all the tones and vulgarized his speech.

"Shall I go to work now?" he asked, in an awkward, deprecating way. "It will need a light, I suppose."

Christopher took a lantern from the wall and lighted the candle within.

"I will go with you myself," he said. "In these times we trust but few of the keepers where you are going."

Monsieur Jaque's heart fell. He had hoped that a common guard would be sent with him, one whom it would be possible to evade for a moment; but Christopher took some keys from the drawer of a desk, and moved toward the interior of the prison.

Perhaps in his whole life that brave man had never felt such keen anxiety as stirred every nerve in his body during his descent into those

gloomy corridors. How was he to prosecute the investigation he had come purposely to make? By what means was he to reach the particular cell, from which that cry came, with Christopher standing by? There was not one chance in a hundred that it was the lock that poor prisoner had shaken, with so much violence, that wanted mending; yet a wild hope had possessed him that he might be led there. No, he was conducted down a damp corridor that branched off in another direction, and shown into an empty cell, from whose wall the staples had been wrenched out by some desperate man, to whom suffering had given a giant's strength.

The disappointment was terrible; but still, actuated by a despairing thought that God, in his mercy, would open some way to the truth, he went vigorously to work with a heavy sledge, and drove the staples back into the granite wall with a force that echoed through those vaulted passages like the roar of a wild beast. When this ponderous work was done, he turned upon his companion, and, with a faltering voice, asked if that was enough.

Christopher hesitated, and only answered,

"Follow me, and remember, not a word must be spoken to any prisoner. The man who breaks this rule will stand a fair chance of occupying a cell himself. Am I understood?"

Monsieur Jaque took up his tools, muttering that he had nothing to say, and had no wish regarding any prisoner, but to get out of that unwholesome place as soon as possible.

While he was speaking, Christopher turned into a passage he recognized, and the strong man scarcely drew his breath till they came opposite the very door which had so painfully fastened itself on his memory. There the keeper paused, and set down his lantern.

"It is seldom we permit any workman to enter a cell in which prisoners are—but this door cannot be opened. It is some days since we have been able to get food or water through, and we must reach him now, or he will starve to death."

Jaque sat down his tools and tried the lock with his hands, but they shook violently, and fell away red with wet rust.

"The bolt has got twisted, no doubt," said Christopher. "The whole lock must be taken apart, and the hinges fastened. Pah! that was a lizard creeping across my ankle, and here drops a spider into my very hair. It makes the flesh creep on my bones. Come, come, my friend, have done sorting your tools, this is not a pleasant place to linger in. The light is

burning blue already. Oh! there it goes; that was a powerful wrench! Pry away! pry away! force the staple! Hercules! what powerful arms! How the door trembles—open at last. Ah! our friend has fainted, so much the better.”

Christopher entered the cell first, and stooping, lifted a truss of straw, which he flung over the deathly face of a man who lay in the furthest corner. Then he placed himself directly between the prostrate man and Jaque, who was examining the door. Without appearing to observe these movements, he went on with his work, and seemed to be laboring with great zeal, but made so little progress that Christopher became impatient.

“Why, man, at this rate we shall not get away from here in an hour,” he said, casting impatient glances around the dungeon.

“Ah hour! Why if I get through all that is to be done here in three hours, it will be better than I expect.”

“Three hours! Then, by our Lady! you will not spend them here! Come out into the passage, and mend the lock there. There is little chance that this poor fellow will be disturbed by the noise; but, in common charity, be quick, or he may die on our hands.”

Monsieur Jaque had hoped to weary the man out by naming so many hours; but failing in this, he answered that it was impossible to remain all the time outside the door, he must go in and out while repairing it; but, for the prisoner's sake, he would lose no time.

“Well, see that you don't,” answered Christopher, setting his lantern on the floor. I wouldn't spend three hours in this place to save the Bastille from destruction.”

The seeming locksmith muttered that it was equally disagreeable to him, and went on with his work; but his eyes were now and then turned upon the lantern, and Christopher might have seen that the hand which was turning a screw in one of the hinges worked unsteadily. After an interval of some ten minutes, he swung the door back, as if to try the hinge; it struck the lantern, overturned it, and the next instant they were in profound darkness.

An oath broke from the keeper, and he began to grope for the lantern; but Jaque had been before him, the lantern was in his hand, the door open, and he was about to grasp the candle, when a sudden jerk sent it flying into the darkness.

“What is to be done?” questioned Jaque, rising from his knees. “How are we to get a light?”

“Confound your awkwardness!” answered

the keeper, fumbling about for the lantern. “The door is broken open and the candle gone. This is an awful fix. You may thank your stars that the only man in the Bastille who can thread its passages by night, is in this infernal place with you.”

“Thank heaven it is only an inconvenience!” said the locksmith.

“If to sit here from fifteen minutes to half an hour in the dark, breathing this pestilential air is only an inconvenience, you may, perhaps, be grateful; for my part, I have no fancy for groping my way through the black labyrinth of passages that lie between us and the guard-rooms; and you can tell your master from me, that when we want work done again in the Bastille, he must come himself, or resign his position. We want no more bunglers.”

“I beg ten thousand pardons—it was an accident!”

“We do not permit of accidents here!” answered the keeper, by no means appeased by the humility by which the workman strove to atone for his fault. “For ten thousand francs I would not grope my way through the places that lead to this, with those slimy things creeping around one. Pah! It is bad enough when a light is there to frighten them away; but now, curses on your blundering! if I come back without a battle with the rats, it is more than I expect.”

Monsieur Jaque knew by the keeper's voice that he was outside of the cell. He could hear the lantern rattling against the stones of the wall as he staggered forward in the dark; but he did not hear the muttered words which followed.

“Confound the fool! he is safe enough from any chance of mischief. The prisoner hasn't got the strength to speak; and as for seeing his face, let him try. One might as well look through sheet-lead as that darkness. Steady! Steady! How close the walls are together! How plainly you can hear the waters of the moat licking the stones, and trickling through, drop by drop. Heaven have mercy! Help! Help!”

His foot had slipped on the wet slabs of the floor; he caught at the wall, but his hand had no power to clutch the dripping stones, and he went down with a crash, which reached the locksmith, who sat in the darkness, listening keenly. After a little Jaque heard a volley of muttered curses, and slow footsteps, picking their way through the distance. Then all was still, save the horrible lapping of waters against the walls, and the hard breathing of his fellow-prisoner, who seemed to stir faintly in the

straw. For a half minute the man held his breath, and listened for those footsteps, or that voice to renew themselves. Then he reached cautiously forward and began to feel for something in his tool-case. A moment of stillness followed, then the sharp click of steel striking flint, and a few sparks of fire ignited on the dungeon-floor. Quick as thought the man sprang to his feet, snatched a wisp of straw, and held it close to the sparks, blowing them with all the slow strength of his lungs into a tiny flame.

The sparks flashed upward, the straw blazed, and for one instant the whole dungeon was illuminated. Jaque caught one glance at a deadly white face, with the eyes wide open, looking at him. He had no time for recognition, but was searching for the candle. It lay at his feet, and had been trodden upon. What of that? A wick was there, and tallow enough to last a minute—he asked no more. He began to tremble, for the wick had gathered moisture from the floor, and refused to ignite.

"Great God! stand by me this one minute!" he exclaimed, passionately, forcing his hand to hold the burning straw with steadiness. He had given the straw a twist, and it kept fire. The spluttering wick broke into an uncertain flame, trembled, half went out, and rose to a clear light. "Thank God!"

Jaque went close to the prisoner with these words on his lips. He held the light down to that white face. The wild glitter of those eyes frightened him.

"Speak to me! If you remember a name, tell it before any one comes. Speak! For God's sake, speak! Are you Dr. Gosner?"

The prisoner began to tremble violently; his thin hands clasped themselves; every feature in his face quivered, and from his white lips dropped these faltering words:

"That was my name when I had one."

Jaque blew out the candle, and flung it into the darkness.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

"MINE ALONE."

BY U. D. THOMAS.

KISSES I'll press on his pallid brow,  
 Again, again, again!  
 Those who say he is not mine now,  
 Utter false words and vain.  
 Think, oh, think! of my wasted life!  
 My sorrowing day by day;  
 Long has my heart with my soul had strife;  
 Now will my heart have way.  
 Turn aside with your tears unshed!  
 Stifle that piteous moan,  
 And leave me awhile with the sinless dead—  
 Now he is mine alone!  
 I did your nuptial rites allow,  
 Pulsed with grief and fear;

I had respect for his latest vow—  
 Vows do not bind him here!  
 Oh! if those colorless lips could speak,  
 Those long-loved eyes could see;  
 If the voice of my love could this slumber break,  
 Would he not smile on me?  
 Would he not plead that I long might stay,  
 Where I am kneeling now;  
 Folding his clustering curls away—  
 Kissing his icy brow?  
 Leave me! I'll murmur above my dead,  
 Words to your heart unknown;  
 Lying you pillow'd his precious head—  
 Dead, he is mine alone!

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MISS BELLA PARROTT.

WHY beats this heart so sadly?  
 Why throbs this aching brow?  
 My song, once blithe and merry,  
 Is clothed in sadness now.  
 An icy coldness mantles me,  
 And sorrow's fount is dry;  
 Oh! tell me true, is this the dream  
 Of mortals soon to die?  
 Oh! cruel fate! that killed the hope  
 That dwelt within this breast;  
 Come take this life, since thou hast taken  
 The one I loved the best.

My love sleeps 'neath no friendly sod;  
 No kind friend drops a tear  
 Upon his low grave in the wood,  
 So desolate and drear;  
 His comrades gather home again,  
 And fame has wreathed each brow;  
 But he comes not with the glistening band,  
 And my heart is broken now.  
 I'm fading fast, my sight grows dim,  
 I go to join my love;  
 For no cruel hand can sever those  
 Who meet in Heaven above.

## A STORY OF A ROSE-BUD.

BY A. M. MITCHELL.

MARGARET RADNOR stood before the mirror, drawing a scarlet ribbon round her collar and fastening it with a bow in front. You would have thought she was wasting precious time over a very small thing, but she was really paying not the slightest attention to the manner in which her hands were employed, but was intent upon a conversation going on near her between her mother and a visitor.

"What has become of your aunt, Mrs. Radnor; that handsome old lady, who used to live here in so much style? I have not seen her now in two or three years."

"My aunt? Oh! you mean aunt Elenor," replied Margaret's mother. "She lost nearly all her property about a year ago, and having nothing left but a place called Linnwood, about ten miles out, she went there with her brother to live. The estate is a very fine one, and the house furnished luxuriously; but now those two old people live there with no society whatever. I sometimes wonder how aunt Elenor manages to live so, for she is very fond of society; but I imagine," with a laugh, "she is not able to do anything else."

"Do you never go there?"

"No, not now; I did at first, but it was very lonely; and after Margaret came home from school, I had the excuse that we saw a great deal of additional company, and so I could not leave home."

"I remember her as a very lovely old lady."

"Oh! she is, very; so stylish, and all that sort of thing. She sends us most tempting fruit sometimes, which is quite good, as we never go there."

The conversation branched off upon other subjects after this, and Margaret, excusing herself, left the room. "She was going out to a party this evening," she said, "and there were various preparations to be made."

All the rest of the day, turning over muslin, and lace, and silk, she thought of the conversation she had heard, and as the hours flew by she laid her plans.

When she came down, by-and-by, in the evening, in her full dress, with her white cloak over her arm, she said to her mother,

"I am going, to-morrow, to see my aunt Elenor."

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"Margaret, you are wild," said her mother, in despair. "Why need you go just now, when you have engagements every evening this week and next? Wait a few weeks."

"Now or never, mamma," replied Margaret, shaking her head.

"What will Mr. Thornton say, Maggie?" asked her mother, urging her last and strongest plea.

"There he is now," replied Margaret, evading the question, and rising with a brighter bloom upon her cheek to welcome her escort, who came forward as if the sight of her was a most welcome one.

The mother, meantime, thinking the evening's pleasure, with the prospects of others in the same company, might dispel Margaret's visions of Linnwood, said nothing further; but, in a very motherly way, wrapped Margaret's cloak about her, and bade Mr. Thornton "take good care of her."

His "I will try," in answer, said enough, even for the mother's pleasure.

"I hope I shall see you at our house on Thursday," said Mr. Thornton, as they drove home, after the party.

"You received cards, I believe?"

"Yes," replied Margaret, hesitating, "but I must decline. Tell your mother I very much regret it, for I am going out of town on a visit to my aunt."

"Not to remain long, I hope," he said.

"I do not know. Probably not more than three or four weeks."

He looked as if he would have said something more, but he did not; and his "good-night and good-by" at the door was spoken very gravely.

"You are not offended that I must decline your mother's invitation for Thursday?" asked Margaret, with a little tremor at her heart.

"Do not think so for a moment," he returned, earnestly, taking her hand again; "I was only very sorry that you were going away."

Margaret went up stairs, feeling very sorry likewise, but a night's sleep did her good, and she arose very well pleased to think that the evening would find her at Linnwood. She busied herself all the morning with her packing; and then, just before she was ready, she found her way down town, and bought two or three new

books, and some delicate laces for her aunt, articles which she knew were longed for, but beyond the means of the dwellers at Linn-wood.

The stage set her down at the gate just before dark, and she could see the light of her aunt Elenor's lamp gleaming brightly down through the ice-laden trees of the lawn, and over the snowy ground. It gave her a cheery welcome. There had been but few tracks upon the snow from the gate to the house, but Elenor stepped carefully, and succeeded in reaching the steps without getting wet.

Her ring brought a woman-servant to the door, who, in answer to her inquiry, led her to the room from which she had seen the light, and ushered her in. Her aunt, a dignified, noble-looking old lady of sixty, with soft, gray curls drooping about her face, sat under the lamp reading, while her brother smoked in his easy-chair and listened.

Margaret advanced as her aunt rose.

"Auntie," she said, "I've come to see you. Are you glad to have me?"

"I think," said her aunt, in reply, seizing her, and kissing her between the words, "I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life!"

"Maggie, you come like flowers in spring-time," said her uncle, taking her as her aunt released her.

Margaret felt the welcome from the bottom of her heart, and as she took her seat between the two, and looked from one admiring face to the other, she felt as though she had come to a haven of rest. She said something to the same effect the next morning, when aunt Elenor had drawn her from the library into the conservatory, and was putting leaves and roses into her hands. Something about the perfume of the heliotrope reminded her of her last evening at home.

"Auntie," she said, "you cannot think what a delightful quiet this is after the turmoil of the past three months. I have been going constantly, and had engagements steadily, but I thought I would come here——"

The sentence ended abruptly, for this noble-minded, unselfish girl had no mind to tell her aunt that the vision her mother had drawn of her lonesome life, had led to her standing just where she did at that moment.

"I hope you will not find it too quiet, love. You may rest assured it is very delightful to have you here."

I cannot tell you what she was to that old couple in the weeks that followed. She sang for them, and read to them in the evening. She played chess with her uncle, and knit warm

riding-gloves for her aunt. She arranged dainty dishes of flowers for the table, and made nice little bits of French sweetness in the kitchen.

Maggie was everywhere, and made joy out of everything. It was she who found chestnuts down in the village, and having bought them brought them home, sat down before a great, roaring fire to roast them for her aunt, laughing and springing up as they snapped out from under the ashes. Somehow the evening paper always made its appearance now when the stage came in, and it was Maggie who discovered something new and curious to read aloud.

Fastidious and dainty as Madam De Vere was, Margaret's dress always suited her. She blended colors in a way that rested the lady's eyes when they looked at her. Dress was not thrown aside because she saw no one but the two to whom she was a daily delight. There was no difference between her appearance now and at home, and she most often wore a warm, glowing dress, with glistening trimmings, in which she had been wont to receive Mr. Thornton the evenings when he called. Margaret was very happy. She busied herself for aunt Elenor all day long. Sometimes she thought she would have liked to spend a day in the library, but there never was time.

One evening, just before tea, she was standing between the heavily-curtained windows, looking out at the trees rocking and swinging in the wind, and listening to the sound of the heavy breeze sweeping round the corners of the house. The stage had just gone by, and she was waiting for aunt Elenor to come in with the evening paper. She was pressing between her fingers the odorless leaves she had just gathered, and thinking of other flowers which had been given her one night early in the winter, when her aunt's voice roused her,

"My love," she said, "I am even more glad for you than I am for myself."

"For what, auntie?"

"Because, Maggie, the only other person beside yourself who sometimes comes here to make us bright, is the son of an old friend of mine, and he writes me to-night that he is about to pop in upon one of his unexpected visits. You will like him, I know, for he is one in a thousand, and for goodness and kindness of heart I know not a man who is his equal."

"Who is he, auntie?" asked Margaret, who was on her knees before the fire, trying to persuade it to burn brighter.

"His name is Percy Thornton. He is——"

Margaret was on her feet in an instant. "Auntie," she said, hurriedly, "I know him!"

"Do you, my dear? Then you know what to



expect. How very pleasant that is. Was not my description correct?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Margaret, very quietly; but the hot blood mounted into her face, under the smiling, intent eyes of her aunt, and when she was fain to run away, Madam De Vere kissed her, and let her go.

Mr. Thornton did not know what day he should arrive, and so the two who were watching looked every night when the stage came up, Margaret from the window of her room, where she would be out of sight, and Madam De Vere from the library.

But it so happened that on the evening when he did come, Margaret had gone down into the village with her uncle, and Madam De Vere was the only one to welcome him.

"I have my niece stopping with me," said that lady, after she and her guest had been some time chattering by the library fire; "and she has been like sunshine in the house for the last three weeks. I am only wondering what I shall do without her, when she comes to go."

"I was not aware you had a niece," said Percy.

"Yes, Margaret Radnor is my niece—and a choice blessing she is."

Mr. Thornton started, and then said quietly, "I know a Miss Radnor of Swanley—is it she?"

"Yes, the same one," replied Madam De Vere, with a little amused glance at her guest.

Just then the library-door was thrown open, and Maggie, fresh from her walk, with her cheeks all aglow, and her little plumed hat in her hand, ran in toward the fire.

"Auntie, it's cold," she said, and then stopped short, for her hand was taken, and a voice she immediately recognized, said,

"Miss Radnor, this is a very pleasant, unexpected meeting."

Margaret summoned all her wits to the rescue, and then replied, very sedately and demurely,

"I did not know you had come, sir. I am very glad to see you here."

"Now come and get warm," said her aunt; but Margaret had recovered from her chill, and ran away without waiting for anything further.

When she returned presently, she was the very essence of what Mr. Thornton had known at Swanley, with an added freshness and sweetness, which he was quick to notice. She had on a soft, dark dress, with no ornament but a little cluster of pearls. But she had been into the conservatory, and there had gathered and fastened in her hair a most superb damask rose with drooping buds. She made a lovely picture, at least to those two who watched her entrance.

"And this was she who had left the gaiety of the city to be sunshine for these two old friends of his." Mr. Thornton thought he could understand what sort of sunshine it must have been.

He had free opportunity to judge: and his admiration did not lessen as the days went on, and he saw how she had wound herself around aunt Elenor's heart, with her thousand delicate acts of affection. She might give him her society, and she did, continually; but if, in any way, her aunt's comfort interfered, she would dismiss him with a word and a smile, which were almost worth her short-time absence to obtain.

"And you came away for this?" he said, one day, as he stood beside her, listening and watching her hands, as they busied themselves with some flowers she was arranging. She had been telling him of some piece of work she and aunt Elenor had accomplished together.

She understood his meaning, and replied, simply, "Yes, that is the reason, and it has been a great pleasure."

"I wonder what sort of a little bird told me you were here," he said, after a few moments, watching her again as she had risen, and stood toying with a tiny bud she had chosen from the dish of flowers.

"I don't think it was any little bird," she said, smiling, "for you did not know I was here."

"And yet I left the city because I could not stay in it while you were away."

She glanced up quickly at him then, with flushed cheeks. He came toward her suddenly, and taking her hand in which was the rose-bud, said, shortly and abruptly, half under his breath, "I want to put this in your hair, because it is so like you; but I cannot, unless with the understanding that both the rose-buds belong to me."

Maggie stood a moment, with a confusion of thought in her face, and then stepped nearer, and he fastened in the rose-bud.

"You were very foolish to leave the city," she said, after a moment.

"Why, Maggie?"

"Because you might have known, that present or absent, my thoughts were often with you."

He carried the two rose-buds off together then, and showed them to aunt Elenor.

"Well," said Madam De Vere, smiling, with her eyes full of tears, "I only hope, Percy, that she will be to you, for your joint lives, what she has been to me for these few weeks."

# GAITER FOR LITTLE GIRL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

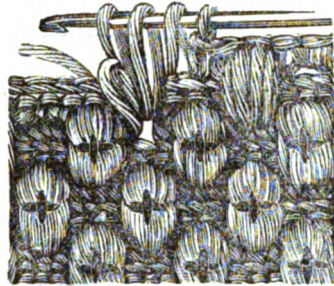


**MATERIALS.**—One ounce and a quarter of white Berlin wool, one skein of rose-colored flosselle, crochet-hook, No. 13, bell gauge.

Work in rows forward and backward. The upper part is ornamented with little shells, increasing in number toward the front of the gaiter.

Commence with fifty stitches. The chain should be loose. Work the first row plain in double stitch, increasing one stitch in the last, sticking always in the back thread. The first pattern is worked at the end of the second row. For this lay the thread round the needle, stick over the first row into the last stitch but three—the forty-sixth stitch of the first row—and draw a loop through. When there are four of these double loops formed by sticking in the same

stitch upon the needle, take them from the needle all together with one chain, then crochet another chain and conclude the row with three plain stitches. No. 2 shows the pattern in full



size, with the mode of working it, sticking the needle over into the last row but one as before mentioned. The upper-edge is in straight lines. At the under edge, as far as the middle, increase one stitch at the conclusion of each row.

At the end of the fourth row work two shell patterns in reversed order, and afterward the remainder in the same manner. The first of these two patterns commences in the sixth stitch, reckoning backward from the edge; the latter must meet the last edge stitch but one.

6th row contains three shell patterns separated by three double.

8th row: Work six double to form the beginning of the gore; work back upon these six stitches, and at the end make thirteen chain to begin the front of the foot; upon this chain work thirteen double, then six double upon the six stitches of the gore, and six stitches farther on to lengthen it. Work back again to the end of the foot.

From here work as far as the front middle of the gaiter three entire rows forward and two back. In the first of these three rows forward work five shell patterns, six in the second, and eight in the third; then continue the work in the same manner in the opposite direction until you have reached the row with one shell.

The back of the gaiter requires twenty-two rows with the patterns arranged in two little scallops. Each scallop begins like the front with one shell. The longest pattern row contains five patterns. All the rows are worked in straight lines except the eleventh and twelfth.

In order to widen the upper part turn the work in the eleventh row after thirty-eight stitches; and in working back upon these crochet a shell pattern in the last stitch but one.

When these rows are finished, sew the gaiter up lengthwise on the wrong side. Then work one row of double round the upper and under edge. For the under conclusion crochet picots containing five chain, with one double in the first

chain. At the upper edge work an interrupted treble row. Make a chain with two little tassels at the ends to run into this row. Above the interrupted treble work a line of picots as before described. Then crochet two narrow straps consisting of four rows of double, and fasten them under the foot. Each shell pattern has a cross stitch of filoselle in the middle, and a line of cross stitch round the edge of the foot (see design.)

## LITTLE GIRL'S TUNIC AND CAPE.

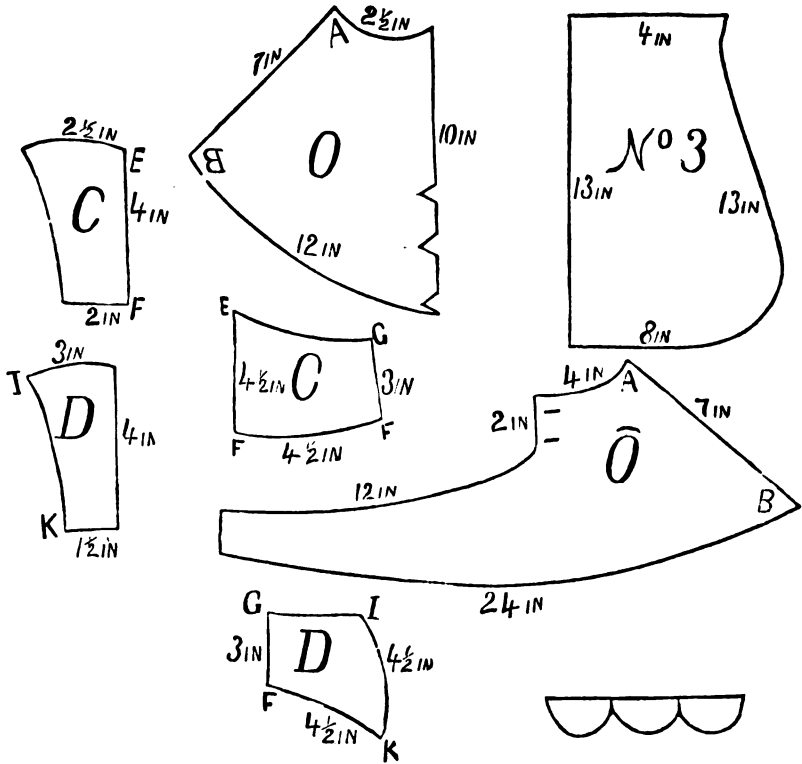
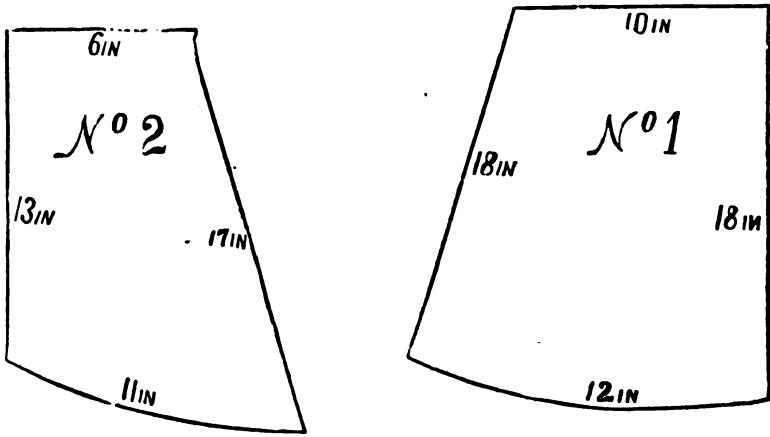
BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, an engraving (front and back) of a little girl's tunic and cape. On the next page we give diagrams by which to cut them out.

No. 1, 2 and 3 make one-half of the skirt of the tunic. No. 1 is half of the back. No. 2 is the side. No. 3 is half of the front. C D and C

D half of the pieces composing the bodice. By the letters it may be readily seen how to put it together. The right hand C is the front. O O half of the two pieces composing the cape, which is gathered at the back, as seen in the engraving, where the design is given with and without the cape.



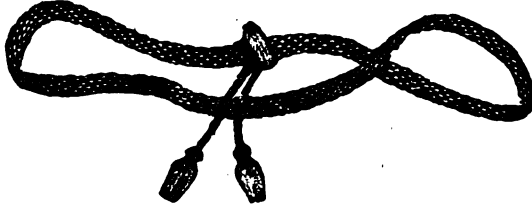
NAME FOR MARKING. CROCHET EDGE.

*Belly.*



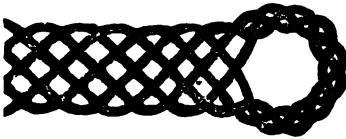
## DRESS STRAP.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS strap consists of a plait of six lengths of round, black silk elastic. No. 2 shows an end and portion of the plait in a rather reduced

size. The round end is worked with three pieces only of the elastic. This round loop when worked measures one inch and a quarter long; then a plait twenty-eight or thirty inches long, with the six cords of elastic, is continued from this. Each length requires two yards and a half of elastic. An oval button also is needed to fasten through the loop; and two little tassels attached to the cord ornament the fastening.

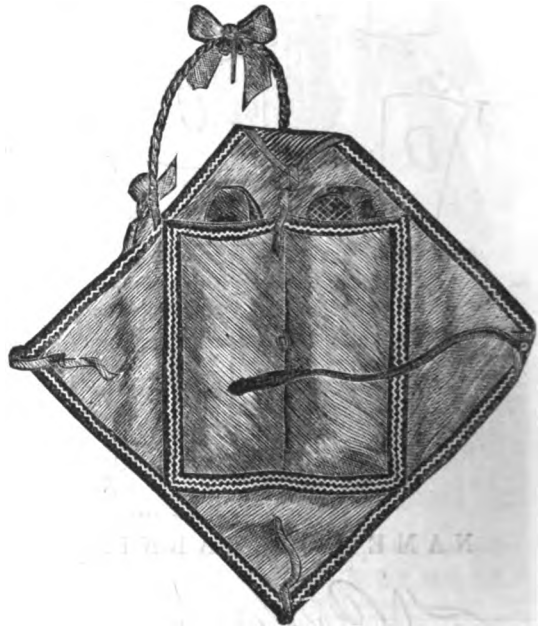


## POCKET FOR GOLOSHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

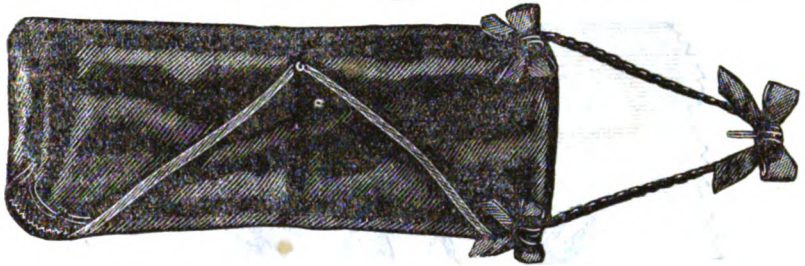
**MATERIALS.**—Brown American leather, brown Llama, four yards of brown, flat braid, half an inch broad, one yard of brown sarcenet ribbon, one inch broad, four yards of the narrowest red scallop braid, brown and yellow sewing silk, three-quarters of a yard of thick, black woolen cord, ten inches of black elastic, one belt-hook, two brass rings, and one brass button.

For this pocket cut a square of the leather cloth measuring half a yard; line it with the Llama or thin flannel, and bind it all round with the brown, flat braid. Stitch the braid with brown silk. Inside place narrow, red scallop braid, and fasten it with yellow silk stitches. Place two pockets according to No. 1 upon the Llama lining; these consisting of a straight piece of Llama, twelve inches long, and twelve inches and a half broad, lined with the leather cloth, and bound with braid ornamented with yellow silk. For fastening the bag securely an eye is placed in the middle, and a ribbon at the three corners, in order to be able to fasten the corners together in the middle.



At the fourth corner a button and an elastic band with an eye are placed. The handle is eighteen inches long, and con-

sists of a strip of leather cloth, half an inch broad, the inner pocket part is placed. This handle has twisted with black cord fastened on the outside three bows, and in the middle, under the bow, is with two brass rings, according to No. 2, where placed a long hook to fasten it to the belt.

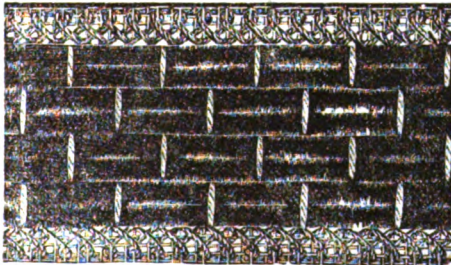


## KEY-BASKET—CHENILLE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—Coarse canvas, black, blue, green and red chenille, straw-colored silk cordon, blue satin ribbon, one inch broad. The



chenille embroidery is represented in the proper size in No. 2.

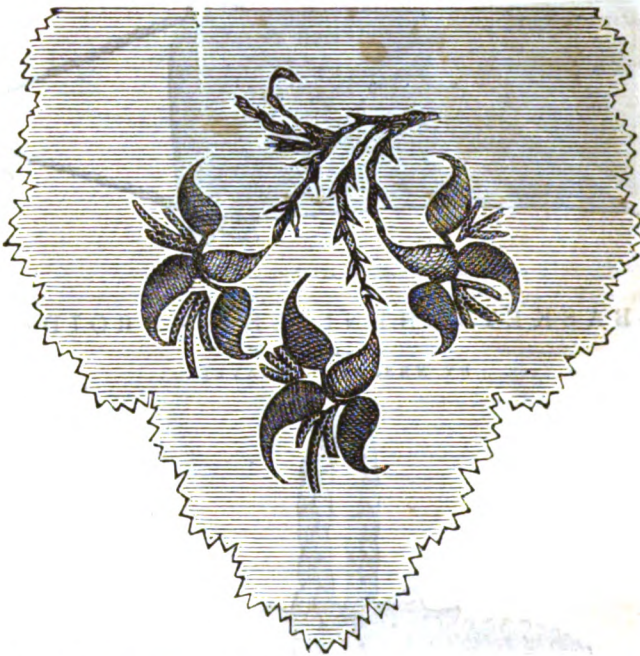
The strip of canvas, which is twelve stitches high, must first be worked at the outer edge in

a double cross stitch of yellow silk cordon, leaving a space in the middle, eight stitches high, for the chenille embroidery, for which commence with black, and then work alternately with blue, red, and green chenille, arranging the stitches two in each other as in brickwork. For the shading, see No. 2. A chenille stitch is stitched across crosswise after four cross stitches; a yellow silk cordon stitch marks the pattern.

When the embroidery is finished, it must be lined with gauze and trimmed on both sides with a blue satin ruche, for which the inch-broad ribbon must be cut in two lengthwise. The ruche must be arranged upon the yellow, oval, plaited cane-basket, as shown in the design, and fastened with invisible stitches. Satin bows are placed at the handle.

## DUSTER-BASKET, WITH VARIEGATED EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—White and fawn-colored cloth, gold, dark-red, blue, and blue-green silk cordon, gold cord, brown sarcenet ribbon, one inch broad, brown floss silk.

The basket must be purchased. The ornaments consist of scallops of different form and size placed alternately.

No. 2 represents the largest in full size. The Chinese flower patterns are worked in flat stitch upon white cloth, and have always a gold-colored calyx, with one blue, one bright-red, and one blue-green petal. The flowers are joined with stalk and herring-bone stitch, and ornamented with gold cord.

The oval joining scallops of fawn cloth are five inches and a quarter long and one inch and three-quarters broad. At the upper-part they are ornamented with large button-hole stitches in gold-colored silk to represent ears of barley; along the middle are three blue-green silk



stitches, held together by one cross stitch. The point of each scallop is ornamented with a tassel of brown sewing-silk. The bows upon the cover, and the ruche, which covers the joining on of the ornaments, must correspond with this.

## CROCHET GARTER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

**MATERIALS.**—Red and white Berlin wool. backward with two colors in Russian crochet, which is like double, only that you take the

stitch lying at the back of the row each time. Form a stripe about eight or ten inches long

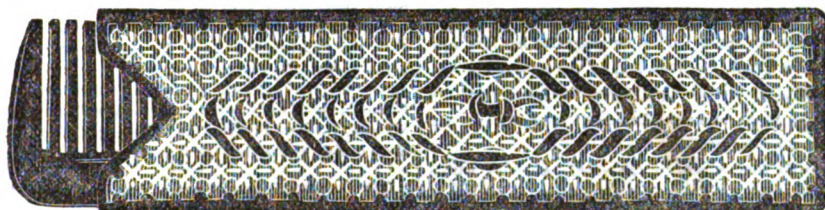


and eleven stitches broad. The simple pattern may be easily worked from the design. Then

work round the stripe with wool corresponding with the pattern one row of double from the back, and finish with a picot edge of the same color: each picot consists of five chain with one double in the first. Then for the lining, which must correspond with the foundation of the garter, work in one long side in the row of double one row of double, then three rows of close treble, and another row of double. Join the side edges with a row of single in such a manner that the working thread, always lying inside, is carried on, and the chain-stitch chain advances under the firmly worked lining. For fastening the garter, work first in one of the cross sides a close treble row thirty-one inches and a half long, lay it double, and crochet this double line all round with double. Work in the same manner an eye two inches in length to draw the long band through. This is a neat and tasty article.

## LEATHER COMB-CASE.

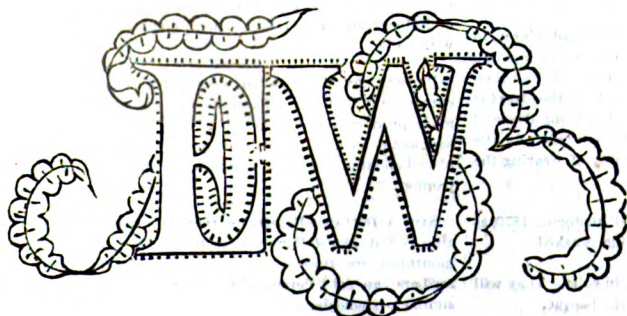
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



TAKE two pieces of silver-colored leather canvas four inches long, and one inch and a quarter broad. Round them at one end, according to design, and embroider them with black wool and red silk cordon. Then place some white

cardboard under each part, bind them with narrow black ribbon, and ornament this binding at regular distances with little knots of red silk cordon. After this both parts may be sewn together.

## INITIALS FOR MARKING. MONOGRAM.





## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1870!—We call attention to our Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any monthly in the world, enables us to distance all competitors.

Our fashion department, particularly, excels that of any cotemporary. Most of the other monthlies give only colored wood-cuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant and costly steel engravings. Our styles, moreover, are the very latest, and are received in *advance* from Paris. Our correspondents abroad have access to all the freshest novelties, so that our fair subscribers are never misled by false intelligence. The mammoth colored fashion-plates in "Peterson," in short, are not only the most tasteful and beautiful issued in the United States, but also the most reliable.

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, to *excel those of any cotemporary*. In 1870 the literary department will be more brilliant than ever, as a glance at the Prospectus will show. We never had such a series of novelets before: and the shorter stories will be equally attractive. The best of our contributors, moreover, write exclusively for us: no other magazine has Mrs. Ann Stephens, or Frank Lee Benedict, or the author of "The Second Life," or several others. Every new writer of ability is engaged, so as to keep "Peterson" always fresh, and always ahead of its rivals.

*Now is the time to canvass for clubs!* Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. *Be the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

AT A BALL given lately, in Paris, two dresses were especially noticeable. One was a white tarlatan dress made with a plaited flounce, headed by a *roudeau* of claret-colored satin; over this fell a deep tunic of tarlatan, which at the back formed a pannier in the shape of a large butterfly bow, caught down and intermingled with wide bias folds of the claret-colored satin. Another was a rich light-blue silk, almost covered with old point; in the hair was a diamond tiara, intermixed with point lace and primroses.

LONG PLAID SHAWLS will be worn, this fall and winter, so as to imitate a coat or mantle. This is effected by laying a few folds, fastening them at the back of the neck, and then bringing them down to the belt, from which the shawl is left to fall loosely. The shawl is folded in front also, and in doing this, as well as the other, great room is left for the exercise of taste. It is a very graceful way of wearing the shawl.

WE WILL SEND three subscribers for \$4.50, during 1870, as we did this year, if no premium engraving is asked.

DRESSES ARE TO BE worn, this winter, in suits. They will be wadded, or have a warm vest under the basque.

THE USUAL WAY of carpeting a room in this country, is neither the handsomest nor the most economical. If a carpet is fitted to a room, as is now the general practice, there is considerable waste in cutting, nor can the carpet, afterward, be moved to another room, without great trouble and loss. Carpets should, for the sake of the style, as well as for economy, be made up either in the form of a square or a parallelogram. A square carpet can be turned four times with each side upward, making eight times, and a parallelogram four times. The length that these will last beyond one which is fitted, and which consequently expresses one part only to the greatest wear, is, of course, very great. As a carpet of this kind cannot always be made to cover the whole floor, some other mode must be adopted of covering the remainder of the space. The margin may be covered with oilcloth, or with baize or drugget; but by far the best mode is to stain the uncovered margin a walnut color, letting the stain extend a few inches under the carpet. This method gives a pleasing finish to the room, producing a very good effect, and saves much labor in cleaning.

The pattern of carpets for small rooms should be small, for a large pattern in such places is in bad taste, and in cutting to match there is great waste. The colors should harmonize with those of the room and the curtains, if you have curtains; for example, a carpet, the greater part of which is green, would suit red or white curtains, but would produce a very unpleasant effect with blue ones. When dirty, loose carpets are easily removed and shaken, and, as they are easily swept under, they do not become so dirty as when fitted; when soiled, they may be cleansed, after beating, with the following mixture: Two gallons of water, with half a pound of soft-soap dissolved in it, to which add four ounces of liquid ammonia; this may be rubbed on with a flannel, and the carpet then rubbed dry with a coarse cloth. Staining the floor is better than painting it, for the stain is more lasting, is prettier, and is as cheap.

OUR COLORED PATTERNS are a feature peculiar to this Magazine. No other periodical publishes these useful and elegant illustrations, for they are too costly. In the present number we give a double-size one, an *Anti-Macassar*, or Tidy, to be worked on Java canvas, and we print it in the appropriate colors, so as to show its true effect. The Java canvas is yellow, or straw-color, and the black, worked on it, is very effective.

IT IS THE FASHION to come back to ancient materials. We see every day some reviving, the memory of which dwell only in the minds of our grandmothers. To-day it is the plain crape de Chine, of which dresses are made, and especially tunics upon under-skirts of silk. Crape de Chine is a beautiful and lovely material in white or plain gray, mauve, or light green. It is trimmed with black velvet and fringe with balls.

DRESSES ARE MORE varied, more extraordinary and more extravagant than ever. Panniers, especially, are bigger and more pronounced. Instead of a bow being worn on the sash at the back of the waist, it now seems invariably to be placed about a quarter of a yard below in the center of the pannier.

SAVE A DOLLAR—Remember that the price of this Magazine is but two dollars a year, while all other first-class monthlies are three, or even four, dollars. Single subscribers can get "Peterson" for less than the club prices of similar periodicals.

**A NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING.**—For next year we shall have another new premium engraving, "Our Father Who Art in Heaven." The subject is one that will appeal to every true woman's heart. The picture is large-sized for framing, (29 inches by 16;) is executed in the best manner; and will, we think, be more generally liked than even "The Star of Bethlehem." Every person getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this really exquisite work of art. A very little exertion will enable you to procure three subscribers and earn this beautiful picture. With a little more exertion you can get five subscribers, which secures for you an extra copy of the Magazine in addition to the engraving. Or, a larger club, at lower rates per copy, and, therefore, easier got, will be remunerated in the same way. Be early in the field, before canvassers for other periodicals get around. The picture will be sent, carefully wrapped on a roller, postage paid.

If, however, you prefer it, we will send either of our old premium engravings, instead of the new one, viz., "Washington Parting from his Generals," "The Star of Bethlehem," "Bunyan in Jail," or "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

FOR TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1870, and also a copy of either of our superb premium engravings. We make this offer in answer to numerous inquiries.

FOR FALL AND WINTER WRAPS gray plaids will be much worn. The plaid will be draped on the back as a *bourous*, and one corner thrown over the left shoulder.

PRIMROSES and primrose color are much worn, this fall, both in evening and morning toilets.

#### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Fictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812.* By Benson J. Lossing. 1 vol., large 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This work is similar in plan to the "Field-Book of the War of Independence," which was published by the Harpers several years ago, and was so popular. It abounds with engravings and maps of the principal scenes of battle, and with portraits of the chief actors in the war of 1812, and with illustrations of scenery, relics, etc.; and is accompanied by full letter-press descriptions. The engravings, which are on wood, are several hundred in number, and are by Lossing & Barritt, chiefly from original sketches by the author. It is the most exhaustive work, and also the most popular in character, which has yet appeared on the subject. The foot-notes alone embody an amount of information of the greatest value. Mr. Lossing deserves the national gratitude for having collected and preserved, by pen and pencil, numerous traditional and other facts, which, but for him, would soon have passed into oblivion. The volume is very handsomely printed.

*The American Woman's Home.* By Catharine E. Beecher & Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1 vol., small 8 vo. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.—This is the work of two ladies, both known to the American public. It is intended "for a guide to the formation and maintenance," as the advertisement says, "of economical, healthful, beautiful and Christian homes;" and it fulfills its design completely, so far as we can judge from a careful reading of it. The book is one that every woman, if possible, ought to have. It treats practically of all the subjects relating to domestic life, the useful as well as the ornamental, and treats of them from woman's standpoint. Numerous engravings illustrate the text.

*Meta's Faith.* By the author of *St. Olaves*. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Somewhat too diffusely written, but nevertheless very agreeable reading.

*Ruby Gray's Strategy.* By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Our readers are so familiar with the writings of Mrs. Stephens, that we need not stop to eulogize this stirring story. We do not exaggerate when we say that this writer, in her peculiar line, stands alone among American authors. For nearly thirty years she has been constantly before the public, and during that long period, while so many others have won fame, and afterward lost it, she has continued a popular favorite. The causes are not far to seek. To a thorough familiarity with history, she adds the imagination of a poet, so that her romances are always vivid with life and breathe the very spirit of their times. At home in American society, whether rural or metropolitan, her novels are free, bold pictures, full of stir and color. In both her novels and romances, therefore, she depends on permanent elements for success. Personally, we like her romances best; but her novels, of which this is one, will always be popular.

*Aspasia.* By C. Holland. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A very excellent story, and with a useful moral. The volume is beautifully printed. By the mechanical excellence of his publications, Mr. Lippincott is steadily raising the standard of book-printing in the United States, and so doing more than almost any other man to work out a needful reform.

*Walter Ogilby.* By the authoress of "Win-Arun." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—This is very much in the manner of "The Wide, Wide World," though by no means an imitation of it. The scene is laid in one of the river counties of New York. The story is pure in its aims, and full of interest.

*Claude Guez.* *The Last Day of a Condemned Man.* By Victor Hugo. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Curleton.—A plea for the abolition of capital punishment, put forth in the guise of a powerfully-written story. It is one of Victor Hugo's earlier efforts, having been first published as far back as 1823.

*Love Me Little, Love Me Long.* By Charles Reade. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—One of the liveliest of Reade's novels. This is a cheap edition, in paper covers. Harper & Brothers are publishing all of Reade's works, in this style, at the low price of thirty-five cents each.

*The American Joe Miller, or Punch for the Million.* 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a volume of some hundred and fifty pages, illustrated by more than a hundred wood-cuts. Cruikshank, Leech, Phiz, Doyle, and Kenny Meadows are among the designers.

*The Seven Curses of London.* By James Greenwood. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The neglected children of London, the professional thieves and beggars, the gamblers, and others of the outcast, or half-outcast population of that great city, are discussed in this volume.

*Fitz's Colors.* By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An unusually well-written novel, by the author of "Dennis Donne," etc., etc. Cecil, the heroine, is a very fine delineation.

*The Teacher, the Pupil, the School.* By Nathaniel Saxe. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very superior little work on the philosophy of teaching. It is printed with unusual neatness and taste.

*A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners.* By F. A. March. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A handy little work, with diagrams and suggestive pictures, written by Professor March, of Lafayette College.

*Hetty.* By Henry Kingsley. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers. A new novel by the author of "Ravenhoe." A cheap edition.

*Hospital Sketches.* By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A record of real experiences, which we can heartily recommend to the reading public.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

**THE BEST OF THE LADY'S BOOKS.**—Says the Mansfield (Ohio) Herald, speaking of this periodical:—"What we have said, formerly, latterly, and at all times, we say again: it is emphatically that 'Peterson's' is the Magazine for the times." Says the Madison (Wis.) Democrat:—"When we see the immense amount of fashion cuts in 'Peterson,' we are not surprised that it is so popular with the ladies." The Tom's River (N. J.) Courier says:—"This sprightly Magazine contains the best that is found in other publications, while it is afforded at a lower price." The Charleston (Mo.) Advertiser says:—"Its literature stands in the van of magazines of its class." Says the Coburg (C. W.) Sentinel:—"The literary contributions are the best to be found in any of the magazines." The Franklin (N. Y.) Register says:—"Should be in every house in the land." The Coshocton (O.) Democrat says:—"None are so popular and useful as 'Peterson's'." Says the Dodgeville (Wis.) Chronicle:—"The engravings in 'Peterson's' one never wearies with seeing, and the fashions are the latest and prettiest." The Cumberland (Md.) Alleghanian says:—"As an arbiter of fashion, the Magazine stands first." Says the Wilmington (Ind.) Commercial:—"Peterson' keeps up, in quantity and quality, with its higher-priced cotemporaries." The Mt. Clement (Mich.) Press says:—"The steel engraving in the number before us is in itself worth the price of the Magazine." Says the Dexter (Mich.) Leader:—"Its fashion-plates are the most superb, and its stories the most attractive." The Hillsdale (Mich.) Democrat says:—"Always ahead of its cotemporaries, both in point of time and excellence." The Lapeer (Mich.) Clarion says:—"Up to the times, and cheaper than the cheapest." The Dayton (O.) Ledger says:—"The best and cheapest of the lady's books." Hundreds of similar unsolicited notices appear every month. If you are getting up a club for "Peterson," read some of these opinions of the press to the ladies you ask to subscribe.

**CABINET ORGANS.**—The Boston Journal says:—"The export business of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company is growing to be of considerable importance, their well-known Organs having the highest reputation in Europe as well as in America. In their packing-rooms, the other day, were instruments for Japan and China, as well as a large shipment (ordered by cable) for England, where the demand is rapidly increasing. These are all sent in answer to orders—no instruments being consigned by them. This Company received orders for more than two hundred Organs last week. Attempts have been made to imitate the Mason & Hamlin Organs in England and Canada, but thus far without success. In this country the patents controlled by this Company prevent imitation."

**MRS. T. EDMONDSON, of Jersey City, says:**—"I purchased my Wheeler & Wilson machine July 10th, 1857, and for the first six years used it constantly from morning until late in the evening on heavy cloth and Marseilles work, and the remainder of the time I have used it for family sewing, without repairs, and the machine is in so good condition that I would not exchange it for your latest number. It will wear a dozen years more without repairing. I have used one needle nearly three years, and have some of the dozen needles that I received with the machine."

**THE NEWSPAPERS** universally admit that this is the cheapest and best of the lady's magazines. But compare "Peterson," for yourselves, with any other of its price and kind. A specimen will be sent, gratis, to any one wishing to get up a club. Be early in the field, before others with inferior magazines.

**THE CHRISTIAN SUN** says:—"Young man, if you already have a Bible, buy Webster's Unabridged Dictionary next."

## HOUSEKEEPER'S HINTS.

**A FEW WORDS ABOUT WASHING.**—The linen for a Monday's wash should be collected on Saturday evening, and sorted and put to soak in cold water, according to various kinds. The body linen should be put into one tub, the bed and table linen in another, and the fine things separately. Plain collars, cuffs, and wristbands, should be strung through the button-holes on a piece of bobbin long enough to enable the articles to be easily divided for rubbing, starching, etc. By soaking dirty clothes in cold water, the stains are loosened, and the error of washing in too hot water is obviated.

All washing is better done by suds than by rubbing on soap; only the very soiled places require soap rubbing.

The best way to get good suds is to shred into an earthenware jar best yellow soap cut into very fine shavings, and to pour boiling water to the quantity required. One pound of soap is plenty for one gallon of water. Add to this quantity half a pound of best Scotch soda, and set the jar (covered) on a stove, or at the back of the kitchen range, till the soap is quite dissolved. If this be done on Saturday evening, the soap will be a smooth liquid fit to use on Monday morning.

The body linen is the first latch that requires "rubbing." If hand labor is used, every portion of the garment should be rubbed over, and afterward rinsed through clean suds. The things are then fit for the copper. The water in the copper should be cold when the clothes are put in, and should contain (if of moderately large size) about five ounces of soda and a pint and a half of soap-jelly of the above proportions. To prevent burning, the linen requires stirring about occasionally. It is also a good plan, to avoid burning, to have a piece of coarse basket-work laid at the bottom of the copper. Ten minutes after the water has come to boiling heat is long enough for the clothes to remain in the copper. They should then be taken out and thrown into the rinsing trough. The whiteness of linen depends fully as much upon good rinsing as upon hard rubbing. If it can be managed, the rinsing should be accomplished by setting the trough under a tap of running water. After rinsing, blueing is the next process. The best stone blue tied up in a bag of very stout flannel of several thicknesses is most suitable for plain linen. Only one article should be blueed at a time, or, if small, as many as the washer can hold in her hand. If the clothes are allowed to drop to the bottom of the trough, the particles of blue are liable to settle in the folds of the linen and make streamy marks, very difficult to get out.

Bed and table linen do not usually require more than one tubbing with suds. If much soiled, the labor will, of course, be greater. The things should afterward be submitted to the same treatment as the body linen.

Woolens do not require soaking previous to washing. It is bad economy to wash such articles in suds used for other purposes. All flannels require special care; no soda should be used for them, nor soap rubbed on. If so, the flannels will surely turn yellow and shrink. The soap-jelly should be prepared as described, with the addition of a packet of Mauby's washing crystal-powder instead of soda. Water for washing flannels should only be lukewarm, and woolens should never be rinsed in clear water, neither must they be wrung, but only squeezed from the suds.

In getting up dainty and piques, the failure is not generally in the washing, but in starching. A good-sized paper of starch should be used, in which three or four inches of composite or other candle has been melted whilst hot. The articles should be thoroughly squeezed from the starch and folded whilst wet between folds of old sheeting or table linen. They should then be passed beneath the rollers of a mangle, or through a wringing-machine. All lumps of starch are thus removed. Dainty requires no other finishing, except that when it is half dried on the lines it should be taken down and shaken, and pulled into the ribs formed

in the stuff. Afterward it may be left on the lines till perfectly dry.

*Piques* should be ironed as lightly as possible, and the iron ought never to come into contact with the outside surface of the *pique*. An old cambric handkerchief is the best thing to use under the iron.

The above observation applies to plain linen collars and cuffs. They need to be ironed, with a fine piece of muslin or cambric between, till dry enough to take the glaze from the iron. There is a little art also in folding plain collars to make them set well round the neck. In ironing collars the laundress should, when they are nearly finished, hold one end erect between the thumb and finger of the left hand, whilst she swiftly passes the iron backward and forward with the right till the collar seems disposed to curl. The collar should then be turned over the hand in its right position, and worked by the fingers of the laundress till it may be rolled evenly round a small roller. Shirt collars should never be set aside flat. The above is the only plan to make them settle without crease round the neck.

Fine laces require nice management. The following will be found an excellent plan for getting up old point and similar lace. Cover a wine-bottle with a piece of fine flannel, which must be stitched smoothly over the bottle; then tack one edge of the lace with fine cotton round the bottle, and afterward the other edge, preserving the proper width of the lace as carefully as possible. When all the lace has been secured, cover the bottle with a fine piece of flannel, and begin to wash the lace by gently squeezing and rubbing the surface with clean suds made of soap-jelly. When the lace is thoroughly clean, rinse freely, by setting the bottle in a pan of cold water under a flowing tap. For starching, make the starch the thickness of an invalid's arrow-root; melt a small quantity of fine white wax and a little loaf-sugar in the starch. Plunge the bottle a few times into the starch, pressing the lace with the hands, and immediately afterward dip the bottle into cold water; then set the lace to dry in the sun, or keep filling the bottle with hot water till the lace is dried by evaporation; when nearly dry all through, remove the lace and put it out in some place where it will not be disturbed till perfectly dry.

Clear-starchers, having proceeded thus far, raise the pattern of the lace by rubbing ivory punches, rounded at the point, into the pattern of the lace. But many ladies will not allow their old lace to be thus treated, owing to the undue wear entailed. Besides, new lace does not wear this appearance when it leaves the pillow; and why should it be embossed afterward?

When the washing of large pieces of lace, such as shawls and mantles, is concerned, "popping" in the open air must be resorted to in order to give an appearance of lightness after starching. By popping the lace through the hands till nearly dry, all the gluey nature of the starch is removed. The lace should afterward be pinned out to dry in the shape it is required to assume. Before putting laces aside for any time, every particle of starch and soap should be rinsed out.

Muslins, if elaborately painted and of very fine quality, are fitter subjects for a dyer to clean than for a laundress to wash. Many of the colors now in vogue, frail as they may be in the hands of a washerwoman, are easily fixed by the mordants in use by dyers. No general rule can be given for washing such muslins successfully at home, each class of color requiring a different treatment. Chloride of lime is the laundress' favorite chemical. She sees no reason why it should not clean all things equally well. And so it does—removing the color as well as the dirt. Black and white mixtures, and black braid on white, require salt to be put freely in the rinsing water, and also in the starch. The things should not be removed from the salt and water till the lines are ready to receive them. Means should also be taken to keep the folds apart while drying, or they will stream in chocolate-colored stains.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK

*Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

### SOUPS.

*Stock for Soup*.—A good stock can be made with the following ingredients: Two pounds of the shin of beef, cut in slices and fried in a little butter, half a bullock's heel, the bones and trimmings of joints of meat and poultry, some onions fried a nice brown, but not burnt, a head of celery, a turnip, two carrots, a few cloves, a little mace, some whole pepper, a bunch of herbs, and six quarts of water. The stock-pot must be closely covered, and put by the side of the fire in the morning, and allowed to simmer until the evening, taking off all scum or fat which may rise to the surface. When thoroughly boiled, it should be passed through a colander, and then strained through a hair-sieve, when it will be fit for use, and will supply excellent soup to a family for three or four days. By sending it up with vermicelli one day, and macaroni another, with which grated cheese should be served, a change may be made. Spinach soup will also make a nice variety, and can be prepared as follows: The spinach must be boiled with a little salt, having been previously thoroughly well picked and washed in several waters; it should then be pressed through a sieve, and a small portion having been pounded in a mortar, and tied up in a muslin bag, should be squeezed into the tureen to give a good color to the soup. The spinach, after being passed through the sieve, must be put into the quantity of stock required, and boiled up just before turning it into the tureen for serving up. Another receipt, in which no meat-stock is required, and which is very economical: Peel and slice six large onions, six potatoes, three carrots, and four turnips, fry them in half a pound of butter, and pour on them four quarts of boiling water; toast a crust of bread as brown and hard as possible, not to burn it, and put it in; and also some celery, sweet herbs, white pepper, and salt. Let all these stew gently together for four hours, then strain it through a coarse cloth; have ready some carrot, celery, and turnip thinly sliced, add these to your liking, and stew them until tender in the soup. If approved, an anchovy and a spoonful of catchup may be added.

*Coloring for Soups*.—As soups often require coloring, you should prepare "browning" for that purpose as follows:—Take a couple of onions and bake them; remove the outer skin and put them into your soup; it will brown and give it a good flavor. The shells of green peas, dried in the oven brown, but not black, equally well answer to brown soup, and will keep the whole winter in a bag if hung up in a dry place. It will be found much better to use either of the above to brown soup in place of the caramel or brown sugar used by many cooks, for if too much is added it gives a sweet taste to the soup. These are apparently trifles, but most necessary to attend to.

*Scotch Broth*.—Set on the fire four ounces of pearl-barley, with three Scotch pints (or six quarts) of salt water; when it boils skim it, and add what quantity of salt beef or fresh brisket you choose, and a marrow-bone or a fowl, with two pounds of either lean beef or mutton, and a good quantity of leeks, cabbages, or savoy; or you may use turnips, onions, and grated carrots. Keep it boiling for at least four or five hours; but if a fowl be used, let it not be put in till just time enough to bring it to table when well done, for it must be served up separately.

*Economical Veal Soup*.—Boil a bit of veal that will make a fricasee, pie, or hash; when tender, take out the meat, and slip out the bones; put them back in the kettle, and boil gently two hours; then strain the liquor, and let it remain until the next day; when wanted, take off the fat, put the soup into a clean pot, add pepper, salt, an onion, half a teacupful of rice, a tablespoonful of flour mixed in water, dry bread, and potatoes.

**Mousoe Soup.**—Ingredients: Bread, sugar, salt, milk or cream, the yolk of egg. Cut some slices of bread, all of the same size and shape, if possible. Sprinkle them thickly with powdered sugar, and grill them until they are a slight brown. Put them in a soup-tureen with a little salt. Pour some boiling milk (or boiling cream) over them; the yolks of several eggs may be mixed with the milk. This soup is very good for invalids and young children.

## FISH.

**To Broil Fish.**—When fish is broiled, the bars of the grid-iron should be rubbed over with a little butter. Then place your fish, skin side down, and do not turn it till nearly done through. Save all your butter till the fish is dished. In this way you save the juices of the fish too. Fish should be broiled slowly. When served, fish should not be laid over each other, if it can be avoided. The top ones will be made tender and moist by the steam, and will break to pieces.

**Browned Cod's-Head.**—Cod's-head, butter, flour, bread-crumbs. Boil the head, and take it up: take off the skin; set it before a brisk fire; dredge it with flour, and baste it with butter. When it begins to froth, sprinkle fine bread-crumbs over it, and continue basting it until it is well frothed, and of a fine brown, and serve it. Garnish with slices of lemon, and sauce to taste.

**Crimped Cod** is cut into slices, put into boiling water with salt, boiled very slowly for a quarter of an hour, served up, garnished with the boiled liver and parsley, and accompanied with oyster-sauce.

**Fried Cod** is not sufficiently used in this country. Slices two inches thick, done with eggs and crumbs, and fried a light brown, in plenty of fat, are delicious. We know of no fried fish more delicate.

**Fish-Sauce.**—Take half a pint of milk and cream together, two eggs, well beaten, salt, a little pepper, and the juice of half a lemon: put it over the fire, and stir it constantly until it begins to thicken.

## MEATS AND POULTRY.

**Spiced Beef.**—Procure a piece of thin flank of beef, about ten pounds in weight, which salt for about a week. When ready, split it open with a knife, and lay it out flat upon a dresser, having previously prepared six onions, chopped very fine, with about ten sprigs of parsley, and the leaves of ten sprigs of thyme, the same of marjoram, two ounces of mixed spice, (without cinnamon,) and half an ounce of black pepper. Mix all together, spread half upon the beef as it lies before you, then fold it over to its original shape, lay on the remainder of the preparation, roll it up tightly in a cloth, and boil. When done, take it up, remove the string, tie the cloth at each end, and put it upon a dish, with another dish over, upon which place a half hundredweight, leaving it until quite cold; then take the meat from the cloth, trim and glaze it lightly, and serve garnished with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

**Fowl-Cutlets.**—Ingredients: One fowl, one egg, pinch of pepper and salt, tablespoonful of gravy. Mode: Cut up a fowl and bone it, form the legs, wings, breast, and merry-thought into six cutlets, flattening and giving them a good shape; take the meat from the remainder of the fowl and the liver, pound it in a mortar, with pepper, salt, and a spoonful of gravy, brush the cutlet over with an egg, spread the firemeat over them, egg again, and cover with fried bread-crumbs, and fry them a light brown color; serve with lemon round, and gravy in a separate dish.

**A Hourly Mode of Warming Cold Meat.**—Fry some slices of onion in butter, and when they begin to take color put in your slices of meat, pepper, salt, and a sprinkling of flour; keep on frying till the onions are thoroughly done and the meat warmed, then add a small quantity of stock, broth, or water, with a small quantity of vinegar, and serve. Minced parsley may be added to the above dish with advantage.

**Fritadillas.**—Put half a pound of crumb of bread to soak in a pint of cold water, half a pound of any kind of meat, roast or boiled, (or of fish,) with a little fat, chop it up like sausage-meat, then put the bread in a clean cloth, press it to extract all the water. Put into a stew-pan two ounces of butter, fry for two minutes, then add the bread, stir with a wooden spoon till rather dry, then add the meat, season well, stir till very hot, add two eggs, one at a time, well mix together, and pour on a dish to get cold; when cold, roll with the hand to the shape of a small egg, egg and bread-crumbs, and fry in a quarter of a pound of lard or dripping, and fry a yellow color; serve very hot, either plainly or on mashed potatoes, or with sauce piquante.

**Crumb-Pie.**—Mince any cold meat very finely, season it to taste, and put it into a pie-dish; have some finely-grated bread-crumbs, with a little salt, pepper and nutmeg, and pour into the dish any nice gravy that may be at hand; then cover it over with a thick layer of the bread-crumbs, and put small pieces of butter over the top. Place it in the oven till quite hot; and should the bread-crumbs not be sufficiently brown, hold a salamander over them.

**Roman Pie.**—Boil a rabbit; cut all the meat as thin as possible. Boil two ounces of macaroni very tender; two ounces of Parmesan or common cheese, grated; a little onion, chopped fine; pepper and salt to taste; not quite half a pint of cream. Line a mould, sprinkled with vermicelli, with a good paste. Bake an hour, and serve it with or without brown sauce. Cold chicken or cold game may be used for this pie instead of a rabbit.

**Sauce for Wild Duck.**—A teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of essence of anchovies, a pinch of Cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of good mushroom catch-up, and a glass of ordinary claret. Mix the mustard and anchovy essence thoroughly in a sauce-pan, add the Cayenne then the catch-up, a few drops at a time, the claret last; warm up, and pour very hot over the duck, having previously sliced the breast.

## SANITARY.

**Beef-Tea for Infants.**—Take one pound of the shin or any fleshy part of the beef, free it from fat, and mince it as fine as possible when raw. Place it in a strong earthenware jar, with a pint and a half a soft water, or water that has been boiled. Tie a paper over the top of the jar, and let the beef cook gently in the oven two to four hours. Of course, the strength will be in proportion to the time the beef cooks. Pour the beef-tea away from the shreds, but do not strain. No flavoring or vegetables should be used for infants. A small quantity of salt may be given. One pound of meat ought to make tea for from four to six meals, according to age. It is well sometimes to alternate with mutton or chicken-tea made in the same way. These meat extracts can always be produced rapidly by using less water, and stirring on the fire for half an hour. "Mater" is advised to superintend the making of the beef-tea, and the cleanliness of the jar herself occasionally.

**Remedy for Diarrhea.**—Take one teaspoonful of salt, the same of good vinegar, and a tablespoonful of water; mix and drink. It acts like a charm on the system, and even one dose will generally cure obstinate cases of diarrhoea, or the first stages of cholera. If the first does not bring complete relief, repeat the dose, as it is quite harmless. The patient should keep perfectly quiet, a reclining posture being the best. In severe cases, soak the feet thoroughly in very warm water, chafing them well. Flannel, wet with pretty warm vinegar and salt, (especially in warm weather,) and placed around the loins, wrapping warm flannel over it, is an excellent aid to recovery. Any and everybody can apply these remedies without a physician, running no risk, and will be astonished at the beneficial result. They should be universally known.

**Egg-Nog Good for Consumptives.**—One egg broken into two saucers; into the yolk beat light four teaspoonfuls of sugar; then add two tablespoonfuls of the best Bourbon whisky or brandy, beating all the while; then add the white of the egg beaten to a stiff froth. This will fill a tumbler, and is superior to that made with cream.

**A Strengthening Drink.**—Beat the yolk of a fresh egg with a little sugar, add a very little brandy, beat the white to a strong froth, and stir into the yolk; fill it up with milk, and grate in a little nutmeg.

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

**FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED CREPE OVER LAVENDER-COLORED SILK.**—The lower-skirt is trimmed with three flounces of crepe, headed by a puffing of the same; the upper-skirt of crepe, is puff lengthwise, and trimmed with black lace and rosettes of crepe. The waist is cut very low, and very much in a point, both front and back, and is trimmed with black lace. Under-body and sleeves of white muslin and lace.

**FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN OVER CHERRY-COLORED SILK.**—The bottom of the skirt is bound with a band of cherry-colored satin. The low waist is cut in battements, and bound with cherry satin; this body is closely attached to the tucker of fine embroidery, which makes it fit closely to the neck. Sash, with wide ends, of cherry-colored satin.

**FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN AND BLUE PLAID POPLIN.**—The bottom of the skirt is scalloped, as well as the deep flounce. Coat of black velvet, trimmed with lace; it is open just below the waist, but is gathered up in the back, and trimmed with two very large bows of black silk.

**FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF DARK CRIMSON CASHMERE.**—The skirt is plain; the basque is also plain, and like the skirt, is trimmed with a band of fur.

**FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF OLIVE-COLORED CLOTH.**—The very deep basque is looped up short at the sides, and that, as well as the skirt, is trimmed with five rows of military braid and bands of chinchilla. Diadem hat of black velvet, trimmed with crimson velvet.

**FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN.**—The under-skirt is plain, with a pointed trimming of black velvet; the waist and sleeves are also plain. The upper-dress is short in front and looped up very much at the back, where it is confined by a large rosette of black velvet. The wide falls at the side, which cover the sleeves, are trimmed like the skirt, to correspond with the under-dress.

**FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF CASHMERE OF A BROWNISH-YELLOW TINT.**—The under-dress is trimmed with a deep ruffle, which is ornamented by a wide band of dark-brown velvet. The upper-skirt is also trimmed with a narrow ruffle, headed by a puffing, and ornamented with brown velvet; it is looped up at the back by two deep puffs of cashmere and three sash-ends of brown velvet trimmed with fringe. A small, square apron front, and brown velvet belt and bow.

**GENERAL REMARKS.**—We also give in our wood-cuts a black spotted net Watteau, confined at the waist by a cherry-colored band, and ornamented down the back by three butterfly bows of cherry-colored ribbon. A large bow and ends loop up the skirt at the back.

We also give a basque of black cloth trimmed with fringe. It has three deep capes looped up in the back by a bow of black silk, and the lower cape and ends of the bow are edged with fringe, like the basque.

In addition to these we give white bodies, capes, a new style collar, cut quite low and pointed in the neck; a small pelerine of pink satin, quilted and edged with swan's-down, to throw over the neck if a draught is to be avoided, and the dress long; some new and pretty bonnets, and the latest styles of dressing the hair. The long braids, looped up at

the sides, is the very newest style of dressing the hair: the crimped fall of hair is for a young girl, it is put on the head with an elastic, which is covered by tying a ribbon over it, the hair is allowed to float loose.

LARGE orders are said to have been lately given by the principal houses in Paris to the great manufacturers of Lyons for highly-wrought silk goods, brocades, satin damasks, and even *brocailles*, for dresses, of Oriental patterns, and for cloths of gold and silver, for state occasions. All this, however, does not decide anything as to the style of making dresses, but it is an indication from high quarters, which should be attended to in the preparation of the new fashions, which are already occupying the attention of those most concerned in them. It is probable that this change in taste for materials will introduce important alterations in the shape of dresses, and that the Watteau style will ere long almost disappear. Many artists are even now employed in copying the best pictures of Largilliere and Mme. Lebrun, in order to furnish models for the dress-making houses who give the *ton* to fashion.

In the meantime, the toiles are mostly of simple materials; but if the gold and silver-worked tissues, and rich silken stuffs are employed, there must necessarily be a change, and a very great one, in the style of making dresses, and in the fall of the drapery. Flounces are universal, and for the under-skirt of a short dress they are usually twelve inches deep; fringes are also prevalent. Puffs are, perhaps, a trifle less voluminous than formerly; still, there is no evidence of any inclination to relinquish them, as the natural contour of the female figure, in these degenerate days, is evidently not to the taste of Parisian modistes. But too great profusion of puffings, quillings, or platings, should be avoided; and the lady of taste will be careful to select such, and such only, as shall unite grace with simplicity. It is the combination of the pretty and simple of the more elaborate and rich garnitures that secures the right to the title of real elegance. The large *paniers* at the back are very ungraceful. One can get over the difficulty, though still remaining in the fashion, by wearing upon a single skirt a very wide sash, with a large bow with loops. This is elegant, and shows off a small waist. In all cases it must be well understood that the dress must be fully gathered at the back. We are very fond of the fullness and the flowing draperies of modern fashions; what we do not like is that thick, short puff, the too frequent appendage of the toiles of the day.

Light water-proof cloths in shot colors, such as violet and black, or brown and gold, are much in demand. Costumes in this material should be quite plain, with a simple hem at the bottom of the skirt, which is short, and raised behind. Paletot acque, with revers of taffetas, and plaited sash of taffetas, or the material of the dress. A small crinoline, of the same material as the dress, will be found very serviceable to put on in wet weather, as it serves to sustain the skirt, and preserve the ankles from the damp. This costume is completed by a small brown or black straw hat, trimmed with a velvet of the same color, and long gauze veil. Water-proof boots, sewn with thread of the color of the dress.

TRAVELING-DRESSES are still made of Scotch plaid, serge, Chinese cloth, or drab beige. The skirts are often made of a deeper shade than the rest of the costume, and trimmed with fringe.

WHITE SILK, trimmed with maroon-colored or rich brown velvet bows, is very beautiful. A deep flounce around the bottom of the dress studded with these, as well as the *panniers* looped up with the same, makes a very effective trimming. Blue, pink, or green silk, can be trimmed with black velvet in the same manner. A new shade of green called the "peach," and a shade of red, like the wild plum, are the two newest colors.

ALL MANTLES, be they mantelets or casaques, are worn this year with waistbands. For casaques this is easy to imagine.

For mantelets, whether they be round or square, they are fastened in the middle of the back to a round waistband, placed underneath, and at the place where they are fastened, one places on the outside a large bunch of loops, either of ribbon, or of the same material as the mantle. Young ladies pass the lappets of their mantelet under the sash in front, and elderly ladies let them fall loose.

For CIRCULARS, one also fastens the waistband at the back, as we have just explained for the mantles, but on the outside, then one makes a slit quite close to the arm, on each side, one passes the waistband through it so as to make it come underneath, then one cuts fresh slits a little in front of the arms, one passes the band through it again, and fastens it in front; that part of the mantle which is not fastened down under the waistband on each side, simulates wide flowing sleeves; one may also omit the last slits and leave the front part of the circular to fall loose.

Besides the tight-fitting *pejotet* and the mantelet, some mantles are made very full and ample. The most elegant model of this style is the *Metternich*, a large circular fitted at the back with a waistband; this waistband, placed upon the mantle, is passed on either side through a slit at the back of the arms, then again passed through other slits in front of the arms, and fastened in front upon the circular. A large bow, with loops and fringed ends, is placed at the waist, in the middle of the back. The sides of the circular, which are not fastened down by the waistband, form ample flowing sleeves. This model is very graceful; we have seen it in handsome *faulle*, trimmed with a *ruche* of the same material unraveled round the edge to form a narrow fringe, and a rich fringe of knotted silk round the bottom.

These fringes, unraveled from the material, are extremely fashionable at present; they are the latest novelty in the way of trimming. Knotted fringes are likewise in great favor for silk mantles.

As for fancy cloaks for the country, they are uniformly white this fall. Red has had its day; it is no longer considered *distingue*; it is white, trimmed with black, which quite predominates for jackets, circulars, and other models for *de-mi-toilet*.

Small *rareuses* of white cloth or cashmere, entirely braided with black, or, better still, embroidered with black silk, are useful and comfortable to complete a somewhat too light *toilet*, of an evening, when the breeze freshens.

THE FASHION BONNET is almost out of date; that is, the *fashion* proper, for the back of bonnets retain the old shape; but all have diadem fronts, with a good deal of trimming just over the forehead, raised very high.

FANCY JEWELRY is now worn more than the more elegant and more expensive styles. Necklaces, consisting of three rows of agate, (striped like a ribbon), of lapis, of malachite, of rock crystal, and of white cornelian, are all in high favor. Enamelled ornaments are also vastly popular; these represent butterflies and flowers, and are exceedingly pretty. Enamels of bright colors, reminding you of Byzantine ornaments, by reason of their excessive brilliancy, are likewise very fashionable. Locketts are worn larger than ever; those made of filigree gold, of enamel, and of crystal, with the initials in the center, are very fashionable. The most appropriate fans for morning and afternoon use are those made of buff cambric, or plain *gros grain* to match the dress, mounted in mother-of-pearl.

A VERY USEFUL ITEM IN DRESS, which, though not altogether novel, has been by no means very generally adopted hitherto, is a kind of very shallow habit-shirt, perhaps four inches deep, on which collars and ruffs are now made; they do not fill up the dress in the way the old shape used to do, and yet they serve to keep the collar in its place, without tacking it to the dress. Linen collars and cuffs are gradually giving place to the ruffles, or, at all events, to frills of lace, which are tacked on to the sleeve of the dress. A very pretty set we saw was made of plaits of linen, not

quite half an inch wide, between each of which was a strip of lace insertion, the same width, the whole edged with Valenciennes lace; they can be easily made, and are most effective.

Boots have, in a great measure, given place to very high shoes, with tall, tapering heels, of course, and large rosettes of black or colored ribbon, pierced in the center with bright gilt, or steel buckles, or some brooch-shaped ornament. Attempts are being made to introduce shoes with sandals, entwined with endless complications half way up the leg, somewhat after the fashion that obtained at the epoch of the French Directory, when, however, stockings were dispensed with, and the naked flesh was displayed.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The jacket and trousers are of the Knickerbocker style, and are of dark-gray cloth; gray felt hat.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF DARK-BLUE POPLIN, FOR A GIRL OF FOURTEEN.—The under-skirt is of blue poplin, with a deep ruffle; the upper-skirt is made with a *Watteau* falling from the shoulder, and is of the same material and color as the under-skirt, and is trimmed with a narrow ruffle; the body of the skirt has a square yoke. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue flowers.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The under-dress is of brown and white striped worsted, and is made plain; the upper-dress is of brown cashmere, gathered up at the gorge with brown gimp, and is made with a low, peasant waist. Brown straw hat, with a small, white aigrette.

FIG. IV.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY MERINO.—The dress, as well as the upper-skirt, is trimmed with gray pial silk, cut bias. Gray hat, with bright flowers.

FIG. V.—A WHITE ALPACA DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The under and upper-skirts are trimmed with ruffles of alpaca, headed by a quilling of golden brown silk. There is a large bow at the back of the silk without ends. Bretelles on the body to correspond with the trimming on the skirt. White hat, with brown gauze veil.

FIG. VI.—SUIT OF GRAY CASHMERE FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The trousers are made very short and loose; the jacket is rather full, and belted in at the waist. Both jacket and trousers are trimmed with black braid.

FIG. VII.—DRESS OF DARK-BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED POPLIN, FOR A YOUNG LADY.—The upper-skirt is of blue silk, trimmed with broad, white guipure lace and deep blue fringe. The body, sleeves, and sash, are trimmed to correspond with the skirt. The hair is arranged in the very latest style, having long braids.

FIG. VIII.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE, trimmed with heavy English embroidery, and a deep ruffle at the bottom. Mauve silk sash; the long hair is crimped and let fall loose, and confined behind with a black velvet bow.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give several other styles of dresses for children; first, then, is a dress of blue poplin, made with a tunic cut in points, edged with ruffles of blue silk, and confined by blue bows. The cape is cut up in the back. There is also a coat of gray cloth, fastening diagonally, and trimmed with black velvet and pearl buttons. Then a walking-dress of buff-colored mohair, trimmed with two gathered flounces round the bottom of the skirt. Metternich mantle of the same material, edged with a flounce to match.

Also a dress of brown holland. The under-skirt is trimmed with a flounce of brown and white striped linen. Upper-skirt forming an apron in front and pannier behind. Bodice with braces, crossed in front and fastened on each side, appear to loop up the second skirt, which is edged, like the braces, with a striped pleated flounce.

And a hat of white felt, trimmed with a plating of silk divided by black velvet, and a tuft of feathers in front.

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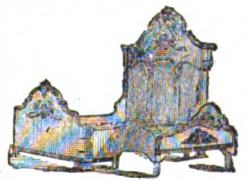
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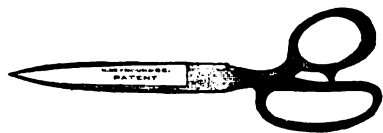


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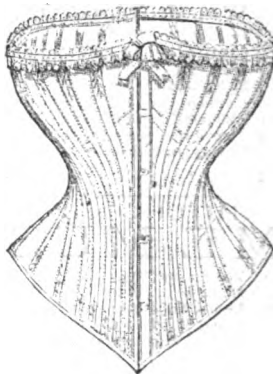
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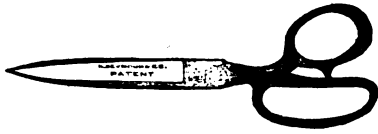
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[From Mrs. Stowe's *Hearth and Home*, Aug. 14.]

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**\$1140** How I made it in Six Months Secret and sample mailed free. *A. J. Pulliam New York.*

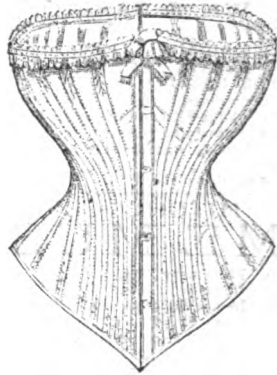
**SOMETHING NEW.**—In musical circles the **Estey Organs** are the rage. They are the most durable and have the finest tone, *remarkable* for their *sweetness* and *power*. The *Vox Humana* and *Vox Jubilante* are the greatest novelties and best inventions ever introduced. J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro, Vt., Sole Manufacturers.

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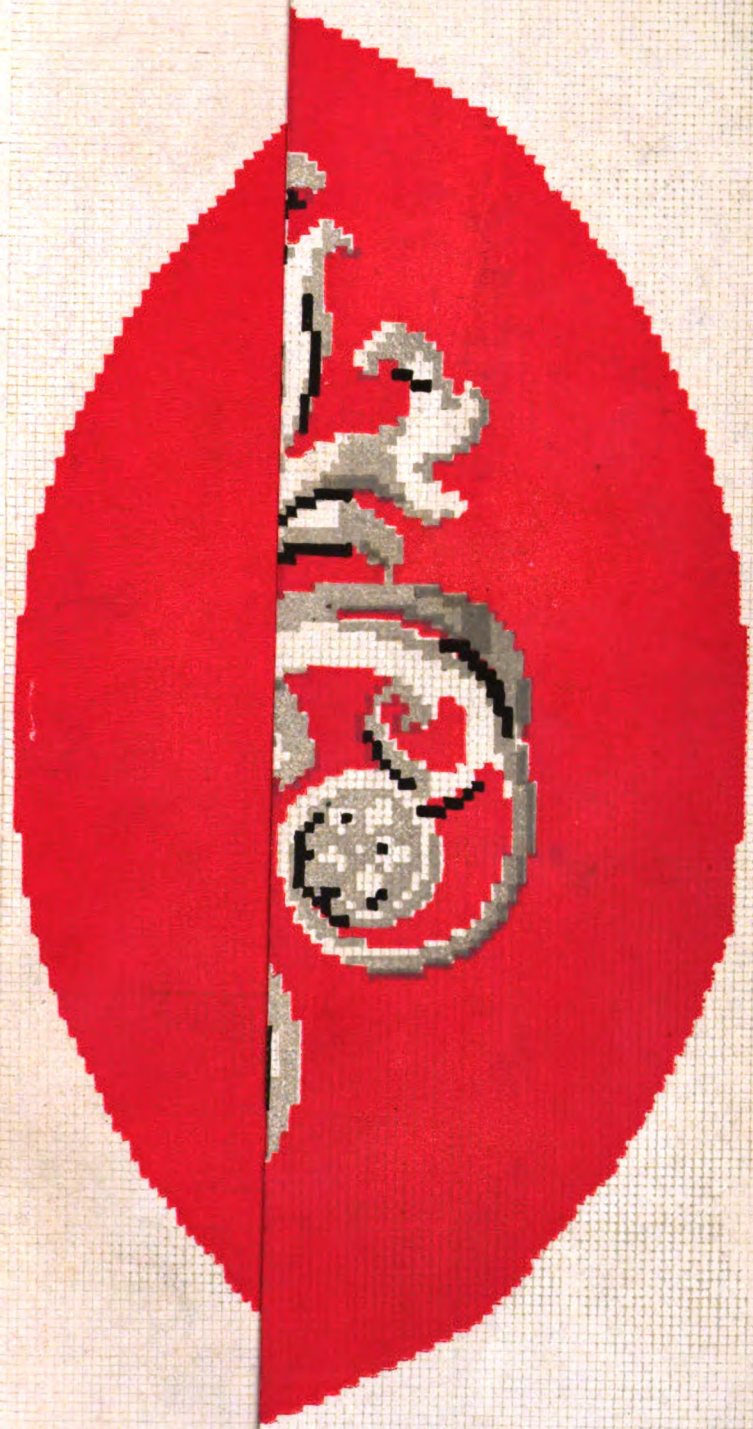
THE FIRST LESSON.

THE FIRST LESSON.





Peterson's Magazine—December, 1869.



McLaughlin Bros. Prs. Philad'a.

Byram & Slack. Engravers.

CHAIR SEAT, OTTOMAN SEAT, &c. &c.





Illustration by J. C. Smith

THE END OF THE WORLD

Illustration by J. C. Smith

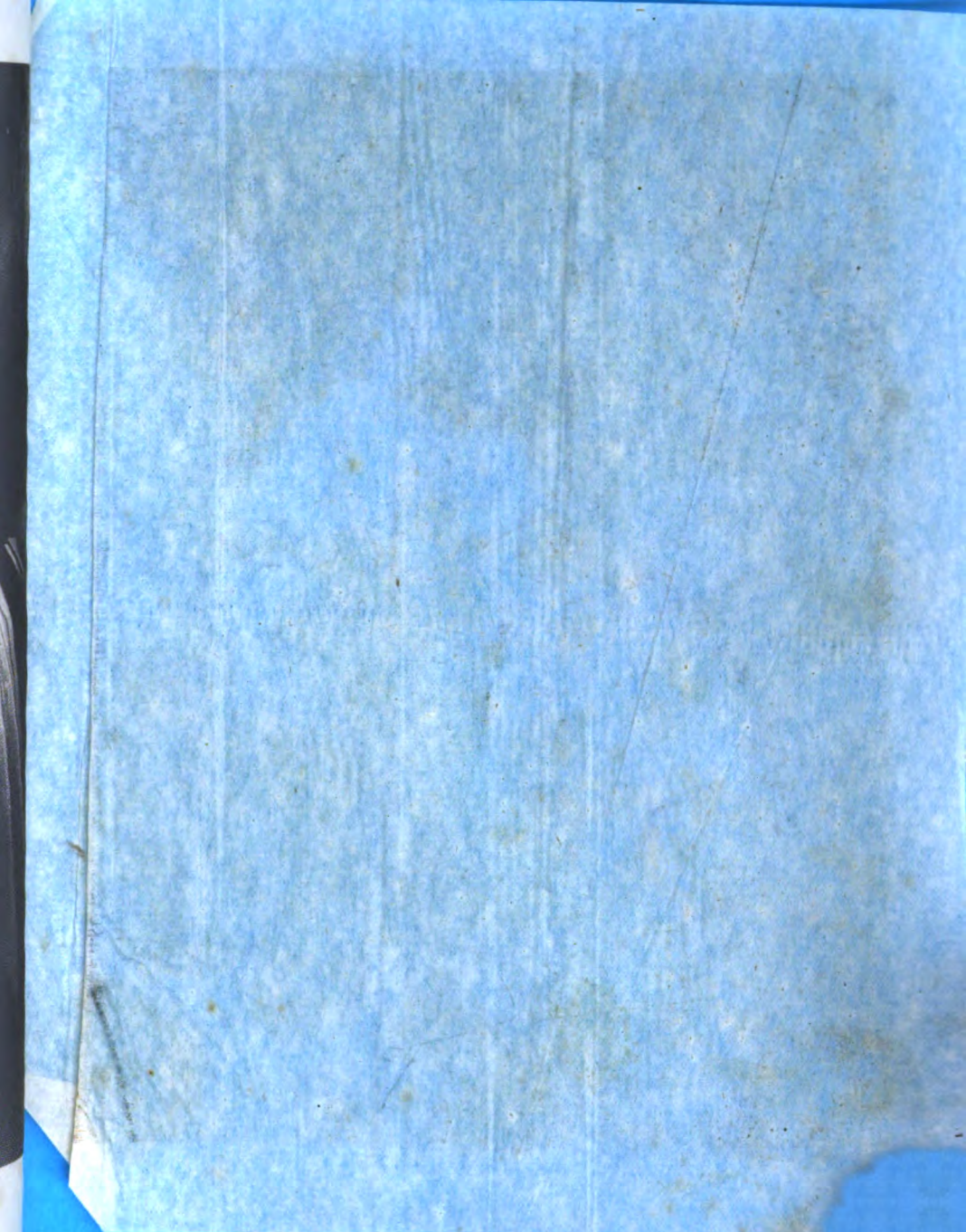
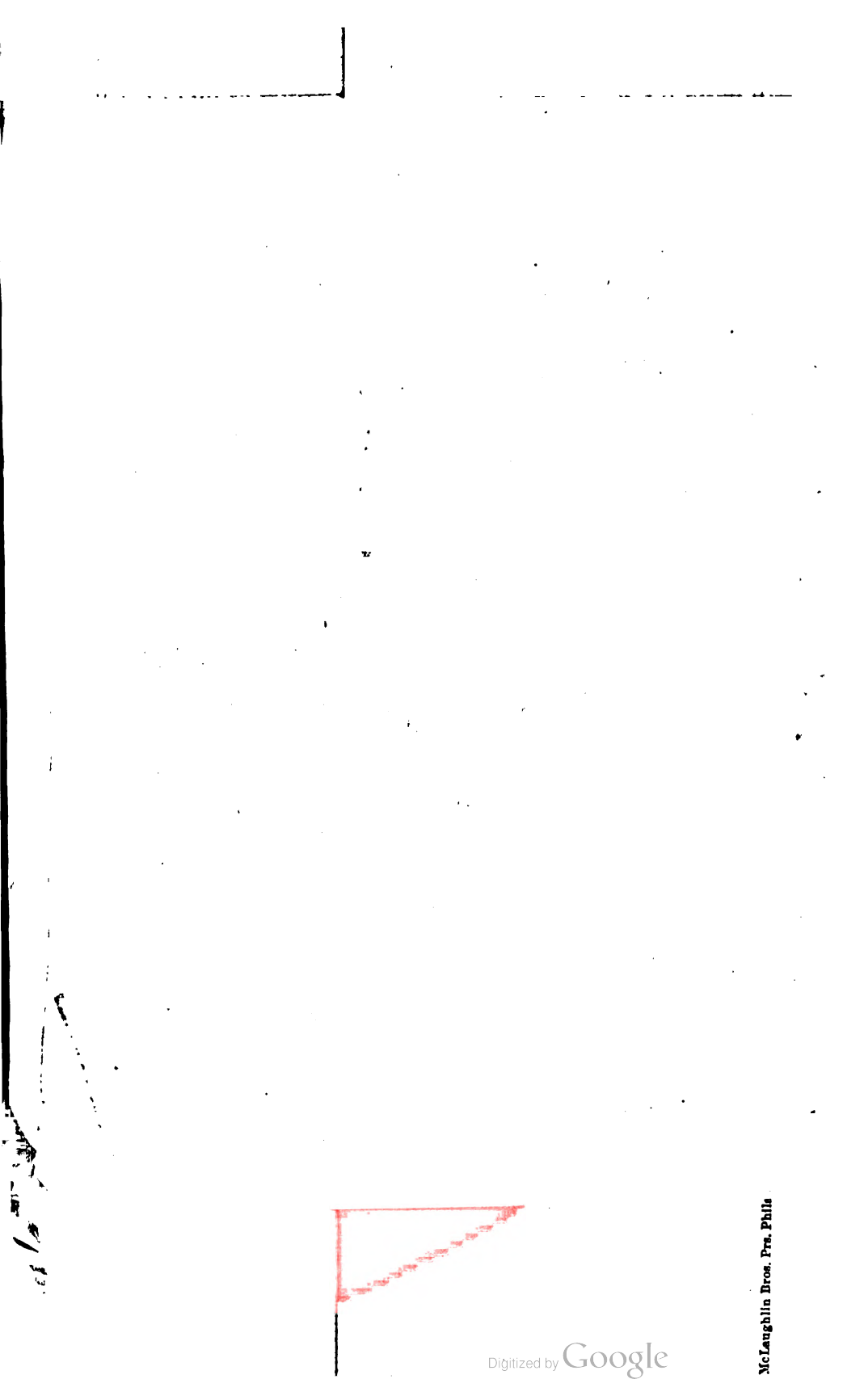




Illustration of a young girl reading a book.

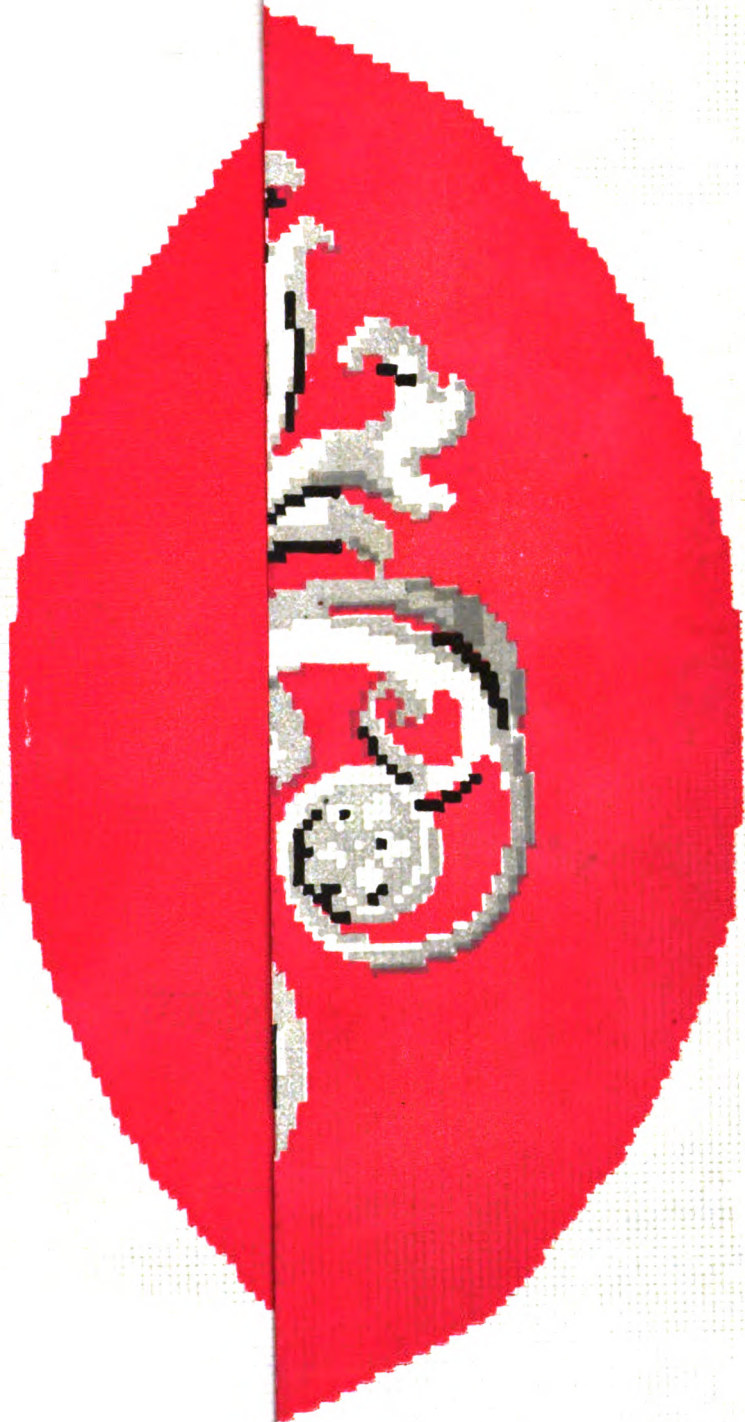
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Peterson's Magazine—December, 1869.



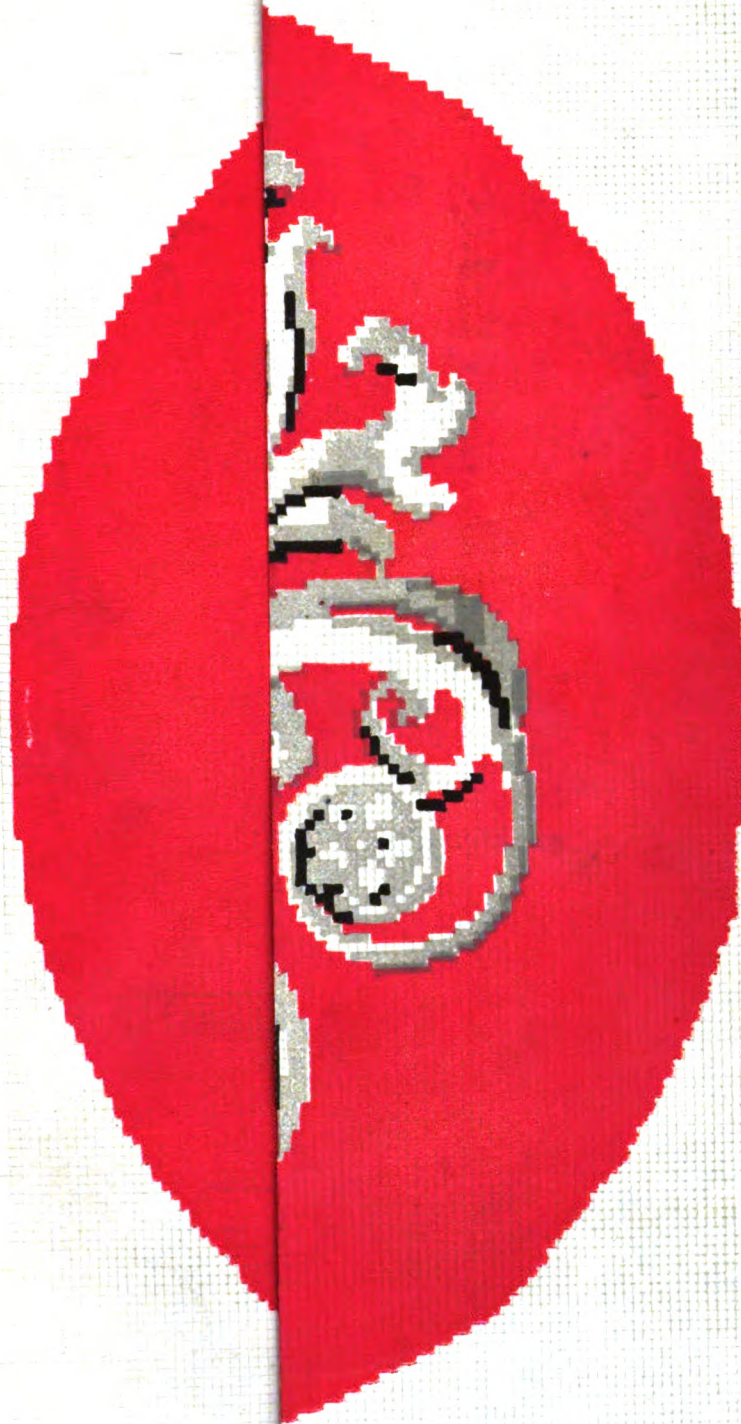
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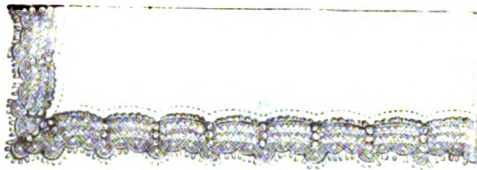


-GATHERING CHRISTMAS MISTLETOE.

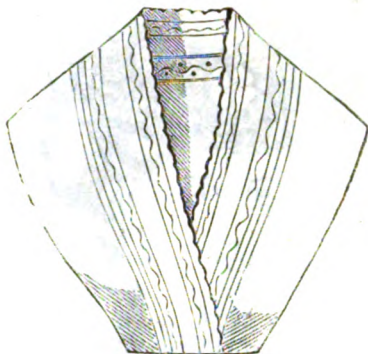
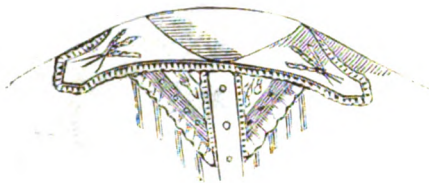




SHORT HOUSE-DRESS. NEW STYLES OF COLLARS.



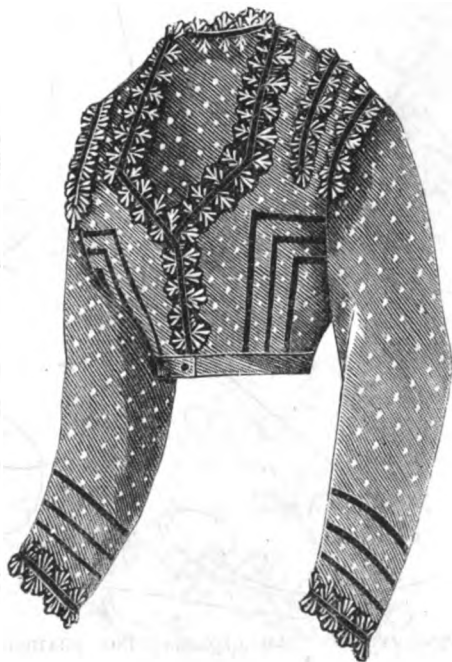
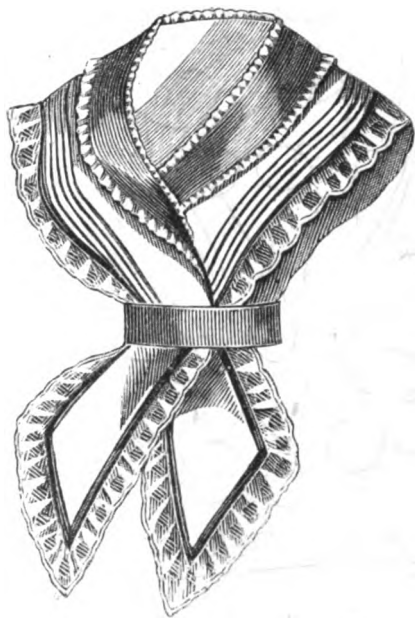
SKATING COSTUMES. COLLAR WITH CRAVAT ENDS. SLEEVE.



WALKING-COSTUMES. CHEMISETTES.



PLATE. BONNETS. WHITE MUSLIN UPPER-DRESS.

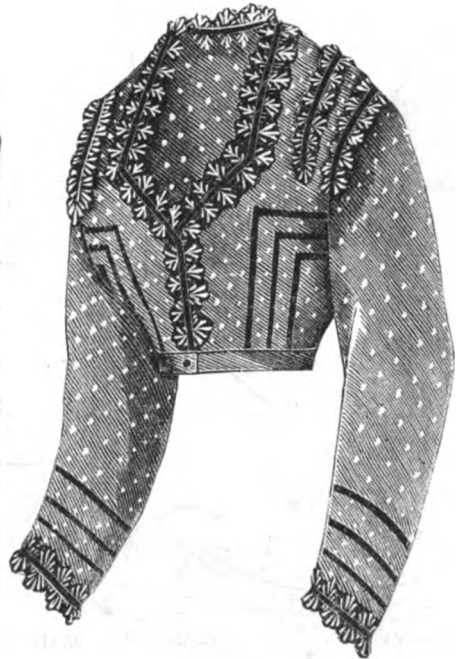
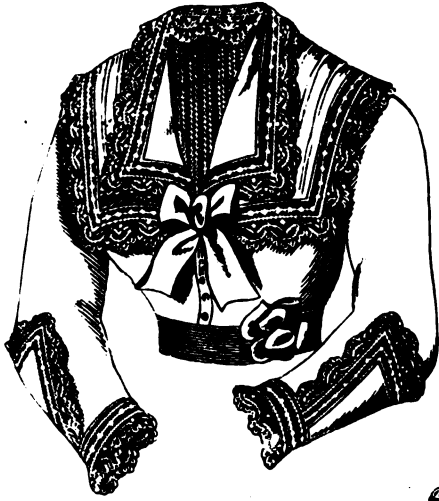


WHITE BODY. BONNET. COLLAR. WHITE MUSLIN CAPE. BLACK NET BODY.

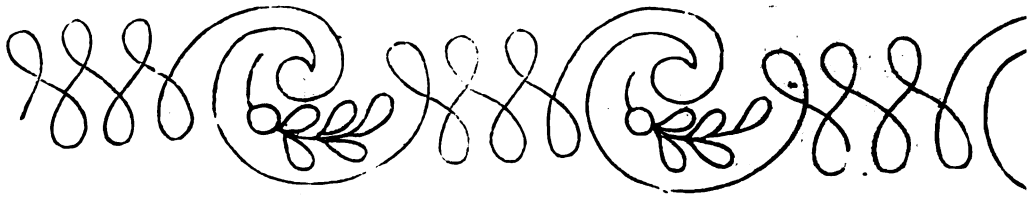




HAT. BONNETS. WHITE MUSLIN UPPER-DRESS.

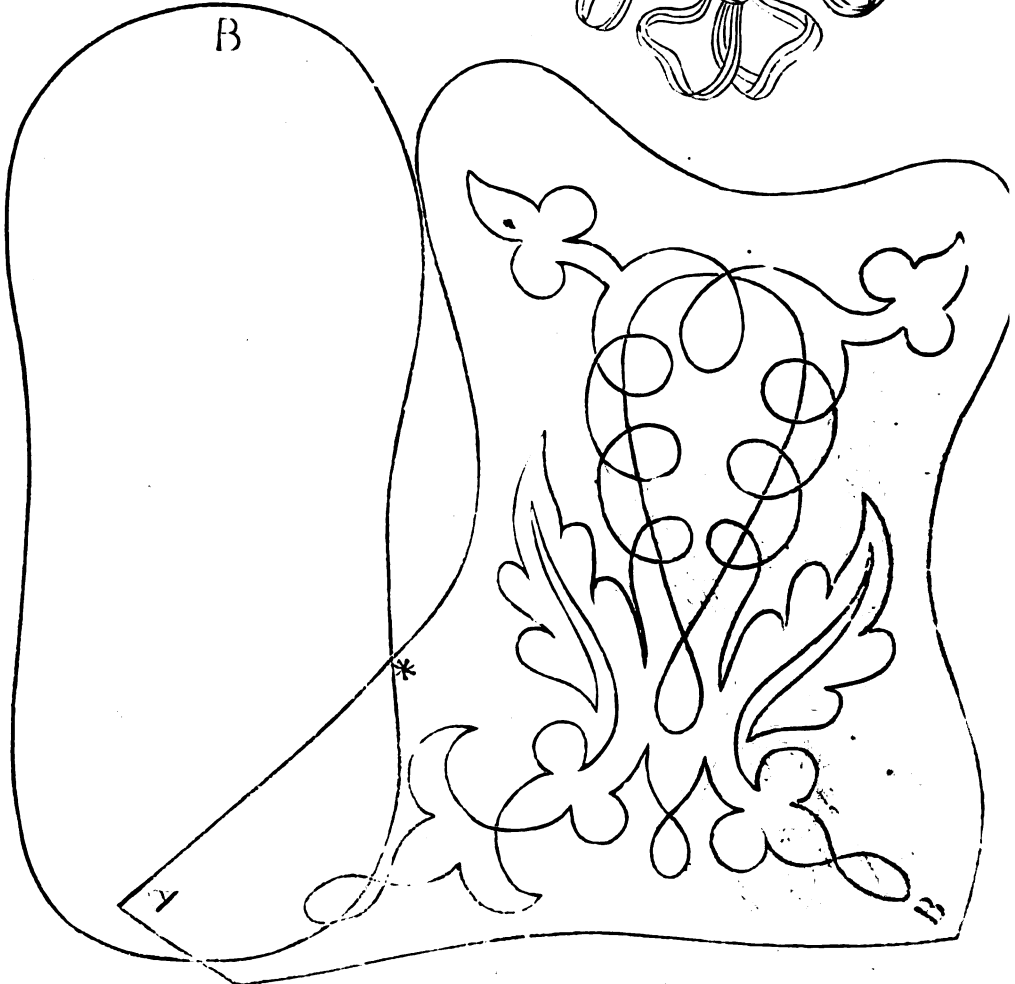
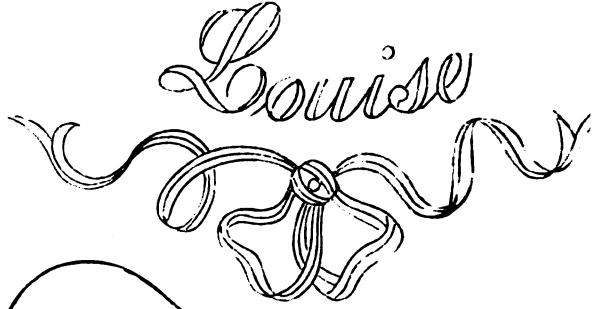


WHITE BODY. BONNET. COLLAR. WHITE MULLIN CAPE. BLACK NET BODY.

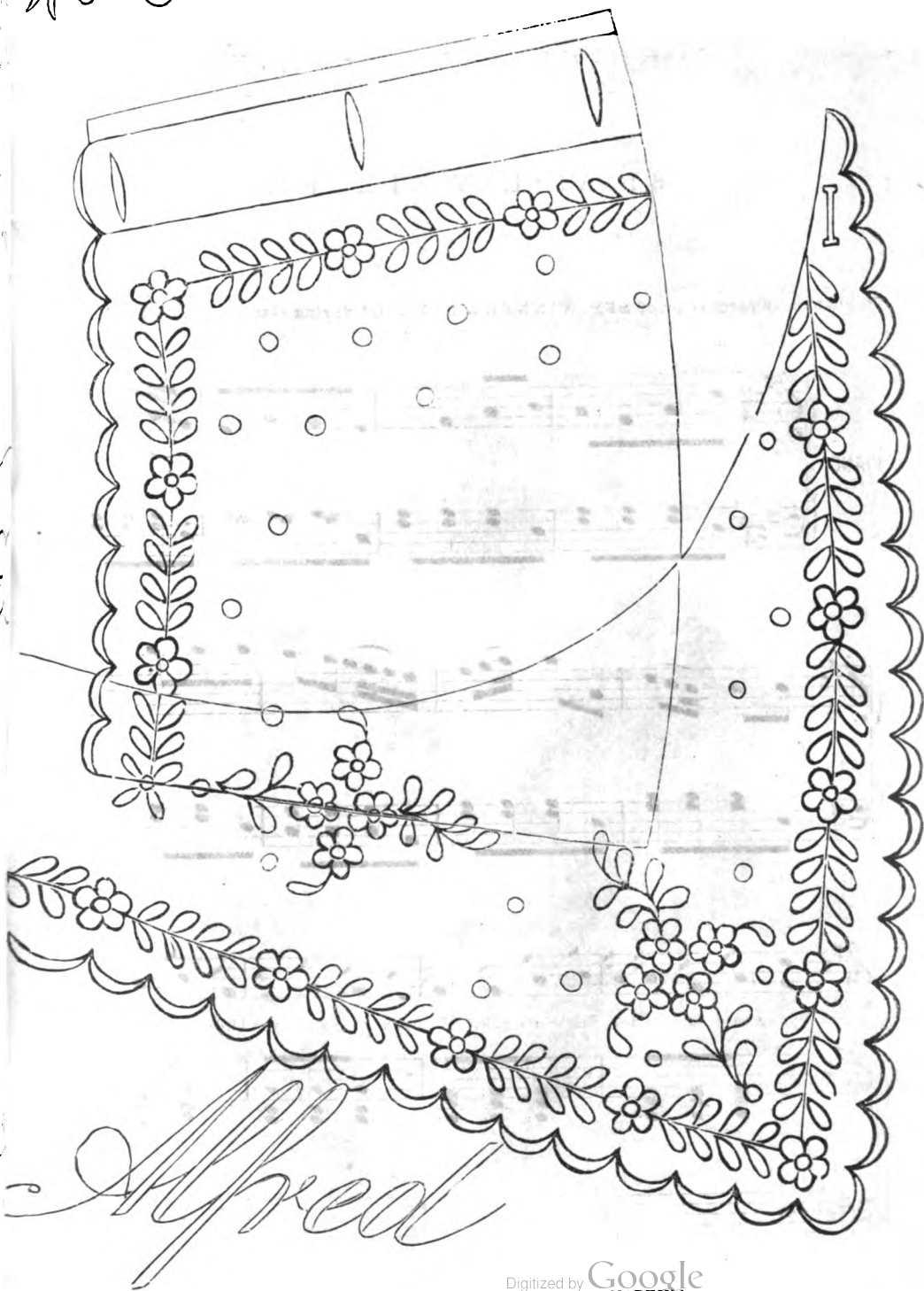
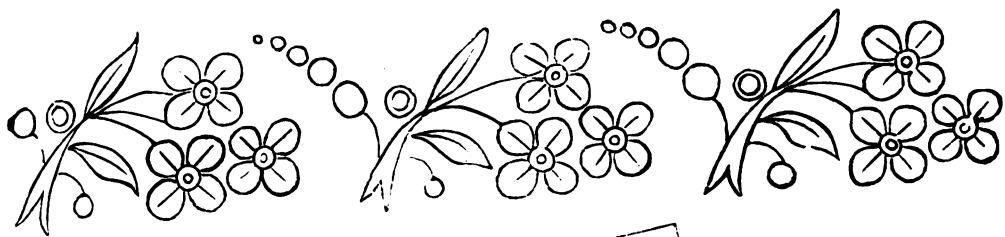


Rachel

Louise



BRAIDING PATTERN. NAMES FOR MARKING. BRAIDED INFANT'S BOOT: SIDE AND SOLE OF THE FULL SIZE.



# THE BIRDIES' BALL.

FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

BY APSLEY STREET.

Published by permission of SEP. WINNER & SON, 1003 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.

*Animato.*

PIANO. *p*

The first system of music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with a treble clef and contains a melodic line starting on D4, moving to E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and C5. The lower staff begins with a bass clef and contains a bass line of chords, primarily triads and dyads, supporting the melody. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed below the first measure. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

*f*

The second system continues the piece. The upper staff features a more active melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff continues with a steady accompaniment of chords. A forte dynamic marking 'f' is placed below the first measure. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

1. Spring once said to the Nightin - gale, I mean to give you birds a ball,

*p* *cres.*

The third system includes the first line of lyrics. The upper staff contains the vocal melody, which is a simple, rhythmic line. The lower staff contains the piano accompaniment, consisting of chords. A piano dynamic marking 'p' is placed below the first measure, and a crescendo marking 'cres.' is placed below the second measure. A fermata is placed over the final measure of the system.

THE BIRDIES' BALL.

Pray, ma'am, ask the bir - dies all, The birds and bir - dies, great and small.

CHORUS.

Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la,

Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la.

Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, Tra la, la, la, la, la, Tra la, la.

- 2 Soon they came, from bush and tree,  
Singing sweet their songs of glee,  
Each one fresh from its cosy nest;  
Each one dress'd in its Sunday best.
- 3 The Wren and Cuckoo danced for life,  
The Raven waltz'd with the Yellow-bird's wife;  
The awkward Owl and the bashful Jay  
Wish'd each other a very good day.

- 4 A Woodpecker came from his hole in the tree,  
And brought his bill to the company  
For the cherries ripe and the berries red;  
'Twas a very long bill, so the birdies said.
- 5 They danced all day till the sun was low;  
Till the mother-birds prepared to go,  
When one and all, both great and small,  
Flew home to their nests from the Birdies' ball.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

# PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LVI.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1869.

No. 6.

## THE LAST NIGHT OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was the last night of the old year, but Shafton Castle was no longer, as in happier days, blazing with light and ringing with merriment, for the heir to all this state and wealth was absent, and had been absent for years, and no one knew whether he was alive or dead.

Two women stood within a lofty, uncased Gothic window, in that part of the castle which had been in ruins since the civil wars, and which overlooked the ancient church and its graveyard. One was young and beautiful, but with a certain sadness in her face, as if she had already experienced sorrow, and had almost bidden farewell to hope. The other was middle-aged, but appeared older even than her years; she often coughed, and with a deep, hollow cough, as if seriously ill.

"Oh! if we could only hear from Percy," the latter said. "If we even knew that he was alive—that we might hope to see him sometime——"

"God's will be done," murmured the other, in a low voice, full of suppressed emotion. Then, as the gale whirled the snow in at the window, from the great fir-tree in front, she added, wrapping her companion's cloak tighter about the feeble figure, "but do come in, dear Lady Shafton. Indeed, indeed, you are not fit to be here."

A hale, hearty man was hardly fit to be there. It had been snowing fiercely all day, but had now cleared off, and the wind was rising fast, getting keener and wilder every minute. The old oak, that, leafless as it was, half hid the ancient church-tower from sight, writhed in the gale, with a moan like some lost spirit in torment. The moon waded heavily through the driving clouds. At times, the wind would come in such puffs, as it whirled around the corner of the castle, as almost to take the two women from their feet. At times, as when the younger woman spoke now, gusts of snow were driven in upon them.

"I cannot—I cannot," said the elder lady. "What? Have light and warmth when my poor Percy lies cold and still, like the dead there below?"

To understand our story we must go back for more than three years, to a morning in March, when the whole household, at the castle, was in commotion. The great Shafton topaz, a gem said to have been brought from the far East, when the Shaftons were Crusaders, and which had been worn as a talisman by every Shafton since, had suddenly disappeared. "Who had stolen it?" was the question each asked of the other with blanched face, and to which no one could reply. At last Lady Alice Stanhope sought Lady Shafton's chamber.

"Have you had no suspicions yet?" she said.

Lady Shafton looked up and answered, "No. Percy has just been here, and says that he has no clue to its loss whatever. When his dear father died it was put away, as is the custom, for Percy's majority; but yesterday, when you made a point of his going to the ball with you, and asked him, as a favor, to wear the ring, he desired me to have it ready for him. So I took it out of my jewel-casket and laid it on the toilet-table ready for him. When he came for it, it was gone, as you know. There was no time to search for it then; but to-day every nook and corner of the castle has been examined."

"Was no one in your room?"

"No one. That is, no one except Elsie."

"Ah! Elsie."

There was not much in the words, but the tone made Lady Shafton look earnestly at her companion. Lady Alice had a high-bred figure and face, with golden hair, and blue eyes, and many persons thought her a beauty. But others said she was cold and haughty, and that cruelty lurked in her steely eyes. This morning those eyes wore their hardest and most relentless look.

"What do you mean?" said Lady Shafton.



"Elsie guilty of taking the ring? Impossible! Why, I have known her from a child—I have trusted her in everything—she loves me as a daughter—"

"Too much as a daughter," was the answer, with a sneer. "Are your eyes still blind, my dear Lady Shafton? Elsie Leigh aspires to be your successor."

"You do not mean—it cannot be! Why, it has always been understood that you were to marry Percy yourself—the estates join, you know—" stammered the bewildered mother.

"That I was to be the future Countess of Shafton was well understood," answered the younger lady, coolly playing with the tassel of her morning-dress. "But, only yesterday, I surprised my young lord and your poor cousin and companion," the contemptuous tone of these last words is indescribable, "in the garden, billing and cooing like a milk-maid and her swain. I was behind one of the big box-trees, and came on them by accident, nor could I escape without betraying myself, so I was forced to hear, and even see a little. Well, to be short, he was pressing her to accept a ring, and promising that no other one should ever be his wife. He told her that he had to go away to-day, on his travels, but that when he was of age he would come back, and marry her in defiance of everybody: I suppose he meant you and me, and the will of his father, the late earl."

Lady Shafton sprung to her feet, white with rage. She was a passionate woman, intensely proud of her son's lineage.

"The upstart—the viper," she cried. "I will order her, this very minute, to leave the house. How does she dare, the daughter of a common clergyman, even though a cousin of our house—"

She broke down, choked by rage. The Lady Alice laid her hand on the elder woman's arm.

"A moment, my dear Lady Shafton. Let us avoid scandal, at least such as may affect your noble house. This girl, this Elsie, must be dismissed, but not on such a plea. Turn her off, but do it for stealing the topaz."

"The topaz?"

"Yes! Don't you see? She was the only person in the room beside yourself. If she is base enough to entrap your son, she is base enough for the other. She knows the legend of the ring; that the title and wealth always go with its possessor, and that, if the ring is lost, so will they be; and she probably thinks, the silly fool, that by taking the ring she will secure Percy and become Countess of Shafton. To me it is perfectly clear. But say not a word of the scene yesterday. Let no one suspect that Percy

has fallen a victim to her wiles. Have her in and charge her with the theft; and then turn her off before all the servants. Percy is away and cannot interfere, and in a few months he will forget her."

It is astonishing what power a cold, crafty person, like Lady Alice, has over passionate natures like Lady Shafton. The latter was a mere tool in the hands of the younger woman.

But Elsie, when summoned, made a brave fight for her good name. She came in, fresh and buoyant, in all the splendor of her sweet beauty, and though her cheek paled, at first, at the accusation, she soon rallied.

"Steal the topaz!" she exclaimed. "Lady Shafton, you cannot think it. You know you took the ring out of its box, and laid it on the toilet-table yourself. You held it up for me to see, and I came and looked on it; but I did not touch it: I never have touched it in my life."

But all her protestations were useless. In vain she pointed out that the toilet-table stood by the window, and that the casement was open, because the day had been warm.

"Some one may have entered by that way," she said. But Lady Shafton answered that the window was thirty feet from the ground, and that no tree stood near, by which a thief might have climbed up. In short, even those who were Elsie's friends, and her sweet ways had made many in that household, were forced to admit that the case against her looked black enough. As for Lady Shafton, she had no doubts. So a carriage was ordered out, and Elsie was driven to the nearest station, penniless and disgraced.

Percy came up from London, the next day, on a last visit to the castle. He found a blotted, hurried note from Elsie, returning the few little gifts he had made to her, and saying that she had gone away and would never see him again. A stormy interview followed between him and his mother. Lady Shafton said, truly, that she did not know where Elsie had gone. "The girl bought her ticket for London," she told her son, "and said to the groom she would go from that place to her real destination. She knows she is guilty, and means to hide her shame."

"Mother," said Percy, "I will not, even from you, hear such words about Elsie. God will yet make her innocence clear. But never, so long as you and I live, will I put foot on this threshold again, till you have acknowledged to Elsie that you wronged her." And with these words he rushed away, leaving Lady Shafton in a swoon.

He rushed away, and hurried to London, determined to discover Elsie's retreat. But his

efforts were in vain. After months of painful suspense, he gave up the search in despair, and went abroad; and the next heard of him was that he was serving in the India mutiny, and had been last seen at the siege of Delhi. Then he was missed, and it was believed he was dead.

Meantime, at Shafton Castle, there was grief and mourning. Lady Shafton still believed in Elsie's guilt, but she mourned her son's desertion, and she would not be comforted. The Lady Alice had returned home. The mischief worked by her had been greater than she intended; but she did not regret it: the accusation had not been hatched merely for revenge; it was one she firmly believed to be true; and so, indeed, did everybody, until more than two years after Percy's disappearance.

It was while the Lady Alice was on a visit to Shafton Castle, that she was sitting with Lady Shafton in the western porch, one summer day. They were not far from the oriel-window, which looked out from the dressing-room of the mistress of the castle. A thunder-storm had come up suddenly, and the ladies, somewhat alarmed by the rapid peals, had risen to go in, when a bolt struck right in front of them, blasting and splitting a giant oak on the lawn. The vast fabric fell directly toward them, and as it fell, a raven's nest, that had stood for years in its topmost branches, was shot forward almost to their feet. The startled rooks flew off in every direction. But Lady Shafton, who had, at first, sprung back in wild terror, suddenly darted forward, for there, rolling toward her, over the hard road below, was the lost topaz ring.

"Oh! my son, my son!" she cried. "Oh, Elsie! See, Lady Alice, we were both mistaken. The rooks must have carried it off through my open window. God forgive you and me!"

From that day, the search for Elsie was renewed, and went on simultaneously with inquiries for Percy. At last, Elsie's hiding-place was discovered, and thither Lady Shafton went herself by the next train. The poor child was living, as a nursery governess, in a remote corner of Cornwall, and little expected to see Lady Shafton, when called so unexpectedly from her young charges. The sincere repentance, but more than all the failing health and hopeless grief of her old mistress, moved Elsie to such a degree, that she could not refuse to accompany Lady Shafton home. In that burst of passionate grief, as she fell on the mother's heart, all was forgotten and forgiven. From that day the two had never been parted, but lived together as mother and daughter. "If ever Percy comes

back," Lady Shafton would say, as she leaned, weeping, on Elsie's shoulders, "you will be my daughter, in name, as well as in reality. Oh! to think you have forgiven me."

Lady Alice was no longer seen at Shafton Castle. She was still unmarried, and probably would always remain so. Though compelled to admit that Elsie was innocent, she nevertheless hated her rival as only such natures can hate. Lady Shafton had no desire to see Lady Alice. She traced her son's absence, now that she knew all, to Lady Alice's interposition; and the proud heiress had become as distasteful to her as Elsie had been before.

Meantime no word came from Percy. Letters had been written by his mother to every possible point where he could be looked for, and agents were dispatched to India to search for information; but all to no purpose. A year had nearly passed since Elsie had returned to Shafton Castle. The broken-hearted mother, accusing herself of her boy's death, was going slowly, but surely, down to the grave. Elsie, herself, had given up all hope, but, with the unselfishness of her nature, thought only of Lady Shafton's sorrow. To-night, the last of the old year, the poor mother was utterly prostrated. In vain Elsie sought to distract her grief. Lady Shafton went from room to room, wringing her hands, and talking of the boyhood of Percy, and especially of the Christmas and New-Year's festivities, which had always been kept up in his honor. "Never, never again shall I see him!" she cried, weeping. At last, she could not contain herself in the inhabited parts of the castle, but insisted on going to the ruined window overlooking the grave-yard, where we left her and Elsie. Poor Elsie! her own heart was well-nigh breaking: sad memories were at work with her also; but she put her own troubles out of sight, and devoted herself only to her companion.

"Do not ask me," said Lady Shafton, continuing the conversation. "If I could die here, I might be happy. Would that the New-Year might find me still and cold, like Percy."

"Hush! What is that?" cried Elsie, suddenly. "Surely I heard a gate-latch clicking. Yes! somebody is coming into the grave-yard, as if from the rectory behind the church. Can it be—can it— Oh! dear Lady Shafton, don't you know—"

Slowly and feebly, leaning on a stick, with a slouched hat and a heavy cloak, more like an old man tottering on the brink of the grave than a youth just arriving at mature years, the person she pointed at came on. The wind blew

his garments about him, and he had to pick his way carefully among the graves; but there was something in the bearing of the form, something in the mere step itself, that made Elsie's pulse beat quick and fast.

It was a path by which no one, except the old rector, ever approached the castle, for it led to a private postern, at the angle where the ruined part of the edifice joined on to the portion which was still inhabited. But the person approaching was not the rector, as Lady Shafton also saw, even with her dim sight.

"It is Percy, is it not?" she gasped, breathlessly, clinging to Elsie's arm. "Percy! Percy! Oh! my son——"

Her voice rose high and piercing, in a wild scream, and the stranger, looking up, saw the two figures for a moment in the moonlight; but only for a moment, for Lady Shafton had sunk down in a swoon, and Elsie was bending over her.

What more have we to tell? For it was Percy, as the reader has discovered, and who was soon at his mother's side. Half an hour later he was sitting, with Elsie's hand in his, narrating the story of his return to Lady Shafton, who lay on a sofa, in the warm, bright drawing-room, holding his other hand between both of hers. He told how he had been captured at Delhi; how he had been nursed by one of the rebel Sepoys, whom, in former times, he had favored; and how, months afterward, assisted by the same hand, he had made his escape, and reached the British lines in safety. He told how, on arriving at Calcutta, invalided, he had found the letters dispatched for him, and how he had taken the next steamer and landed at Southampton only the night before. It was a tale interrupted many times by breathless inquiries from his mother, and by anxious, loving looks from Elsie.

"I thought to send our old friend, the rector, on ahead, to break the news," he said, "but he had been summoned to the bedside of a dying parishioner, and so I came alone: not as quickly as I would have come, in former days, for my wounded leg is still painful and weak: but when I recognized you, dear mother, and Elsie here beside you, I believe I almost ran. Thank God! I find you both alive!"

Bronzed and bearded as he was, grown manlier and older-looking, the two women hardly recognized him, when he came down to breakfast the next morning. Elsie, blooming with joy and love, seemed, he thought, lovelier than ever, as she greeted him.

Lady Shafton joined their hands, as she entered, saying, "God bless you, my children, and make all your lives as happy as this New-Year's day! I shall not die now; I shall live. I feel, for many a long year; but, if you would show that you both forgive me, let this dear child become, soon, my daughter in name as she is already my daughter in heart."

Her wish was carried out.

A quiet, sweet-faced bride, with shy, brown eyes, Elsie herself, looking more beautiful than ever, was married, within a fortnight, at the old church, by the old rector himself. A more fitting countess, everybody said, had never entered Shafton Castle as its mistress. The Lady Alice, however, it was noticed, did not appear at the wedding, but went suddenly to Italy, to stay for some years, it was said.

With the advent of its mistress, and with the ring restored to its rightful owner, the old castle flowered out into a second bloom, richer and more royal than the best of its by-gone splendors. Ever after, too, in memory of its lord's return, high festival was always kept on the

LAST NIGHT OF THE OLD YEAR.

## RED LEAVES.

BY ROBERT HANNAY.

The year is on the wane,  
Red leaves are scant on the trees,  
The fields are vacant of grain,  
A chill is over the seas.  
There are solemn memories  
Haunting the heart and brain;  
List to the wind on the roof, the splash of the dreary rain.

The year is wearing away,  
There's a crystal over the rills;  
Dead are the lilies of May,  
The purple heath of the hills.  
The little maiden chills,  
Amid shadows long and gray;  
List to the rain on the roof, the breeze on the window-sills.

Young was she and fair,  
With health in her sweet eyes;  
We have sore need of prayer,  
For beauty sickens and dies.  
'Twas a sorrowful season of sighs,  
When we missed the gleam of her hair;  
List to the wind on the roof, the rush of rain from the eaves.

The year will soon be dead,  
Desolate are the leas;  
The swallows long have fled  
To Summer climes and seas.  
Pitiless blows the breeze,  
Pitiless are the skies;  
Did love forsake the world when death closed those fond eyes?

## ANNETTE LYLE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOBA'S COLD," ETC., ETC., ETC.

ANNETTE LYLE walked up the broad flight of steps that led to Mr. Samuel Johnson's handsome mansion at Riverview, and pulled the silver knob of the door-bell with so tremulous a hand that the faint vibration of the wire gained no attention, at first, in the servants' hall below.

While she waited at the door, the sound of gay voices attracted her, floating across the lawn, from the side of the house. She looked around. Where the velvet turf was rolled smoothest in that direction; where the shade fell softest from the tall elms and maples, a party of ladies and gentlemen were playing croquet.

The steel hoops that gleamed like silver, the gayly-colored balls and mallets, the gayer toilets, the bright faces, the fun, the frolic, the animation of the players riveted Annette's attention like a spectacle from fairy-land. She rang again and again, but still no servant came. At last the game was concluded, and one of the ladies, the winner, looked up.

She was a remarkably pretty girl, in whose blonde hair, dressed high and curled, a scarlet bow fluttered, *a la Pompadour*, matching the trimmings of her Paris dress. Flitting backward and forward without rest or cessation, laughing, quarreling, jesting, chattering, indulging in a dozen outside flirtations, and paying little heed to the game itself till the moment of action arrived, it was easy to see that her success, at the last, was owing chiefly to her partner.

He seemed to think so, too, as he stood leaning on his mallet, laughing quietly at the jokes and compliments of the rest. He was a tall, fair young man, with keen blue eyes and blonde whiskers; well-shaped, and with much easy grace of manner—the son, or rather the stepson, of the house—for his mother, a handsome widow, had married the rich Mr. Johnson while he was a boy at college, and it was fancied he would be the heir, as he was the partner and favorite of that magnate.

Mrs. Dean was a lady of aristocratic tastes and connections—her plebeian husband had none; she filled his house, therefore, with her own friends, and arranged it according to her own fancies. When her son came home from

his university and law studies abroad, he found it a beautifully ordered palace, on which as much wealth had been spent by the reluctant Mr. Johnson in ornamenting, as by his predecessors in building it.

Charles Dean, who knew nothing of the process of these reforms, beheld the result with satisfaction. His fine taste was gratified by the surroundings of his mother's beautiful home, his pride in her was increased by seeing her grace and magnificence as mistress of the mansion. But he had accepted nothing from Mr. Johnson, till a junior partnership in the firm gave him a right in his house. But when he took upon himself the drudgery, that always falls to the youngest of a professional firm, he no longer hesitated to live at his mother's. Meanwhile the house was filled by that mother with pretty cousins of high estate, among whom it was very pleasant to spend his leisure hours; and it was one of these, Violetta Villars by name, very proud of her alliterative title and Parisian education, who claimed his attention now.

"Some one is wanting up there," she cried, touching his shoulder and pointing to Annette. "It must be Myra Jones arrived very late—we will go and see."

She went, Mr. Dean followed slowly. A little nearer, her woman's eye resting on the cheap, black dress and dusty boots of the stranger, Violetta fell back; and Charles Dean, relieved from the fear of meeting his antipathy, Miss Jones, went forward more briskly to do the honors of his mother's house.

"Are the servants out, or has no one attended to you?" he inquired, in a tone and manner naturally courteous and gentle. "Pray, come in and rest," he added, leading the way without ceremony, "and I will tell my mother you are here."

"It does not matter," she stammered, flushing painfully under this unaccustomed politeness, and confusedly accepting the chair he offered. "I am the plain seamstress," looking at him with her shy, beseeching eyes.

Charles Dean glanced curiously at the speaker. All her beautiful hair fell about her face. It was dark, luxuriant, short and curling; she wore it turned back over a comb, the ringleted

ends just touching her long, white, slender neck, which was encircled with a narrow, linen collar and little pin. Her dress was of cheap, black alpaca, but its folds fell with natural grace about her slight form; the dusty boots Violetta had remarked were small and exquisitely shaped; so were the lady-like hands—the fingers marked by toil with the needle—from which she had removed the neat gloves. His lawyer's eye, noting these details, he said to himself, "Poor thing! she can't be more than nineteen, is orphaned and friendless, and must have been delicately bred. Yet here she is, earning her living by needlework!"

He noticed, too, that she was not abashed by the elegance of his mother's parlor. She occupied her place with quiet submission, but did not seem uneasy in it, and was only shy and frightened when he addressed her. The books, the pictures, the piano standing near, seemed her natural surroundings; she cast upon them the grateful, appreciative glance of long friendship. He observed the patient sweetness of her delicate face; the long lashes, and rare color of her eyes; the sad expression of her soft, unsmiling lips; the little, quick characteristic movement, like a bird shaking out its ruffled plumage, by which she seemed to order and compose her dress and mien in a moment into its settled place.

Already she had forgotten him, and her eyes had strayed to the enchanting scene without, where the croquet players still lingered. Those eyes were thoughtful even to sadness, but there was not the faintest shade of envy in their clear brown lids. "Oh! to be one of those bright, young creatures," she thought; "to have so fair a face, so fine a fortune, to wear such beautiful dresses, to reign in such a happy home as this, to be so loved, so cherished, adored, and protected!"

She came back to life with a deep sigh as the mistress of the house, in robes of heavy silk, rustled in.

Weeks passed, and Charles Dean had seen nothing more of the shy stranger he had ushered so romantically into the house. Probably she was at work, he thought, up in the lonely den at the top of the house, to which he sometimes saw solitary meals being carried on trays, as to a State prisoner. Charles Dean, a corner of whose heart those quiet eyes had strangely touched, thought how he should like to sweeten this "bread of dependence" with a little human kindness, or even to share the "crust" for the sake of looking in the "rare pale" face that had fascinated his fancy.

Thought is free, but his feet were fettered by etiquette, and so he never did penetrate to the lofty chamber where Annette Lyle sat and sewed—nor did Mr. Dean ever meet her in the grounds. Her natural shyness led her, when she went out for air and exercise, after her day's toil was over, into quite different ways from those the heir of the house would have chosen. She liked to wander away and sit down on the rocks by the river, a little stream whose waters flowed backward from the great waves of the sea, a few miles off, whose salt breath fanned her cheek and damped her hair.

In spite of the sedentary life she led, these walks, and the kindly atmosphere in which she lived, revived and benefited her. A tender pink dawned in the little face; her movements lost their slowness and languor; something of the elastic grace and life of the youth she had missed returned to her. Sewing in hot rooms, under tireless task-mistresses, she had grown quiet and dull, with the weariness of age upon her, its weight and burden. Now she bloomed sweet as a rose-bud in the fostering air; the very servants were kind to her. They liked the little stranger, and strove to show it; she was so young, so utterly lonely, so pretty, and so gentle. Even the Scotch gardener, so gruff and stern, praised her for a "bonnie bit lassie," and was glad to see her linger over his plants.

Mrs. Johnson was not slow in discovering what a treasure she had gained. She found those deft fingers, governed by an innate taste and skill, were apt to fashion far more than the simple uses to which at first she put them. From the plainer portions of the family wardrobe, the little seamstress passed to the intricate mysteries of dress-making and embroidery; and the lady of the house, well pleased, was able to save the expense and waste of the French *modiste*, who had long ruled over her toilet. Finally, the toilet itself was referred to Annette's taste and judgment, and at very liberal wages, and with no prospect of dismissal, she found herself installed in the duties of her novel position.

All the gay summer visitors had departed to fashionable resorts; and Mrs. Johnson would have followed them but for her husband's indisposition. The warm weather, or some other exciting cause, brought on an attack of gout, which kept him confined to his wife's room, and herself in close attendance on his person.

Unable to visit the scene of her seamstress' labors, she had the work brought down and performed near by; and thus the little dress-maker was a daily witness of the sick man's sufferings, and often the quiet ministrant to his

wants. His stately, handsome wife had great regard for his wishes, and strove hard to fulfill them; but she lacked the light hand and quick perception of her paid dependant. Often as the girl sprung up to do some silent office of charity, otherwise neglected, she saw the sick man's eyes fixed upon her with a strange gaze of pity and interest, and heard real kindness in the brief words with which he thanked her.

It was in this way that she and Charles Dean at last met. Though much more confined to business than usual, in consequence of his step-father's absence, he came down at regular intervals. He and his reports and memoranda were summoned, on such occasions, to the large chamber, in whose distant bay-window Annette sat at her work.

"We have received all the papers of Purcell & Du Page, assigned to us by the heirs of the late partners," the junior one day said, in explanation of the formidable bag of documents that accompanied him; "and I have brought down such of them as I fancied you would like to look over."

"Nothing of immediate interest, I suppose?"

"No, I fear most of them have been long neglected. Du Page's indolence, and Purcell's long absence and death abroad, with their great reputation, have accumulated a mass of cases, most of which have never been put in shape, and many more, I should fancy, had been abandoned by the clients in despair."

"And we are to sift this trash?"

"Much of the work is done, subject to your approval; but the remainder is worth examining. I should particularly like to call your attention to this suit, brought by Mary Lesley, or Lyle, against the heirs of the late Stephen P. Johnson, to recover her right of dower in his estate, and establish the claims of her child; alleging a secret marriage, which she offers testimony to prove."

"As what?"

"There is a marriage certificate, whether genuine or not I cannot say, as it was dated so long ago; and witnesses are offered who may have died in the interval, as no doubt the plaintiff has, or she would have pressed a claim involving so much property as is here indicated. Du Page has either been bribed by the opposite party, or has been criminally negligent in prosecuting this thing. It has slept, now, for seventeen years."

Mr. Johnson was lying back in his great chair, his stern features looking paler and more rigid than usual.

"You will see by these, sir," he continued,

"the exact nature of the claim. The case, I confess, has greatly interested me. I cannot see why it has not been tried long since, for even in the event of the mother's death, the child succeeds to her rights."

"You had better let the case alone. The woman was no doubt an impostor, and feared the exposure of her illegal claims; and so dropped it."

His voice sounded forced and harsh, and made an unnatural echo in the quiet room. The little seamstress suddenly rose from her seat, and hastily left the room as he spoke. But not so hastily but that Dean could see the flood of burning crimson that deluged face, and neck, and brow, as she was obliged to pass him in going out.

"I should like to undertake the examination, nevertheless," said the young man, after this partial interruption; "that is, if you do not object."

"I do object," returned the other, thickly, and rising in his chair. "Your time, your trouble will be wasted in behalf of a person who is, I repeat, dead, or an impostor. Yes! dead, or an impostor, or she would have been heard of long ago."

"But she may not be an impostor," persisted the young man. "She may, indeed, be dead, but her child must now be grown up. He or she may be in such abject poverty as not to afford to press this suit. A rich inheritance, his or hers by right, may now actually be used to oppress or silence the true heir. Great God, sir! think of seventeen years of fraud and injustice on the one hand, and of want and pain on the other! The investigation may be difficult; the name of the husband is such a common one. Why, it was even your own father's——"

He ceased suddenly, for his mother was looking at him with warning and alarm. Mr. Johnson had sunk back in his chair. He was ghastly pale, and breathing with difficulty as he muttered indistinctly,

"My father died at sixty years—a respectable man. How dare you!"

With a strange feeling he dared not analyze, the young man obeyed a sign from his mother, and left the room. As he passed the great hall-window, he saw the little seamstress in the ground, with the air and manner of one in deep trouble. Her face was half hidden by her thick hair, but her little fingers worked nervously together. Actuated by a sudden impulse, he followed her.

"I am very sorry," he began vaguely, as he approached, respecting her grief as if it had

been a queen's, and feeling a necessity for apology.

"It is what must be expected," she replied, turning toward him eyes blind with weeping. "I should have been prepared, but I could not bear it."

There was an enigma in her words and actions which Dean could not understand. He tried, by a few vague but kind words, to soothe her distress. She listened for a moment, then glanced up at him with an indescribable look, and rushed away.

He did not follow her again; but that look thrilled and haunted him. He moved away slowly in a delicious dream. The world grows wiser every day, but not the heart of two-and-twenty.

The little dress-maker found her tasks doubly hard for the next few days. The invalid, who, rendered feverish and irritable by advancing disease, seemed particularly harsh and hard with her. He would not dispense with her presence, notwithstanding his wife's hints; and he often questioned her as to her past life and antecedents. The girl, at such times, wrung her hands secretly, in helpless anguish.

Summer lapsed into autumn, and autumn was giving place to winter. All the gay butterflies of fashion were back from their summer haunts long ago, Mrs. Burlington amongst them, their chief and queen, who had recommended Annette to Mrs. Johnson, and who now came to inquire about her favorite.

"The girl is well-born, my dear," she explained to Mrs. Johnson, as they sat alone, "and has a history. Her mother was my intimate friend at school and abroad; an English officer's daughter, who eloped with a lieutenant in her father's regiment. The poor fellow sold his commission, and came to this country to seek his fortune, but died soon after landing, leaving her alone in poverty; and when next I heard of her, it was by finding this child in the Sisters' Asylum, where I had gone to inquire for an embroideress.

"It seems that my old school-mate, her mother, driven by sheer poverty, had applied for the situation of housekeeper, after her husband's death, in the household of a wealthy, elderly gentleman, with two single daughters. The old man fell in love with, and married her; but, influenced by his children, would have canceled the marriage. Discovering this, she indignantly left his house, and sought refuge in the Asylum where her child was born. There she died soon after. I have been told by those who knew her, that had she boldly asserted her

(daughter's rights and her own, she would have won her suit; but she was crushed, hopeless, and gave up without a struggle."

Mrs. Johnson listened to this story with a strangely contracted brow, and repeated it afterward to her husband, without comment or reservation. The sick man heard her in silence; the world was growing dimmer to his sight, but he still struggled to be true to the teachings he had obeyed all his life.

Again Charles Dean came down with his weekly report from the office; and this time there was a look of unusual care upon his face. Some anxiety pressed heavily upon him, which the senior partner did not share; nor would the latter recognize the hints and allusions by which the younger man strove to pave the way to an unwelcome subject.

"I have, in my leisure hours," he said, at last, very low and gently, "been occupied with the case in which I told you I felt so much interest."

The invalid made a movement of impatience.

"I find," he went on, "that the woman who strove to prosecute this claim, died very soon after taking the preliminary steps, in great seclusion and destitution; and that her child is a girl still living, and always conscious of the existence of the suit, but is without means to carry it on. This child is now an inmate of your house. Her father, and the husband of Mary Lyle, was the late Stephen P. Johnson. This property is, therefore, undoubtedly hers. And, since the death of your unmarried sisters she is their and your legal heir to the rest."

There was dead silence in the room. Mrs. Johnson, very pale, sat listening, but put in no disclaimer. Presently the sick man rose in his bed.

There were tears in his hard, gray eyes. "Charles," he said, "I love you. Ever since I married your mother, I have looked upon you as my son and heir. I acknowledge my father's marriage, and have provided for the girl; she has a sufficient legacy in my will. But if the property you claim as hers is given up, it will leave you nothing. Do not press so Quixotic a demand. I will never consent to impoverish you."

The young man bent and kissed the feverish, trembling hand. "Father," he said, "let us do justice. I should not prosper if I took the bread of the widow and the fatherless. Give it to the rightful owner, and let me work, as is my privilege; I cannot defraud a friendless and helpless girl."

But Mr. Johnson was firm, and opposition

only increased his determination, while agitating him to a degree too great for his frail strength to bear. So, after further useless argument, his step-son relinquished the attempt, and sadly retired, unshaken in his resolve, but obliged to postpone the discussion of it.

In the hall he met the little seamstress. He bowed gravely, with a dignity and distance he had never used before.

Her sweet face flushed up at the change in his manner. His coming had been a ray of sunshine in her dull existence; and utterly ignorant of life and herself, she could not help showing how it had warmed and cheered her, and now how the sudden change in his manner pained her. But, preoccupied as he was, he did not notice this. He went on his way without further notice of her, depriving Annette of half her happiness. He had been so kind, and her life was so lonely, her tasks were so hard—what had she done to offend him? The tears came into her eyes as she thought of it all.

The white tempests of December came, and Mr. Johnson was dying. It was Christmas-eve, but there was no feasting or gayety in the house, usually so full of light and mirth at such a time. The little seamstress covered over the grate in her own chamber, to which she had retreated, and with her head buried in her hands, strove to shut out the groans of mortal agony, heard even above the sighing of the wind, from the distant sick-room.

It was not the first sad Christmas she had known; but she had never felt so wholly forlorn, so utterly alone before. Her one friend, whose voice had been so gentle, whose eyes had been so true, was strangely changed and distant; the coming death seemed almost to have cast its fatal chill over them all.

When morning dawned, the sufferer lay at last released from pain, but feeble, and sinking fast. All the household were summoned to his pillow. Mrs. Johnson herself, with strange consideration, came for Annette, and led her thither.

The dying man turned his eyes upon them as they entered, and seemed, by a gesture, to desire them to come nearer. Charles Dean, who was bending above the bed, rose and came over to them.

"My father wishes to bid you farewell," he said to Annette.

The child put out a trembling hand.

"He desires to say," he went on, "that he acknowledges you as the daughter of his late father, and the heiress and rightful owner of

this property; and he beseeches your pardon, if he has unjustly withheld it, and your prayers that he may die in charity with all men."

She fell on her knees and burst into tears. She tried to speak. It was only inarticulately, however, that she uttered the desired words. The sick man heard her voice, a smile passed over his face—he was dead.

Charles Dean led her from the room to another, where she sat alone and distressed, till, after awhile, the servants came to know her wishes. She was their young lady now, and the mistress of the mansion. How strange it all seemed!

The old housekeeper was most garrulous in explaining the restitution. It was a grand "Christmas gift," she said.

"A Christmas gift!" The words rang in the girl's shrinking ears through all the week that followed. She had her place among the chief mourners at the great funeral, for her relationship, and all the claims of her position were conceded at once. But she felt herself a usurper and an outcast through it all. Her Christmas gift was ruin to the man she held first and best on earth. It was the downfall of his mother's hopes and pride; it was destruction to the happiness of others dearer than herself. No wonder she pined and drooped beneath the burden of her new possessions; no wonder she would gladly have resigned them.

This was in her mind, when Charles Dean, after the funeral, asked an interview, to explain to her all that pertained to her new inheritance, and to take his own and his mother's leave.

The thought was horrible to her. She had never dreamed of such a change, but had hopefully thought of being able to return to them, by gradual means, all of which she had robbed them—of becoming at least their trusted friend and companion—of yielding her own claims, and so purchasing the right to enjoy the sweet shelter of their kindness and protection.

When she found how irresistible was the manly will opposed to hers, she went weeping and despairing to his mother. Mrs. Johnson would have been more than human to be able to conceal how much her abdication cost her. But she, also, was inexorable. She was too just and right-minded to desire to enjoy another's wealth.

That night the little heiress was gone.

In a very simple and touching letter she bade adieu to the place she had loved so well, and in which she had still been so forlorn and alone; to the people once so kind, yet now cruel to



her. She returned to them, she wrote, that she had small pleasure in keeping, and was too unhappy to enjoy. A few days afterward a deed, properly signed and witnessed, was forwarded from the lawyers whom Charles Dean had recommended to her. With this deed came another letter explaining the firmness of her intentions. After that she disappeared as utterly as if no trace of her presence had ever existed.

But Mr. Dean and his mother were incapable of profiting by her generosity. All their efforts were now directed to finding and cherishing the sweet little creature who had suffered by their rigid justice, and sense of wrong. Now that she seemed irrevocably lost she was dearer to both, and rose in their estimation to the height her noble unselfishness deserved. But the one had keener regrets, more painful reminiscences, deeper cause for sorrow than the other—and his own heart, robbed and reproachful, condemned him day and night. Ever present to his memory was the girlish, gentle face as he had seen it, with the new light upon it that his kindness had kindled there; then sad, humble, disappointed, as it had grown in later days, beneath the strict constraint he fancied was his

duty. Now, by a sudden return of sense or reason, he saw how he should have dealt with the love he felt, and the love he had won.

The great house at Riverview remained closed and desolate through all the varying seasons of another year. Storms and sunshines crept over it, fruits ripened and flowers bloomed in vain, while Charles Dean sought, far and wide, by letter, and advertisement, and personal search, for its little mistress. He spent all the time he could command, and all the means he could spare from a now narrow income, in this pursuit. At last, as the year had nearly drawn to its close, he found her.

When another Christmas-eve returned, Annette Lyle was no longer a helpless, friendless girl, but a rich and happy woman. She had received back her fortune to endow with it the man she loved, and who loved her beyond her utmost hope. Sorrow had strengthened, and suffering ennobled her sweet nature; it seemed to him that her new experiences had set her far above him; there was something almost pathetic in the tenderness of his reverence, the devotion of his love.

And in that love she said, beyond all changing fortune, was her best CHRISTMAS GIFT.

## THE SONG OF LADIES' EYES.

BY D. K. A.

A song of ladies' eyes—  
Which bear the bell  
From blue of Summer skies?  
I know thou can'st not toll.  
Of mirth the hazel tells,  
Of pride the gray,  
And love in brown revels;  
But still I say,  
That blue alone of eyes  
Shall bear the bell;

Who this plain truth denies,  
Is beauty's infidel.  
Indeed, it is no whin;  
A lover will divine,  
Those eyes were blue that long ago  
Love-lighted mine.  
Alas! alas! in vain  
I picture them anew;  
And as I write I sigh again—  
Her eyes were blue.

## INTO REST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"LET me rest," she whispered softly,  
And we hushed our busy breath;  
For we knew the rest she sighed for,  
Was the endless peace of death.  
And we gathered softly round her,  
In the twilight's holy calm;  
And the whispers of the breezes  
Seemed the echo of a psalm.  
Gently fell the moonbeams o'er her,  
With her white hands on her breast;

And her face grew strangely brilliant  
With the dawn of endless rest.  
Fell her golden-fringed eyelids  
O'er her eyes, as though in sleep;  
In the silence of the twilight,  
We could hear each other weep.  
Once her white hands fluttered gently,  
As they lay upon her breast;  
Then a quiet fell upon her,  
And we knew she was at rest.

## KATE'S WINTER IN WASHINGTON.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 350.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning the first thought in Kate's mind was the promise she had made Lily to go to her. She had fallen asleep toward daylight, and as nobody disturbed her, it was long after the breakfast hour when she woke.

She felt more of her old spirit and courage come back, and determined to have a definite understanding with her uncle—to a temperament like hers anything was preferable to suspense. She would tell him frankly that she had agreed to see Mrs. Marsden during the day; he could not be unreasonable enough to object. One thing she was determined on, she would not give up her friends without good cause, and she was certain there could be none. Somebody had been gossiping to her uncle—she would not be mean enough to listen to any reports.

The very fact that the Marsdens should have been in any way assailed made them show still fairer in her eyes; and she was the last person in the world to shrink from protecting those she cared for by any means in her power.

But when she got down stairs breakfast had been for some time over, and her uncle had gone out before his usual time. Mrs. Fairfield sat at the table with Kate, and poured out her coffee and pressed her to eat, and was sorry to see her so pale, and was as unpleasantly officious as one's friends are wont to be when one wishes to be let alone. At last she crowned her success by telling Kate that, in some way, she had mentioned the Marsdens, and that Mr. Wallingford had looked up from his paper.

"Just like this, my dear—you know his severe manner;" and the dear old lady squeezed her good-natured face into an expression so ludicrous, that at any other time Kate would have screamed.

"Never mind the look, Mrs. Fairfield—tell me what he said."

"He just muttered, 'Bad style of people; all wrong, all wrong.' Then louder, for me to hear, 'Kate must recollect she is only a child—all wrong.'"

Kate began to get angry; but it was of no use to vent her spleen on poor Mrs. Fairfield. She would go to Lily, that was the one thought

clear in her mind. At any cost to herself she would prove herself true to her friendship.

She left the old lady in undisturbed possession of the morning room fire, and went off to dress, and order the carriage punctually at twelve. She was sufficiently well acquainted with Madam Lily's indolent habits to know that it was very doubtful if she found her out of bed before that hour.

When she reached the house, the servant said Mrs. Marsden was in, and showed her straight into a little room dignified by the name of library; and by the time she had seated herself, the door opened and Philip appeared.

As soon as she could reply to his eager salutations, she asked,

"Where is Lily?"

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Did you not get her note?"

"What note?" demanded Kate, impatiently.

"I have had no note, or heard of one."

"Very strange," said Marsden. "She found that she had to go out, and so wrote to you."

"The servant said she was in," returned Kate.

"No," said Philip; "she came and said you wanted to speak to Mr. Marsden. I supposed there was something you wanted to tell me for Lily, that would not wait, your feminine secrets are always of such importance, and so came in at once, which must be excuse for my coat."

It was a very becoming one, as he knew well enough—a black velvet breakfast-coat, wonderfully braided with crimson, that made him as handsome and picturesque as a troubadour. He had been gambling and drinking all night, and excess only told just enough on his magnificent physical organization to make him handsomer than usual, giving him a becoming pallor, making darker circles under his eyes. He looked all soul and intellect, and everything that was fascinating.

"I am very sorry," Kate said, more annoyed at finding herself there than she could have given a good reason for. "Who took the note?"

"A boy who comes every morning to do all sorts of errands for us. I am sure he went, because I saw him start; perhaps the careless little rascal waited to go somewhere else first."

A little error in time, that was all—the boy was being dispatched by Lily with the note at that moment; but it was wonderfully near the truth for either of the Marsdens to come.

"Very well," said Kate; "then I must go back. I suppose you will both be at Mrs. Gregory's this evening."

"Lily will. I may possibly have to go to New York to-night."

"Indeed! For long?" Kate asked, rising from her seat.

"Some days—a week, perhaps. So, please don't grudge me five minutes. I am sure there is nothing very dreadful in your sitting still, even if the lady of the house is not keeping guard—I believe that sort of prudishness went out with our grandmothers."

Like most girls of the present generation, there was nothing Kate detested more than being considered a prude—so she sat down again.

"I meant to come round and bid you good-by," he went on.

"You did not speak of going last night," she said.

"No. I received news this morning that decided me."

"Lily will be quite alone."

"Yes. I could have wished her to be with you. Indeed, I am not sure but I should have asked the favor, she is such a timid puss, if it had not been for last night."

"How do you mean?" asked Kate, not because she had failed to understand, but because it was easier to ask a question than to say anything else.

"I think you must know—you must have seen. It was quite evident that your uncle was displeased with her from some cause—perhaps with me."

"I have not seen him this morning," Kate said, evasively.

Marsden was silent for a little, then he said, hurriedly,

"Kate, you must feel that something menaces our friendship—you know what a grief that would be to Lily; but you don't know, you can't, what it would be to me."

"I am not in the habit of giving up my friends without good cause," Kate answered, loftily.

"I don't know what it is," Philip continued, "but I am certain your uncle has become prejudiced against us. I am quite aware that I have powerful enemies, and Lily is so dreadfully imprudent."

"As I told you, I don't know at all, for I have had no conversation with my uncle."

"But I am right."

"Yes, I am afraid so, from his manner and the few words he said as he bade me good-night."

Philip struck his hand against his forehead with a low exclamation of pain; then leaned his elbow on the table to support his head, and looked straight before him at a bust of Clytie, sufficiently elevated to give his eyes their most telling expression.

"Heaven knows my life has not been an easy one," he went on, in the studied monotone that was so effective. "I have borne a great deal that was very hard, but fate has never aimed a blow that went home so close as this."

Kate was greatly moved, and felt the tears so near her eyes that she dared not raise them.

"It may be all a mistake," she said, forcing herself to speak calmly. "I am sorry that I did not see my uncle this morning. At least, you know that I have the fullest confidence in both you and Lily—that you are the dearest friends I have on earth."

"God bless you for those words!" exclaimed Marsden, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "Whatever comes, I shall remember them."

"You speak as if some serious trouble menaced you," Kate said. "I hope it is only because you are out of spirits this morning."

"Yes, without doubt, that must be it," he answered, with a tragic laugh.

"If there is any annoyance or trouble hanging over you and Lily, you must know how grieved I am," Kate said.

"Yes, I believe that. I am past believing many things in this world—but I do believe that."

"I am sure neither you or she could doubt it."

"Not for an instant, my dear little sister. I should be a more wretched man even than I am if I could."

"And please, don't think me impertinent, but tell me if you have some business anxiety that makes you so sad."

"None of importance—nothing that I am thinking of now," he answered, with a deeper gloom in his voice, a more troubled shadow in his eyes.

Kate's next thought was that Lily had committed some greater imprudence than ordinary, and that either he was annoyed and jealous, or pained on her account, lest her conduct should expose her to the comments and animadversions of the world.

"If Lily has done anything to annoy you, she will be the first to grieve," she said. "You know how impulsive she is, how easily carried

away by her high spirits; but she is good and true at heart."

"She—she has no heart!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "But what matters it? I was not thinking of her! I wish I was away from it all! I have three minds to break loose, to take myself off to some distant land and begin life over, and see if fate can't grant me, at least, a little of the happiness she so freely lavishes on other men."

"Go away—leave Lily?"

"Do you suppose Lily would grieve? Bah! She would be delighted to assume the *role* of the injured wife! Don't talk about her—I don't want to think."

"You must not speak in that way, Mr. Marsden," said Kate; "it is not right for you to talk so, or me to listen."

"Mr. Marsden!" he repeated; "it has come to that! You used to call me Philip—you used to say you regarded me as your brother."

"So I have, Philip; so I do," she cried, impulsively, too much touched by his apparent suffering to think of herself, or weigh her words. "You know there is nothing that could disturb my friendship for you. It pains me so much to see you so unhappy—I wish you would tell me the cause."

"Is it possible you do not know, that you do not suspect!" he exclaimed. "Can you be so blind, after all these weeks, after all that you have seen me suffer——"

His voice died in a sob. Kate sat staring, pale and frightened, but even yet not comprehending what he meant.

"Kate! Kate!" he groaned.

She actually believed that some great anxiety, which he had kept from her, was driving him temporarily insane. She did not dream of being afraid; she only thought of soothing and quieting his paroxysm of distress.

"Only try to be calm, Philip—brother!" She rose from her seat and laid her hand on his arm.

He broke away from the light clasp of her fingers, crying,

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me! Oh! this is too much—too much! I can bear no more!"

Kate shrunk back aghast at the pallor on his cheek, the fire in his eyes; the animal was so thorough an actor, and entered so completely into his part that, for the moment, it was earnest to himself.

Kate sunk into her chair again, almost wild with fear that he was going out of his senses, wondering if Lily would never come, afraid to leave him, conscious that she ought not to remain; loath to call one of the servants to see

him in that state, and in the whirl and confusion in her brain involuntarily calling, in a pleading voice,

"Oh, Philip! Philip!"

As the words left her lips, he fell on his knees at her feet, and clasping her hands so tightly that she could not release them, exclaimed,

"I must speak—I will! I love you—I love you! Kate, Kate! have mercy! I am wild—mad!"

It was the first time in all her petted life that anything approaching insult, or rudeness even, had ever come near the girl. She started to her feet; he sprung up, still holding her hands, and repeating those insane words.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed. "Let my hands go. Oh, you coward!"

At that instant the door burst open, and in rushed Lily, careful to close the door behind her, and at sight of the tableau she gave a melodramatic shriek.

"Deceived! betrayed!" she moaned. "My husband! My friend! The girl I called sister—loved better than my own life! Oh, heaven! that I had been struck dead on the threshold before I saw a sight like this."

Marsden groaned, and covered his face with his hands. Between rage and fright Kate was pale as a ghost, and shaking from head to foot.

"Speak!" shrieked Lily. "Say something, one of you! Explain this, or be merciful and kill me where I stand! Kate, I command you to speak!"

"Let your husband explain, if he can!" exclaimed Kate; and amid all her terror and anger, she was conscious of a vague wonder that her voice should sound so cold and unmoved. "Perhaps, he may do so to your satisfaction. All I ask is to leave this house."

"Not yet—not yet!" cried Lily, springing between her and the door, and suddenly changing from the heart-broken wife to an infuriated Medea. "You don't leave this house yet! I know all—I heard enough! You called him Philip, dear Philip! He was on his knees before you—your hands in his—your face close to his lips! Oh, fiend! wretch! and I live—I live!"

"If you heard anything," returned Kate, struggling against the deathly faintness that was coming over her, "you know that your husband grossly insulted me."

"I know that he told you he loved you. A man does not do that unless a girl has given him encouragement! No, no, you can't deceive me."

"Silence, woman!" exclaimed Marsden, sud-

denly assuming a Roman attitude. "No more of this!"

"I will not be silent!" retorted she. "Don't think you have a child to deal with! I will expose you both! I'll have a separation—a divorce! The whole world shall know what I have endured—shall see this girl for what she is."

All Kate thought of was to get out of the house before she was completely insane. She made another attempt to reach the door. Lily rushed to a table, snatched a dagger that lay there, and was accustomed to doing duty as a paper-cutter, and sprang toward her, uttering wild imprecations—calling on heaven to nerve her arm and give her strength to avenge her wrongs, and then deal death to herself, that she might die cursing both.

"Death! Death!" she howled, and made another dash at Kate, but Marsden caught her in his arms. She dropped the dagger, and with a prolonged moan in a minor key, she sunk back apparently insensible in his hold.

"Go—go!" cried Philip. "Escape while you can."

Kate needed no second bidding; she flew out of the room, down the hall. Never, in all her life, was there so welcome a sound to her ears as the closing of the outer-door behind her. How she got into the carriage, or gave the order to drive home, she never could tell; she only knew that she must live to get there. After that, no matter—there was nothing but death left for her.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE moment the house-door closed, Lily raised herself and stood up.

"You oughtn't to have let her go," said she. "My plan was to send for old Wallingford."

"Then what did you tumble into my arms for?" growled her husband.

"Never mind—I'm going to the house. It's Saturday, so there's no session—he's sure to be home. He's got to pay at least ten thousand to settle this; he'll do anything rather than have an *expose*."

"Say I've gone, left you penniless; that you will, at least, have moneyed satisfaction——"

"Bah! teach your grandmother!" interrupted Lily, irreverently. "Ring the bell for a carriage! I thought you never would come to the point, you were so long about it! You're good at theatricals, but it's the old-fashioned, slow sort. I go in for a rush myself."

Philip laughed, and as he rang the bell he called her a name that most women would have

considered an unpleasant epithet; but he did it in an admiring tone, and Lily seemed to take it as a compliment, for she laughed, too, and pirouetted away to the mirror to arrange her hair, which had tumbled about her shoulders in the fervor of her histrionic efforts.

The carriage stopped before her home, and Kate darted out and got into the house. What she meant to do she could not have told—meet her uncle, tell him, was impossible. There was some vague idea in her mind of dying, or running away and hiding herself forever; for that there could be any release, any hope of extricating herself from this horrible strait she did not once dream; and to remain, to bear the exposure, the disgrace, was out of the question.

It all came up before her during that drive, which had seemed endless—her uncle's grief, the trial, the crowd, she forced before it; the horrible talk, the newspaper paragraphs going over the length and breadth of the land. No hope, no way out; if she could only die—fall dead then and there, and so end it.

She was in the house, and instinctively turned toward the little room where she was accustomed to sit during the day, certain to be untenanted.

She opened the door; as it closed she gave a groan, which was answered by a quick exclamation. She looked up, and found herself face to face with Harry Everett.

"Kate! Kate! In heaven's name, what is the matter?"

She was past speech now—the sight of him was the crowning blow. Her features worked fearfully—with one long, gasping breath she fell at his feet in horrible convulsions.

He raised her and placed her on a sofa, instinctively feeling that she had brought some dreadful catastrophe upon her head. Having sense enough not to call for assistance, and for all he was frightened, and only a man, retaining sufficient self-possession to get her bonnet off and sprinkle water in her face, and do his best to restore her.

Kate was perfectly conscious all the while, but she could not speak or open her eyes; the nervous spasm made such a sense of weight on her chest, such an oppression in her throat, that she believed herself suffocating. She hoped so, she was mentally praying that it might be death; and through it all she could hear Harry Everett's voice calling her by every tender epithet, assuring her of his love, only urging her to be calm, and to tell him everything.

The force of the paroxysm spent itself at last. She was shaking and icy cold still, but

the oppression in her throat ceased, and she could speak.

She heard Harry say again,

"I love you, Kate, more than ever! Tell me everything; trust me—I shall only love you the more."

That was impossible, he could not. Even if he believed her innocent, he could not bear the exposure and disgrace to come near his name—no man could; but she would tell him, she could not endure her agony alone.

"Tell me, Kate—tell me!"

She covered her face, and told the whole story more clearly and connectedly than could have been expected.

"Now go," she said, "leave me to the fate I have brought on myself. What you warned me of has come; if I ever wronged you, surely you are avenged."

He had listened in perfect silence. As she spoke those words, she felt him lift her head upon his shoulder, felt his arms fold themselves close about her. He made no scene, wasted no breath in cursing the wretches; he only said, very quietly,

"This is your place, Kate, you are safe here. Don't shake and tremble so, you are in no danger; these people can't injure you."

"She will tell my uncle; she wants a divorce."

"Listen to me, Kate! This was all a plot to extort money; they have done it before, but they can't succeed now. A friend of Mathews told me what was going on, and I came back last night. I can force them both to be silent; they will only be too glad. I'll go to them at once, and within an hour bring you back assurances that everything is settled, and that they will never trouble you again."

She sat up looking in his face with incredulous wonder, unable to believe that the storm could pass and leave her unharmed.

Before he could speak again the door-bell rang; there were eager voices audible, then a quick step on the stairs.

"She has come," groaned Kate; "she will find my uncle."

"Hush! She is coming here; your uncle is in his library, he sent me here to wait for you. Let her come in; lie still and don't speak."

The door opened, and Lily came in, exclaiming,

"I know she is at home; I want to see Mr. Wallingford."

Everett stepped forward.

"Mr. Wallingford is engaged," said he; "Kate is ill. What do you wish, Mrs. Marsden?"

He closed the door behind her. She was so

taken aback by his appearance that her theatrical powers quite deserted her for the moment, and she sunk submissively into the chair he placed for her. Only for a moment; she recovered herself, and began,

"There she lies! The destroyer of my peace! The wretch—the smiling-faced fiend! What am I doing here? Take her out of my sight! I want Mr. Wallingford. I will see him, I say."

"That will do," said Everett, coolly; "don't waste your talents on an unappreciative audience."

"I'll have my revenge! I'll make this girl as infamous as she deserves——"

"Don't you dare open your lips again!" interrupted Everett, sternly. "Look at this."

He drew a paper from his pocket, and held it before her eyes—she recognized it at once. Only the year before she and her husband had got a large sum of money from a young fellow under similar circumstances, where Marsden did the jealous, and it so happened that Harry had been able to get at all the proofs.

The actress stopped short—the words died in her throat with a low gurgle that was very real. Kate lay perfectly still, with her face buried in her shawl. Once more the door opened, this time to admit Mr. Wallingford.

"Who was calling me? What is the matter?" he asked; then seeing Kate, his voice changed to one of alarm. "Is she ill? Has she fainted?"

"She is better," Everett said; "Mrs. Marsden was frightened and called out."

Mr. Wallingford went up to Kate; the nervous convulsion returned, but she set her teeth hard together, and neither spoke or moaned.

"It is a nervous attack," her uncle said. "Ring the bell, Everett, and send some one for a doctor, and tell Mrs. Fairfield to come here—the poor child is completely worn out with all this party-going and dissipation."

Mrs. Marsden made an effort to speak; behind the Senator's back Everett shook the fatal paper at her, and she was cowed instantly.

"Lie still, Kate," her uncle said; "don't try to speak, you'll be better soon."

The servant came. Mrs. Fairfield arrived, armed with camphor, and salts, and brandy; and Everett coolly turned to the fair Lily.

"We had better go, Mrs. Marsden," he said, politely; "Miss Wallingford will be better with just her own family."

There was nothing else for it. Lily saw the paper in his hand; she just uttered a few commonplaces, and got out of the room, passed Everett in silence, and was glad to find herself in her carriage.

She dared not go home yet and confront Philip, so she drove toward the Avenue. Everett watched her off, took time to go up stairs and see Kate, whisper in her ear a warning to be silent, that everything was settled, to expect to see him in the course of the day or evening; then he started for Marsden's house.

He met the Texan bound for the same destination, boiling with rage, and determined on having some sort of satisfaction. Everett knew him very well, and without entering into any explanation as to the cause, informed his friend that he was bent on the same errand.

They hailed a carriage and drove to the house. Marsden was anxiously expecting his wife's return; and when he heard the carriage stop, supposed that she had arrived, and went out into the hall and opened the door himself, as both servants chanced to be out.

Before he could make any effort to oppose them the men were in the passage. He was frightened, but too much accustomed to finding himself in unpleasant positions to show it.

"Hollo!" said he, with an attempt at jocularity. "Glad to see you both! Come into the dining-room and take a drink. I was just bound that way."

They followed him in.

"Never mind the decanters," said Everett. "You can't be such a fool as not to know what brought us."

"What did?" cried he, with an oath, seeing that the game was up, and turning like a rat in a corner.

"This," said Harry, slapping him in the face. "Good!" pronounced the Texan.

Marsden sprang forward, drew a pistol, and Everett knocked him down.

"Good!" came the Texan's verdict again; and he picked up the revolver, and stepped into the hall, lest somebody should try to enter and interfere with the little amusement.

Everett had a stout, little bamboo cane in his hand, and he belabored the prostrate bully with it till he fairly shrieked for mercy.

The Texan stood aloof, and regarded the scene with tranquil satisfaction, and heard a pass-key turn in the door. It was Lily come back. She closed the door, heard the groans and curses, saw the Texan, and took in the scene at a glance.

She stood perfectly still, coolly untying her bonnet-strings; and the Texan, prepared to stop her if she attempted to rush forward, looked at her in silent wonder; for she began to smile, and finally to laugh silently, but with evident heartfelt enjoyment.

"I think that's enough for you!" exclaimed Everett, at last, as the bamboo broke over the prostrate man's shoulders. "Now, you rascal, make out from this before you are three days older, or I'll have you thoroughly exposed."

He walked out into the hall; Marsden lay still and groaned—and small wonder. Lily stood still till the two men reached her, then she held out her hand to Everett, and said, in a low voice,

"I forgive you everything for this! No man ever did any woman so great a favor as you have me."

Everett motioned the Texan to precede him out of the house, then he said to the woman,

"We will all be silent on condition that you leave Washington. But, remember, if you ever dare to mention Miss Wallingford's name; if the slightest breath of scandal touches her, it will be visited on you both."

"Let us alone, and we will her," said Lily, sullenly.

"All right! I will make that bargain with you; not because you deserve it, but because it is the easiest way to settle matters. Matthews could prosecute you for swindling; but if you will take yourselves off, I promise you that he shall not."

"Have your own way," replied she. "I ought to hate you, but I vow I can't. Just hear that brute groan; I never heard such sweet music."

Everett passed her in silence, the door closed—she was alone with her husband.

The Marsdens did leave the city; they left so many debts behind that, of course, the gossip, always rife about them, grew into absolute certainty. People talked for a week, then forgot them; and Everett heard that they had made off for Europe with such spoils as were left them.

That evening Everett went back to Kate. He found her up and dressed; she had been too anxious to see him to remain in bed.

Of course, he omitted the horsewhipping details, but he convinced her that she had nothing more to fear from the Marsdens. She was horribly humiliated; it was dreadful to suffer, for the first time, over the knowledge that people whom she had so loved and trusted could be so utterly treacherous and false.

Later, there was the lecture from her uncle, the knowledge that in her attempts to do the female politician, she had exposed herself to much comment and gossip; but she bore it all as well as she could; and in the tears of shame and remorse that she wept, a great deal of her arrogance and willfulness went out forever.

Harry Everett did not do that meanest of all things for a man, under such circumstances, put her on her good behavior, and so arouse her obstinacy. He just said, like the straight-forward, impulsive fellow that he was,

“I love you better than ever, my darling! Whoever has been to blame, I have been most so! Only just try me once more, and I promise not to be so overbearing and disagreeable.”

Of course, that melted Kate completely; and she could not think herself half worthy of him, and for some time would not listen to any idea of making herself and him happy.

But the season came to an end, and Kate married Everett; and they spent a quiet but

delightful summer at Harry's old country-place, where the people had idolized his father, and were ready to cast the mantle of reflected glory on him.

So the husband and wife met half way; Kate gave up ambitious dreams on her own account, and Harry developed a talent for politics, and allowed his old neighbors to run him for Congress, and was elected by a majority as tremendous as even Kate could have desired.

All these things happened several years ago; and at present the Everetts are as happy a couple as I know, and Kate is in a fair way to have her old dream of being a Senator's wife speedily realized.

## LOOKING BEYOND.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

WHAT is there in the Summer air to-night,  
That minds me of a sweet day long o'er past?  
What is there in this waning crimson light,  
That brings old memories to me thick and fast?

Is it the scent of purple heliotrope,  
That steals to me up from the garden-bed,  
Or the white clover on the meadow slope,  
Or the lush strawberries, glowing ripe and red?

Oh, life! Oh, death! Oh, mystic veil of sense!  
That stretches 'tween this life and that to come!  
Will that life be sufficient recompense  
For what we suffer here in silence dumb?

Our deepest sorrows never can be told;  
The ghastliest wounds we cover up from sight;  
The griefs that make our youthful brows grow old,  
Are those we hide in silence and in night.

I wonder if the dead have hope, or thought,  
For us who sorrow on in mortal clay?  
I wonder if their Heavenly lives have brought  
Them so much joy, they never look away?

Away to earth, where those they loved are still  
Breasting the stormy waves of adverse fate;  
Looking with eyes, so mutely pitiful,  
For the unfolding of the Golden Gate?

I am so weary, sometimes, it would be  
Sweet as a mother's kiss upon my brow,  
To know that those who've crossed the shoreless sea—  
Those that I loved, have pity for me now.

To know that when I sorrow, they look down  
With tender eyes from immortality;  
To know that those who wear the fadeless crown  
In Heaven's glory, still have care for me!

## OUR ROBIN.

BY A. F. ADAMS.

WHEN borne on airy pinions by,  
The fleecy snow is flying;  
And through the dark old mountain-pines  
The wintry winds are sighing;

When night with sable curtain hides  
The sun's last glittering rays,  
And our home-circle gathers round  
The hearth-stone's cheering blaze;

We listen to the Storm-king's voice,  
O'er lake and forest ringing;  
And wonder in what distant land  
Our Robin now is singing.

In pleasant Summers past and gone,  
Now nearly half a score,  
His home has been the maple-tree  
That stands beside our door.

Each Summer-day his matin lay,  
At early dawn, did waken  
Sweet music 'mid the branches green,  
Which now look so forsaken;

And we have burned, in early Spring,  
To hail with joy his coming;  
And ask in what fair, sunny clime  
He has so long been roaming.

And though old Time, with ruthless hand,  
Has touched our maple-tree;  
Though withered branches now appear  
Where green ones used to be,

We hope and trust that it may stand,  
With form so trim and sturdy,  
And still afford, for many years,  
A shelter for our birds.



## OUR FORTUNE.

BY A. M. DANA.

THIS morning, as I was riding with my daughter, Vivia, through a poor neighborhood in the lower part of the city, on what—I need not be ashamed to own here—was an errand of charity, I pointed to the third-story windows of a dingy tenement-house, saying, “There, my dear, is the place where you were born.”

Vivia did not sneer—I trust I have brought her up too well for that—but she shuddered under her ermine and Astrakan, turned her bright, young face away, and I knew by her expression that she tried to forget the unpleasant recollection in glowing anticipations of Mrs. Ashton’s ball, which is to be this evening.

Ah, well! I could not blame her. For her this shambling old tenement held no tender memories or hallowed associations. Her outlook lies toward the future. But for myself—while our carriage rolled along the dirty street, among the ash-boxes and piles of garbage—I fell into a dreamy reverie, living over again some of the happiest days of my youth, while I gazed back almost lovingly upon the rickety old house where the first home-nest of my married life was built.

We were both poor, my husband and I. Harry was a struggling clerk, and I an underpaid teacher; but, oh! how thankful I often am for the sublime courage which made us dare to combine our freehold estates of poverty and love!

I have no patience with those who defer marriage until a fortune is made. True, they escape the toils and cares of poverty, but they also miss the high lessons of hope and faith that spring from them. The oft-quoted proverb, which I think must have been in Tennyson’s mind when he wrote,

“Oh! I see thee, old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,  
With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter’s heart.”

namely, “When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window,” always reminds me of a passage of Holy Writ, which is, however, entirely irrelevant to it. I mean, “The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling.” Depend upon it, true, heaven-born love always nestles, cricket-like, upon the coldest hearth-stone. The hireling which fleeth through the window is at best but a weakly sentimentalism, bearing no more resemblance to true love than does base alloy to fine gold.

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Therefore, should young Edwards, my husband’s clerk, ask for Vivia’s hand to-morrow, so I were sure that this vital requisite was not lacking, I would bid them God speed, and bestow my hearty blessing upon their union; for he has ability, he is thrifty, he will get on. Character is better than fortune!

But I was talking of my own early days. Sometimes I smile now when I remember the details of my humble *menage*. How proud I was of the simple rag-carpet, made by my own hands, which covered the floor of the room which was to us parlor, dining-room, and kitchen in one! What an intimate acquaintance my hands formed with plumbago, as I rubbed away at my cooking-stove with zeal worthy of Aladdin! And how I used to admire my table, when set out with a snowy cloth and dishes of plain white delf! Sevres and Majolica have given no keener enjoyment since.

Then my flowers. Yesterday, Roberts, our Scotch gardener, came to summon me to the conservatory to see my *Flor del Espiritu Santo*, which had bloomed at last. And it was, indeed, a glorious sight, that pure white dove hovering within the crimson petals; but I don’t think it gave me quite as much pleasure as the box of mignonnette I raised on the window-ledge of the old tenement-house, or the row of fragrant geraniums on the sill within.

Of course, we had plenty of neighbors in these times; and though we have since formed many pleasant acquaintanceships with persons of a higher rank, we still continue to count among our warmest friends some with whom we mingled in daily intercourse in the old rookery.

Prominent among these are the Grobes, a German family, who lived just across the hall from us. I never met a truer lady than Madam Grobe. Shortly after we moved in, her children, seven, were taken with scarlet-fever, and I assisted in nursing them, thereby winning her sincerest gratitude. I have always thought that she overestimated my services, for it would have been strange, indeed, if I, a young, untrammelled woman, could not afford to lose a few night’s sleep to aid a suffering neighbor. It is not among the poor that such selfishness is found.

Years ago our kind German friends moved to the great West, and Herr Grobe is now an

honored member of the Legislature, as well as one of the largest cultivators in that distant State; but that their good-will was not ephemeral, is evinced by an occasional letter glowing with warm wishes and tender memories, not to speak of the barrels of apples and hazel-nuts which come in to our children every autumn.

Then there was poor Fanny Lynne, the seamstress, who lived a story higher, and who used to pant so as she came up the stairs. Poor thing! her unaided hand-to-hand struggle with poverty was so severe, that all thoughts, save of labor, seemed to be crushed out of her being, till at last the kind All-Father, who understands and pities these toiling Marthas, gently drew the work from her weary hands, and folding them in everlasting rest, took her to sit, like Mary, at his feet in the heavenly kingdom.

Besides these, there were Jones, the policeman, the widow Ray, and old Mr. and Mrs. Greenfield, an ancient couple, whose early days had been passed among the fresh pastures and budding orchards of a country homestead, with a number of others. For the old house, which had once been a princely mansion, was large, and sheltered many under its dilapidated roof.

In the back buildings was a colony of professional people, principally actors and musicians, whose noisy, Bohemian manners used to amuse me very much. But the person who interested me most, was an old gentleman who lived far up in the attic. I said gentleman, for though he might certainly have claimed the superlative of the word descriptive of us all, (shabby,) there was about him that nameless air of gentility, which, like the perfume of roses, is never wholly lost. Who he was, and how he lived, were alike unknown; for he evaded all companionship, and, indeed, was seldom seen, save at nightfall, when he sometimes passed up and down with a covered basket in his hand.

Often in the twilight, taking Vivia in my arms, and going out on the landing to look for my husband, I watched this odd creature flitting, shadow-like, through the gloaming till a strange, yearning pity for the lonely old man took possession of my heart. But nothing beyond a curt "good-evening" could my most cordial greeting ever elicit.

It was to chance at last that I owed my close acquaintance. It was one evening when Harry was rather late in returning, and I had left the door open to light him up the stairs, that my mysterious neighbor appeared upon the threshold, asking for a match, apologizing for the trouble by saying that he did not feel well enough to go out to buy any. I suppose it was

the light that attracted him there, though it may have been my overtures of friendship; for I do not think a creature in the house, save my silly self, ever gave a thought to the unsocial attic lodger. He stood a moment looking into my humble room—humble, but bright as lamp and firelight, humming kettle, purring puss, and baby-laughter could make it; and if ever I saw hunger, bitter, heart-hunger, on a man's face, it was then.

"Will you not come in?" I said. But my words, kindly as I meant them to be, only seemed to startle him to a sense of his occupation; and, thanking me, he turned and hurried away with the desperate haste of a lost spirit fleeing from the gate of that Paradise it may never enter.

"Unpromising subject for a romance, Bess," said Harry, at supper, when I was telling him about it. But then he always had a habit of teasing me about my "unaccountable fancies." Subsequent events cured him of it.

Two days, three passed, without my seeing the old gentleman again, and I began to grow strangely uneasy. I remembered his having complained of illness, and imagination pictured him dying alone, and untended, in the dreary garret. By the fourth day my anxiety had become so intense that I resolved upon the bold course of going up to see him.

Wrapping baby in her little plaid shawl—for though spring had come in name, it was cold in the passages—I began my journey toward the sky, that is, up the stairs. But ere I had ascended the last flight a strange noise greeted me, growing louder and louder as I approached the old man's room, whence it evidently issued. It was that kind of sound which people speak of as making their blood run cold. I dare say the excited state of my nerves was unfavorable to calm judgment, for to me it seemed that it could proceed from nothing human. Sharper and sharper it came. I stood irresolute, not knowing whether to advance or to beat a retreat. But a spice of reckless daring—which, had I been a man, would, doubtless, have made me a pioneer, or a freebooter—is inherent in my nature, and summoning up this courage of desperation, I ventured closer, and knocked boldly upon the door.

The rasping and scraping, or whatever it was, ceased instantly, and a voice within demanded,

"Who is there?"

"Mrs. Lawrence," I answered; then thinking that he might not know my name, I added, "The lady on the second floor, from whom you borrowed some matches the other evening."

"Very well. I'll be there directly."

Then followed several minutes, wherein I could distinctly hear him crossing and recrossing the floor, lifting heavy articles and setting them down again; and when at last he opened the door, he was so evidently surprised, not to say displeased, at the interruption, that I grew painfully confused.

That he wished to hide his annoyance was, however, apparent from his greeting.

"You must excuse me, Mrs. Lawrence," he said, "for keeping you waiting so long. You were so kind as to invite me into your room the other evening; and I cannot do less than return the compliment, though my place is not very inviting."

There was an overstrained effort at politeness in his manner, that was far from placing me at my ease.

"Thank you," I stammered. "I did not intend to come in; I only came up to inquire if you were ill, having missed seeing you for several days."

"You are very kind, I'm sure," he replied, absently, as though but slowly comprehending the fact that any one could take so much trouble on his account. "But I have not been ill, that is, but slightly; only very busy."

But even as he spoke, as though in contradiction of his words, he grew giddy, and was forced to grasp the door-frame for support.

Setting baby down on the floor, I assisted him to cross the room to his bed, where he sunk down exhausted.

It was, as he had said, a poor room, containing nothing but a few articles of absolute necessity, no attempt at ornament, or even moderate comfort being visible. Directly in front of the single window stood a table, over which was thrown a checked cover, evidently with a view to concealing something hidden underneath. I felt morally certain that it had been placed there during the time that I was waiting at the door; and as I glanced at the curious shapes by which it was pushed up and bulged out in places, I shuddered, being equally well convinced that the horrible noise I had heard had proceeded thence.

I had, however, but a moment for inspection, for the old man reviving made light of his attack, said that he was subject to such turns, would be quite well presently, and begged that I should trouble myself no further. Seeing that my presence only irritated him, I withdrew. But when an hour later I ventured up with a cup of tea, he was still lying upon the bed; and even my imperfect knowledge of sickness taught

me that he was in the grasp of fever. That was the commencement of a protracted illness. Vainly I besought him to let me send for a physician. He would not consent, nor was it necessary after the first few days, for the disease assumed that form which is so often brought on by overwork and excitement, and for which there are no better remedies than rest and care.

But how was he to have the latter? That was the question! When I asked if he had any friends to whom I could send, the bitter despair of his reply pained me beyond description.

"Not a soul upon God's earth who cares whether I live or die!" he said; and throwing his worn, old hands above his head, he looked at me with an expression of hopeless misery that I have never seen equaled.

Well, there was nothing else to be done. I must undertake it myself. The most I could do was but little; but I could not know of a fellow-creature being in such distress under the same roof with me without trying to mitigate his sufferings.

I used to go up several times a day with little comforts, and while there perform some of the many offices necessary in a sick-room; and though he always remonstrated against my attentions, and depreciated his need of them. I knew that my services would be missed if discontinued, and learned to wish for no sweeter reward than the glad smile which lighted the weary face on my entrance.

"Bess," said my husband, one evening, as I knelt before the grate, browning a piece of toast for my patient, "I don't half like your conduct toward that old coon up garret, and I wish you'd stop."

"Surely, Harry!" I exclaimed, letting the fork drop in astonishment, "surely, you don't begrudge that poor old creature a slice of bread now and then!"

"No!" thundered Harry, indignantly; "but what I do begrudge is, having you dancing attendance upon him as you do; for ought we know he may be a counterfeit, or worse. By your own admission there is something very mysterious about him; and next thing you'll find yourself in a scrape that may be hard to get out of—"

"Oh, Harry!" I interrupted, "it is long since I have thought of him otherwise than as a poor and lonely, but harmless old man. Come up with me and see him for yourself. I'm sure you will be of my opinion."

Harry grumbled a little about having a wife who would make him drag up three pair of stairs; but he is naturally kind-hearted, and by

the time that I had my toast buttered and a cup of tea poured out, he was ready to accompany me upon my errand.

My customary tap was answered by a cheerful "Come in;" and we were advancing into the room, when, catching sight of Harry, the old man sprung up in the bed with unlooked-for energy, and throwing out his hands, as though to ward off danger, exclaimed,

"Go back! Go away!" then turning to me, "Make him go! Oh! in pity, make him go!"

"Hospitable old party, I must say!" muttered Harry, while I hurried forward to soothe the sick man.

"It's only my husband," I said. "He came up to see you."

"Oh! send him away! Send him away!" he continued to cry, the flush of excitement growing deeper upon his withered face; and seeing that there was no use in trying to remonstrate, I urged Harry to go down.

"It's the fever, you know," I whispered. "I ought to have prepared him for your coming;" and gently closing the door after him, I returned to the bedside to try, by cheerful sympathy, to undo the evil which I feared would result from my thoughtlessness.

Going down stairs a few minutes later, I found baby still asleep, and Harry pacing the floor in no enviable mood. He came forward as I entered, and placed his hands upon my shoulders.

"Now, Bessie," he said, gravely, "this thing has gone far enough. No honest man would have acted in that way—and I am now fully convinced of what I was only suspicious before, therefore, let this be the end of it. Understand me, Bessie, don't you go up there again."

I did go a few times, nevertheless. I don't hold up my disobedience as a precedent for others; but how could I forsake my old protegee without a word? Especially when he apologized with tears in his eyes for his rudeness to my husband. But I did not transgress very often, for my patient, who was already mending, grew better fast; things resumed their former routine, and before autumn we had trouble of our own.

The great mercantile house, where Harry held the position of book-keeper, was broken up by the death of the head of the firm, and my husband was thereby thrown out of employment. At first this did not seem such a very heavy misfortune, for, with his good reputation and fine business abilities, Harry did not anticipate much difficulty in obtaining another situation. But those who remember the great financial

depression of that full and winter, will understand how fruitless were his best endeavors, and how our hearts grew gradually sicker and sicker under the blighting shadow of hope deferred.

It pains me even yet when I think of the evenings when he used to come home, foot-sore and worn with fatigue, from his useless journeyings in search of work. Unused as he was to much bodily exertion, this protracted exercise told upon his health; and though, on his return, he was never too tired to have a romp with Vivian, and merry words, with prophesies of better luck on the morrow, for me. I knew that this cheerfulness was only assumed for my sake, that grim despair was beginning to tug at his heart-strings.

It was a long, weary autumn to us. I had been raised in the country, and as imagination pictured the abundance there at that season—the ripened cornfields, where the great, yellow pumpkins lay like huge balls of gold, the mellow orchards, and the woods teeming with nuts—it seemed incredible that any of God's creatures should want. But, alas! it wast fast becoming so with us.

Meanwhile, the old attic-lodger pursued the even tenor of his way. Kind and polite when I chanced to meet him, but quiet and unobtrusive as ever. Of late I fancied that there had come to be a strange buoyancy in his step, and a light in his eye, such as we see in one who nears a longed-for goal; but I considered that it might be only in contrast to my own despondency. Occasionally he had slipped a quaintly-carved toy into Vivian's little hand when she happened to be out in the hall; but he seldom came to our room. It was, therefore, with some surprise that, hearing a knock one day, I opened the door and found him standing there, holding a miniature wind-mill with gayly painted sails in his hand.

"It's for baby," he said, depreciatingly, glancing at my face.

I tried to thank him, but my voice failed, for my heart was heavy within me. Things had been gradually growing worse with us, and only that morning Harry and I had decided that our humble rooms must soon be exchanged for yet plainer lodgings. It was not that I minded the change so much, for I knew that it was not the surroundings, but the hearts within, that made a home any place; but it was as the first step downward that I dreaded it.

I think the old man understood my condition at once, for he came in, and gently closing the door behind him, walked over to the window.

He stood a moment picking nervously at some withered leaves on my geraniums, as one uncertain how to express himself; then he spoke abruptly.

"Mrs. Lawrence, Scripture does not tell us so, but don't you imagine that if the Good Samaritan ever got into trouble, he who fell among thieves was the first to offer him aid and sympathy? Well, as I stand in much the same relation to you, will you not tell me the cause of your distress, and let me, at least, try to mitigate it?"

This was the longest speech I had ever heard the old man make. He spoke awkwardly, hesitatingly, but there was no mistaking the genuine pity expressed in his words. I had been choking back the tears for weeks, but at this kind touch they burst forth like an imprisoned flood; and amidst my sobs I poured out a history of our troubles to one whom I instinctively felt was not only an interested listener, but a friend in adversity.

For awhile he allowed me to indulge my grief unchecked. Then leaving the geranium, and taking a seat near me, he told me something that dried my eyes and brought the long-banished smiles back to my face. But, as it was to be a secret for awhile, even from my husband, I will let the reader wait a little for an explanation.

The early weeks of December sped by without bringing any improvement in our affairs. I had begged that we should not move until after Christmas; and though the weekly rent was a heavy strain on Harry's slender savings, the morning preceding that great festival found us still in our old quarters.

"Harry," said I, as breakfast over, he began to prepare for another weary march, "I wish you'd leave me some money, I want to bake a Christmas-cake."

Harry opened his eyes wide in astonishment that I, who had been so rigidly economical, should wish to rush into such extravagance; but he evidently had not the heart to refuse me, for he took out his pocket-book at once—a very flaccid pocket-book it had become!

"There, Bess, that's the lot!" he said, smiling sadly, as he placed a ten-dollar note, a two, and some small change upon the table.

Poor fellow! I could scarcely refrain from throwing my arms around his neck, and revealing that which I most desired to keep a secret. However, I conquered my weakness, and said, calmly,

"Well, I'll take the two-dollar bill; I guess I can make that do."

Harry looked at me a moment, with an expression in which consideration for me, and thoughtful prudence, were strangely mingled; then, with some hesitation, he said,

"Do you think it is wise, Bess, to do this just now, when everything is so high, and nothing coming in? And the rent will be due in a few days, too?"

"I don't care!" I interrupted, recklessly. "Christmas comes but once a year, and I am determined to have the cake."

My husband said no more; and as soon after his departure as I could get my breakfast-things cleared away, and the necessary materials procured, I began operations. Little Vivia, perched up in her dinner-chair at the table, was vastly interested in seeing the sugar, eggs, and flour, conglomerated into the smooth, yellow mass. (I wish she took as much interest in such work now;) and when later, the whites of the eggs, which I had reserved for icing, were beaten into snow-like foam, she screamed with delight. In a spoonful of this icing, which I saved for ornamentation, I mixed a pinch of cochineal, and the legend that I traced in rose-colored letters on the pure white crust, was the old, old Christmas-anthem, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

That evening, after baby had gone to sleep, and I had slipped a few sticks of candy, and a homemade dolly into her little stocking, I went across to help the Grobes dress their Christmas-tree.

Those who imagine that happy Christmas comes in its fullest enjoyment only to the rich, are vastly mistaken. True, my neighbors had no twenty-dollar walking-dolls, or automatic cars and steamboats, with which to decorate their festal-tree; but the loving cheerfulness with which they hung thereon their humble offerings of simple toys, gay candies, and rose-apples, was only equaled by the boisterous joy of the young recipients in the morning.

Returning in half an hour from this scene of contented gayety, my home looked dark by contrast. The fire had gone down, and my husband sat brooding sadly before the cheerless grate.

"Come, Hal," said I, slipping up behind him, catching his head and shaking it, "come, waken up, and drive away the blues! It's Christmas times! I want you to cut the cake! See, here it is," I continued, as, with considerable pride, I brought forth the crowning proof of my culinary skill. I had no holly to wreath it with, but my unflinching geraniums furnished a fragrant, and scarcely less beautiful substitute;

and I was glad to see Harry rouse from his melancholy to smile at my effort at decoration.

He cut two golden wedges, and was just going to lay down the knife, when I stopped him.

"Cut another, Harry," I said. "There's a dear."

He glanced at me a little suspicious. "For baby? Maybe she won't waken to-night again. Besides, it ain't good for her."

"Not for baby," I answered, with a little quiver in my voice that I could not subdue, "for the poor old man up in the garret. Oh, Harry! we are poor, but we have each other. Think what it must be to be all alone, with no one to remind him of the holy season; no voice to wish him a 'Happy Christmas!'" and as I spoke, I pointed to the inscription within the wreath, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Harry did not need much persuasion. His is not a nature to bear malice; besides, the sharp winds of adversity which had blown around us lately, had, in a great measure, dispelled the clouds of prejudice and suspicion through which he formerly viewed our unsocial neighbor.

Leaving Vivia sleeping sweetly, we ascended the stairs, knocked, and were cordially welcomed by the old gentleman. It was quite a contrast to the last time we had gone there together. We had evidently been expected; and Harry noticing this, looked at me for explanation; but I strove to appear perfectly innocent and unconscious, though, in my confusion, I almost forgot to offer the plate of cake I held in my hand—the ostensible object of our visit.

After the usual compliments of the season had been exchanged, and when the conversation begun to grow genial and unconstrained, our host asked if he might relate a portion of his history, and we acquiescing, he began:

"I cannot remember the period when I was not a dreamer, nor, on the other hand, can I recollect a time when there was not method in my madness. From my earliest boyhood I have been possessed of a mania for invention—that insatiable craving which leads so many, I had almost said innocently, to ruin. It was this uncontrollable propensity that made me a careless scholar, a burden and mortification to my friends, and finally drove me forth a self-exiled wanderer on the earth. And yet, looking back now, I think I can say truly, that my wildest dreams were never unmingled with the hope of improving my kind—of aiding struggling humanity.

"I will not weary you by speaking of the early and unsettled portion of my career. It contained the usual chaotic mass of boyish

schemes, and is as well forgotten. For the last fifteen years I have had one definite object before me, which I have steadily pursued amid such buoyant hopes and crushing defeats, anxious longing and grinding poverty, as those who have followed a similar *ignis fatuus* may know.

"At last," and here the old man's eyes flashed with the true fire of genius, "at last success has come; but, like all earthly success, it comes too late—too late, at least, to admit of my carrying it forward unaided, as I once hoped to do. My desire, therefore, is to obtain a young and active partner; and knowing, Mr. Lawrence, that you are at present unemployed, I have ventured to hope that I might find such in you. I may add, frankly, that it is less any knowledge I have of your character and ability, than my grateful friendship for your wife which prompts the proposal; and now, if you have no objection, will you look at my model?"

Slowly, almost reverently, as one approaches a shrine, he lifted the old checked cover, and there, in all its curious combination of polished wood and burnished metal, stood the finished dream of fifteen years.

"What was it?" did you say? I wish I might tell you—I would like to; but you know, ever since Americus Vespuccius, instead of Columbus, gained the credit of finding this continent, there has been danger in talking loosely about discoveries; besides, Harry might not like it. Let it suffice to say, that it was not a humbug; that it was one of those great labor-saving blessings which, in these latter days, are always at hand to counterbalance the vials of wrath poured forth by the angel of the Apocalypse, and then imagine it to be whatever machine affords you the most comfort and delight. Perhaps it is its cheery, busy presence in your home that now gives you leisure to read my story.

It certainly seemed a very curious piece of mechanism, as we examined it there by candle-light. As the immortal Mr. Weller would have said, there were "Veals within veals;" and, altogether, it was far beyond my comprehension.

But Harry caught the idea at once, and, what was of more importance, recognized the availability; and, long after I had gone down stairs to baby, he sat discussing ways and means with his attic-neighbor.

There was another surprise for us all, which came out a day or two later; when the talk about the invention having given place to more desultory conversation, some of our kind old friend's remarks concerning his youth, led Harry to recognize him as the runaway uncle of whom his mother had often spoken. As her

marriage took place after her brother's departure, our name had never suggested any relationship to the old man; and his astonishment at finding that he had been unwittingly aiding his nearest kin, was as great as ours in learning that for our renewed comfort and prosperity we were not indebted to a stranger.

As may be supposed, it made us all very happy to know that to the ties of business and sympathy was added that of consanguinity, making a three-fold bond of union.

We did move after Christmas; but it was to a comfortable brick house on Vine street, which, when success and fortune became more assured, we exchanged for our present home on the Avenue.

It is, I suppose, almost unnecessary to say that our kind benefactor, or uncle Charley, as we now called him, accompanied us, or that it became one of the deepest studies of our lives to repay, in some measure, the debt of gratitude we owed him, by striving to obliterate, through home-cheer and fire-side joy, all remembrance of those long years of exile and loneliness.

And we succeeded; for though, as he realized, his day of active exertion was past, it was followed by the peaceful calm of old age; that tender twilight of the silver-haired, illumined by the morning-star of memory and Aurora-gleams of a coming glory.

Now, too, the absorbing, consuming passion of his life seemed to be quenched, or displayed itself only in the invention of toys for the children; especially after Charley, his namesake, arrived, and had reached an age when he could appreciate perfection in kites, and almost perpetual-motion in humming-tops.

As he grew older, and more feeble, he seemed

to grow also daily more and more gentle. And, paradoxical as it may appear, though his heart ever beat true to the purest evangelical faith, he always cherished an idea of a glorified humanity; which, though not redeemed, was, at least, to be reclaimed and elevated by the genius of invention, and the progress of science.

This seeming contradiction became clear at last. He had been gradually failing, but his faculties were as bright, and his interest in public advance as keen as ever, when the end came. We were sitting in his room, and I thought that he was dropping to sleep, when Harry, who was reading the evening paper, knowing that the announcement for which he had longed would please him, read aloud the queen's message; the first telegram flashed over ocean wires the inscription on my cake, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Instantly the fire of enthusiasm gleamed in his sunken eye, as he exclaimed, "My God, I thank thee!" And taking up the eloquence of Isaiah, "And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising." Then folding his hands as one who is satisfied, this faithful servant, who had welcomed each achievement of science as a step toward the final triumph of his Master, with the glad flush of victory still on his cheek, passed on into the fuller joy of his Lord.

Years have passed away, but the name of uncle Charley is not forgotten in our home. Often, as Harry and I look around upon our children, growing up amid all the advantages of culture and refinement, we feel our hearts glowing with loving remembrance of him whom, besides a kind friend and tender relative, we must always regard as the founder of our FORTUNE.

## UNDER THE HEMLOCKS.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

The soft October sun looked down  
On the sloping hills and the distant town;  
And across the valley, and under the hill,  
Lazily hummed the droning mill;  
The trees were purple, and flame, and gold,  
With a beauty gorgeous to behold;  
And through the valley, gleaming bright,  
The river wound in silvery light;  
And softly, gently, the sunbeams crept  
Under the hemlocks, where we met.

The air was still, not the faintest breeze  
Stirred the depths of those hemlock trees;  
The clear, slant sunbeams fell across  
The softest beds of greenish moss;  
And here and there, on the mottled green,

A gold or crimson leaf was seen,  
Like a sweet word said, and then forgot,  
Or a pure, but unremembered thought;  
There, where the sunbeams softly crept,  
Under the hemlocks, where we met.

The quiet brook that murmured by,  
Flowed to the sea without a sigh;  
The sweet bird singing overhead,  
Might come again when frosts were dead;  
But who can gather up again  
A love that has been poured in vain?  
Or bring again the golden rays  
That crowned our hopes in other days?  
Or feel the sunbeams then that crept  
Under the hemlocks, where we met?

## PONTO'S FIRST LESSON.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"I'm ashamed of you, Ponto. That is A. I tell you. Mind your book, sir, and don't be looking around."

"Whatever is the child at? Come down from that, you Hetty, at once, and don't be fooling with the dog," cried the sharp voice of aunt Barbara, a maiden lady of forty, Hetty's nearest relative, and protector. "Now, where's your sewing? Is that all you've done, to-day? I'll teach you, my pretty Miss, to be wasting your time with a dog, in this way. Go right up stairs to bed. You'll get no supper, this night."

The scene, which this rigid disciplinarian of an aunt had thus broken in upon, was a very pretty one, nevertheless. In an old-fashioned arm-chair, close by the window that looked out on the village-green, sat a young girl, and a very lovely one, too, of eight or nine years of age. In her lap she held an open book, containing an illustrated alphabet, in large letters; and this alphabet she was pretending to teach to Ponto, her favorite dog. The dog, like all dogs, and like most children, was not very attentive, so the girl prettily chid him, and enforced her words, every now and then, by a box on the ears, though not a very hard one, we must confess.

The child jumped down, big tears welling into her eyes. She looked up, beseechingly, at her aunt, for a moment; but finding the stern face opposite to her immovable, the tears stopped, and something like a pout came to her lips; for little Hetty was not entirely perfect, and was disposed to resent what she thought injustice, if it be, indeed, wrong to resent it. But she went up stairs, without a word, and very soon had cried herself to sleep.

A stranger, passing by the house, had chanced to be a spectator of this scene. He was a young man of seventeen or eighteen years of age, a student from the academy in the neighboring town. "Poor thing!" he said, sympathizing with the child, "she has a hard lot before her, if that is her only relative. What beautiful golden hair! An imaginative child, or I fail to read her face aright," he added, with the mature wisdom of his years. "The old she-dragon there will never understand her." But in less than half an hour other subjects of interest arose, and with the light-heartedness of youth he had quite forgotten the little girl and her dog.

Seven years had passed. They had been years of slavery to Hetty. It was as the young student had said, her aunt never understood her. Not that Miss Barbara, or "Bab," as the neighbors called her, wilfully persecuted the child; but she was of a hard, practical nature, while Hetty was full of imagination. The elder lady loved work for work's sake; Hetty liked play, and detested most work, especially sewing. As the child grew older, indeed, she learned more patience, and was comparatively submissive; but there came a day when Hetty was about fifteen, when a serious collision occurred.

Aunt Bab had been down to the melon-patch, and was returning with something rolled up in her apron. She went into the kitchen, deposited the ripe melon in a huge earthen dish, and walked slowly into the living-room.

"What's this?" she asked, sharply, picking up a cambric ruffle that Hetty had just thrown across the floor.

"It's my sewing," said Hetty, sullenly.

"Well, what does it mean? Did you put it there?"

"Yes, I did. It means that I don't want to do another stitch for you as long as I live."

"Highly-tighty! here's an independent Miss, can't earn her salt."

"I guess I earn my salt sweeping your old floors, drudging round—I guess I do," retorted Hetty, her eyes flashing; and she looked very pretty as she said it, wrong as it was.

"Sweeping? Yes, and I after you every step of the way. You don't know anything. Some girls of your age can keep house, wash, and cook; but you set up for a lady, don't you?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Hetty, with a grand disdain that deepened the crimson of her cheeks, "I never mean to be a drudge, you may depend on that. I intend to have a husband before I'm half as old as you are, and a rich one, too."

This was the fruits of bad training. Naturally the girl was gentle, loveable, and respectful. Aunt Bab had done much toward spoiling a fine nature.

"A pretty piece, you, to be talking of getting married," flamed the old spinster, "a chit of fourteen."

"Fifteen, if you please."

"Oh! I beg your ladyship's pardon—a mighty



personage you are. Do you intend to be married before the year is out?"

"Perhaps I shall," responded Hetty, loftily.

"Well, Miss, before that auspicious event comes off, perhaps you'll condescend to finish this sewing."

"I don't feel like sewing; I wanted to go with the girls this afternoon—I'd set my heart on it. If I'd done anything to deserve your treating me so—so—cruel," sobbed Hetty.

"Take this work and finish it before dark," said aunt Bab, her conscience making her voice harsh.

"I won't," cried Hetty, flatly; then grew frightened at her own temerity.

"That's your gratitude for all my kindness, is it? That's your thanks for my lavender silk that I got altered for you? Go to your room—march up stairs. Oh! what will you come to, Hetty Edwards! I should think you'd be afraid your mother'd turn in her grave."

An allusion to her mother always broke down the strong will of poor Hetty. In a moment she was subdued, and walked humbly up stairs. But she was not prepared to hear the key turn in the lock on the outside.

Then her willful temper returned: she shook the door, and shouted out of the window; but the spinster walked calmly down the garden-path, quite sure that she had done her duty.

She leisurely put up a placard on the gate-post—"Board for a single gentleman."

After this she went over to widow Black's, to talk scandal, I am afraid.

Every summer that same old placard had secured the single gentleman, who, in spite of the ancient maiden's arts, insisted on going away single.

Hetty saw the last of the faded green calash, and stood at the window panting with rage.

"I'll swing down by the post," she said, opening the window upon a diminutive balcony. She dried her eyes, and tied her curls up in a bunch on the top of her head with a bit of twine.

"I'll see if I'm to be treated so for a whim. I don't believe that woman can be my mother's sister." Then she wrapped a pillow-case round one arm, and her apron round the other. She climbed over the low paling, worked with hands and feet till she had secured a hold on the corner pillar that supported it, and went down with a force that almost shook the breath out of her body.

"That was well done," cried a voice.

Hetty screamed and looked up in a fright. Before her stood a tall man, with laughing black

eyes, plainly visible under large, green spectacles.

"I should say you were accustomed to that mode of traveling," the man remarked; but his smile was kind, for this queer apparition of a young girl had the most beautiful face he had ever seen.

"No, it's my first attempt," replied Hetty, demurely.

"For the novelty of the thing, I suppose."

"I couldn't get out any other way. Aunt Bab locked me up."

"Then I am to infer that aunt Bab and Miss, Miss—"

"Hetty," said the girl, promptly.

"Are not on the best of terms," said he, finishing his sentence.

"We get along well enough most times—" and here Hetty paused. Was it proper to talk thus freely to a stranger? He divined her thoughts.

"I saw a notice on your gate that a gentleman could get board here."

"Are you single?" asked Hetty, with such rustic simplicity that the man turned away, for a moment, to hide a smile.

"I am, fortunately," he said.

"You're just the one, then. Walk right in; aunt Bab will be so glad!" and forgetting all her wrongs, Hetty sprang into a low window and unbolted the door. It looked very cool and comfortable in that broad, country kitchen. The cupboard was open a little ways, and the china dishes, Miss Barbara's pride, glistened in snowy array. The bright melon was on a dish, looking cool and tempting; and a pile of white napkins stood near. It was ironing-day, the clothes-horse was filled with shining linen; the floor, newly scoured, looked fresh and spotless. If the whole thing had been arranged for special effect, aunt Bab could not have studied up a more interesting domestic picture. The pretty parlor was not less inviting. Roses stood on the center-table—cleanliness and fragrance were apparent everywhere.

If ever mortal was taken by surprise, certainly aunt Bab was on her return, for she saw a fine, tall gentleman sitting in the parlor, and Hetty coolly doing the honors, with her head tied up "like a wild Injun," she afterward remarked. At her aunt's approach, Hetty's wrongs occurred to her, and she marched out of the room like a queen in a tragedy.

The matter was quietly arranged. The gentleman's name was Barstow. He liked his room—references were exchanged; and when Miss Bab was left by herself, she cast one rapid

giance in the little mirror. Her steel-gray eyes were luminous—at the prospect of gain, perhaps—and she whispered to herself, “How handsome he is—and just old enough!”

Mr. Barstow came, and to Hetty's delight brought a piano, which Miss Bab was very willing should be put in her parlor. He treated Hetty as if she had been his little daughter. Presently, to her aunt's astonishment, as well as her own, he was teaching the child to play, and he found in his pupil much enthusiasm, and some genius. Meantime, was not Hetty the happiest girl alive? She cared little for companions and out-door pleasures now; under the magic influence of the new boarder, she applied herself to study with a zest she never knew before. And more than that, she grew careful of her appearance; and at the end of April, some seven months after Mr. Barstow had come, people had, somehow, begun to call her Miss Hetty. She was sixteen, and very tall of her age. Everybody but her aunt considered her beautiful—to her she was still only a little child.

One night Mr. Barstow received a letter, and after he had read it, he mused awhile, then said that business called him to the city; he should start on the next day.

“I shall leave my piano for Hetty to take care of,” he said to Bab, who could not get over her youthful notions, and had been dressing, smiling, and talking at him ever since he had first made his appearance.

As for Hetty, the whole world grew suddenly dark to her; she turned pale, and her breath came short.

“It may be that, by August, my nephew will take the room I vacate, Miss Barbara,” he said.

“I shall welcome him, sir, for your sake,” said aunt Bab; and went out to look at her pies that were browning in the oven. Presently she came back; Hetty and Mr. Barstow were both absent; the latter had gone for a walk; and poor little Hetty was sobbing upon her pillow in her own room.

The next morning everybody was stirring early.

“I hope we shall see you back again,” said Miss Barbara, as her boarder stood in the little hall, carpet-bag in hand.

“You will see my nephew, if not myself,” he answered. “I can conscientiously recommend your housekeeping, Miss Barbara; you will be a treasure to him who becomes the fortunate possessor of your hand and heart. If I were not so old a man,” he added, gallantly.

“Dear land!” cried Miss Bab, interrupting him, “I don't call a man old under eighty.”

“I shall consider that a compliment, Miss Barbara. Now if this little girl will carry this small parcel to the gate for me;” and Hetty, her heart beating fast, and her eyes full of tears, took the package.

“Well, I never!” cried aunt Bab to herself, “if that girl ain't higher'n his shoulder; but then I s'pose she seems like a daughter to him. Dear me! to think he should say if he were not so old a man. I hope he sees that I am not fishing for a husband.”

Hetty reached the gate a little before Mr. Barstow, and stood looking up the village street with a very queer feeling in her throat.

“I wonder if it will be a comfort to you, my child, to know how miserably I shall miss you,” said Mr. Barstow.

“And I'm sure I shall miss the—the walks down to the point, and the piano-playing, and—and——”

“Me?” asked Mr. Barstow, softly, looking straight at the shoemaker's sign opposite.

“Yes, of course, you,” said the girl, with a heroic attempt at a laugh, which sounded dismally like a sob at the end.

“Do you know that half reconciles me to going?” he murmured, with his old, tender smile. “But then I shall send that nephew to look after you a little. Good-by, there's the stage; keep up your practice; above all, don't forget me, little one.”

He stooped a moment, touched her forehead with his lips, and hurried off, leaving her standing there, both grieved and glad.

She was roused by the sharp voice of aunt Bab.

“Well, now he's gone, I hope I shall get some attention. I'm half dead with hard work.”

Hetty knew what she had to expect now. There was no kind Mr. Barstow to comfort her—no money coming in. It must be the old life of drudgery, with occasional pauses for practice, and very little time for herself.

“How impudent he spoke this morning,” said aunt Bab, when they talked of him over their work. “I dare say he considers himself a young man; he's forty-six, if he's a year.”

“No, indeed!” cried Hetty, aghast.

“Yes, I tell you, child; look at his wig.”

“Wig!” Hetty's face was a study.

“Very cunningly done, my dear, but still a wig, which, with spectacles, insures him for forty-six. Just think of people talking about him and me bein' engaged! A man can't show any attention to a young woman but every tongue must be wagging. I'm independent of the world's opinion, however, thank my stars,

and can stand it. If they think so, let 'em; more unlikely things have happened."

Hetty grew silent, and moped; her duties seemed dull and commonplace; even the beloved music had lost its charms. The little, quiet village had eyes, and noticed the change. Everybody said that "Miss Bab's Hetty was queer for a young girl. Her aunt must be looking out for her when her single gentlemen came to board, bringing their pianos, and leaving them." How happy they made themselves with the business of other people, while poor Hetty sauntered over her work, stood still, sometimes, and looked at nothing, for I dare not say how long; found all the dear old songs he used to love, and practiced them till the piano must have ached, if it had any feeling.

"Hetty, Mr. Barstow's nephew has come," said aunt Bab, one morning, some three months after that gentleman had gone.

Hetty had just dressed herself for a call—the child had never looked more beautiful. So aunt Bab thought in spite of herself, but she only said,

"Well, if I was you, I wouldn't turn so red for nothin'."

"Is he like his uncle?" queried Hetty.

"Well, yes; he's like, and he ain't like—to my mind he's a great deal finer looking, that's all."

Hetty met the stranger with a shy welcome. The excitement of seeing somebody who was related to her old friend, quickened her pulses, and brightened cheek and eye. How like his uncle he was, only younger! The tones, the very modulation of his voice, made her think of him. Presently she forgot that he was a stranger, and asked questions concerning Mr. Barstow. Whenever they met, she talked of him; she had practiced the music he left her; she had read the books he recommended; she had studied just as he had thought it best she should.

"Queer old gentleman, that uncle of mine," the nephew said, one day, tired, no doubt, of hearing his praises reiterated. "Did you know that he wore a wig?"

"Not till after he had gone," said Hetty. "Was he bald?"

"Well, yes, rather; just over a fever, you see, when he came here—ordered a wig and green spectacles. You've no idea how odd he looked without them."

"Did he?" Hetty asked, absently. Some way, she fancied there was nothing in the world so becoming as green spectacles. "I wonder if he thought I should learn all the lessons he set

me, before he comes back?" she said, quietly, smiling to herself.

"I'm afraid you'll never see my uncle again," said the young man.

She grew pale—so very pale that he was startled.

"Is he ill? Have you heard bad news? Is he going away? He said he would come."

"No; but he is very much in love with a young lady of his acquaintance, and quite contented to remain where he is."

"And he—he will marry her, I suppose," said Hetty, in a faint voice.

"I think it likely he will marry her, if he can get her. She is a very sweet little person."

"Then you have seen her?"

"Often."

"She is—is beautiful, of course."

"She is, to him," replied the young fellow, regarding her with fascinated glances. He could not see how she trembled with the suddenness, the shock of her emotion. He had found some one to love, she thought, and would never, never come back—never think of her any more. It was cruel, agonizing, frightful! She did not know how she said it, but the words dropped from her trembling lips.

"He has found some one to love."

"Yes, he has found some one to love, as well as, in this short time, I have learned to love you, little Hetty."

Hetty started back, amazed.

"Oh! don't speak of it! You don't know how you hurt me," cried the girl, with quivering lips.

"But, Hetty, he sent me here on purpose; he told me I must love you; that the moment I saw your innocent face I should love you—and I do, Hetty—I—"

"Hush!" Hetty stood up, feeling that her childish days, her childish heart were gone, forever. "I am greatly obliged to Mr. Barstow," she said, "for all his kindness; for the interest he took in one so lonely. He has been good—the best friend I ever had; but even he is no right!"—her voice faltered; "I mean it is very ungenerous in him." She stopped, struggling to command her feelings.

Still, amid her regrets, her passion of disappointment, she saw waving through her tears, the handsome face, so like, yet unlike, that other.

"Then you reject me?"

Hetty was silent; she had turned away, for the hot, heavy tears was dropping fast, and burned her cheeks.

"And how goes our lesson, little one?" said a deep voice.

His very words, his very tone! Hetty turned round with a cry of mingled joy and terror. There stood Mr. Barstow, the uncle of his nephew, the uncle with his nephew—in fact, the two in one, with the dear old smile lurking in the corners of his dark eyes, the same jetty, curling locks that she had so often secretly admired.

"My darling! did you think I could forget you?" he cried, catching at her outstretched hands.

Hetty's eyes sparkled through her tears.

"But where is he—where is your nephew?"

He pulled the wig off.

For one little moment Hetty felt a keen disappointment—a pang, as if she had been trilled with; but the sight of the dearest eyes in the world, so full of honest love for her, soon banished all such impressions, and she could laugh at them.

Presently aunt Bab came in, all wonder at sight of the transformation—the wig depending from the hand of Mr. Barstow, the green spectacles on the floor.

"Well, I want to know what this means?" she cried, breathless. "Have you been practicing your wiles and arts upon two poor, unprotected females? Are you a play-actor, young man?"

"By no means, my dear madam, for I have been, for some time, terribly in earnest," replied Mr. Barstow. "I came out here sick, and tired of life, an old man at twenty-five. I neither wanted to be sought out, nor recognized by anybody. I remembered this village as a quiet, secluded one; for, years ago, when a boy, I went to the academy in the next town. As I passed up the street, my attention was attracted by your notice of a room to let. I thought I recognized the house, for once, going by, I saw Miss Hetty teaching her dog his letters;" Hetty

started, for suddenly she remembered the day; "and when I knocked, and she let me in, I recognized her. My wig and spectacles disguised me sufficiently for all practical purposes. I saw your niece again, no longer a child, and yet one still, but beautiful and unaffected. I loved her as a child only, at first. Like a good, fatherly soul, I set out to win her heart in a good, fatherly way. But I love her differently now, and ask you to give her to me for a wife. As you know, I have the best of references; I am rich, and can give your niece a home which I am sure she will grace by her gentleness, beauty, and accomplishments."

"La!" cried aunt Bab, "you needn't make such a long speech, as I know of; the child can do as she pleases, for all I care—she always did, and I warn you that she always will. As long as your nigher her age than I thought, and can support her in idleness, I suppose, why take her, and welcome. I've did my duty by her, and my conscience is clear; whether hers is or not, I can't pretend to say. But still she's a young, silly thing, and don't know anything about housework."

"Now, aunt!" cried Hetty, with burning cheeks, "Mr. Barstow knows I can work, for he has seen me."

"Yes, yes, I dare say you set up for a better housekeeper than I am," responded aunt Bab, grimly; "girls know more than their grandmothers, now-a-days. You may have her, sir, though there wa'n't any need of going philandering the way you have, to git her, as I know of."

So, one sunny morning, some months subsequently, Hetty went off to New York, the bride of Mr. Barstow. Never has wife been happier than she is. But, sometimes, when her husband wishes to plague her, he will say,

"Now, Ponto, I'm ashamed of you. That is A., I tell you. Mind your book, and don't be looking around."

## THERE IS REST ON THE MORROW.

BY MRS. ANNA M. LOWBY.

Thou art vexed with the cares and the troubles of life;

Though crowned with its burden of sorrow;

Beneath all the tempest, the tumult, and strife,

My soul breathes, "there is rest on the morrow."

Though friends oft betray, and turn coldly away,

When proof of their love I would borrow;

Change follows our planet, but every day

My soul whispers, "rest on the morrow."

When Wrong rides triumphant across the broad land,

And Right only sighs in her sorrow;

The angel of Peace I see waving her wand,

And I know 'twill be well on the morrow.

When slow shall beat life-pulse, and eyes shall wax dim

And Hope's golden pinions I'll borrow,

I shall hear the sweet strain in an angelic hymn,

Weary soul, though shalt rest on the morrow.

# MARIE ANTOINETTE'S TALISMAN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 379.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE Count De Mirabeau had just come in from an exciting debate at the club. This man seemed to have changed places with his foster-brother; for while one had, to a certain extent, cast off the coarseness which made him a favorite of the people, the man of noble birth had been striving to brutalize himself down to a level with the lowest strata of civilized life. Marie Antoinette's rejection of his advances had plunged him deeper and deeper into the abysses of popular favor. But there was a natural revolt in all this; Mirabeau would much rather have been the saviour of monarchy than a leader of the mob, and his very power as a demagogue sometimes filled him with disgust. That particular night he was in a restive frame of mind: by bringing out the very coarsest powers of his nature he had excited the crowd that day into the most clamorous homage—homage that never would have been given to the splendid genius and great powers that he knew himself to possess, unaided by the rudest and lowest passions. It is doubtful if ever his powerful intellect foresaw the terrible scenes that the eloquence of men like him was destined to fasten upon France. That night his better nature recoiled from the hideous work his genius was doing, and he flung himself down on a chair, weary and sickened by the clamorous homage of his followers.

Some one knocked at the door of his chamber while he was in this dissatisfied mood, and he called out roughly for the person to come in, thinking that, perhaps, it was some messenger from the printing-office.

A woman entered, elegantly dressed, and scattering a delicate perfume from her garments as she moved. She held a small mask before her face, such as ladies sometimes carried to protect their complexions from the sun; but when the door was closed, she dropped it, and moving softly across the room, bent over the chair on which Mirabeau was sitting.

He started up in surprise, stood a moment as if irresolute, and then broke forth,

"Madame Du Barry, and here!"

"So you did know me," she said, with a gleam of pride and thankfulness that he had so readily recognized her features.

"Know you?" answered the count, reaching forth his hand to grasp hers heartily, as if she had been a man. "When will the time come when Mirabeau can forget——"

The woman held up her finger.

"Ah, count! that was before the days of Versailles, when you were the gayest young scapegrace about the court, and I one of the people. I wonder if either of us are the better for having changed places."

"I was just asking myself that question," said Mirabeau, gloomily. "After all, the greatness that springs out of a false position must even be unsatisfactory; but tell me of yourself, fair lady. It is years since I have known much of your good or evil fortune."

Du Barry shrugged her shoulders.

"The last few years in England—that cold, cruel country, where the sun never shines fairly out as it does in France. Is not that enough of misfortune? But I must not stay to talk of myself. Of course, I did not come here simply for the pleasure of seeing you. There is a man in whom you take interest—a person who calls himself Monsieur Jaque."

"My foster-brother, and as true-hearted a man as ever drew breath; but how did he come to attract your notice, my friend?"

"No matter, it is a long story; besides, it is not the man that I am so much interested in, but a young woman whom he loves."

"A young woman! You cannot mean Made-moiselle Gosner?"

"Yes, that is the young person, a fair girl, whose father I, in some sort, wronged in the days of my power, and to whom I wish to make atonement, and cannot—she rejects it; so, in the desperation of my good intent, I come to you. My belief is that these two persons love each other."

"Love each other! What, the girl?" cried Mirabeau, starting to his feet. "Does he not know that Mirabeau has honored her with his admiration?"

Du Barry flung herself into the chair from which the count had risen, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"An excellent reason why no honest man should think of her for himself," she said, wiping away the quick tears of merriment that flashed down her painted cheeks. "Oh! but you are droll as ever, my friend."

"But the girl is beautiful!"

"So much the more reason that your foster-brother should be desperately in love with her, as he certainly is—that is what brings me here."

"But I tell you that he will not presume——"

"My dear friend, he has presumed; and what is more, the girl loves him!"

"What, after I had condescended to be pleased with her? Du Barry, you have ceased to be discriminating."

"Come, come, be pacified. She is only one, and Paris has so many; let the poor fellow have his love unmolested—I ask it of you."

"Now I remember," said the count, "it is weeks since I called; in fact, I neglected her after the first impression. Of course, it was my own fault, and, as you say, Mirabeau can afford to be magnanimous. Besides, I really think it is the fellow's first love. Nay, do not go off into another fit of laughter—such things do happen. Then again, I remember he asked my forbearance, and I almost promised it. Well, the best thing I can do for him is not to go near the demoiselle—that might unsettle things."

"If you would be so good," said the countess, with a droll look of humor in her eyes, "it was a part of the favor I was about to ask. This man is, I believe, poor—he possibly cannot afford to marry."

Mirabeau thought of the little estate, whose income had been so generously given up to his extravagance, and had the grace to hesitate in answering. Was the countess going to suggest that he should relinquish that income? Had that, indeed, been the truth, she might have found more difficulty than had accompanied his renunciation of the girl; but she promptly set his mind at rest.

"I take it for granted that he cannot afford to marry," she said, "and in this I want your help. Be my banker; let me leave money enough for their comfortable independence in your hands!"

"In my hands!" exclaimed Mirabeau, laughing. "My dear friend, you should know better. It would melt away while the priest was giving his blessing. If you have any sharp notary who will arrange it so that it may be a trust; in short, that will insure it to him, and save it

from me, I should not mind undertaking the business—I dare say that can be done."

"But it must seem to come from you. They would not touch it else," said Du Barry.

"He will never believe it; but we can manage that; it can be done in my father's name. Now, fair dame, as your conscience is at rest, tell me——"

"Not yet—not yet! I have another thing to ask."

"Of the same kind? I warn you now, do not lead a reckless man too far. Money is a sad temptation, when one needs it so much."

Du Barry hesitated, the color came and went under her rouge. She had lost all decency years before; but there was something in what she wished to propose that taxed all her ingenuity. At last she spoke out,

"Mirabeau, you are the enemy of royalty."

"Well!"

"You hate the queen."

"And if I do?"

"This cannot be real, there is something personal under it all."

"What makes you think so?"

"You are the idol of a people you despise!"

"Go on."

"And might be the saviour of France; should be a close friend to the queen."

Mirabeau laughed again; but there was angry fire in his eyes, and a curve of scorn on his lips.

"How long is it since the Countess Du Barry became the advocate of Marie Antoinette?" he demanded.

"Ever since she was too generous for the persecution of a fallen enemy; ever since she has been cruelly unfortunate, and most unjustly reviled. Of all the people in France, I have most cause to love the woman for whose overthrow you are toiling."

"Nay, let me tell you a secret. You are a woman of sense, and can comprehend the situation—Marie Antoinette rejects the friendship of Mirabeau."

"Has it been offered her?"

"Twice, indirectly."

"But the time may come when that friendship will be implored. Then, Mirabeau, be generous, be noble, wheel your great power to the defence of the throne. Earn the queen's gratitude, force her to acknowledge the power of your genius, the grandeur of your magnanimity—promise this, my Mirabeau."

"When Marie Antoinette seeks my aid it will be time enough to promise."

"But if she does seek it—if she asks your

influence with the people, your protection from her enemies—what will be your answer?"

"Perhaps, that it is too late."

"The time will come, and then you must remember Du Barry, who wishes to aid in this; who implores your permission to pay a vast debt of gratitude to the grandson of Louis the Fifteenth—to the daughter of Marie Therese, who was so pure and good herself that she never went out of her way to taunt or insult those who were less fortunate. To the clemency and forbearance of Louis, and his most persecuted queen, I am indebted for every franc that makes up my wealth; I ask nothing better than to employ it all in their service. When you are a friend of the monarchy, let me find the money which the cause will so much need. Thus you and I will unite in one holy cause, which shall redeem much evil that we may have done. You, with your eloquence, and I, with money, which justly belongs to the crown, may, perhaps, be so fortunate as to save the monarchy of France."

The woman spoke earnestly, sometimes with passionate warmth, that astonished the man she addressed. He knew that she was in earnest, that a grander element than could be found in his heart was speaking through her words. Perhaps he felt, through all its subtle indirection, that something like a bribe for his influence lay under all this real generosity; but Mirabeau was not a man to revolt at an idea, so long as it took no offensive clearness. On the contrary, he reflected that his own power would be wonderfully enhanced by wealth, let it come in what form it would.

"Have you spoken of this to the queen?" he inquired.

"How could I? She would reject it. No, there is but one way, and that I have pointed out. The time will come when this persecuted lady will seek the friendship of a man who controls the people of Paris, who knows how to excite or depress the passions of her enemies. When that day arrives, the money she would scorn now can be used in her behalf."

"God grant that the rabble does not get beyond all control before she comes to her senses," said the count, thoughtfully. "Ignorance and passion are hard things to manage; but if Mirabeau cannot control them—where is the human power that can?"

Du Barry laid her hand on his arm.

"Some day your old friend may ask that protection for herself," she said.

"It shall not be asked in vain," answered the count, holding the door for her to pass.

When Madame Du Barry reached her lodgings

she found Zamara, who had just come in from Versailles. His clothes were muddy, his face heavy with disappointment.

"Madame, Zamara has failed; he could not get the ring; she never takes it from her finger," he said. Madame only answered,

"The fates are against us, Zamara."

## CHAPTER XXI.

MADAME GOSNER and Marguerite were alone in their room, which had become more gloomy than ever since their disappointment. All the spare time these two women could obtain from their sorrow was given to the toil which earned their daily bread; and this evening they were working diligently at some embroidery which was wanted in haste for a court-dress. The very nature of her employment, perhaps, exasperated the poverty of the elder woman, whose hatred of the monarchs of France amounted almost to monomania. She went on sewing with sharp energy, taking her stitches with jerks, as if she picked them out with the point of a dagger. Her breath came heavily as she worked, and her lips were pressed together—but she had not spoken in an hour.

Marguerite was sewing also, but her thread came out with a more even pull, and the delicate surface of her work revealed no imperfect stitches. The dull, heavy gloom which lay upon her mother was not dark enough to kill all the girlhood in that young bosom; and more than once a faint smile flitted across her lips, as if the thoughts in her mind were not altogether melancholy. Remember, Marguerite had never seen her father, and the blow of his death was not so terrible to her as it had proved to the stricken woman.

At last the young girl looked up from the dull monotony of her work, and, pausing with her thread half-drawn, listened eagerly. She had heard a step on the stairs, though her mother had not—a step that made the heart leap in her innocent bosom, and a smile of loving expectation tremble on her lips.

At an earlier day she would have spoken when she heard that step on the stairs; but now she hid the knowledge away like a precious secret, which not even her mother might share.

Yes, it was surely Monsieur Jaque. Madame Gosner heard it now, and suspended her work. Was it possible that he was coming with news? Even in her despair this poor woman was always expecting news, and holding her breath as a footstep passed her door.

It opened now, and Monsieur Jaque came in.

pale, worn, and so weak from protracted excitement that he fell upon a chair, and wiped the heavy drops from his forehead before speaking a word. Madame Gosner looked at him earnestly. He understood the question in her eyes, and answered as if she had spoken.

"Yes, my friend, I have been to the Bastille. I have wandered through those infernal vaults, and seen such sights."

"Have you been in *that* cell?"

Madame Gosner's voice was sharp as the cry of an eagle. She had lost all control of herself.

"Yes, I have been there, and I have seen him—your husband—"

"Alive?"

"Alive! I held his hand—I spoke with him. He told me his name. It was he who cried out when your voice penetrated his dungeon. They have practiced a foul fraud on us—one that shall be answered by the thunders of those stones as we hurl down that accursed building. Madame Gosner stood up, and lifted her clasped hands on high.

"So help me God, I will never rest till this thing is done!"

She spoke like a woman inspired; her very statue seemed to rise higher; her chest expanded itself.

"Be it so. I have already sworn," said Monsieur Jaque; and the two went out together, leaving Marguerite alone upon her knees, where she had fallen.

All was changed now in the humble dwelling of Madame Gosner. No more work was done; scarcely was there food enough prepared to sustain the strength of that excited woman. Solemn duties lay before her—a gigantic task, which she would perform, or die. The people of France were to be aroused into keener vindictiveness—the women organized—the clubs spurred to swifter action. Stern and terrible had been the effect of Monsieur Jaque's intelligence on the woman who had refused to consider herself a widow. Her whole being rose up in bitter wrath against what she deemed a horrible fraud. So fixed and deep were her prejudices against the royal family, that she never, for a moment, doubted that the king himself, if not the queen, had sanctioned the wrong that had been done, rather than cast a new witness of royal cruelty among the people to bear testimony against them.

With these feelings, it is not strange that all the sweet sentiments of undisturbed womanhood was, for a time, swept out of her nature. No amazon born to war ever suffered or felt a deeper thirst for vengeance than possessed her. From

that day her very face changed; all its fine features were set, and locked with the iron resolution that possessed her. In some way her husband should be set free, or fearfully avenged. Many a woman beside herself had equal wrongs and equal suffering to redress or avenge; but, lacking a leader and organization, this great force, this underlying principle, which was enough to stir the already excited passions of the lower order into anarchy at any moment, had as yet been allowed to exhaust itself in complaint and denunciation. Now it should be centralized and spread forth from an organized source.

Madame Gosner knew that she was eloquent, and felt within herself all the force of great individual strength; that which had been an idea before was a fixed resolve now. In order to liberate her husband, freedom must first be given to the French people. She could only reach his dungeon through the ruins of the Bastille.

That day a strange sight was witnessed in the market-places of Paris. A woman, clad like the commonest working-woman, but of commanding presence, was seen moving from stall to stall with the firm, energetic tread of an officer mustering recruits. At each stall she uttered words that burned and thrilled through the heart of the occupant like the blast of a trumpet, yet they were spoken in a low voice, and circulated through the market from lip to lip, drawing the women together in clusters, who told each other the story of this woman, and swore to avenge her.

Her low, stern utterance of wrongs that seemed without a parallel, was like a spark of living fire flung into their own smouldering passions.

That night a Jacobin club-house was crowded with eager women. From the market, the garrets, and the cellars of Paris, they gathered, crowding their husbands and sons aside that they might hear something of their own wrongs from the tongue of a terribly persecuted woman.

Gosner's wife stood among them like a prestess. Unlike the women around her, she was educated, eloquent, powerfully impassioned, but capable of deep reasoning. She had dwelt so long on the wrongs of France that her acute mind searched down to the very roots of all the grievances that disturbed her people, and laid them bare before the rude women, who seized upon them as hounds fasten upon game, routed from bush and covert by the huntsman.

For two hours she filled that Jacobin stronghold with such burning eloquence as never



before had fired the hearts of those rude, impetuous women, not cruel then, but who afterward leaped into the fight, unsexed, fierce, wicked female tigers, who, having tasted blood, lost forever afterward all relish for the milk of human kindness. It was this awful element that the genius of Madame Gosner aroused in the heart of France; it was this which cast eternal shame upon one of the greatest nations of the earth: it was this which makes all true and refined women tremble when they are called upon to plunge into the arena of politics, or the strife of nations.

True, the women of France had, perhaps, more excuse for revolt than those of any other country. Misery, hardship, and injustice, drove them into a storm of politics with terrible violence. With a single leap they sprung out of absolute subjugation into a wild chaos of ideas. In riot, rapine, and bloodthirstiness, they shamed the coarsest men by their unbridled excesses. While violating all law, and trampling human rights under foot, they sang peans to liberty, and inaugurated their terrible orgies with declarations of equal rights and eternal brotherhood. Such were the women who, claiming political equality with men, and superiority over monarchs, flung all the sweet attributes of the sex behind them in the turmoil of politics, and in a subsequent carnival of blood forgot that they had ever been wives and mothers.

How could it be otherwise? The woman who once flings aside all the beautiful entanglements of home, and assumes duties which never were intended for her; who gives free rein to the coarser passions, plunges into such fierce struggles as brutalize men, and still expect to return at any period to the gentle immunities of womanhood, knows little of the destiny she is carving for herself.

Imagine the women of France going home from a fierce debate at the clubs to caress their little ones, and teach them their prayers at night; could they touch the smiling mouths of innocent children with lips hot with smouldering hate, or curl their silken tresses over fingers wet with human blood? Could they, without an outrage to humanity, permit their little ones to kneel in holy prayer at the feet which had just been treading down saw-dust around the guillotine? After partaking of such scenes, could any woman ever expect to go back to her sweet motherhood in the shelter of home? No, no; the quiet life, the care of childhood, the love of strong men, are not for such women. Let them once forsake the shelter of domestic life, the blessedness of home, and half that is

valuable in existence lies behind them. When they enter the turmoil of moral or physical war, return is impossible; a great gulf has been dug between them, and the blessedness of womanhood, which can never be repassed.

In her despair, Madame Gosner thought nothing of the great moral effect her action might produce. She had, for years, been urged forward by one grand womanly motive—the freedom of her husband. If this object had sometimes led her into strange positions, great love had always sanctified them. She had endured poverty, humiliation, sickness, with the strength of a martyr, and in all things had protected the delicacy of her child. Even in the depths of her sorrow she had found time to educate this girl and fill her mind with all the refinements which make womanhood beautiful. But now, in the madness of her despair, she forgot everything but her wrongs, and the agony of a slain hope. What was that miserable shadow of a home to her? What was there on the broad earth but misery and desolation for a woman so bereaved, and so cruelly dealt by? In her anguish she felt a yearning sympathy for the thousands and thousands of women who haunted the market-places and streets of Paris with an eternal craving for bread written on their half-famished faces; for the earth, as well as the people of the earth, had, for two successive years, been cruel to the poor; but of her very womanhood, this long-suffering matron ceased to be womanly. Was she insane? Had one idea preyed so heavily on her mind that it swept all other thoughts before it?

Be this as it may, from the hour of that terrible disappointment, Madame Gosner, the woman, was lost in the patriot. In gaining freedom for her husband, she took upon herself the gigantic task of giving liberty to France. This spirit animated her whole being; it inflated her speeches, it aroused her in the dead of night, and filled her dreams with burning pictures of liberty. She had but two possessions left—her own talents and her daughter. In the depths of her soul she devoted both to her country. All hopes of individual happiness became a thing of the past to her.

With Monsieur Jaque the ideas of liberty, as they were given forth to the people, like an inspiration, from the tongue and pen of Mirabeau, had consolidated themselves into a passion; but, like Mirabeau, he still clung to the monarchy, and hoped to liberalize France by making its king the enemy of his own power. Brought up and educated as he had been, day by day, with his foster-brother,

sharing the same lessons, caressed by the same motherly hand, he could not, all at once, yield up the traditions of a superior race to which, by implication and habit, he almost belonged. It was in vain that he took upon himself the habits of the people, that he lived in a garret, and gave up the income of a little property which he had inherited from his own parents, to swell the extravagance of his foster-brother. A neglected toilet, unwashed hands, and coarse clothing, were insufficient to brutalize this man into one of the monsters that a little while after this baptized themselves patriots.

Notwithstanding his moderation, and his wish to save the monarchy, and give freedom to the people at the same time, Monsieur Jaque went hand-in-hand with Madame Gosner, and threw himself into this fearful work with equal energy and unswerving determination. He, too, believed that a wicked deception had been practiced upon a long-suffering woman, and could find no way of accounting for it which did not implicate the King and Queen of France. Sometimes, when he thought of the honest, kind face of Louis the Sixteenth, of the simplicity of his words, the shy gentleness of his manner, this belief became almost an impossibility to him. Nor could he think of the queen, so earnest, so generous and beautiful, without recoiling in his heart and reason from the thought that she could have known and sanctioned an act so full of dishonor, or so bitterly unkind.

But the fact still remained, no matter where the blame lay. A terrible wrong had been done, a human life worse than sacrificed. More than this, out of that awful place one soul had made its cries of agony heard; but how many others lay in those vaults, unknown. Those awful walls, with their seven feet in thickness, were built thus massively, that the cries of human anguish might never penetrate them. What became of the hundreds on hundreds that had crossed that draw-bridge, never to be heard of again? Had they been carried out in the silence of midnight to unknown graves, or were they still chained to those reeking walls, and crouching in cells so far beneath the earth that they possessed all the horrors of a grave, without its peacefulness?

The fire spread. Mirabeau heard the story from his foster-brother, and thundered it through the clubs. It burned like a romance on his lips, and glowed out in words of fire on the pages of his journal. In less than three days all Paris was in a storm of indignation, and poured itself tumultuously into the streets. If human ingenuity could have imagined anything more

terrible than the horrors of that man's fate, the passions of an ignorant people would have invented something more awful than the truth; but here the bitterest passion failed, and the simple fact was far more powerful than exaggeration ever could have been.

Monsieur Jaque told the story, and in his own stirring language described the scenes he had himself witnessed in the Bastille. Madame Gosner pleaded with a woman's pathos and a man's power for the husband who had been torn from her in his youth, and was now perishing in the cells of that hideous prison. All the terrible traditions of the Bastille were nothing to the actual story of this man, as it came from the lips of his wife. Through the work-shops, the markets, the quays, and the clubs, the fact of his incarceration, after a pardon had been granted, and his death proclaimed, spread like fire along a train of powder.

The reckless demagogues, who had been so long striving to fire the people with a spirit of revolt, saw in all this an element of revolution stronger than their eloquence, and seized upon it with sharp energy. The clubs arose at once, uniting in one grand effort; but it was in answer to a clamorous demand from the people, who, ready for revolt, called aloud for guides and leaders.

The time had come. One night the streets of Paris were darkened by crowds of silent, stern men, whose eager faces looked sinister in the lamplight, as they turned invariably toward the Place de Grove. The men moved swiftly on in comparative silence; but wherever they paused a warehouse was broken open, and everything of iron or steel it contained taken therefrom, though all other articles were scrupulously left untouched.

Women, too, came out from their domicils, and swelled the stream that poured into the Place de Grove. Each carried some burden—a loaf of bread, a bar of rusty iron, or a ponderous fire-shovel, from her own hearth-stone. Before midnight the Place de Grove, and the adjoining streets broke into a blaze. Anvils and forges in full blast seemed to start out of the very earth, lighting up all the grim outlines of the Hotel de Ville, and the great crowds of men and women that swarmed around it, with gleams of light thrown against deep, deep shadows, that made the whole scene terrible. To this was added the sharp ring of iron against the steel, the roll of wheels bringing in heavy loads of plunder, the crash of hammers thundering to each other, and the awful hum and swell of angry voices in suppression.

Men worked that night like demons. Many who had thought themselves too feeble and famished for work, now wrangled with each other for a chance of toil at the forges. Pale, hungry faces grew stern as death in the lurid light of the fire; while demagogues from the clubs, and Bohemians of the press, passed in and out of the crowd with inflaming words, keeping the wild enthusiasm at a white heat.

Women crowded in, some laying their arms bare to the shoulders, unloading wagons like the men; others enforcing the fiery ardor of the demagogues with passionate appeals, and bitter taunts for those who stood aloof. The market-women, having broken up their stock for the next day, distributed stores of provisions to the workmen, and fed the hungry with their own hands. Some even seized upon the tools, and began to forge instruments of slaughter with the skill and energy of men; some mounted on piles of arms already forged, and haranged the men as they worked. Among these appeared Madame Gosner, whose presence was everywhere heralded with tumults of sympathy and applause.

"Not for my sake," she said, mounting a wagon in which rude metal had been brought to the forges, where she stood like some Roman matron in a victorious car, "not for my sake, nor for the redemption of one man do I urge you forward—"

Here the impassioned woman was interrupted by shouts from the women, and wilder demonstrations from the men, who paused in their work to listen, and snatch a mouthful of bread from the hands of such women as were giving food to the hungry, that no man's strength need fail till his work was done.

"Let no man stop his work that my voice may be heard," continued Madame Gosner. "God will give strength to my lungs, and you shall hear me, though ten thousand anvils rang out such glorious music as this at a single crash. In this sound I hear the downfall of that odious prison, where kings deal with their victims like incarnate demons, chaining them to walls like beasts of the fields—burying them alive in eternal darkness—rendering them up to worms and reptiles while yet alive. Citizens, this is not the work of one generation, but of many. Kings and Queens of France have, for generations, held that accursed rampart of stones as a monument of their greatness, dear to royalty as the throne itself. It is an awful contrast which makes the luxury of their palaces more perfect. Without misery for the people, courts and kings would never feel how much they are above us. In

order to know how high they are, it is there eternal effort to debase us. We are the beasts of burden that drag forward their triumphal chariots; creatures to starve while they riot. By our labor they are fed; by our toil they are exalted, till pride becomes arrogance, and their very laws are made to protect them and degrade us.

"The wealth of a nation lies in its labor. Where has that gone which our forefathers created by the strength of their hands? Look for it in the enormous estates which cover France from border to shore. Has one of them descended to the laborers, whose toil wrested them from the wilderness? Who among you owns a rood of land? Not one. If to you belongs the sledges you wield, and the spades with which you dig, it is all they will give you out of a thousand years of hard toil, rendered with reckless generosity to these pampered lordlings. What are these creatures, after all, but things of our own creation? Their palaces, their estates, their jewels belong to us, and yet made the instruments of our debasement. It has taken a thousand years to consolidate the power that crushes us. But let us unite, and a single year shall tear it down.

"I have a husband in one of those hideous dungeons; for years and years they have buried him from my sight. When we parted, he took me in his arms, and promised, with many a farewell kiss, to return within the month. My hair was bright with the gloss of youth then—look at it now; yet I have not seen his face since then. But I do not plead for him alone; other women have husbands to lose—other women for ages on ages have been made widows, knowing their husbands living, but buried far from the light of day, as mine is. It is for them I plead and implore you to shatter those enormous walls, and let God's free sunshine in upon these suffering men. Every stone of those blackened towers is cemented with blood and saturated with groans. I ask you to sweep an awful plague spot from the bosom of France. Let us tear it away, stone by stone—uproot it, rock by rock; break through those rugged walls, and choke up the festering moat with their ruins. Citizens, the strong arms of your fathers built this prison, which your kings have turned into a place of torment that sends would shrink from. Are your arms weaker than theirs? What they built have you not the strength to pull down, or shall the women of France show you the way?"

A yell went up from that portion of the crowd which surrounded Gosner's wife, for there the women of Paris had assembled in the greatest

numbers—a yell that rose fiercely, like the cry of wild beasts in a forest. From street to street, from alley to alley, that cry swept its way, arousing the people like a war-trumpet; from the Place de Grove, from the steps and very roof of the Hotel de Ville it gathered force, and rolled in thunder through the crowd,

“To the Bastille! To the Bastille!”

Each strong arm dropped from its work. The Place de Grove was emptied as if a mountain torrent had swept through it. That moment all Paris seemed to hurl itself on the Bastille.

Burning with rage, fierce, wild, terrible, the people swarmed around the grim, old fortress. The draw-bridge was up; the moat, deep, stagnant, torpid as a gorged anaconda, coiled around its base, sending up a fetid odor as that serpent does when suddenly aroused. Some small houses and shanties were crowded close to the moat. In an instant the roofs of these buildings were covered with human beings, who swarmed over them until the timbers crashed beneath their weight; but it was in vain. The moat was too broad and deep—no man was vigorous enough to leap it. For a minute the crowd was held at bay; then a plunge from the lowest roof—a struggle through the green waves; another plunge, a wild, ringing shout, and a figure was seen climbing up the timbers of the draw-bridge. Another followed, whom the people recognized as Monsieur Jaque, the foster-brother of Count Mirabeau, and rent the air with their shouts. Then came the sharp, ringing sound of axes, the rattle of chains, and a terrible crash of timbers—the draw-bridge had thundered down to its place. In an instant it groaned under the weight of human beings pressing over it, panting like wild beasts for a leap upon their prey.

Then an awful scene arose in the fortress. A man was seen half-way up one of the towers, clinging to the ladder of massive ropes which coiled down its walls; but some one of the insurgents had gone up before, and with his hatchet hewed the ropes above him. One after another the strands gave way, till only a single rope was left. A blow of the hatchet upon this, and the rope began to uncoil, swifter and swifter, whirling the poor wretch with it, until the last strand tore apart, and he fell, with a crash, to the court below, and was so broken upon the stones that no one could have told the bruised face as that of Christopher, the head keeper.

But a more pitiful scene was going on in the governor's room, which a crowd of insurgents had entered, weapon in hand. The poor man was upon his knees, pleading for the mercy he

had never given, pale, abject, trembling with terrible dread. There was no riot, no noise—those men were all too bitterly in earnest for that; the hatred in their white faces was terrible to look upon. One man held a key in his hand.

“Show us the cells,” he said, sternly, “those which are deepest underground. Before we kill you, the prisoners must be set free.”

The governor groveled to the earth, his limbs shook, his eyes stood out wildly from his head—snow itself was not whiter than his craven face.

“I cannot—I do not know where they all are. Christopher can tell.”

His words were broken; his teeth knocked together; he clung to the legs of a table near him in mad terror, lest those fierce men should drag him away by force. They did tear his hold from the senseless wood. He was lifted from one man to another, flung to the earth, spurned across the stones—at last dragged over the draw-bridge and hurled into the howling masses of the crowd.

Before his tormentors had entered the Bastille again, a cry so keen, so awfully shrill, that it cut through all other noises like an arrow, made them halt and look back with a pang of compassion; but the, next instant both the shriek and the feeling were gone, and the doors of the prison began to crash under their axes, while the maddened crowd rushed downward into the bowels of the earth, burning with passion, but awe-stricken and silent as an army of ghosts.

The first man who entered the lower corridors was Monsieur Jaque; he was followed by a woman with a face of marble, who carried a burning torch in her hand. Three times his axe circled around the head of Monsieur Jaque, and each time the iron-studded door resisted the blow. Another, and the mass of oak fell in with a crash, and a man, all trembling and white, with eyes gleaming through the long, silver hair that fell over them, stood up in the center of the cell, holding out both hands imploringly.

When the flame of the torch fell upon his face, he uttered a sharp cry, and shielded his sight with both hands.

Then a low voice, broken and sweet with infinite tenderness, thrilled the air of the dungeon.

“My husband! Oh, Henry! will you not look upon me?”

A slow shiver ran through the prisoner, the hands fell away from his face; he tried to speak, but had lost all power of distinct articulation. His eyes turned wistfully on the eager face bending toward him, but he shook his head and turned away.

"Henry!"

Again the poor man was seized with a shivering fit. He put the long hair back from his eyes, looked in that troubled face, and motioned with his hand that the woman should speak again.

"My poor husband—my own, own Henry!"

He looked around, smiling, and nodded his head.

"That was my name!"

The words fell from his lips at intervals, as if he were counting them; but the sound pleased him, and he repeated over and over again,

"That was my name!"

"Ah, Henry! try to remember mine. Therese, your wife!"

"My wife! My wife! That was her name. My wife!"

He looked at the woman again shyly, and touched her with his finger. She was crying now, and seeing this, he took up a long tress of his hair and attempted to wipe the tears from her face; but his hand wandered wide of its intent, and fell upon her shoulder. She took it up tenderly and kissed it, sobbing as her tears fell thick and fast. Something in the touch of her hand, or the mournful look in her eyes, awoke that dormant soul. He clung close to her hand, his eyes looked steadily into hers, a soft tremor stole over the gentle whiteness of his face.

"My wife! My wife! Therese!"

"He knows me," she said, claiming sympathy from Jaque, who had taken the torch from her hand. "I think he knows me."

Jaque nodded his head, great tears were rolling down his cheek, and he held the torch unsteadily.

"My wife!" repeated the prisoner, with the plaintive wail of a child.

She bent toward him, a smile beamed on her face, one arm stole around his neck, and with a sob she pressed her lips upon his.

That instant all strength left him, and he fell into her arms, murmuring softly, "My wife! my wife! my wife!"

Some sweet link of affection had drawn that poor soul back to its old life.

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Marguerite had been left alone all that night and day, for the riot at the Bastille had consumed so much time. She knew that some great event was going on; that the people had risen; that Monsieur Jaque and her mother was among the crowd, urging them to some deed of violence—but this was all. Neither of these persons wished her gentle heart to bear the agonies of

suspense a true knowledge of their actions would bring upon her. In this they were mistakenly cruel. The very vagueness of her fears made them more intense. All day she sat listening to the noises in the street. Each sound gave her a pang at the heart. Not knowing the thing she had most to fear, she apprehended everything.

At last a step sounded on the stairs. She held her breath and listened. Yes, it was his step, at this moment the dearest to her on earth. He came in weary and staggering from over-exertion: his hair was full of dust, his hands black from the rough stones he had torn from their place. All his garments were rent; she would not have known him but for the brilliancy of his eyes, and the glorious expression of his face.

Monsieur Jaque came up to Marguerite and held out both hands.

"Marguerite, my beloved, I come to give back your promise. I must not earn your love, it shall be a gift of the heart, or nothing."

She was surprised, and a little hurt; perhaps she had guessed at the tumult in the streets, and was disappointed.

"Then you despair. My poor, poor father!"

"No, Marguerite, I do not despair. Your father is this moment a free man. The people are even now tearing down the Bastille; but I will not give the father freedom, that his daughter may be a slave."

Marguerite started up one moment, her clasped hands were lifted to heaven, then she reached them forth, crying out,

"A slave! Your slave! My father free! my mother happy, and I yours forever and ever! Thank God! Thank God!"

Monsieur Jaque clasped her hands, his eyes looked into hers; he opened his arms and gathered her close to his heart.

"Is it true? Can it be true? Is this love, or only gratitude? In mercy, tell me!"

She wound her arms around his neck; she laid her cheek to his, and, in the sweetest voice that ever stirred a man's heart, whispered,

"Does this seem like love, or only gratitude?"

"My darling! Oh, my God! make me thankful! But, hark! they are coming! Do not tremble, the angels are not more harmless than this good man."

But she clung to him nervously, the tremor of a great expectation shook her frame; her eyes grew bright as she turned them on the door.

The footsteps which came up those stairs were slow and uncertain; but at last they reached the threshold, the door opened, and

she saw an old man, with the most benign and gentle face that human eyes ever looked upon, supported by her mother. She left the arm of Monsieur Jaque and moved timidly toward that angel-faced man, who held back his hair with both hands, that he might look upon her. She sunk to her knees at his feet, for great suffering had made him sacred to her. A single holy word trembled on her lips.

"Father!"

A look of touching bewilderment came over that gentle face; the prisoner looked from the beautiful girl at his feet to the face of the mother.

"This is Therese," he said, reproachfully.

"This is your child," said madame, keeping back her tears. "She was a little thing when you went away."

"A—yes—I remember! So small—so small! But this one— Oh, me! how strange! how strange!"

"Father, will you not speak one word to me?"

"One word? There was something I used to do;" he seemed troubled with thought a moment, then bent down and laid his hand on her head, "God—God bless them!"

He turned his pleased face upon his wife.

"These words are with me. I kept them close—here, here!"

"Kept them for us," said the wife; "for me and your child."

"Both—both!" he muttered, in a dreamy, bewildered way. "Now rest, rest!"

He was very feeble and weary; in mounting those flights of stairs he had sat down more than once. Now he seemed troubled for breath.

His wife led him toward a low couch, but he had forgotten its use, and, turning from it, lay down in a corner of the room, with his face to the wall, and closing his eyes against the light, seemed to be asleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had taken but few hours to storm the Bastille; but, though the people swarmed in and about it like bees, tearing down its walls and leveling it to the earth, it took many days to choke up that moat, and fill the cavernous hollows in which so many human beings had suffered and perished. Before the terrible structure was razed to the ground, a wedding-party entered one of the humble churches in the neighborhood. In passing, one of the party turned to look at the cloud of dust which constantly hovered over the rents and fissures torn, day by day, in those ponderous walls; could it be that this poor man looked back upon the place of his torture with anything like regret? It is impossible to say, but his face was sad as he walked into the church, and a look of strange bewilderment still hung about him. Even the marriage-service, which gave his only child to as brave and true a man as ever breathed, seemed a mystery to him. When she knelt for his blessing, he lifted one hand to the light, and burst into tears.

"It is gone! It is gone!" he said. "The Talisman, which gives happiness to me and mine, but misery to all others! Alas! until that is found, I can give no real blessing to my child, but know full surely that it will bring sorrow and death to any hand that wears it!"

THE END.

## IN GOD'S KEEPING.

BY N. F. CARTER

The sun went down one golden day  
On fields of clover bloom,  
And called our loved one from his play,  
With twilight's deepening gloom.

He knelt beside us at the hour  
Of evening song and prayer;  
The sunshine of our garden-bower,  
The jewel of our care.

Invoking sweetest dreams of bliss,  
And God's kind care to keep;  
We gave him then our good-night kiss,  
And laid him down to sleep.

In silence rolled the hours away,  
With shadows overhung,  
Till to the world the new-born day  
Its morning banners flung.

No voice made answer to our call,  
Nor sound of little feet  
Tripping so lightly through the hall,  
The welcome smile to greet.

Does weariness so call for rest,  
He needs must sleep so long?  
Or is he filled with dreams so best,  
So charmed with blissful song?

We found him in his wonted place,  
Hands clasped, as if for prayer;  
The play of sunshine on his face,  
A smile of glory there.

His was a sweeter morning kiss  
Than we could give at best;  
God's own welcome unto bliss,  
And everlasting rest.

## THE GHOST OF LEMON LANE.

BY MAY CARLETON.

THE house was haunted! You would not have thought so, perhaps, at first sight, for a prettier little cottage, nestling amongst sweet-briar and cinnamon roses, snowy white, with preternaturally green doors and blinds, and sparkling little lattice-windows, you could not wish to see. It stood within Squire Lemon's grounds, down at the remote end of Squire Lemon's long garden, and, of course, Squire Lemon was its owner.

Yes, the cottage in Lemon Lane was haunted. Half a dozen years ago, the squire's gardener, who lived there, had come home in the small hours in a raging state of drink, and had killed his wife; and next morning, in a fit of impotent penitence, cut his own throat. They buried the tragic gardener and his wife out of sight, and the cottage in Lemon Lane was "to let." But untold gold could not have induced the good people in that little town to pitch their tent amongst the golden willows and cinnamon roses. Whether it was the gardener, or whether it was his wife, or whether it were both, nobody could tell for certain; but the house was pronounced to be haunted.

Squire Lemon stood at his study-window, looking frowningly aslant a long vista of sunshine, and yellow willows, and flaming red roses, down at the offending cottage, gleaming like a toy-house of ivory amidst the bright green gloom. Not all the sparkling morning sunlight, not all that brilliant garden picture, could efface one of those ugly, wicked little wrinkles from the smoke-dried face of grim Squire Lemon.

"It's a hundred and fifty dollars a year clean out of my pocket," mused the squire, scowling at the haunted house. "Six years that cottage has been vacant, and six times one hundred and fifty is nine hundred dollars. Nine hundred dollars out of a man's pocket, because a drunken brute comes home and kills his wife, and cuts his throat for his own amusement."

The squire broke off with a very sour face, for fluttering in and out amongst the trees came a girlish figure, slender and graceful as became its owner's eighteen years. Very slowly and spiritlessly she walked, and very, very pale was the pretty face, upon which the jubilant summer sun shone.

"And there's another bother," burst out the choleric squire, regarding angrily his only child

and heiress. "I've fed her, and clothed her, and bought her a piano, and everything her heart could desire—and what sort of a return does she make me? Why she goes and falls in love with a dandified, empty-headed, city counter-jumper! And she wants me to let her marry him, and spend my money for me! No, Miss Eleanor Lemon!"

At this moment a servant came up, and said, "A lady, sir, at the door, asking to see you."

"A lady! Who is she? What does she want?"

"I don't know her, sir. It's about the haunt—the cottage down the lane, I think."

The squire opened his eyes. Was it a tenant at last?

"The cottage, eh? Show her in at once, Sam—at once!"

Squire Lemon seated himself in his chair of authority, and the next moment Sam reappeared, ushering in the lady. A lady, tall and majestic, who moved with slow, stately dignity; who was robed in deepest, deepest mourning—crape and bombazine, trailing grandly, gloomily, after her; a widow's cap encircling a pale, handsome face gleaming behind a long, crape veil.

"I heard at the hotel, Mr. Lemon," the lady said, in a melodious monotone, sinking into the proffered chair, "that you had a desirable cottage to rent. Now I am in search of a small house; I am a widow, and live quite alone, and I have called to know your terms."

The squire gave a little gasp: he was so much taken by surprise.

"The terms are nothing; the cottage is very cheap," he said, as soon as he could speak. "Eight lovely little rooms, ma'am, and only one hundred and fifty dollars a year; beautiful surroundings, as you may see, in the way of garden-grounds; and water and gas on the premises. It's a dead bargain."

The lady arose and surveyed the white cottage with a critical eye.

"It's a pretty place," she said, "a very pretty place. But it has its drawback, Squire Lemon," turning to him with a charming smile. "I know all about the ghost!"

"Confound the ghost! I beg your pardon, ma'am, but the people are such—well, fools! The only ghosts are the wind, and the rats, and the trees, and the moonlight, and their imagi-

nations! You try the house, marm, and if the ghost bothers you, why I'll ask no rent. There! I can't say fairer?"

"No. It's a bargain, Mr. Lemon."

The lady held out one daintily-kidded hand, with a second charming smile.

"It is partly furnished, is it not? Will you show it to me now, that I may know what I want? I wish to enter at once. My name," with a third electric smile full of the squire, "is Mrs. Seaton, and my husband has been dead for seven months. He was a merchant in Boston."

"How uncommonly good-looking she is!" thought the elderly squire, getting a little flattered under this masked battery of brilliant smiles; "I wish she would put up her veil and let's have a better look at her. I'm very glad the cottage is going to be rented, and remarkably glad we're going to have such a real nice tenant! She'll be company for Nelly, too—keep her from moping her addled wits out among the trees and flowers."

Side by side, Squire Lemon and his fair tenant sauntered down the leafy lane that led from the house to the cottage. Mrs. Seaton talked vivaciously, and in a way that showed her heart had not been altogether broken by the decease of the late lamented Mr. Seaton.

Eleanor Lemon, sitting among pansies and daisies under the waving willows, idling over Tennyson, looked up in some surprise at her father, and the stately lady in widow's weeds. Mrs. Seaton glanced her bright eyes that way too.

"Your daughter, I presume, Squire Lemon? I heard you had an only daughter. Such a very, very pretty girl! She's exceedingly like you!"

"What a delightful woman this is!" thought the squire. "'Pon my word, it's a pleasure to hear her talk!"

"Has she been ill?" the widow said; "she looks sadly pale."

"Well, ma'am," said Squire Lemon, in an outburst of confidence, "I'll tell you how it is! She's been, and set her heart on some chap down to Boston—a drygoods clerk, without money in his pocket, or, I suppose, brains in his head—one George Lyon, if ever you heard the name. I let her go, last Christmas, to spend the holidays with her aunt—and what does she do but come back engaged! But I'll take the nonsense out of her. She's kinder pining, you see, ma'am, as young folks will in these cases, and she's took to poetry and turning pale. By-and-by, Mrs. Seaton, I'll get you to talk to her, and reason her out of her nonsense. Here's the house, ma'am—walk right in."

The squire and the widow explored the house, and the widow was delighted.

"I'll have a piano in that corner," she said, "and this shall be my sleeping-room. I won't have a servant for two reasons—the first, I prefer to do my own work; the second, no one would live in the haunted house. I'll move in this very evening."

Mrs. Seaton was a woman of delightful energy and promptitude. Before the sun set, everything needful was disposed within the cottage, and Mrs. Seaton herself came with the dusk. And all Lemonville knew that the haunted house had a tenant, and great was the wondering thereat.

Early next forenoon, the squire called politely upon his new tenant. He entered the parlor, where a delicious half-light reigned, where a piano stood, and flowers bloomed, and where the widow, still in trailing sables and jet ornaments, received him. She was handsome, very handsome, in a large and grand sort of way, and was not an inch under five feet ten—Squire Lemon's style precisely.

"I always did like your big, and buxom, and bouncing sort of women," thought the squire, sitting complacently under the light of sparkling eyes and sunny smile, "and I always shall. If ever I marry again," surveying the magnificent Cleopatra before him, "I should like a woman like this Mrs. Seaton."

Mrs. Seaton might have been a witch, so artfully did she wile away the time. She talked to the squire, she played for him, she sang for him, she laughed and jested, and derided the ghost, and made herself altogether so bewitching, that the squire found it was one o'clock, and his dinner-time, before he thought half an hour was gone.

"Come again," Mrs. Seaton said, as he rose to go, "it would be a charity to my loneliness! And send your pretty, pale daughter, please."

The squire went home all in a delightful tingle and glow. On the way he met his pale, pensive Eleanor.

"Nelly," he said, with unusual gentleness, "you look dull, child. Go and call on Mrs. Seaton at the cottage. She's a delightful person, and will cheer you up directly."

"Yes, papa," Eleanor said, listlessly. She didn't care much for Mrs. Seaton, and she rather preferred moping herself to death, since she was never more to see her darling George; but her aimless feet turned of themselves down the lane in the direction of the cottage. The tall, handsome widow stood in the vine-wreathed doorway, among the climbing roses, like a picture in a frame.



"Nelly!" she said.

Eleanor Lemon gave a cry—one, no more, and stood stock still, staring.

"Nelly," the widow repeated, "don't you know me? Come in! Come in!"

Eleanor advanced, her face flushing and paling, her eyes ready to start out of her head. Mrs. Seaton drew her into the cottage and shut the door.

Squire Lemon's daughter returned to the house, an hour or so later, with a face as radiant as the summer sunshine itself. The squire was at the study-window, gazing absently at the little white cottage.

"Well, Nelly," he said, without looking at her, "and how do you like Mrs. Seaton?"

"I think she's splendid, papa!" responded Eleanor, with a warmth that was genuine. "She's lovely! I could stay there forever and listen to her!"

"She's a very fine woman—a very fine woman," said the squire, his eyes twinkling. "Take her for your model, Nelly, and grow bright and cheerful. I think I'll step down and see if the kitchen don't want some fixing."

Which he did accordingly, whilst Miss Eleanor lay back and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until the tears stood in her eyes.

"Poor, dear papa!" she said. "Oh! what fun it is; and what will he say when he finds it out!"

A week passed. The ghost of Lemon Lane was on its good behavior, and never once disturbed the repose of the sprightly young widow. She laughed and she sang, and might have exercised a whole brigade of ghosts with the radiance of her smiling face. So Squire Lemon thought, and so Squire Lemon said one day, when under the intoxicating influence of bright badinage, brighter glances, and brightest smiles, he lost his head, and fairly blurted out his admiration, like a school-boy, who is under the influence of "early love."

"I didn't intend to speak so soon," said the squire, mopping his flushed face, "but I think I'm bewitched when I'm with you, Mrs. Seaton. I'm dead in love, and that's the long and short of it; and if you'll love me, say so, and I'll make you Mrs. Lemon right off the reel!"

Mrs. Seaton was standing beside him. She sunk now upon a chair, and buried her face in her handkerchief, whilst her stately form quivered with internal emotion.

"Oh, come now!" said the squire, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other, like an agitated gander, "don't you take on, you know! You're young and handsome, but then you're a widow, which would be a drawback to some

men; and I'm elderly and rich, and you shall live in clover for the rest of your life. Do say yes—I'm dreadfully in earnest about this here!"

"It is so sudden, so unexpected!" faltered the widow. "Oh, dear, Mr. Lemon! I don't know what to say!"

"All right!" cried the squire; "that's as good as yes any day! We'll have a wedding in a week!"

"But your daughter?" murmured the widow, "she may object."

"I should like to catch her at it!" retorted the wooer, "that's all! Object! What business is it of hers! She'll be bridesmaid, if you say so; and we'll take her with us on a little wedding-trip to New York; and we'll go to the theatres, and to the Central Park, and if that doesn't put George Lyon out of her head, I don't know what will! It's a bargain, isn't it?"

"Yes; it was a bargain. Mrs. Seaton placed her hand in his, and murmured an inaudible something, and the compact was sealed.

"Send your daughter to me," faltered the widow. "I shall not be completely happy, until I hear from her own lips that she can love me."

"All right!" said the squire, boyishly. "She's safe to do that, I reckon. I'll send her straight along."

He sauntered up to the house, actually whistling, for the first time in a round decade of years. "It's sharp work," he said to himself: "short, sharp, and decisive! Only a week! But then I never did approve of long courtships. I wonder what Nelly'll say?"

Nelly said very little. She heard the news with folded hands and quiet face.

"Very well, papa," she replied, briefly. "I hope you'll be happy."

"You'll go and see Mrs. Seaton, my dear," said her father, entreatingly. "She's so fond of you, you know."

"No fonder of me than I am of her," Eleanor said, a little irrepressible smile dimpling her rosy mouth. "I'll go, of course."

Lemonville got a second shock, almost worse than the first, when it heard its squire was going to be married.

"And to a widow, who lives in a haunted house," cried the scandalized town, "and whom nobody knows anything about. It's plain to be seen she just settled down there on purpose; it's like the artfulness of widows. The squire's old enough to know better. But then an old fool's the worst of all fools!"

But the course of true love never did run smooth, as you have heard before; and Squire

Lemon's love, just as everything was going right, suddenly turned and went all wrong. And the ghost did the mischief at last.

The day after the day on which he had proposed, the squire walked down, in a state of blissful beatitude, to call upon his fascinator; and, to his unutterable consternation, he found her huddled all in a heap in a corner of the parlor, with a wild and horrified face.

"Go! go! go!" shrieked Mrs. Seaton, deliriously. "Oh! for pity's sake, never come near me again!"

The squire stood aghast.

"Oh! don't come in! Don't look at me! Don't speak to me!" wildly adjured the widow. "Only let me fly from this dreadful place, never to return!"

"Good Lord!" gasped the squire, "what in thunder's the matter?"

"The ghost! the ghost!" exclaimed the widow, frantically. "Oh, Squire Lemon! I saw the ghost last night, and it spoke to me. Oh, Squire Lemon! it spoke to me!" shrieked Mrs. Seaton.

"And what the deuce did it say?" gasped the squire, in utter consternation.

"It spoke of you! Oh, Squire Lemon! it was awful! All in white, and its throat cut, and streaming blood. I don't know how it is, I am not mad!"

"I don't think you're far from it," said the squire. "What did it say of me?"

"It said you were a cruel tyrant; that you were breaking the heart of your only child—that a man who would tyrannize over an only daughter would tyrannize over his wife! And it's true! I will obey its warning! All is an end between us!"

"You're sure you saw the ghost?" said the squire, at last, rather staggered.

"Sure as sure!"

"And it spoke them words?"

"It spoke those words."

"And you won't marry me unless—unless I let Nelly marry the drygoods man?"

"Exactly, Squire Lemon."

"Well, then, look here now! I'd a good deal rather lose Nelly than lose you; so, supposing I promise to let her leave herself away, you'll stick to your bargain?"

"On this condition, Squire Lemon, that you let your daughter marry the man of her choice first. I dare not otherwise. Once let me see her married, and I will be your wife, whenever you wish it."

"It's a go!" cried Squire Lemon. "I'll telegraph to the city this very hour, and marry the two young noodles out of hand!"

"Dearest Peter," murmured the widow, in melting tones, "how good you are! I shall be the happiest of women when your wife. I will have to go to Boston to purchase my wedding-dress. The young man will be here by Saturday night, I dare say—why not let the wedding take place the ensuing Monday? I will return home Monday evening; let them be safely married and out of the way before I return."

Squire Lemon listened, as to the voice of Destiny, and promised. What would he not have promised, with that lovely hand on his shoulder, that musical voice in his ear.

Mrs. Seaton departed for the city; and the following evening Mr. George Lyon, a handsome, dashing young fellow, with the squire thought, an oddly familiar look in his face, arrived. He had no words to thank the father of his Eleanor, who, thinking perpetually of his absent widow, cut him short, and told him to go and palaver to Nelly, he didn't want any of it.

Monday came—the wedding day. Early in the morning, Squire Lemon drove his daughter and two bridesmaids, all impromptu, to the church, and duly gave her away to be married to the blissful Mr. George Lyon. The squire was in very bad temper on that auspicious morning, for no news had arrived from Mrs. Seaton.

The bridal-party drove from the church home, where breakfast awaited them; where a surprise awaited Squire Lemon, too, in the shape of a cockade note, which read:

"Come to the cottage in half an hour. I will be true.  
GEORGEY SEATON."

Sunshine flooded the soul of the squire. He drank his son-in-law's health, and shook him cordially by the hand, and kissed Nelly, and blessed her, and made himself generally delightful, and then set out for the cottage.

Just as he was leaving the house, a delay occurred; the clergyman took him by the button-hole, and solicited a contribution for a new sounding-board. Ten precious minutes were thus wasted; then the squire broke away.

Stately and handsome as ever, in the parlor of the haunted house, stood Mrs. Seaton, still in her traveling-dress, a long, tweed cloak. She had a look in her face the squire had never seen there before, however. She waved him back, before he could speak.

"Wait one moment, Squire Lemon! I have been playing you a practical joke—a pardonable one, I hope, and all because I loved your daughter so desperately. There is but brief time to explain, since I start with my bride in fifteen minutes. Behold!"

Good heavens! Had the widow gone mad! She took off her bonnet and veil, unfastened her cloak; unhooked her crinoline and skirts, and stepped out—wonder of wonders! the bridegroom, George Lyon!

Squire Lemon gave one gasping cry, no more—he was too far gone. He sat staring like a man who has taken leave of his senses.

“It was I all the time,” said Mr. Lyon, struggling with a laugh. “I was the widow—George Seaton Lyon. I never saw a ghost, and I never expect to. Try to pardon me, Squire Lemon, when I am gone. All’s fair in love, you know.”

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon went off to Boston; and people wondered why, after being so very cordial at the wedding-breakfast, the squire refused to speak to his daughter, or her husband, for ever so long after. But he came round in time, as these fifty-parents mostly do, and forgave them handsomely, and brought them back to Lemonville, to live happy forever after.

As for the stately widow Seaton, nothing was ever seen of her since; and the popular belief in Lemonville is, that that house is certainly haunted, and that the crafty, plotting widow was scared away by the GHOST OF LEMON LANE.

## KNICKERBOCKER SUIT FOR BOY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give here an engraving of a pretty at home. The material should be good, thick Knickerbocker Suit for a boy, with a diagram } woolen cloth. The suit is in six pieces, as will on the next page, so that the suit can be made } be seen by referring to the diagram: viz.,

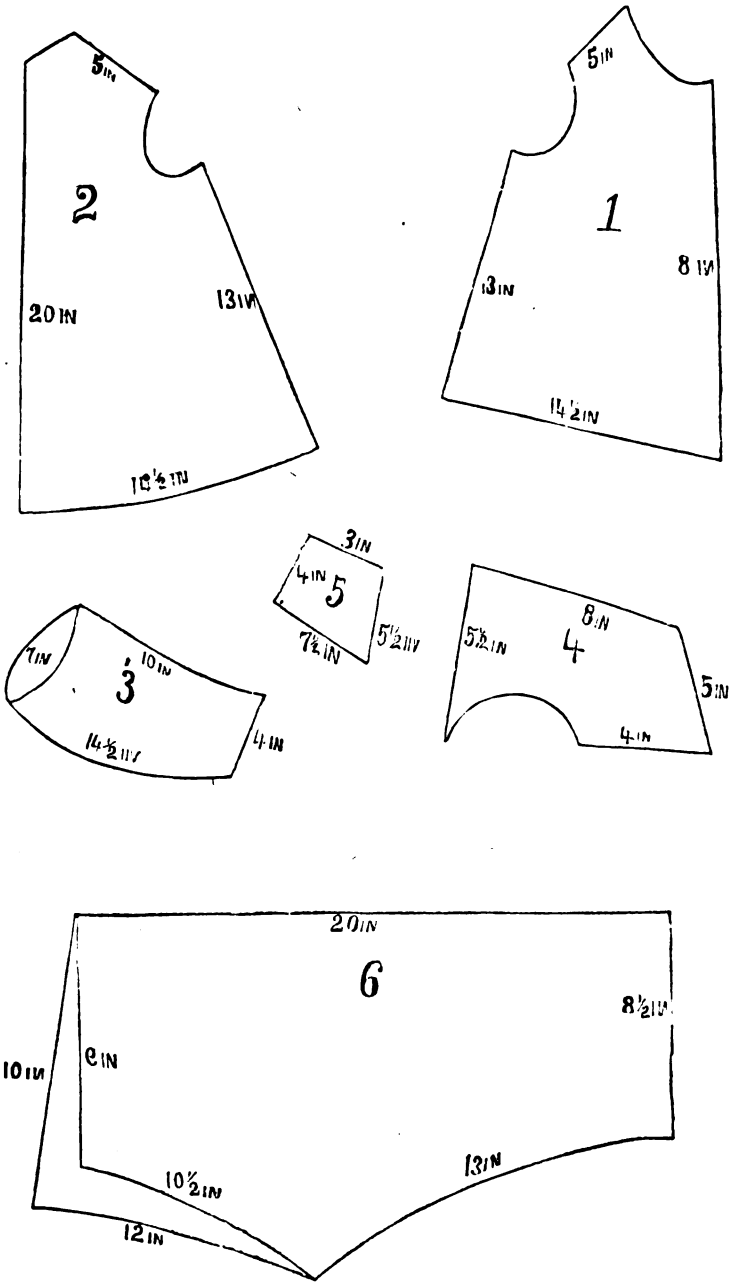


FIG. 1. FRONT OF TUNIC.  
 FIG. 2. HALF OF BACK.  
 FIG. 3. SLEEVE.  
 FIG. 4. HALF OF COLLAR.

FIG. 5. HALF OF CUFF.

FIG. 6. KNICKERBOCKER.

For autumn this suit looks beautiful in velvet or velveteen; but for winter use, cloth.

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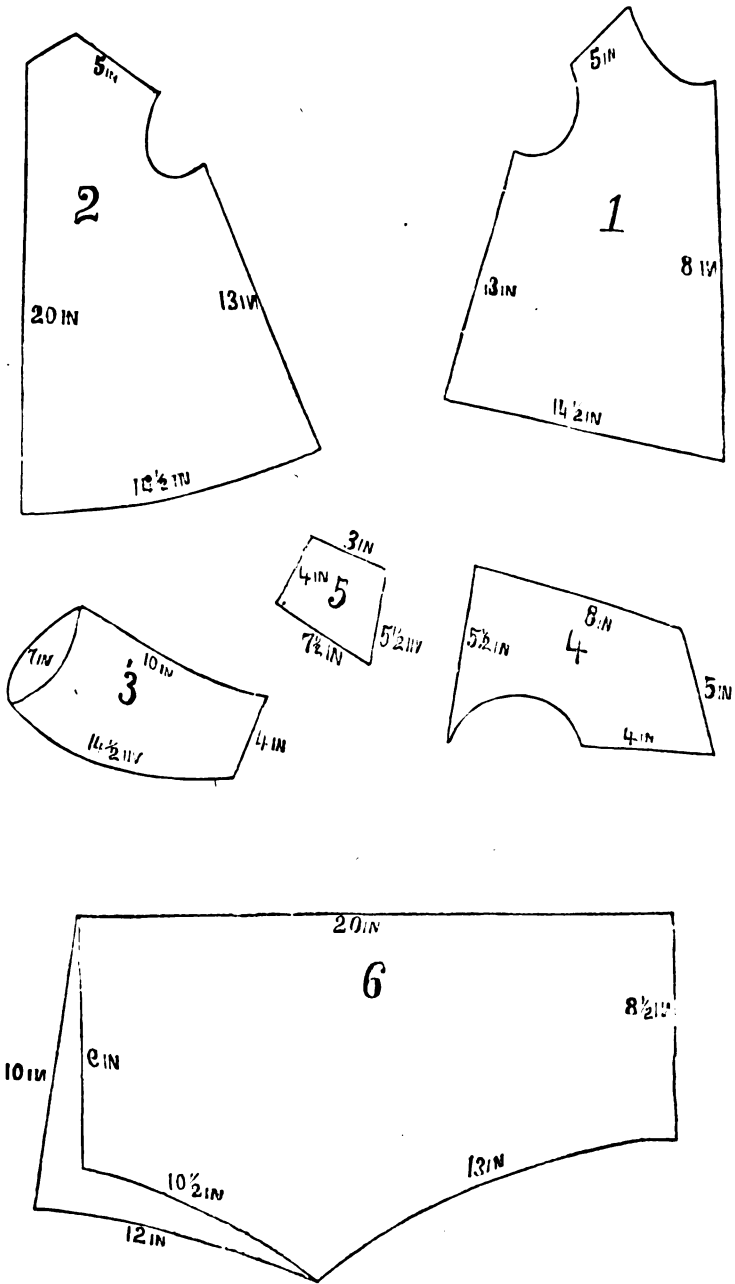


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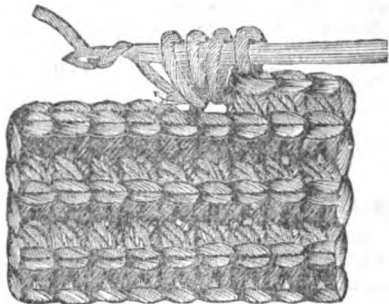
# MUFF CROCHETED IN IMITATION OF FUR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE following articles crocheted in imitation fur are recommended for the warm winter toilets of young girls, as they are not expensive.

Detail No. 1, gives the stitch in which the muff is crocheted. With a fine bone-hook, No. 12, bell gauge, and the gray wool, single Berlin, (of which you require 6 ounces,) make a chain of 78 stitches.

1st row: DC (double crochet,) at the end 1 ch. 2nd row: 1 dc in the first dc, taking up the back of the loop, which is done throughout the work, take up the back of the 2nd loop, draw the wool through, pass the wool round the needle, take up the same loop again, making 3 loops on the needle in this one stitch, draw the wool through these 3, then through the 2 on the needle; take up the whole of this row in this manner. 3rd row: Plain dc worked from the

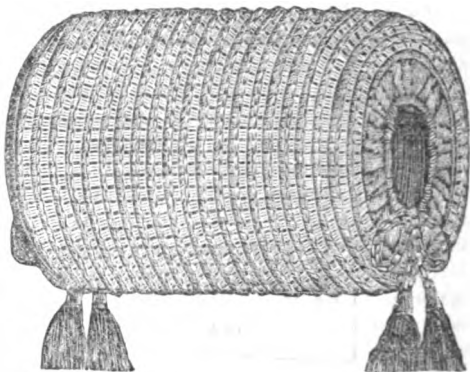


NO. 1a. DETAIL OF NO. 1.

back of the loop as before. Repeat the 2nd and 3rd row. Work a piece wide enough for your muff, then make it up; for this you require blue silk in the piece, two pair of black tassels, some blue ribbon to run in the runner, and a sheet of wadding. Lay your wadding the size of the piece of crochet you have worked, cover it on both sides with silk, then sew together; make a slot at each outer edge, sew up the piece of crochet, place it over the silk, run the edges of the crochet to the extreme edge of the slot, then pass your ribbon in; add the tassels by the join.

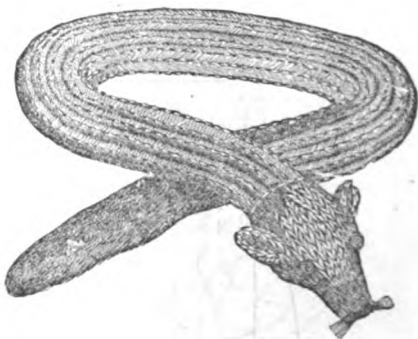
NO. 2. THE BOA.

This is also crocheted in the same stitch as the muff. You require five steel knitting-needles, No. 12, for the head as it is knitted, 2 jet buttons for the eyes. For the length of the body make a chain of 117 stitches. Commence with



NO. 1. MUFF (CROCHETED IN IMITATION OF FUR.)

a row of double crochet, then a row of pattern, always working a ch stitch at the end of each row. Work about 8 inches of this crochet for the width of the body. Sew it together, and stuff it with wadding covered with silk. The tail is worked separately, and is crocheted in looped crochet. Make a ch of 20. 1st row: Dc. 2nd row: Take up the back of the loop, pass the wool three times round a mesh one inch and a quarter wide, or your 2 fingers of the left hand,



NO. 2. BOA TO MATCH NO. 1.

put the needle under these loops, loop the wool over, then take up the st again, draw through, and draw through the 2 on the needle; work the row in this manner. Work these 2 rows until you have ten rows of loops; then work 2 more rows, decreasing one stitch on each side row, cut the loops in the middle and comb them with a fine comb. Sew the tail together, then to the body.

The head is knitted. Cast on 10 stitches on each of the 4 needles; knit a round. Then 3 rounds knit plain. 4th round: Knit 17. You now commence the increase for the forehead. In the 18th st work 2 st thus: knit 1, then purl 1; work the 19th st in the same manner; 20 st, knit plain; the 21st and 22nd st like the 18th and 19th; the rest knit plain. 5th round: Knit plain. 6th round: Increase like the 4th round in the 2 st on both sides the 22nd st. 7th round: Plain. 8th round: Increase like the 4th round on both sides the 24th st; rest plain. 6 plain rounds. 14th round: Knit 7, knit 2 together; Knit 1, knit 2 together; knit plain until the 12 last; then knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together. 15th round: Plain. 16th round: Knit 5, knit 2 together 3 times; knit plain until the last 11, when knit 2 together 3 times; knit 5. 17th round: Like 14th. 18th round and 3 next rounds plain. 21st round: Knit 5, knit 2 together twice, knit plain until the last 9, then knit 2 together twice, knit 5. 22nd round: Plain. 23rd round: Knit 7, join the black, knit 2 together in black until the last 7, which knit plain in gray. Knit 8 rounds plain, knitting the black stitches with black, and the gray with gray; cast off. Wad the head to the shape, stitch on the buttons for the eyes, add some shreds of black wool for whiskers, then stitch

on the ears, the directions for knitting which follow.

**THE EARS.**—Cast 12 st on 1 needle with gray wool. Knit back. 2nd row: Purl. 3rd row: Knit 2 together, knit 8, knit 2 together. 4th row: Purl 2 together, purl all but the 2 last, which purl together. Repeat the 3rd and 4th rows until you have only one stitch left, then cast off, and sew to the head.



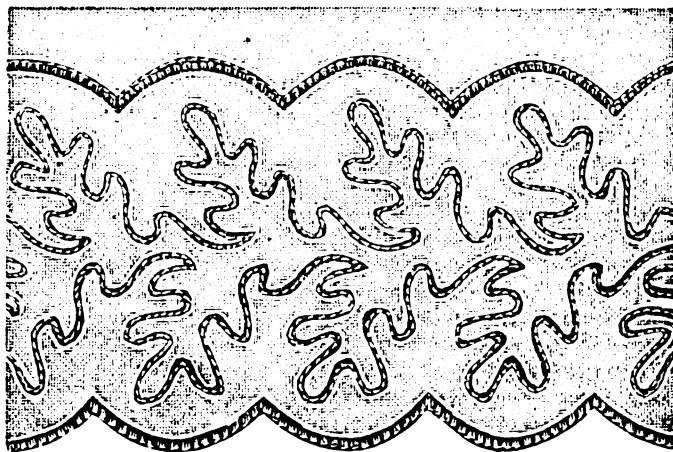
NO. 3. CUFFS TO MATCH MUFF NO. 1.

NO. 3. THE CUFFS.

You work the cuffs in the same manner as the body of the animal and the muff. Make a chain of 30 stitches. This is for the height of the cuff. Work as the muff, until you have enough to pass over the hand. Make a lining of white quilted silk over wadding; sew neatly to the edges of the crochet, make a runner at the top of the cuff, in which you draw through a ribbon, to tie it to the shape of the hand.

TRIMMING IN CORAL PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

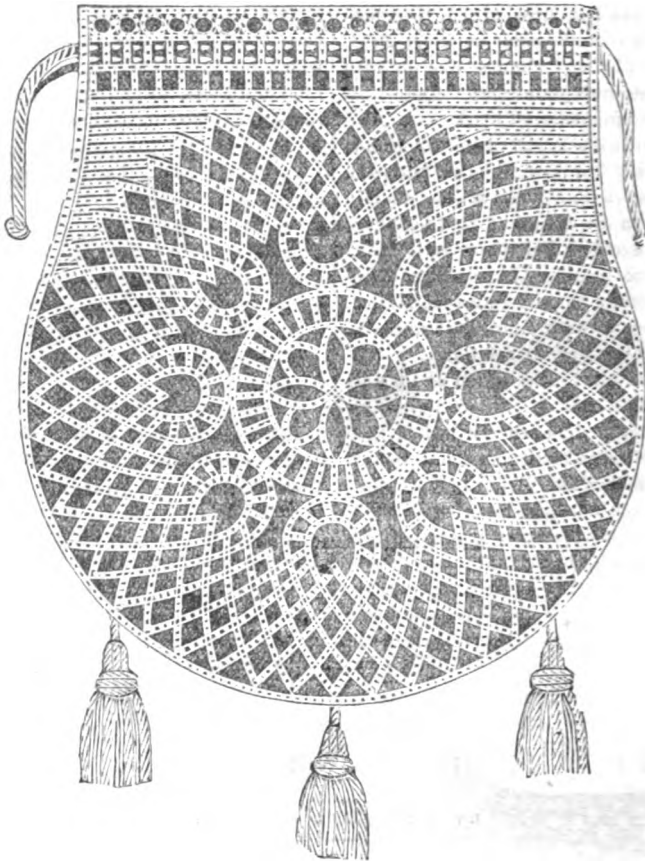


This trimming is worked in chain-stitch; edge is in button-hole stitch. A neat and with silk, cotton, or Andalusian wool. The pretty trimming.



# TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bag is crocheted with fine purse silk and a steel needle, No. 18, bell gauge.

You commence in the center.

Terms—Ch., chain; DC., double crochet or plain crochet; L., long crochet, or the thread once round the needle before taking up the stitch named; S., single crochet.

Make a chain of 5, unite, work 1 l in the 1st ch, 9 ch. 1 l in 1st chain again; \* 7 ch, 1 l in next chain on foundation, 9 ch, 1 l in same stitch as last; repeat until you have 8 loops or leaves: for the last work 7 ch, 1 s on 1st long in the round.

2nd round: Work 3 s on the 1st 3 of 9 ch, 2 dc in next chain, \* 7 ch, 1 dc on center ch of next loop; repeat, join at the end with one single.

3rd round: 1 l on 1st ch, \* 2 ch, miss 1, 1 l on 2nd ch of 3rd round; repeat.

4th round: Single crochet; fasten off.

You now work the 8 half circles joining the center of the bag. They are worked separately, and joined to the center in the last row of their formation.

1st half circle: Make a chain of 20, 1 l on the 15th, \* 3 ch, miss 1; 1 l on 2nd ch of foundation, or the 13th ch; repeat 3 times, then work 3 s on the row of single in the center-piece (see engraving;) 1 l on chain again, missing 1 from last long; \* 3 ch, miss 1, 1 l three times, and fasten off. Work 8 half circles, joining them to the round at equal distances; when the last is finished do not cut off the thread, but turn, and work the first round of the bag as follows, keeping the right side of the work upward:

1st round: \* 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd of 5 ch. 2 ch, 1 s on 1st ch of foundation in 8th circle; 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd. 5 ch, take the needle out and insert

it in the 3rd of the 5 ch; draw the 5th loop through, so forming a picot the reverse way. 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd; 2 ch, take up the 15 ch of foundation chain to first half circle, 5 ch; 1 in s 3rd 2 ch, 1 s on 1st l in half circle; 5 ch, 1 s on 3rd, 5 ch, take up the 3rd loop for a reverse picot; 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd; 2 ch, 1 s on last long of next circle; repeat all round the work. At the end work in s to the top of the 1st picot.

2nd round: 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s on next picot, 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s on 2nd picot from the last taken up. This leaves the 3rd picot made in the 1st round to fall inside the work. \* 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s on next picot; repeat from \* once more; then repeat, missing a picot. Repeat from the same place all round; at the end of round work in single crochet to the top of the 1st picot of this round.

3rd round: \* 5 ch, 1 s in 3rd, 2 ch, 1 s in next picot; repeat.

4th and 5th rounds: Like the 3rd.

6th and 7th rounds: 7 ch, 1 s in 5th, 4 ch, 1 s on next picot; fasten off.

Work two sides exactly alike. Before joining them together tack the upper half of each side to a piece of paper, in order to make the points fall in their right places, then fill up each side of the rounds with Russian or ribbed crochet. This is plain crochet, only worked from the back of the loop. When you come to the points take the needle out and draw through the point the last stitch in the row, then work back again. When this crochet is completed, join the two sides together by a row of chain-stitch. Work at the top of the bag:

1st: A row of dc all round.

2nd row: 1 l \* 1 ch, miss 1. 1 l.

3rd row: Like the 2nd, taking the chain up of last row for the l stitches.

4th row: \* 3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc. Repeat.

5th row: 8 ch, 1 dc on 2nd ch of last round. Repeat.

6th row: Dc and fasten off.

Add a fine silk cord to draw the bag up, which must be lined through with strong silk, and three tassels. See engraving.

## MUSIC-ROLL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



**MATERIALS.**—Gray perforated leather, one yard of green sarcenet ribbon half an inch broad, one yard of gray ribbon one inch and a quarter broad, green flosselle silk, Venitian shells, gold beads, half a yard of black elastic, two small enamel, and two large wooden buttons, cardboard, etc.

Our model consists of two equal parts formed into a round, furnished with a top, and joined by a band of elastic worked over with crochet.

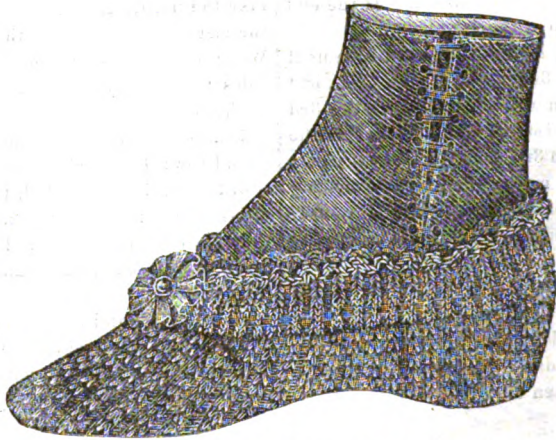
For the ground of each of these parts, cut a piece of cardboard four inches high and eight inches wide, gummed together.

The top is of gray sarcenet ribbon gummed on to the outer edge of the round. The ribbon is

laid in folds and turned round a quarter of an inch over the outer edge, ornamented in the middle with a wooden button worked over in crochet with green silk. The outside consists of perforated leather, ornamented with little Venitian shells and gold beads, and bound on both sides with green sarcenet ribbon. For the crochet band, which is buttoned on on one side, begin from the middle with green silk, and work a chain of six inches and three-quarters long, and crochet double round it over an elastic at the last row at the end, leaving a space of one inch for a button-hole. For the last row crochet little scallops of one double and five chain, passing over always two double of the preceding row.

# KNITTED OVERSHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



**MATERIALS.**—An ounce and a quarter of four-thread fleecy scarlet, quarter of an ounce of four-thread fleecy white, one yard of elastic, two yards of ribbon, for rosette, two buttons, for center of rosettes, one pair of bone pins, No. 13, (bell gauge.)

Cast on fifty-six stitches, and knit as for a stocking edge, two plain, two purled, alternately. After knitting twelve rows with the ground color, work fifteen rows with the other color, in the middle of which a line of holes is formed by alternately putting the thread round the needle and knitting two together. After knitting ninety-six rows with the ground color, repeat the line of holes, and the twelve first rows, then cast off loosely. To this cast-off edge and first row of the knitting, add a ruche-like trimming in one or two shades; for this work, with a thick crochet-hook in the edge stitches of the knitting, in tricot, as follows:—

Forward, simply collecting the stitches upon the needle; returning, work always four chain without taking up any stitch, and then at the fifth take a stitch from the needle. In conclu-



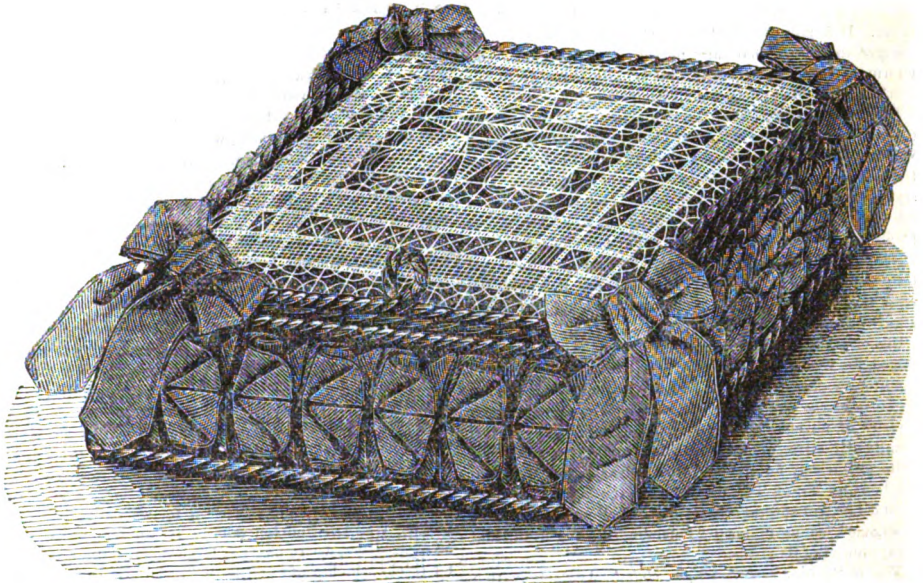
sion, sew the knitting together at the cross sides, to form a straight bag, ornamented round the upper edge with stripes and ruche, (see small cut.) Draw an elastic through the holes, and put a ribbon rosette upon one of the seams in the front. This completes the shoe.

## NAME FOR MARKING. EDGING.



## CASKET PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

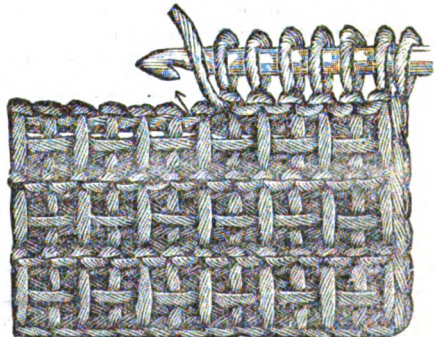
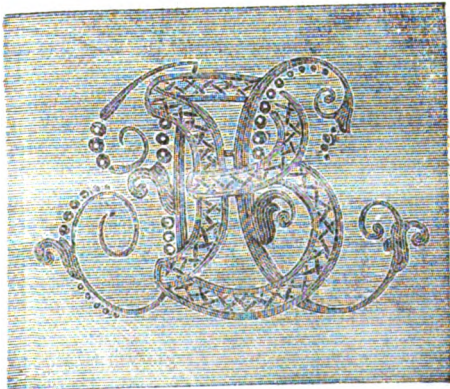


**MATERIALS.**—Colored satin, satin ribbon to match, one inch broad, silk cord and chenille cord, fine and coarse cotton.

A square box of thin wood, or thick paste-board, is required. The lining is of quilted satin, thinly wadded and scented with violet. The outer covering is also of satin. The sides are ornamented with a leaf ruche of folded

satin ribbon one inch wide. The bottom is thinly stuffed with wadding, and the cover is stuffed for a pin-cushion. The lace covering is of coarse linen, with the threads pulled out, and the lace stitches worked in, or it may be made of squares of Cluny. Add the bows and cord, and the casket is complete. A pretty and neat affair.

## MONOGRAM. NEW STITCH IN CROCHET



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1870!—We call attention to our Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any monthly in the world, enables us to distance all competitors.

Our fashion department, particularly, excels that of any cotemporary. Most of the other monthlies give only colored wood-cuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant and costly steel engravings. Our styles, moreover, are the very latest, and are received *in advance* from Paris. Our correspondents abroad have access to all the freshest novelties, so that our fair subscribers are never misled by false intelligence. The mammoth colored fashion-plates in "Peterson," in short, are not only the most tasteful and beautiful issued in the United States, but also the most reliable.

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, to *excel those of any cotemporary*. In 1870 the literary department will be more brilliant than ever, as a glance at the Prospectus will show. We never had such a series of novelets before: and the shorter stories will be equally attractive. The best of our contributors, moreover, write exclusively for us: no other magazine has Mrs. Ann Stephens, or Frank Lee Benedict, or the author of "The Second Life," or several others. Every new writer of ability is engaged, so as to keep "Peterson" always fresh, and always ahead of its rivals.

*Now is the time to canvass for clubs!* Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. *Be the first in the field!* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

THE TITLE-PAGE, in this number, is engraved from an original design, by E. L. Henry, one of the most famous of our younger American artists. He painted the celebrated picture, "Westover, on the James River," now in the possession of the Century Club of New York; "The Drawing-room at Levens," "The Monastery at Lugano, Lake Maggiore," "A Rainy Day at Piacenza," and other first-class pictures. As a delineator of architectural effects, Mr. Henry is without a rival in the United States. Of his genius as a landscape painter our subscribers can judge for themselves from the picture we have had engraved. Few artists infuse so much feeling—may we add true poetry?—into their productions.

"THE PRISONER OF THE BASTILLE," is the title of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' novelet for next year, and it is even more powerfully written than "Marie Antoinette's Talisman." Some of the characters, which figure in the latter, will reappear in the former, and our subscribers for 1869, we are sure, will be only too glad to renew their subscriptions, in order to follow the fortunes of these personages, in whom they are already so much interested.

A LADY SHOULD always take the right arm of a gentleman, when walking with him. In this way she will avoid being pushed, or annoyed by persons passing. Always go to the right of a person you meet.

"MORE FOR THE MONEY," says the Louisville (Ill.) Ledger, "and of a better quality of its kind, is given in 'Peterson's Magazine,' than in any one published. In its peculiar field it defies competition."

AMERICAN WOMEN ARE NOT EXTRAVAGANT, according to Bryant, the poet. In his newspaper, "The New York Evening Post," he says that the value of silk and the manufactures of silk imported into the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1869, was \$22,334,654. He adds:—"Now, in this State of New York, in 1865, there were 1,467,636 women and girls over ten years of age. The sum of \$22,334,654, the total value of imported silks, divided among these women and girls, of our State alone, would give only fifteen dollars and twenty-two cents worth of all the silk goods imported into the United States to each. This is the value of two gallons of fine brandy 'imported from France,' but, in fact, oftener made at home."

The truth is that American women, as a class, are not only not extravagant, but are the best of economists. In each of our great cities there are a few "fine ladies," we admit, who spend money beyond their means. But ninety-nine hundredths of the sex will make more devoted sacrifices for their husbands and children than any other women in the world. "They bow," says Mr. Bryant, "with dignity and grace to the loss of property, and bear up with resolution and fortitude under adverse circumstances. There never has been exhibited in the world's history more and nobler heroism or greater self-sacrifice, than by the women of the United States. Go up and down Broadway, through all the streets, visit our other cities and large towns, and where you find one place fitted up for women to trade and buy in, you will find ten saloons, restaurants, grog-shops, or seegar-stores, where men pay large sums, in the aggregate, for things which profit neither 'body, mind, nor estate,' but weaken the one, enervate the other, and waste the last." To all of which we cordially subscribe!

THE NEW STYLE OF WEARING THE HAIR, of which we have already given several engravings, is in plaits down the back of the head and far on the neck. But we do not think it as becoming as the style it is supplanting. The quantity of hair required is enormous, and as few ladies have enough, false hair must be largely used. Moreover, the style of putting it on is bad: it looks as if plastered on to the top of the head; the whole fashion is false and in bad taste. It is our duty to state, honestly, what the fashions are; but it is also our duty to frankly discuss them. We do not like the fashion, and do not believe it will "take;" it looks well only on ladies with very long necks.

THE CHAIR-SEAT, OTTOMAN-SEAT, etc., which we give, printed in colors, in the front of the number, needs no detailed description. Get a piece of canvas, and fill it in, following the colors of the pattern. The design is in the best style of Louis the Fifteenth.

SAYS THE UHRICKVILLE (O.) Chronicle, "Peterson's Magazine is justly entitled to the name which it has obtained, 'the best and cheapest of the lady's books.' It is replete with the very choicest of reading matter, fashion-plates," etc., etc.

REMIT EARLY, for the January number will be ready by the first of December, and those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of its superb engravings.

SUBSCRIBERS in the same club will be sent to different post-offices, if desired. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club.

NEVER SAY AN ANGRY WORD, for you will be sure to repent it, sooner or later.

A NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING, as will be seen from our Prospectus, is offered, by us, to persons getting up clubs for 1870. The subject, "Our Father, Who Art In Heaven," represents a child at prayer, at its mother's knee. The picture is large-sized for framing, (20 inches by 16;) is executed in the best manner; and will, we think, be more generally liked than even "The Star of Bethlehem." Every person getting up a club for "Peterson" will be entitled to a copy of this really exquisite work of art. A very little exertion will enable you to procure three subscribers and earn this beautiful picture. With a little more exertion you can get five subscribers, which secures for you an extra copy of the Magazine in addition to the engraving. Or, a larger club, at lower rates per copy, and, therefore, easier got, will be remunerated in the same way. If, however, persons getting up clubs prefer it, we will send either of our old premium engravings, instead of the new one, viz., "The Star of Bethlehem," "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "Bunyan in Jail," or "Bunyan on Trial." This is a choice which no other magazine offers. If you get clubs enough you can earn all the engravings.

THE NEWEST IMPORTATIONS of French dresses, look, many of them, as if made for the stage. Catharine de Medici might have walked out of a picture-frame and stood before us, so correct an imitation have we seen of the dress of her times—the ruff, head-dress, and all. The costumes of Queen Elizabeth, and Marie Stuart, are also worn, but a good deal modified by the requirements of this nineteenth century. All these costumes require an entirely different style collar from those usually worn; and quantities of lace are now fashionable, quilted around the neck, reaching down the front of the waist, etc.

POINTS ARE TO BE WORN to the waists of dresses, both before and at the back, though they do not entirely take the place of sashes, which will continue popular, especially for slim figures. But points are newer, and so becoming to most figures, that we are glad to see them in fashion again. Small basque-skirts to bodies of dresses, of various shapes and styles, are also popular. Skirts are made fuller at the top of the side breadths, also, when there is no second skirt, or tunic.

WE WILL SEND for 1870, as we did for 1869, three copies of "Peterson," for \$4.50, if no premium is asked.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Mental Philosophy; Embracing the three departments of the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will.* By Thomas C. Upham, D. D. 2 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work is professor of mental and moral philosophy in Bowdoin College. He is already favorably known to the public as an able and conscientious writer. His present work, as he says in his preface, is essentially Eclectic in its character, and does not belong exclusively to any of the great philosophical schools. It is based on a similar work, originally written many years ago, and which passed through several editions. Condensed in some respects, but enlarged in others, it is a decided improvement on its predecessor. We really consider it one of the very best works of its kind.

*David Elginbrod.* By G. MacDonald. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—The principal character in this work is a Scotch peasant, who is graphically delineated, and is one of Nature's noblemen. Mr. MacDonald is at the head of the second rate English novelists.

*Veronique.* By Florence Marryat. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Loring.—This is very well written, and really deserves success. A cheap edition.

*Novels of George Eliot. With Illustrations.* 5 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a very cheap, yet neat, edition of the novels of Mrs. Lewes, better known under her assumed signature of George Eliot. "Adam Bode," "The Mill on the Floss," "Felix Holt," "Romola," and "Silas Marner," comprise the series. We consider this lady, by all odds, not only the best novelist of her sex, but also the best cotemporary novelist, male or female, alive. She is one of the few story-tellers of our time who will become classic. Her novels may be considered standard ones, and, therefore, should be placed in every library.

*The Complete Works of Caroline Lee Hentz.* 12 vols., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Few American novelists were so popular, ten or fifteen years ago, as Caroline Lee Hentz. Nor do we think that her popularity is diminished. In a certain circle of readers she has a permanent interest. Her novels are all love-stories, in the most romantic sense; and even at our age, and we have long been out of our 'teens, we like a love-story. The house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers designs issuing this series, in semi-monthly volumes, beginning on the first of November.

*Woman: Her Rights, Wrongs, Privileges, and Responsibilities.* By L. P. Brackett, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Hartford: L. Stebbins.—This book professes to discuss the whole question of woman, including the suffrage, etc., etc. It is as good as most attempts of the kind, but we are free to say that, as yet, we have seen no work that goes to the heart of the question, or that is, in any sense, exhaustive. The problem is a deeper one than even John Stuart Mill seems to realize.

*Man in Genesis and Geology.* By J. P. Thompson, D. D., LL.D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: S. R. Wells.—This is an attempt, and a completely triumphant one, to test the Biblical account of man's creation, by the scientific theories of his origin and antiquity. The author is one of the ablest clergymen of our time, who brings to the aid of revealed religion a logical and well-balanced intellect, putting to shame the crude skepticism of the half-informed, conceited minds of the popular materialism of the day.

*Lake Shore Series.* By Oliver Optic. 4 vols., 16 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A series of books that boys will find very interesting. Their titles, "Lightning Express," "Switch Off," "On Time," and "Through by Daylight," indicate their character.

*In Silk Attire.* By William Black. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel by the author of that popular story, "Love and Marriage." The description of the deer-hunt, in the Black Forest, is very graphic. On the whole, the story is one of unusual merit.

*A Philosophy of Heaven, Earth, and the Millennium.* By J. A. Spurlock. 1 vol., 16 mo. St. Louis: W. J. Gilbert.—The author of this book claims that it is a correct key to the motions of the heavenly bodies, and that his theory will become the basis of all true astronomy.

*The Initials.* By the Baroness Truthphoeus. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A new edition of one of the very best novels of the day, which will bear to be read again and again. It ought to be on every center-table.

*Under Lock and Key.* By T. W. Spright. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Turner Brothers & Co.—A very remarkable story, in the style of Wilkie Collins, but hardly, perhaps, to be called an imitation.

*Heater Strong's Life-Work.* By Mrs. S. A. Southworth. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—A well-written story, with an excellent moral. It would make a good Christmas gift.

## OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspaper editors continue to speak of "Peterson's Magazine" as altogether *the best and cheapest of its kind*. Says the Nashville (Ill.) People's Press:—"The engravings are by the best artists, and the fashions are the latest, but the most interesting feature is, the reading matter, in which *Peterson surpasses all other magazines of its class*." The Boston (Mass.) Journal says:—"Ladies, who are not subscribers, will do well to begin taking this long-established Magazine." "Worth ten times the subscription price," says the Youngstown (O.) Register. "Certainly the leading Magazine of its kind," says the Jackson (Mich.) Citizen:—"No lady of taste and refinement," says the Liberty, (Va.) Sentinel, "should be without a copy. It is *very cheap* at two dollars a year." The Gloversville (N. Y.) Standard says:—"The literary matter of 'Peterson' is invariably excellent." "Decidedly the best fashion Magazine," says the Lyons (N. Y.) Democratic Press. "*Far superior*," says the Scottsville (Va.) Register, "to others whose subscriptions are doubly as high." The Holmesburg (Pa.) Gazette says:—"Its fashion plates are always superb, and its price wonderfully cheap." Says the Louisville (Ill.) Ledger:—"Peterson has a fame so world-wide that it is useless for us to speak at length on its merits." The Elizabeth (N. J.) Monitor says:—"The fashion-plates of Peterson cannot be equaled." The East Douglas (Mass.) Herald says:—"We emphatically reiterate the statement, made by the Press everywhere, that Peterson's is the best Magazine for the money that we know of. Every lady ought to take it." Says the Crocydon (Ind.) Democrat:—"The mammoth-colored fashion-plates are worth double the money." "*Its unrivaled circulation*," says the Evansville (Wis.) Citizen, "proves it to be the most popular of the ladies' magazines." "Really the Magazine," says the Mechanic Falls (Me.) Herald, "*for the lovers of good, interesting stories*." We could quote hundreds of similar notices if we had room.

TWO ELEPHANTS A WEEK.—The Mason & Hamlin Organ Company may be said to consume two elephants a week, though very thin slips of ivory are used for the coverings to Piano and Organ keys; and a single tusk will furnish enough to cover the keys of thirty to forty Cabinet Organs. The demand for the Organs made by this Company is now so large, that about four of the largest tusks must be cut up each week to supply them; therefore, two large elephants must be slaughtered each week, or more than one hundred a year, that this one factory may be supplied with ivory. This is, of course, a much larger amount than is required by any other instrument-makers in the country, or, perhaps, in the world; but there are many makers of Pianos and Organs, and a number of elephants must fall every day to supply them all.

WHEELER & WILSON.—Mrs. J. W. D. Patton, of Washington, D. C., writes:—"Thinking it due your labors in behalf of easing woman's work, I herewith state that in the year 1854, I purchased one of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machines, being at that day most fully informed of their excellence over all others. This Machine has been in almost uninterrupted use ever since, (a period of nearly fifteen years) on many totally different materials such as my own boots, my boy's clothing, needle-books, besides the usual heavy and light goods worn by ladies and children. It has never been repaired, and does not need it yet. I have often blessed the day on which I first entered your fine establishment as a purchaser."

## SANITARY.

COMMON SENSE FOR NURSES.—In a good nurse, a light foot and very gentle movements are indispensable requisites; the most watchful cannot atone for the absence of such

qualities; it is only such who have suffered from illness themselves that can tell all the miseries of a heavy foot, or quick or hasty movements in a sick-room. All bustle or noise should be carefully avoided; the rustling sound of folding or unfolding a newspaper, or even turning hastily the leaves of a book, is painful to a sick person; loud speaking is generally refrained from, but whispering is often indulged in, and, to the sick ear, nothing is more fatiguing than the indistinct buzzing sound of words which cannot be understood. By attention and forethought, almost every noise which is hurtful in a sick-room can be avoided. If you have creaking shoes, let them immediately be changed for light slippers. If the door has a rusty lock, or creaking hinges, let them be oiled. Avoid the noise of throwing small coal upon the fire (which often rattles down upon the hearth,) by lifting small pieces of coal with the tongs; or have an old glove to hand, and lift them with your hand; or have the coal placed in sugar-bags, which can be placed on the fire without the slightest noise; and, when the fire requires to be poked, use a bit of wood, so as to avoid all clatter of poker and tongs against the grate. Keep in mind, that at all times the absence of noise and bustle is desirable, but to the sick, whose nerves are in a proportionally weak state with the rest of the body, it is of the very greatest importance. Have a table covered with a nice clean napkin, so that no noise is made in putting down a glass or spoon, and to avoid as much as possible going out and in of the room, have a tray covered in the same way, and filled with all you are likely to require, such as a few cups, glasses, spoons, etc. A pitcher of fresh water should also be in the room, and, if in cold weather, it is better to have a small kettle by the fire than to have to send to the kitchen every time warm water is required. The greatest possible cleanliness should be observed in the sick-room; a nauseous draught may be made infinitely more so to the patient by being presented in a smeared, sticky glass. When it is necessary to taste anything before giving it to a sick person, take a clean spoon, which you should immediately put aside to be washed, but never put your lips to the cup or glass. In giving anything to the sick, spread a napkin, for the moment, on the upper-sheet, that no drop, should it fall, may give an untidy look to the bed. The washing and arranging the necessary things should not be done in the patient's sight. Never leave the room without thinking of all you can take away and bring back at the same time, that your opening and shutting the door may be as little frequent as possible.

If the patient is too weak to be able to leave the bed, the linen may be changed by rolling the under-sheet up at both sides, toward the middle, and putting the clean one, with one half rolled up, in its place; the patient can then gently be lifted up over these rolls to where the clean half of the sheet has been spread; the two rolls of the original sheet should be removed, and the other half of the clean one unrolled on the opposite side of the bed to where the patient has been placed. To change the upper-sheet, a person should stand on each side of the bed, and, holding each a corner of the top of the sheet, let them insert it at the bottom of the bed, and then pull it gently up; the other sheet can be removed by being pulled down in the same manner. The bed-linen should be hung before a fire for some hours, and thoroughly aired, before it is put upon the bed, and when it is necessary that, in changing the linen of the patient, it should be put on warm, hold the collar of the night-gown to the fire. When thoroughly warmed, turn that part in, warm the next part, and fold it in the same manner, and continue warming and folding till the whole is one close roll, which should be instantly carried to the bed of the patient. It is not sufficient to hold a night-gown before a fire and then carry it unfolded across the room to be cooled by the outer air before it reaches the sick-bed. Linen should be changed even oftener in sickness than in health, and no clothing worn during the day should be continued to be

worn during the night. Every article should be hung up, so as to be completely aired before morning. In the same manner, what has been used during the night should be left off in the day. When the patient is able to sit up long enough to leave it done, the bed-clothes should be regularly carried out, and aired before an open window in another room, and the bed left uncovered, and the mattress turned. Where the patient is so weak as generally to be confined to bed, considerable relief may be experienced by being raised in bed by means of a bed-chair, for much support is required by the back when in an upright position. Where there is no bed-chair, a small foot-stool, put behind the bolster, doubled, and the pillows, is a tolerably good substitute. It adds greatly to the comfort of this position to have something for the feet to rest against—something solid, which will not change its place when pushed against. Where there is a foot-board, it is easy to place some such article on the bed; and even where this is not the case, it can be managed by a strong brace of linen being first fastened across the foot of the bed. By attention to this manner of raising the patient, the stress is taken off the spine, without which there can be no relief in the change of position. A light shawl or mantle should be at hand, to be thrown over the shoulders of the sick person when sitting up in bed, and while lying down, the air of the sick-room may be often changed by throwing a shawl over the bed, or even drawing it over the face if necessary, while the window is opened for a few minutes. It is often refreshing to a sick person to have a few drops of vinegar sprinkled about the room, and to have their temples and hands sponged with vinegar and lukewarm water; even such small changes as these are generally an expressible relief to the sick, if administered gently, without haste or bustle.

Preparations should be begun in good time for laying a patient quiet for the night, as they may be made feverish by not having perfect quietness in the room at an early hour. A small table should be set by the bedside, on which fresh toast-and-water, and any medicine to be taken during the night, should be placed within reach of the patient; or, if they are so ill as to require any one to watch by them, let the person seat herself, not too near the bed, but still within reach of perceiving the slightest sign, or hearing the gentlest whisper; and let her be careful so to shade the light, which it is necessary to have in the sick-room, so that no ray, either from candle or rushlight, may fall upon the eyes of the patient, or on any part of the bed.

The necessary medicine, or toast-and-water, when required, should be given to the sick without entering into anything like conversation, or asking needless questions, which, by awakening them completely, may break their rest for the remainder of the night. Young nurses in particular often err, from over anxiety to make themselves useful, and the idea that they must forever be doing something for the patient; they are constantly urging them to take a little nourishment, or to change their position, or to allow their pillow to be beat up, while they are only anxious to be left in peace, and to rest their weary head in the position in which they themselves have placed it.

## OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

### MEATS AND POULTRY.

**Tomion-Steake.**—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars, and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to save as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant-jelly laid on each steak.

**Raised Pie.**—Make a raised crust as for a pork-pie; take a fine young rabbit, disjoint it, and cut the meat from the bones; season it highly; add to it half a pound of fat bacon, the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs, cut into slices, and sufficient tomato-sauce to make it of an agreeable color. Pack the meat pretty tightly, and bake in a very gentle oven for an hour and a half. This is usually eaten cold; but a cold *ovent* may be made with paste baked round a buttered mould, and when done, removed from the mould, and filled with a rich ragout of rabbit, which is eaten hot.

**Brisket of Beef Stuffed.**—A piece weighing eight pounds requires about five or six hours to boil. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet herbs, a little mace, and one onion, chopped fine and mixed with an egg. Put the dressing between the fat and the lean of the beef, and sew it up tight; flour the cloth, pin the beef up very tight in it, and boil it five or six hours. When it is done, take the cloth off, and press it until it is cold. This is to be cut in thin slices and eaten cold.

**Spiced Tripe.**—Take fresh tripe, cut it up in pieces four or five inches square; take an earthen jar, put in a layer of tripe, then sprinkle a few cloves, allspice and peppers (whole) over it; then another layer of tripe, then spice, and so on till the jar is full; take good vinegar, scald it, pour over it, filling the jar full; cover it up and stand it away in a cool place for a few days, until it tastes of the spice, then serve it up cold for supper, or any other meal. It is an excellent relish.

**Mincéd Mutton.**—This is a very useful preparation of cold mutton, and will be found excellent for a change. Cut slices off a cold roasted leg of mutton, and mince them very fine; brown some flour in butter, and moisten it with some gravy; salt and pepper to taste, and let it simmer about ten or fifteen minutes, to take off the raw state of the flour; add another lot of butter and some parsley, chopped fine, then add the minced meat, and let it simmer slowly, but not boil, or the meat will be hard.

**Pork-Steak Broiled.**—The tenderloin is the best for steak, but any lean, white meat is good. Broil slowly, after splitting it, so as to allow it to cook through without drying or burning. When ready to turn over, dip the cooked side in a nice gravy of butter, pepper and salt, which should be prepared on a plate, and kept hot without boiling. It must be well done. It requires slow broiling. It will take at least twenty minutes to broil a pork-steak.

**Steamed Fowls.**—Fowls are better steamed than boiled, especially when there is no veal stock on hand to boil them in. When steamed, the Juices should be saved by placing a pan under the strainer to catch all the drips. Drawn-butter, plain or seasoned with parsley or celery, is the most common sauce used for boiled fowls. Liver-sauce is good; but when oysters can be had, oyster-sauce is to be preferred above all others.

**Rabbit and Oyster-Pie.**—Cut up a nice fat rabbit, well season it with white pepper, grated lemon-peel, and finely-sliced parsley. Take three dozen fresh oysters, beard them, but save their liquor; add them to your rabbit. Put a crust round the edge of your dish, fill in your rabbit and oysters, with also a few slices of fresh butter, cover with a good crust, and bake for little better than an hour.

**Beef and Sauer-Kraut.—German Receipt.**—Put about eight pounds of beef into cold water. When it comes to a boil, let it boil very fast for eight or ten minutes, not longer. Take it out and lay it in a stew-pan, cover it completely over with sauer-kraut, and pour in a pint of thin gravy. Stew it four hours, and serve with the gravy in a tureen or deep dish.

**Cooking a Calf's Head.**—Soak the half head in cold water for a couple of hours; then put it into cold water and bring it to the boil. Simmer for another hour and a half, skimming carefully. Serve with parsley and butter, and ham or bacon.



**Sausages.**—The proper seasoning is salt, pepper, sage, summer savory, or thyme; they should be one-third fat, the remainder lean, finely-chopped, and the seasonings well mixed and proportioned, so that one herb may not predominate over the others. If skins are used, they cannot be prepared with too much care; but they are about as well made into cakes; spread the cakes on a clean, white wood board, and keep them in a dry, cool place; fry them long and gently.

## DESSERTS.

**Rich Plum-Pudding without Flour (time, five hours).**—One pound and a half of grated bread, one pound and a half of raisins, one pound and a half of currants, one pound of beef-suet, peel of one large lemon, three ounces of almonds, a little nutmeg or mixed spice, sugar to taste, three-quarters of a pound of candied orange, lemon, and citron, eight or nine eggs, half a pint of milk, two wineglasses of brandy. Stone the raisins, wash and pick the currants, chop the suet very fine, and mix with them a pound and a half of grated bread; add the candied peel cut into shreds, the almonds blanched and minced, and the mixed spice and sugar to taste. When all are thoroughly blended, stir it well together with eight or nine well-beaten eggs, two glasses of brandy, and half a pint of milk, tie in a cloth, and boil it for five hours, or five hours and a half, or divide it into equal parts, and boil it in moulds or basins for half the time.

**Raised Pies.**—Take seven pounds of flour; then take one pound of mutton-suet, clarified down, put it into a sauce-pan, with one pint and a half of water, and set it over the fire till it boils; make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pour in the liquor boiling hot; then mix in the flour with a spoon till you can bear to put your hand in; mix it till it becomes a nice smooth piece of dough, cover with a cloth, and raise the pies with as much of it as will make the size you want; when filled and nicely closed, wash with egg, and lay on the ornaments. Your oven must be brisk, if for small pies; but if for large ones, a more steady heat will be the best.

**Farm-House Syllabub.**—Fill a china or earthenware bowl of any size nearly half full of cider, (if sour it is of no consequence,) sweeten to the taste with coarse brown sugar, grate nutmeg and cinnamon to taste; then send the bowl out to the cow to be milked on till quite full of froth. A better syllabub for company is made of port-wine and cider mixed, (or port-wine only,) sweetened with white sugar, and spiced to taste. They are generally served quite cold, and will even keep till the next day, though not so well. The bowl is generally placed on the table, and the syllabub served with a punch-ladle into coffee-cups placed all round the bowl.

**Cottage Plum-Pudding (time, five hours).**—A pound and a half of flour, four or five eggs, a pinch of salt, a little nutmeg, one pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, sugar to taste, and a little milk. Make a thick batter with five well-beaten eggs, a pound and a half of flour, and a sufficient quantity of milk. Then add the currants, washed and picked, the raisins stoned, a little nutmeg, and sugar to taste. Mix all well together, and boil it in a basin or floured cloth for quite five hours. The peel of a lemon, grated, and a few pieces of citron, cut thin, may be added.

**Apple-Pudding.**—Pare four or five large, tart apples, grate them fine; then make the following custard, into which stir the grated apple: Flour, four table-spoonfuls; one pint of milk, five eggs, and a little grated orange-peel. After you have these ingredients well mixed, pour them into your pudding-dish, and bake about one hour and a quarter.

**Rice and Milk.**—To every quart of good milk allow two ounces of rice; wash it well in several waters; put it with the milk into a closely-covered sauce-pan, and set it over a slow fire; when it boils, take it off; let it stand till it is cold, and simmer it about an hour and a quarter before sending it to table, and serve it in a tureen.

**Very Rich Pudding.**—Line a deep pie-dish with puff-paste, having first buttered it thoroughly; place on this a layer of jam, then a layer of custard, then jam, then custard, until the dish is nearly full, leaving the custard layer at the top. Slice the minced peel and cut it into diamonds, and arrange on the top. Bake for twenty minutes in a moderate oven; let the pudding cool, beat up the whites of the eggs that were used for the custard into a stiff whip, with a little powdered sugar; pile the whip on as high as possible, and serve.

**Lemon Plummary.**—Squeeze four lemons into a basin, throwing in the rinds, but not the seeds; add half a pint of water, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and cover close for an hour; take out the lemon-rinds and again cover, and let it stand all night. Then strain through a cloth, and add one ounce of isinglass, and put it in a sauce-pan, with six eggs, well beaten; set over the fire, and keep stirring one way till it is as thick as cream. When milk-warm, put into moulds previously dipped in cold water.

**Lemon Mince-Meat.**—One large lemon, three large apples, four ounces of beef-suet, half a pound of currants, four ounces of white sugar, one ounce of candied orange and citron. Chop up the apples and beef-suet, mix them with the currants and sugar, then squeeze the juice from a large lemon into a cup. Boil the lemon thus squeezed till tender enough to beat to a mash, add it to the mince-meat. Pour over it the juice of the lemon, and add the citron, chopped fine.

**Egg Mince-Meat.**—Six hard-boiled eggs, shred very fine, double the quantity of beef-suet, chopped very small, one pound of currants, washed and dried, the peel of one large or two small lemons, minced up, six table-spoonfuls of sweet wine, a little mace, nutmeg, and salt, with sugar to your taste, add a quarter of a pound of candied orange and citron, cut into thin slices. Mix all well together, and press it into a jar for use.

**Bread-Pudding.**—An economical bread-pudding for the kitchen may be made in the following way: Soak the pieces of bread, crust, and toast, in a bowl of boiling water, and when they are perfectly soft, press as much of the water out as possible, put in a small piece of beef-dripping or butter, a little grated lemon-peel and sugar to taste, one egg, and beat the whole up with a spoon till quite smooth. Put it in a dish and bake it.

## CAKES.

**Artificial Yeast.**—Place a quart of good, strong yeast in a vessel, and cover it up warm until it has well worked and has a good head on it, then stir in sufficient maize meal or wheat meal to make it into a stiff dough, and flatten this out with the hands into cakes the size of the top of a tumbler, or less. Lay these on a nice dry board or sieve and dry in the sun, or over a fire-place, turning them every day until quite dry. If dried in the sun, they must be brought in every night, otherwise the damp will injure them. When dry, pack away in tins in a dry place, as the slightest moisture injures them. For use, mix one of these cakes in about a pint of warm water, and with it make a batter in the center of your dish of flour, or set a sponge overnight, and proceed in the morning as usual with your yeast-bread. One cake will raise twelve pounds of flour.

**Italian Bread.**—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, one pound two ounces of flour, twelve eggs, half a pound of citron and lemon-peel. Mix as for pound-cake. If the mixture begins to curdle, which it is most likely to do from the quantity of eggs, add a little of the flour. When the eggs are all used, and it is light, stir in the remainder of the flour lightly. Bake it in long, narrow tins, either papered or buttered; first put in a layer of the mixture, and cover it with the peel cut in large, thin slices; proceed in this way until it is three parts full, and bake it in a moderate oven.

**Soda-Cakes.**—One pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of moist sugar, one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, to be rubbed into the flour, quarter of a pound of candied peel, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, dissolved in half a pint of new milk, (which must be lukewarm,) and one egg; to be put into the oven immediately. Another soda-**seed, or currant-cake:** Break down six ounces of fresh butter into one pound of fine, dry flour, and work it into small crumbs; mix with these half a pound of sifted sugar, and pour to them first a quarter of a pint of boiling milk, and next three whisked eggs; add some lemon-rind, and eight ounces of currants, or from one to two ounces of caraway-seeds, ground; beat well together, and strew in a very small teaspoonful of good carbonate of soda which has been well mixed with a little white sugar; beat all lightly for three minutes, put it into a buttered mould, and bake from an hour to an hour and a quarter. Or, take a quart of flour, and mix well with a cup of milk; add one pound of raw sugar, four ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Mix all together thoroughly, bake for about two hours in a hot oven (not too hot) in a well-buttered tin.

**Excellent Breakfast-Cakes.**—A teaspoonful of baking-powder mixed dry, with about three-quarters of a pound of flour, a piece of lard the size of a large walnut, as much cold milk as will moisten the above, which is to be mixed with a spoon or knife very lightly and very quickly; roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut into cakes with the top of a dredging-box, and put them immediately on a hot griddle over the fire. They take only a few minutes to bake, and should be served immediately they are done. Mixed in the same way an excellent cake can be made without the lard, forming it into one cake the size of a saucer a little thicker than the above. All to be baked on both sides.

**Bun Loaf.**—Rub half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, the same quantity of bicarbonate of soda, and one pound of flour, all together through a hair-sieve; work two ounces of butter into the flour, add two ounces of loaf-sugar, a quarter of a pound of currants, (when liked, a few caraway-seeds.) Mix all these ingredients well together, make a hole in the middle of the flour, and pour in half a pint of cold, new milk, mixed with one egg, which should be well beaten; mix quickly, put into a tin, and bake for an hour and a half.

**Spice-Cake.**—Two and a half pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, two pounds of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, half an ounce of pounded spice, four yolks and two whites of eggs, two glasses of brandy, a tablespoonful of yeast, and a little warm water. Rub the butter into the flour, mix all together, and put it before the fire to raise about half an hour. Then make it into cakes about half an inch thick, or a little more, and the size of a pudding plate. Bake them not too quickly.

**Tea-Cakes.**—The following receipt for tea-cakes produces light and very nice results: Half peck of flour, one pound of butter, one pound of lard, one pound of sugar, caraway-seeds, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, eight eggs, well beaten, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Mix well with a little warm milk, and let it stand to raise; bake in cakes. They will keep some time, and are best if eaten warm.

**Lemon-Cake.**—Beat six eggs, the yolks and whites separately, till in a solid froth, add to the yolks the grated rind of a lemon, six ounces of sugar; beat this well for seven or eight minutes, shake in with the left hand six ounces of dried flour, then add the whites of the eggs, and the juice of the lemon. When well beaten, pour into a cake-pan, and bake nearly an hour.

**Washington Cake.**—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, and the same of sugar, worked to a cream, five eggs, well beaten, nutmeg and cinnamon, one pound of sifted flour, one gill of wine, half a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in one gill of cream, one pound of currants or raisins. Bake in a moderately quick oven.

**Lemon-Cheesecakes.**—Boil the peel of two lemons in a pint of water till soft, beat them in a mortar, add the yolks of six eggs, quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and half a pound of butter. Mix all together in a mortar, and add a few currants. Line patty-pans with paste, put in the mixture, and bake.

## FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

**FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN.**—The under-skirt is trimmed with one deep ruffle, headed by five narrow ones. The upper-skirt is open in front, looped up quite short at the sides, and trimmed with a deep fringe. Short, black velvet casaque, with very wide sleeves, trimmed with fringe. The casaque is cut square in front.

**FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF WHITE ORGANZY.**—The long skirt is trimmed with one deep flounce, headed by a puffing; this puffing has a narrow ruffle, and both it and the flounce are scalloped and edged with a straw braid. The upper-skirt is open at the back, and is looped quite high each side with poppies, wheat, white daisies, and other field flowers. The top-skirt is edged with straw, like the flounce; the berthe is trimmed with a fringe of straw and white silk.

**FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS.**—The petticoat is of poppy-colored silk, trimmed with five flounces of the same; on each flounce is a narrow fall of black guipure lace. Rich black silk overdress, open in front, made with a very long train, trimmed with a narrow ruffle, scalloped on each edge, with a fall of black guipure lace over it. The short, upper-skirt is a good deal puffed, and trimmed to correspond. The sleeves are half-tight, and the body has a trimming to simulate a square neck.

**FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED SILK.**—The skirt is long and plain. The waist is cut low and square on the bust, and high on the shoulders. Over it is worn a white tulle fichu, edged with wide lace, and is carelessly tied in front. Tight sleeves, trimmed with three bands of plain green silk.

**FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF CLARET-COLORED CORDED SILK.**—The petticoat is plain, and edged with two rows of narrow black velvet. The upper-dress and casaque are of black velvet, edged with narrow bands of fur. The dress is looped up at the back; the casaque is cut quite short at the back, and long, and pointed in front. The sleeves are long and pointed.

**FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF THE SHADES OF AMBER-COLORED SILK.**—The skirt has a deep tounce set on in large, flat box-pleats. The upper-trimming is made of the lighter shade, and is itself trimmed with the darker. A double tunic. Waist cut square in the neck.

**FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—SKATING-DRESSES.**—In the first, the skirt is of dark-blue habit-cloth, open at one side, and one side gathered into the other, trimmed with a band of blue velvet. The petticoat of Astrakan, trimmed with ermine tails. Coat, muff, and hat of the same. The other suit is made of plush, trimmed with a band of satin and chenille fringe. Muff and hat of the same.

**FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK,** with six straight ruffles on the skirt, edged with black velvet. The basque is a little loose. The skirt is rounded, and trimmed with a silk ruffle. The front and sleeves have revers of velvet. Small velvet hat.

**FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS OF GREEN AND BLUE PLAID CASHMERE,** made with a second skirt, and two capes, and trimmed with a bias fold of the same, and with worsted fringe. Hat of velvet, with long ostrich feather.

IN ADDITION TO THESE, we give numerous engravings of new style Hats, Bonnets, Collars, Bodies, etc., etc., which, however, do not need a description.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Very many of the new goods are figured. Some silks have round, satin spots in them of the same color as the silk: others again are of different colors.

Then again, stripes are very popular, as well as brocaded materials; but we still prefer the one colored plain silk to any other. If one does not possess a great variety of costumes, one very soon tires of figured materials; but the latter have the advantage of not showing soils as soon as the more quiet, plain article. Of course, plaids in high colors will always be popular for children, and they are also very useful; but for older persons, though, plaids are not so much employed. The woolen goods are, many of them, striped in darker shades of the same color, some of the stripes being diagonal, others straight, but scarcely any are crosswise. Mixed woolen goods are very popular for out-of-door wear; the style that long ago was called "pepper-and-salt," fine black and white, brown and white, etc., etc. The satin-faced serge, which looks very much like the old-fashioned lasting of which boots were made, comes in all colors, and is remarkably nice for out-of-door costumes. The colors now worn are much gayner and more striking than formerly; bright purples, rich dark greens, and blues, wine-colors of the warmest hues, are all employed, as well as our old favorites the drabs, fawns, grays, and browns. Black must always be very much worn, it is so unobtrusive, and with a change of ribbons at the neck, or flowers on the bonnet, a new effect may always be gained. A black silk, an empress cloth, a cashmere, a satin-faced serge, or even a merino, can always be made to look stylish.

WITH REGARD TO THE MAKE OF DRESSES, only slight modifications have taken place. The short dress, or "costume," as it is called, is the only one ever seen on the street now, and for an ordinary house-dress it is a great deal worn. This style is much less elegant than the train-skirt, but certainly much more convenient; the train-dress is, however, universally worn of an evening, except by quite young ladies. It is most difficult to keep the short dress from looking vulgar and ridiculous, if the fashion is at all exaggerated; the habit of wearing very small hoops, (or none at all, as some do), makes it somewhat risky to appear in the large panniers, which some persons exaggerate to a fearful degree. The well-dressed woman will wear the under-skirt, not to end at the top of her boots, but as long as she can, so that it does not touch the ground; she will have it moderately trimmed; and she will wear the upper-skirt rather long, and looped up so as to form moderate-sized puffs at the back, or on the hips. No respectable French woman looks like a top, as so many American women do now.

DRESSES FOR THE HOUSE have the body cut open, rather low, but narrow in front, and almost quite high at the back and on the shoulders. This is a beautiful style, we think; and with a black velvet ribbon, with a pendant locket, is becoming to almost all persons. The coat-sleeve, so long popular, is still much worn; but is frequently replaced now by a sleeve tight to the elbow, and which is trimmed with ruffles; for a pretty arm this is a desirable change, and much less stiff and more dressy than the coat-sleeve. When the latter is worn, it is finished at the hand by a deep cuff, which turns up and relieves the sleeve of its formal look.

FLOUNCES are still popular for house-dresses: one deep one, or many small ones, disposed on the dress, according to the fancy of the wearer. Sometimes they do not cross the front breadth, but run around the back, up each side, narrowing in width as they ascend the skirt; sometimes they are studded, or held back by bows of velvet ribbon. In fact, velvet ribbon forms a most popular and stylish trimming, especially for winter. Black, maroon, blue, green, or, in fact, any colored velvet which will contrast favorably with the dress, is elegant; of course, the waistband and sash must be of the same; the ends of the sash are short, but very wide. Black velvet can be worn with any colored dress, and the lighter the silk, the more effective is the dark sash.

RACQUETS OR MANTLES are of innumerable varieties. Some are confined closely to the figure, some are cut to fall in to it, and others are quite loose; but these latter are very short,

not reaching much below the waist. One of the most elegant which we have seen is a wide velvet paletot, just reaching the waist, but not cut out to fit the figure, wide Hungarian sleeves, cut so as to discover the tight sleeves of the bodice beneath. The paletot forms two square ends in front, similar to the ends of a mantelet. The entire jacket is studded with jet. Some of these new paletots are of cloth, and trimmed with braid only, or with braid and fringe; others, less heavy, are of cashmere, and richly embroidered in gold; the gold embroidery is very popular, but should be only used for house wear, or some exceptionally dressy occasion. The make of these saques is so complicated that it is quite impossible to describe all of them.

BONNETS, this winter, are marvels of style, or ugliness, just as it happens; the really stylish bonnets are of most peculiar shape: flat to the head, and then there rises, just back of this flat piece, a high, square coronet; the flat piece is edged with lace; and at one side of the coronet, is usually placed a beautiful rose, carnation, or any other flower which may be fancied. But after the coronet is got, the bonnet may be trimmed in a variety of ways; long, flowing plumes are very much worn, and are very graceful; these are put in on one side, and fall over the hair at the back. There are other very beautiful bonnets, with less exaggerated coronets—in fact, more in the Marie Stuart shape, coming more in a point; but the trimming is arranged to give them the highest effect. The ugliest articles for the head, which we have ever seen, are things which are neither bonnets nor hats; they are round, stand half a foot high, and are made of velvet, and are elaborately trimmed with feathers, flowers, and lace. We only mention this as one of the styles, but we are happy to say that it finds but few to patronize it.

HATS FOR YOUNG GIRLS are also high, but droop in a point before and at the back, and are trimmed with velvet and long, floating plumes; these are stylish, and becoming to most faces. Other hats, not quite so high, are also popular, and are trimmed with stiffer feathers than the former.

THE HAIR has undergone quite a change during the autumn; the high chignons are no longer worn, but simple-looking braids are all the fashion. We say simple-looking, for they are not so in reality. The real "chatelain braid," such as was engraved for our November number, must be made of very long, even hair; but it may be braided over a "switch," or long "rats;" when this is done, it is easily put on the head, turned up at the sides, and fastened with pins; a small coronet-braid across the front is all that it needs to finish the head-dress. But this long hair is exceedingly expensive, and not becoming to every one, so the shorter hair is often used, braided over thick rats, and is as ready to pin on as the old-fashioned chignon. Still this latter plan is not as fashionable as the former—is not, in other words, regarded as so stylish.

#### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S SUIT OF WHITE CASHMERE; skirt plain; coat loose, edged with swansdown. Hat to match.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S SUIT OF CASHMERE, with overdress of dark-blue, edged with fur. Hat of felt, with plume.

FIG. III.—YOUNG MISS' SKIRT OF SILK, with overdress of blue velveteen, looped on the shoulders with bows and ends of ribbon. Hat of velveteen, with ostrich feather.

FIG. IV.—YOUNG MISS' SUIT OF BLACK VELVETEEN, edged with satin. Leggings and hat of the same.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S CASHMERE SUIT, with squirrel-tippet. Hat with rolling brim.

FIG. VI.—LITTLE BOY'S SUIT, made of cashmere, with heavy embroidery. Turban hat.

FIG. VII.—GIRL'S CLOTH SUIT.—Skirt plain. Cloak with wide sleeves, and hood; Persian trimming. Bulmora stockings.

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